KENTUCKIANA SCRAP BOOK

J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
The Squire of Winburn Farm

THE WINBURN PRESS
Lexington, Kentucky
The Book Shelf Scrap Book of
J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
Windham Farm
Lexington, Kentucky

Educational Press, Inc.
211 Fourth Ave.
New York
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The Educational Press

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Study Shows Most Lexington Streets Have Had Names Changed Once Or More

By PAT R. GISCH

Next time you’re out for a walk, try strolling down Main street to Mulberry street, up Mulberry to Hill street, along Hill to Main street and back down to Main.

Don’t know where you’ve been? Where are you now? You’re at the corner of Main and Broadway, and you’ve walked along South Limestone street, West High street and South Broadway.

Rose street hasn’t always been Rose street. By another name it was Van Pelt street. And most of Lexington’s other streets have undergone name changes, too.

Named For Lawyer

Butt street, for instance, used to be called Hickey street. The Hickey for whom the street was named was a lawyer. At a meeting of the city council about 1848, he told the councilmen he thought that since Thomas Barr owned all the property on the street, it ought to be called Barr street. The councilmen followed his advice.

Butt street originally was Main Cross street. Its name was never changed by action of the council, but the name of the street was changed by the Lexington city directory of 1888 noted that the directory called Main Cross street “Broadway” because all the people who lived on the street desired it to be named that.

Nobody Knows Why

Limestone used to be called Mulberry street—nobody’s sure just why. Some say it was because there were mulberry trees along the street. It was renamed Limestone street. It was then called North Limestone, which then was known as Limestone.

This street was known as Van Pelt, in honor of the man who owned the property located at the point where Rose and Main intersect.

Euclid avenue once was Winslow street and there’s some dispute as to why its name was changed. Some people hold that the street was named after Euclid avenue in Cleveland, one of the most fashionable and beautiful residential streets in the city.

Others believe it was named for Euclid Johnson, a Louisville financier who handled the sale of the property. The street was designed originally for residences of University of Kentucky professors. A portion of Euclid was changed recently to the Avenue of Champions. The name change brought about by the victories of the University of Kentucky athletic teams.

Other Changes

East Third street was Winchester street because it led toward Winchester.

The western avenue was Pratt street for the man who owned most of the property facing on the street.

Belknap street was Stearn street because there were steam-powered factories on it.

DeWees street was back street on the maps of the early civil engineers. It was right on the edge of the woods that surrounded Lexington, and it was the home of a number of tree Negroes.

During the Civil War the area east of DeWees was used by the Union Army as a mule corral. As many as 10,000 to 20,000 mules were kept in an area east of DeWees, south of Third. Corral street now runs along the south boundary line.

Patterson Influence

Patterson street once was Lower street, apparently because at that time it was at the end of town from Upper street. It was named to honor Robert Patterson, who helped to found Lexington and Georgetown in Kentucky and Cincinnati and Dayton in Ohio.

He was the Patterson of the Patterson cabin on the Transylvania College campus. His family now owns the National Cash Register Company in Dayton.

North Eastern avenue originally was called Megowan street for a man who served as judge and owned the property along the street. The Megowan lived in a two-story brick house on the hill near Rose and High streets.

They had no children of their own, but they took care of many of the orphaned children in Lexington. When the cholera plague of 1833 killed many people, however, there were more orphans than the Megowans had room for. The court had to take over their care, and after the public school in Lexington was established as a result.

Before that, everybody had gone to private schools.

Megowan street was eventually changed to Grant Street for some reason and then it was changed back to Megowan.

Daughters Honored

Lottie street was named for a daughter of Mr. Prall, who subdivided the area between Limestone and Broadway south of Monticello. Winnie street was named for another daughter. Lottie street eventually became Virginia avenue.

Constitution street was changed to East Second street a few years ago to continue Second across town. At one time it was a fashionable residential street.

High street was first Hill street for an obvious reason. East of Rose it was known as Harrison street. Other street changes, listed in the records of Lexington Historian Charles R. Staples, who also furnished information on streets already discussed, include:

- East Bell court from Blair avenue.
- West Bell court from Ormsby street.

Dakota street from Mill street north of Seventh.
- Maple avenue from Woodard avenue.
- Ohio street, once known as Maple avenue and as Clay street.
- Saunder avenue from Sycamore street.
- South Eastern avenue from Drake street.

Nearly every town has a Vine street, most of them apparently named for no particular reason.

Sons Hear Dummit, Coleman Addresses

Attorney Eldon S. Dummit and J. Winston Coleman Jr., Lexington historians were principal speakers last night at the annual dinner meeting of the Kentucky Society, Sons of the Revolution, at the Lafayette hotel.

Dummit spoke on "Anchors of Hope," an inspirational talk, and Coleman gave an account of the British invasion of Kentucky in 1780, when two pioneer forts were captured—Ruddell's Station in what is now Harrison county and Martin's Station in what is now Bourbon county.

About 55 members and guests attended the dinner, which takes place each year on or near the April 19 anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, Mass.

New members introduced were Lt. John Marshall Prewitt, USN, Lexington, and Kenneth Harding, Mt. Sterling.

Special guests were Mrs. T. F. McConnell, regent of the Capt. Waller chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Miss Artie Lee Taylor, regent of Bryan Station chapter, DAR; Mrs. Roy Anderson, regent of the Lexington chapter, DAR, all of Lexington, and Col. Gayle Hamon, U. S. Army, a visiting member.

Struther D. Mitchell, president, presided at the meeting.
You're looking at a group gathered about a steam fire engine at the old fire station on Short street in 1886. The first steam engine was bought in 1866, about the time the city began supporting the fire department, according to a history of the police and fire departments published in 1914. Volunteer outfits, one of which was organized as early as 1790, were in operation before the city took over. By the year this picture was made, a waterworks system was in operation and fire hydrant and a fire alarm system had been installed. Col. W. H. Polk, a newspaperman and a former Union soldier, was chief of the fire department at the time.
Jail Bounds (Lexington) Apr-13-1819

The parallelogram

A LIK is 440 rods 13.20
by 30 yds

E FGH by 19 3 171

C DLB by 10 5 116

Church Total 1817

The line IK runs thru the buildings on the S.W. side of Main street 33 feet from the front; if half a foot is taken from that depth, leaving 26 1/2 feet from the front it will reduce these bounds to left there 18 acres.
Paymaster 10th. Raymond

Be it remembered that

Chap. 26

On the trial of this cause the Def. agreed sung. to return sundy
day to the Court, proving that they had

Aim to the County Court of Appraisers

and did allowed that Court deciding the

persons insolvent, and offering the Def.

also introduced proof to show that she

did not introduce proof to show that the

Court of Appraisers had decided every

person were insolvent, and that the persons were insolvent,

and that the persons were insolvent.

But

To which proof the Pl. objected, but

the Court overruled the objection, then

the Court overruled the objection, then

permitted the sheriff to return the follow-

ing insolvent to Court, one insolvent,

and gave him that accordingly to write

the paymaster except the Pl.

John Bradford

Matt. Elder

Oliver Keene
KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we
andæreMurphy
are held and firmly
bound unto the Commonwealth of Kentucky in the just and full sum of $100 current money,
to which payment well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, our heirs, &c. jointly and ever-
ally firmly by these presents. Sealed and dated this 14th day of April
1818,

THE CONDITION of the above obligation is such, that whereas the above bound
hath obtained a licence to keep a Tavern at his
house in the County of Fayette.

NOW, if the said shall constantly
find and provide in his said Tavern, good, wholesome, cleanly lodgings and diet for Travellers,
and Stableage, provender or Pasturage for horses, for the term of one year from date of these pre-
sents, and shall not suffer or permit any unlawful gaming in his said house, or suffer any person
to tipple or drink more than is necessary, nor at any time to suffer any disorderly behaviour to
be practised in his house with his privity or consent, then this obligation to be void, else to be
and remain in full force and virtue.

Teste,

SEAL.

SEAL.

Tavern License, 1818 - Lexington
An Old Captain's
Knob-Top Retreat

Near Taylorsville a fine old house and an iron grave plate memorialize Jacob Yoder, who took refuge from human nature

By LEE HEIMAN, Courier-Journal Staff Writer

OLD JACOB YODER lived a full life as a soldier of the Revolution, a fighter in Indian campaigns and a trader who made a small fortune by taking a cargo of produce to New Orleans on the first flatboat to float down the Mississippi and selling it to the Spanish commandant there.

After considerable wandering, hitting spots as far apart as Havana, Baltimore and Vincennes, Captain Yoder settled in Bardstown in 1785, three years after that pioneer flatboat trip. He took Mary Mossman as his bride in 1793.

Twenty years later, this Pennsylvanian-born trader had grown pretty well fed up with people in general. When he saw two of his friends fight a duel in Bardstown one day, it was the last straw.

Disgusted, Yoder took off to the Spencer County hills with his wife and 10-year-old daughter Eliza and resettled two miles north of Taylorsville, then a tiny settlement.

He acquired 4,000 acres, much of it good farmland, around the knobs; and atop one of those little hills, in 1806, he built his home. His estate he named Vaucluse, after a town in France, but no one ever knew why, since his grandparents lived in Switzerland and his parents came to this country from Holland.

Captain Yoder's home was one befitting a 4,000-acre estate. Money was no object, apparently. Back in 1794, for example, Yoder was wealthy enough to furnish, to each of several regiments headed out to fight the Indians, 50 horses loaded with provisions.

Out there in the wilderness, he put up a two-story house. Thick walls of brick held 13 large rooms. Off to one side was a two-story kitchen, built solidly of stone. The hole dug for the basement provided good clay for the bricks, and from timber on his property came the lumber for Yoder's house and much of the furniture which went into it.

A second daughter, Mary, was born to the Yoders at Vaucluse' in 1810. The captain's wife died there 20 years later, and the master of the household ruled his pastoral domain for only two years after that. He died 120 years ago tomorrow, at the age of 74.

For Yoder's grave an old friend in Cincinnati, Capt. Joseph Pierce, ordered a great iron tablet—the first to be cast west of the Alleghenies—to memorialize the initial Mississippi flatboat ride.

Isolated as it was, however, the marker has been seen by few persons outside the family; but it's still there. And so is the old manor house, not nearly so changed by nearly a century and a half of living as you might think.

On this iron plate over Yoder's grave, said to be the first one cast west of the Alleghenies, "August ellth" means "August 11."
Vaucluse, a residence built by Capt. Jacob Yoder in 1806, stretches out across a Spencer County hilltop. The stone building at right was the original kitchen.

Bomer Caldwell, for 17 years employed at Vaucluse, stands beside a slave cabin. Graves of 100 slaves have been located nearby.

The Courier-Journal, (magazine section) April 6, 1952,
Historians in general and lovers of Kentucky history in particular are indebted to a native son, J. Winston Coleman, Jr., for his excellent *Bibliography of Kentucky History*. Mr. Coleman who is collector, author, and one of the state’s leading historians, has selected and classified over 3,500 titles which throw light on the history of Kentucky and the activities of its people. In a comprehensive preface the compiler satisfies all queries as to why this or that title was included or excluded. It is Mr. Coleman’s expressed purpose “to list only printed books and pamphlets relating to Kentucky history or the lives of Kentuckians at home.” Bulletins, surveys, minutes, and proceedings of meetings have not been included. Fortunately, the proceedings of the various state constitutional conventions which furnish an insight into the attitudes of Kentucky leaders at crucial times in the history of the state are in printed form and hence included.

A comparison of the number of titles under each subject heading is interesting. The titles on church and religious controversy, e.g., nearly equal the number on the Civil War; titles on frauds and lawlessness more than triple those on statute laws; horses and horse racing are treated in forty-two separate titles while state institutions come under four heads. A table of contents provides a varied subject list, quite complete in its coverage, and an author index by title number makes it easy to locate any title desired. So complete is the list of libraries and private collections consulted that it is unlikely that any depository of Kentuckiana has been overlooked. (Sister Agnes Geraldine McGann)

**F. & C. Railroad**

**Founded in 1871**

In March, 1871, the Legislature of the State of Kentucky enacted an act incorporating “The Paris, Georgetown and Frankfort Railway Company.” In October, 1880, the commissioners opened the books for stock subscriptions, for the building of this road. The following Bourbon county men were selected to represent Bourbon county in this work: Messrs. C. S. Brint, Horace Miller and J. T. Ware.

In March, 1888, the name was changed to “The Kentucky Midland Railway Company.” The following year the first train was run between Frankfort and Georgetown, and in the year 1890 between Georgetown and Paris.

From that time, to the present date, this road has repaid Bourbon county in service and in rate adjustments, even more than the original incorporators anticipated. In 1897 the name was changed from “The Kentucky Midland Railway Company” to “Frankfort & Cincinnati Railway Company” and in the year 1927 “The Frankfort & Cincinnati Railway Company” became “The Frankfort & Cincinnati Railroad Company,” commonly known as the “F. & C. R. R.”

**Lexington Older Than Fayette**

It was not until April, 1779, that the hunters’ intentions were carried out. First a blockhouse was built near what is now the southwest corner of Main and Mill streets. Then a stockade was erected west of it, with cabins forming part of the enclosure, their doors opening upon the center lot into which the horses and cows were driven at night. The new settlement was in Kentucky county, Virginia, which later was to be divided into Fayette, Jefferson and Lincoln counties. So Lexington is older than Fayette county.

**Fort Built Hurriedly**

That first blockhouse, cabins and stockade did not constitute “the fort of Lexington,” as some have mistakenly assumed. In 1780 two stations north of here were captured by British and Indians, and that moved Col. John Todd in April, 1781, to build a good, strong fort. He appointed “four of the most pushing men” as overseers and advanced the money himself to pay “workmen from this and the neighboring stations.” As he reported in a letter to the Governor of Virginia, the pushing of the overseers and rewards in liquor to the men proved powerful incentives to industry and in 20 days the fort was out complete. In a later, itemized statement of expenses he listed, “Liquor given to the men at ordinary times, 21 quarters.”

**Four Bits**

By Jay Jay

**Historic Date**

Exactly 177 years ago today, something happened in Massachusetts that resulted in this town’s bearing the name of Lexington, instead of York or Lancaster—said to have been the first two names proposed—or something else. That was the Battle of Lexington, to the honor of which a pioneer settlement in the Kentucky wilderness was named, almost four years before it was established. Although there probably are no statistics on the subject, it seems safe to say that few towns have been named so long before anybody lived on their sites.

**News Spread Fast**

According to a version that was published while some of the men involved were still living, a party of hunters from Harrodsburg had camped at a spring here early in June, 1778, and determined to make a settlement here later and to name it Lexington. It might seem a little strange that the news had reached them in so remote a spot in the wilderness so soon after the event. But it was not impossible. The report no doubt got to Virginia Seaboard towns fairly promptly, and someone who was just then leaving for Kentucky could have gotten here early in June.

**The Kentucky Citizen**

Paris, Aug. 6, 1948
The Man Who Took A Railroad

"Since my father, the late Col. Henry Clay Thompson, was the abductor..."

In a letter from Coral Gables, Fla., Edwin Finch learned the full and true facts about "The Abduction of Lucille," that comical affair of hiding a locomotive in the Kentucky woods. Finch carried a brief, traditional version last month on his "Kentuckiana All Over" page. Now Miss Beulah Thompson, herself a Kentuckian, has sent him the real story, as her father put it down in his own handwriting. Here it is, somewhat condensed.

I was operating a coal mine at Altamont, Ky., in 1897. My coal mine was on a little branch railroad... owned by the Altamont and Manchester Railroad Company. I made a contract with them to complete a tunnel of about 200 feet, costing about $20,000, and I had to take notes for $13,000. When the notes came due the company could not pay them and I stood a chance of losing every dollar due me.

The little railroad was in debt to the L & N. in the sum of about $25,000. I asked the president of the L & N. (Milton H. Smith) if he would be willing to pay me something on the debt that the Altamont and Manchester Railroad owed me, in case he took the little railroad over for his debt. He said he would not. I finally figured it out that if I could get the railroad taken over, my company could be in possession of it, and that having it in my possession would be nine points of law in my favor. I would then have a chance to compromise with the L & N., and would probably get something paid on the debt the little railroad was owing me.

I owned 250 acres of land at Pittsburg, Ky., three miles from where the little railroad was located, and I had a sidetrack connecting with the L & N. I got everything ready for Saturday evening at 6 o'clock. I had 30 men begin taking up the rails, and had them put on flatcars. We worked all night Saturday night and all day Sunday and by 8 o'clock Sunday night we had the little railroad taken up, loaded and ready to ship to my property at Pittsburg. I then took the engine that belonged to the little railroad and pulled the four cars of rails over to Pittsburg and had them placed on my sidetrack.

We had no trouble in running the engine up a dark hollow for about a mile. About 9 o'clock Monday morning someone reported to the L & N. agent that the Altamont and Manchester had disappeared. Around 4 o'clock here came the L & N. attorney, the sheriff, detectives, the section boss and his men, all out hunting for the railroad. They found the rails unloaded on my land but did not find the engine until about 8 o'clock. They could not understand how in the world the big freight engine got away up there in the woods.

This created a big excitement all over the L & N. Their attorney said they would send me to the pen for stealing their railroad.

They paid me and I delivered the railroad back to them and we were all good friends afterwards. I opened up the first coal mine on the Knoxville Division of the L & N. and shipped coal over the road for many, many years, and sold coal to the railroad. They were always nice to me and furnished passes for me.

THE OLD SCOTT DWELLING—BUILT IN 1784.

History Of Wolfe County

EARLY AND MODERN HISTORY OF WOLFE COUNTY
by Mrs. Roy M. Cecil and others. Published by Wolfe County Woman's Club, $4.

Wolfe County, the 110th county formed in the state, was established in 1860, from parts of Breathitt, Morgan, Powell and Owsley, and named for Nathaniel Wolfe, then state senator from Louisville. Mrs. Roy M. Cecil and her corps of workers of the Wolfe County Woman's Club have written and published a very interesting and valuable account of Wolfe County and the City of Campton, in a 340-page book entitled "Early and Modern History of Wolfe County."

More than this, it is the history of a whole section of the Kentucky mountains and takes in much of the neighboring counties. This work carries accounts of the establishment of Wolfe County and the hearty pioneers who made its early settlements, with mention of Michael O'Hair, who emigrated to this region with his 13 children around 1800 and was prominently identified with its early history.

Silver Mine

There are sections devoted to the churches, early water mills, the Ohio and Kentucky Railroads, and an interesting story of the much disputed Swift's silver mines, by Margaret Carroll, Sky Bridge and El Park Hotel are adequately covered, and there is a good account of Hazel Green Academy, founded in 1880. Swamp Springs was one of the noted watering-places of this and the last century.

Probably the most valuable part of this history is the section, about three-fourths of the book, devoted to the "Early Families of Wolfe County." Biographical sketches are included of the many pioneer and prominent families who made and settled the county and whose descendants are today carrying on the traditions.

The history of Wolfe County, attractively printed and bound in stiff red wrappers, should prove a valuable addition to any Kentuckian's library and especially story of the Eastern Mountain section. A suitable index adds to the usefulness of the work. To those persons interested in the
Log House Built In Woodford County By Gen. Chas. Scott In 1784 On Ky. River Still In Use

The plunging of a flaming Army plane into the Kentucky river at Boars' Ferry last week has served to revive some interest among our historically-minded citizens in that section of Woodford county. The point where the plane landed in the river and immediately sank from view is approximately three-fourths of a mile from the spot where General Charles Scott, a distinguished officer of the American Revolution, built his log dwelling house in 1784.

The crossing point on the Kentucky river known as Boars' Ferry (no longer in use) was formerly known as Wilson's Landing, and in the earliest days was referred to as Scott's Ferry. During the early settlement of Kentucky, emigrants used to cross the Kentucky river at that point in going from Harrods Station (now Harrodsburg) to Lexington, the approaches from each side of the river being better than at any point near it.

When General Scott settled there in 1784 he built a log stockade around his dwelling house. The stockade disappeared many, many years ago, but the log house in which the Scott family lived for 20 years or more is still standing. It constitutes a part of the old house of Edd Ben- ley and family. From any point on the high ground on which the old house stands, one may view the spot in the Kentucky river, three-fourths of a mile away, where the flaming Army plane descended to its watery grave last week.

This picturesque old dwelling would make an antiquarian weep tears of joy. It is the oldest building of any kind in Woodford county, except the famous Marshall dwelling at "Back- pond," which was built the same year.

The original Scott house is one and a half stories high, constructed of very heavy oak logs, and consisted of two rooms and a hall downstairs, according to the custom of pioneer days. The Scott building proper is about 30 feet long by 18 wide. The floors are of ash. There are massive stone chimneys at either end of the house. At one end of the east room there was a massive open fireplace, almost large enough to hold a cord of wood. There were portholes just under the eaves in the upstairs rooms. The little quaint windows and the massive oak doors, secured on the inside with bars, remained almost the same for more than a hundred years.

Nearly all the historians state that General Scott settled in Woodford in 1783, but this is controverted by the inscription cut in stone in one of the chimneys: "C. S. No. 1784." This date is probably the correct one. The late Romulus Hawkins, who was born about 1823, and who lived in the neighborhood all his life, used to say that the letters in the chimney had been there from his earliest recollection.

THE MARKING ON THE WALL.

Old timers in the neighborhood used to point out a pasture on the Scott farm as "Scott's bail lot." An irate bull belonging to the General, so the story goes, chased him across this lot and knocked him down, coming within an ace of depriving Kentucky of one of her best Governors.

General Scott was Governor of Kentucky from 1806 to 1812. He died in 1829 a very old man. Many interesting stories, characteristic of the man have been handed down. He was a man of strong mind and commanding will, rather eccentric and rough in his manner.

The General had great veneration for General Washington, by whose side he had fought in Braddock's ill-fated campaign and afterward in the Revolution. While Governor of Kentucky, he visited Philadelphia during a session of Congress. Affixed in the rough garb of a buckwoodsman, with hunting shirt, buckskin leggings and a long beard, it is related that he started off to call on the President. He was told that Washington had become "puffed up with the importance of his position," and was too much of an aristocrat to welcome him in that garb. However, nothing daunted, Scott passed up to the house of the President, who, with Mrs. Washington happened to be at a window. Recognizing the old soldier, the President rushed out, took him by the arm and ushered him into the house. "Never," said Scott, "war I better treated. I had not believed a word against him and I found that he was 'old host' still."

From Collins' History of Kentucky Mr. Baylor copied an interesting story about Governor Scott for his book on "John Pope, Kentuckian," published in 1843. It tells how, while Scott was Governor, a puny fellow took it into his head to distinguish his own prowess by sending General Scott a challenge to a duel, pretending some offense. After waiting in vain for an acceptance, he went personally to demand explanation.

"General Scott, you received a challenge from me!"

"Your challenge was delivered, sir."

"But I have received neither an acknowledgement nor an acceptance of it."

"I presume not, sir, as I have sent neither."

"But of course you intend to accept?"

"Of course I do not."

"What! Not accept my challenge? Is it possible that you, General Scott, brought up in the army, decline a duel?"

"I do with you, sir," cooly answered the General.

"Then I have no means of satisfaction left, but to post you as a coward."

"Post me a coward? Ha, ha, ha! Post and be damned; but if you do, you only post yourself a damned liar, and everybody else will say so."

And that was the end of it.

On the Anderson county side of the Kentucky river, opposite the Scott house and near the spot in the river where the Army Air Forces lost a training plane last week, there is a little creek flowing into the river. Tradition says that at the mouth of that creek and in plain sight of the Scott house a son of the General was ambushed and killed by Indians. The stream has ever since been called Indian branch.

The Woodford Sun, Versailles, Ky. January-20-1914
Big Bone Lick

It is a quiet village now, but it still is famous for the many mastodons which lived and died there and for a once-plentiful supply of sulphur waters

By BARRY BINGHAM, JR.
Courier-Journal Staff Writer

LONG before anyone thought of a Chamber of Commerce, Kentucky was a favorite stopping place for some of the world's biggest travelers.

Big travelers? Actually, they were of the house-sized variety no longer to be found. If they were, they would make life uncomfortable, and probably short for us.

These travelers were the mastodons, eldest brothers of the elephant, and companions of the mammoth and other prehistoric animals.

They were certainly as large as any elephant to be found today. Some of their rib bones have measured 12 feet in length, and a skull has been found which is 6 feet across the forehead.

Big Bone Lick, in the southern part of Boone County, seemed to have been a popular stamping ground for these monsters. The first white man to see Big Bone was a French-Canadian Army officer, Capt. Charles Lemoyne de Longueuil, who came down the Ohio River in 1729 and found a valley covered with mammoth bones.

At that time the land was partially a swamp, and relics of the ancient mastodon visitors could be picked up (if you had the strength) without having to do any digging.

The area was given the appropriate name of "Grave Yard of The Mammoths," and by 1800 its fame had spread all over the world. Archaeologists came from almost every European country to dig up the skeletons at Big Bone. It has been estimated parts of more than 100 mastodons have been taken out of Boone County.

Legend has it that one fellow was paid $100 to dig up the whole skeleton of a mastodon which was later sold to the British Museum for $3,000. Actually, there is a mastodon skeleton in London which did come from "Big Bone Lick, Kentucky."

Unfortunately, very few of the large number of bones dug up at Big Bone Lick stayed in this part of the world. Most of them have been scattered through museums and private collections all over Europe and North and South America.

Mrs. Hettie Baker, who lives near Big Bone on Gunpowder Creek, has the tooth of a mastodon which she and her husband bought about 50 years ago. This 10-pound chunk of ivory would be the pride of any museum, or dentist for that matter.

J. D. Moore, owner of one of the stores in Big Bone, has a small collection of mastodon relics. Even though they are only parts of bones which were broken long ago, they give a good idea of how big the inhabitants of Big Bone Lick used to be.

The reason this part of the country was so popular among our prehistoric travelers was its plentiful supply of salt, which they craved. Why so many of them died here is still a matter of conjecture.

Some say that the valley used to be a huge lake covered with a matting of buffalo grass. The mastodons, and other animals, in search of the salt licks probably ventured onto what appeared to be solid ground, then sank through.

It is said locally that within the last 50
years a man could jump on the marshy grass in the valley and shake the land for an acre around him.

The underlying soil definitely was not solid, since a fence post, once driven through the tough grass matting on the surface, sank out of sight with the push of a hand.

Today Big Bone is a fertile farming valley. The water supply, which at one time kept the land marshy, has practically dried up, leaving only a few sulphur springs.

But these springs have also played an important part in the history of Big Bone. Back in 1890 Big Bone became a popular watering place. People from nearby cities were sent by their doctors to drink and bathe in the healing sulphur springs. There were three in the Big Bone vicinity.

Even though the town of Big Bone never grew to be very large, there was a sizable hotel for people taking the cure, and there was even talk of building a sanatorium there. However, luck went the other way.

A Louisville oil-drilling company went to Big Bone to try and make a strike in the reputed underlying oil deposits. They drilled once, about a mile below the watering place, but were unsuccessful. Then they moved in closer to the springs and started to drill again.

The going was tough, through about 25 feet of solid rock, but in the words of Jake Rich, they finally “made a strike.”

“There was a noise like a cannon shot,” Jake said, “which ran along the bedrock of the valley, and a spout of water rose 60 feet in the air.”

Oh, my aching tooth! Just look at the size of this mastodon tooth owned by Mrs. Hettie Baker, who lives on Gunpowder Creek near Big Bone. The chomper weighs 10 pounds.
J. D. Moore of Big Bone Lick owns these parts of an ancient mastodon. From left are a piece of skull, two pieces of leg bones, and a sizable hunk of petrified mastodon flesh.

That's Big Bone's "business center" you're looking at. It's not much on size—but it's quiet. There are only a dozen farm homes in the community, but two churches.
The oil company had tapped the underground lake which was the supply of sulphur water for the surrounding springs. From that time the springs went dry, and with them all thoughts of a sanatorium. Later even the hotel at Big Bone closed down.

The drilling company went to another site and tried again, but with no more luck. This time they struck salt water, and all hopes of finding oil in Big Bone ceased.

Even though people continued to come to Big Bone up until the last few years to carry away some of the decreasing supply of sulphur water, the town no longer sees the thriving trade it used to.

Consequently it has diminished to a couple of stores, two churches, and a dozen farm houses.

Due to the clogging of the well which was drilled by the oil company, the supply of sulphur water has dwindled to a mere trickle. Some day, if the well could be redrilled, Big Bone might again attract people who are interested in the waters. They would certainly find it one of Kentucky's most historic and colorful regions.

This marker says Big Bone was discovered in 1789, but many authorities say 1729.

Perhaps Jake Rich is dreaming of the glory of the past when there was a plentiful supply of sulphur water. There are only a few springs now, such as the one in front.
Kentucky Goes Into the Hotel Business

Frankfort, Ky.—What nature and the engineer have done for Kentucky, the Department of Conservation is capitalizing on by entering the hotel business.

Scenic terraces and plant material have transformed the front entrance on the hotel, once a favorite spot for tourists. The new hotel has 24 park accommodations, seven cottages, and lodges.

The Kentucky Lake Dam, with a 55-mile shoreline and an 184-mile-long shoreline, is one of the new developments in Kentucky. The lodge has been opened, and its 46 cottages accommodate up to 300 persons.

Twenty-three miles from the dam is Kentucky Lake State Park. The recently opened Kenlake Hotel, a handsome $90,000 structure, matches the finest commercial resort hotels in the world. A lodge is in the process of development.

At Cave Run Dam, the Wolf Building Company, the UP, with 85 rooms and cottages, and cabins, one of the state's new state parks, is on Lake Cumberland. Food and supplies are too good and at popular prices. Whether for rest or sports, there is a happy choice in the Kentucky network of parks.
Modern Kenlake Hotel is the newest addition to the state’s 1,414-acre park on Kentucky Lake.

HENRY CLAY IN HALL OF FAME—Visitors from Indiana view the life-like statue of Henry Clay which stands in Virginia’s Hall of Fame in the House of Delegates at Richmond, Va. The statue, executed before the Civil War by Kentucky’s Joel T. Harte, recently was moved from a niche which it occupied, giving rise to speculation that Virginia had tired of the work and would dispose of it. Virginia officials replied that they “cherished” the statue and merely had moved it to a new location, one “most favorable” from which the statue faces all who enter the hall. Viewing it are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilroy, South Bend, Ind.

IN WOODED GLADE alongside Beargrass Creek, the ruins of David L. Ward’s mill, built in 1817, looked like this in the 1880’s. It stood northwest of Big Rock, near Alta Vista Road. Today, the flow of water in the creek varies from flash floods to dust drought in late summer.
KENTUCKY CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE
William H. Townsend

On the evening of October 28, 1953, thirteen people met in the law office of William H. Townsend, Lexington, Ky., and discussed the matter of founding a Kentucky Civil War Round Table, the appointment of a committee to effect a temporary organization, and the drafting of a proposed Constitution and By-Laws to be submitted to a larger dinner meeting to be held at the Student Union Building, on the campus of the University of Kentucky, on the evening of November 18.

The “Charter” meeting had about sixty-five people in attendance, and another dozen potential members said they wanted to affiliate with the organization but were prevented by prior engagement from attending the November 18 meeting. A permanent organization was formed with the adoption of a Constitution and By-Laws, and the following officers and Executive Committee were appointed: President, William H. Townsend—Lawyer, Lexington, Kentucky; Vice President, John Diskin—Lawyer, Frankfort, Ky.; Secretary, Dr. Hambleton Tapp—Asst. to President of University of Ky., Versailles, Ky.; Treasurer, Edward S. Dabney—Pres. of Security Trust Company, Lexington, Ky. Executive Committee: Dr. Thomas D. Clark, Head of Department of History, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. J. Winston Coleman, farmer, author, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. Phillip G. Davidson, President University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. Herman L. Donovan, Pres. University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.; Charles P. Farnsley, former Mayor of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky; George Fowler, President F. & C. Railroad, Frankfort, Ky.; Dr. Willard Rouse Jillson, former State Geologist, author (Chairman), Frankfort, Ky.; Dr. Frank A. Rose, President of Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky.

Register, Kentucky Historical Society
July, 1954 - P. 278 -
Know all men by these presents:

That we, John B. Morgan and Farmer DeWees are held and firmly bound unto the Commonwealth of Kentucky, in the just and full sum of Fifty Pounds, current money, to the true payment of which we bind ourselves, our heirs, etc. jointly and severally, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals, and dated this 21st day of November 1848.

The condition of the above obligation is such, that whereas there is a marriage shortly intended to be solemnized between the above bound John B. Morgan and Rebecca G. Bruce of the County of Fayette. Now if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Test:

John H. Morgan

[Seal]

F. DeWees

[Seal]

Gen. John H. Morgan, CSA - Farmer DeWees - License

The Clerk of Fayette County, County, hereby grant for the above named person, for my daughter Rebecca G. Bruce, (of John Morgan), this 20th day of November 1848.

[Seal]

F. DeWees

[Seal]

Marriage License of Gen. John H. Morgan, CSA, and note from bride's guardian.
This old stone house on the Winchester pike in Bourbon county was built by Thomas Kennedy soon after the Revolutionary War.

House In Bourbon Built 170 Years Ago

By EUGENE MANER

PARIS, Ky., July 7 (LNS)—Three miles east of Paris on the Winchester road stands a large stone house built by Thomas Kennedy soon after the Revolutionary War.

Thomas Kennedy first built a log cabin on nearby Kennedys Creek in 1776. He returned to his home in Virginia and in 1779 brought his family to Kentucky to live.

The family spent the terrible winter of 1779-80 at Strode's Station, a community fort, near the site of Winchester, which he helped to build.

Thomas Kennedy settled his family in Bourbon county where the stone house now stands. It was an imposing mansion of its day.

He was troubled for years by parties claiming an earlier right to his land and lost part of it, while spending a fortune to defend it. His son, Jesse, helped recoup the family fortune and became prominent in the affairs of Bourbon county.

Jesse Kennedy fought in the War of 1812 and represented Bourbon county in the Kentucky Legislature.

Many members of the family are buried in the family cemetery, surrounded by a stone wall, one side of which is the fence on the Winchester road.

The house and land is now owned by Cassius M. Clay.
Canewood Estate Was French-Indian Grant

"Where in the world" is the most distinguished pioneer estate in Kentucky—unknown to present-day writers and unsung for more than three centuries.

It is Canewood, the 6,000-acre French and Indian War military grant of Col. or Gen. Nathaniel Gist, located in Clark county, six miles north of Winchester on the Paris road.

The mansion has been gone for nearly a century, but the log kitchen, with its original stone chimney and the log weather-boarded slave quarters and barn still stand in a row facing the site of the Gist mansion. A stone structure marks the mansion site and, peering down in its depths, one sees the old cellar that once held "much good liquor." 

Story In Kentucky Gazette

H. H. Gratz, son of Benjamin Gratz, who married a daughter of Col. Gist, described the place in his Kentucky Gazette in 1876, as follows:

"CAINEWOOD. We take the following graceful article from the Clark County Democrat. There were some inaccuracies as to names and dates, which we take the liberty of correcting, as they were within our personal knowledge.

"During a very pleasant visit last week at the residence of Dr. D. Cay, we had the pleasure of visiting Mr. George L. Gist, who resides near Canewood, where Governor Charles Scott was buried. It is a beautiful mansion and worthy of being the dwelling of the refined, elegant people that once called it home. There are now two candidates for the Vice Presidency, and the wives of a United States Senator and of Gen. Jackson's and Abraham Lincoln's chief private councillor were reared there. It is now the property of Mathew D. Hume. The old smoke-house, hexagonal in shape, is still standing. A magazine is an anachronism and the tall trees remain in full vigor. The graveyard is hardly distinguishable from the surrounding pasture. The cellar, in which much good liquor has been kept, still marks the site of a former residence, in which so liberal and generous a hospitality was once dispensed.

"This property fell to Judith Gist as dowry in the lands of her husband, Nathaniel Gist, who had been granted 6,000 acres in Clark for his military services during the Revolutionary War (error—French and Indian War). Half of the survey was sold in 1782 to Thomas Lewis for 900 Pounds lawful money, which was $1.50 per acre. He left quite a family of children. Franklin P. Blair of New York mentions him in his book "Nathaniel Gist, 'husband of Judith Gist'"—thus the reference to "the old Grants"—(Benjamin Gratz, Capt. Nat. (G.S.) Hart and Dr. Joseph Boswell married the children of Gist's brother.

"After Governor Scott's term as Chief Magistrate expired (governor| term| in| 1812| when| Nathaniel Gist and ended his days at Canewood. He was a fair type of the race in those days. Stout, bold, self-reliant, fond of fun and careless about the accumulation of wealth, he was a hard drinker.

Profane swearer and given to telling ungodly yarns. Whilst on a visit to Virginia, he described Kentucky as covered with trees so thick that a man could hardly pass between them, and said that some of the deer had horns 15 feet across. When asked how these deer got between the trees, he replied that that was none of his business. Another story as follows: He said he was walking through a cornfield and stuck his cane down to leave it there and ascertain how fast the stalks were growing. A few days afterwards he went to get his cane and found a nibble of corn coming out of its top. (Author's note: When the Democrats were beaten in Kentucky in 1833, a local editor wrote, "We shall make our defeat very coolly. It was a maxim of old Governor Scott of this State that, when the people get wrong, let them alone until they get wrong, and then they will get right.")

Buried At Canewood

"The old governor died about 1820 (error—died Oct. 22, 1813, aged 74), and was buried at Canewood. (Collins History erroneously states that he died in Woodford county—he had sold his pioneer plantation, "Petersburg," at Scott's Landing, Woodford county, to George Yellott in 1808 and removed to Frankfort. Gov. Scott's "Petersburg," you may recall, bid for the State capital in 1792 after the opening sessions of the Legislature had been held in Lexington.) Governor Scott's remains were afterwards taken to Frankfort at the instance of the State (1854) and now rest in the beautful between Walnut and Dewers streets. It was erected in 1858-59 by Prof. Beverly Hicks and was used by him in later years a residence. Prof. Hicks, according to Perrin's "History of Fayette County, Kentucky," came to Kentucky in the War of 1812. He taught school in Fayette county for 42 years and died in 1877. The picture was made in 1905.

This building, used for several years as a slave jail by visiting dealers, stood on the north side of East Main street between Walnut and Dewers streets. It was erected in 1858-59 by Prof. Beverly Hicks and was used by him in later years as a residence. Prof. Hicks, according to Perrin's "History of Fayette County, Kentucky," came to Kentucky in the War of 1812. He taught school in Fayette county for 42 years and died in 1877. The picture was made in 1905.
The Phoenix hotel already had a long history when this picture was made in 1888. It could trace its beginnings to Capt. John Postlethwaite, who opened Postlethwaite's tavern at the corner of Main and Mulberry (Limestone) in 1797. Ownership changed hands a number of times down through the years, and at least two other buildings had occupied the site before the cornerstone of the pictured building was laid on Oct. 15, 1879. The original tavern burned on March 3, 1820, and was replaced with a larger structure, which in 1826 began to be called the Phoenix hotel, according to Charles R. Staples' "History of Pioneer Lexington." Fire again swept the hotel in May, 1879, and the building shown was erected.
Lexington's First Episcopal Church Was Built in 1814 by Capt. Shryock

A sketch, made by the town surveyor and preserved in a vault in City Hall, shows that the first Episcopal church erected in Lexington had a spire. It was built by Capt. Mathias Shryock, father of Gideon Shryock, architect of the classical Morrison College here, the old capital at Frankfort and the courthouse in Louisville. Capt. Shryock's younger son, Cincinnatus, also was an architect—he designed that beautiful spire on the First Presbyterian church, Lexington, and the church—unexcelled in America.

Several histories of the beginning of the Episcopal church 'in the West' have been written—all at variance with the opening line above—saying the church began here in a dilapidated frame building that stood on the present church site at Market and Church streets in 1798.

Built in 1814

The fact is, however, that the first church erected—on the site of the present Christ church—was built in 1814. The sketch herewith, made by the town surveyor that year, shows it had a steeple and did not occupy all of its 80 by 90 feet lot, as it does today. The sketch, incidentally, reveals some other interesting data. That building shown diagonally across from the church was Henry Clay's law office—remembered as 'Miss Juett's tea room' just before it was razed not so many years ago. Next to the church was 'Mr. Paul's lot'—a log house where Peter Paul (good name for a church neighbor), lived and made tombstones.

Author of the statement that the church prior to 1814 was outside Lexington was no liar. It was the Rev. Edward F. Berkley, rector from 1838 to 1857. The Rev. Berkley, in taking leave of his congregation on Sabbath morning Nov. 15, 1857, 'gave a brief but very interesting history of the Episcopal church in this city from 1808, when a small log house was erected near this city, for the religious worship of those who held to the Episcopal faith, down to the present time.'

Lottery Proposed

Confirming the modesty of the building, as stated by the Rev. Berkley, is an announcement in the Kentucky Gazette Sept. 5, 1806, of a "Scheme of a Lottery to raise the sum of $500 dollars for the purpose of finishing the Episcopal church and towards the purchase of an ORGAN." The lottery, first prize in which was $1,000, was managed by William Morton, Walter Wartfield, David Shealy and John Wyatt.

The log church was on the former Capt. J. D. Yarrington farm, some four miles out the Russell Cave pike—and was still there, together with the old Episcopal burial ground—in which the Rev. James Moore evidently was buried—in 1819, when John W. Hunt's executors sold the farm and reserved three-fourths of an acre to remain subject to the use of the Episcopal church, giving the meeting house and burying ground, as long as the Society shall keep the same under a good and sufficient fence.

Needed To Buy Organ

Capt. David Shealy had sold the farm—on the east side of the road, opposite to Shealy's residence—to Thomas January and John W. Hunt in March, 1819—after the brick church at Market and Church streets was in use. Capt. Shealy, you may note, was one of the managers of the lottery designed to build a church and buy an organ for "$500 dollars." John Wyatt, who lived on the farm adjoining the church property on the south, on the Russell Cave pike, was another manager.

It would be interesting to locate the site of the old log church—particularly to ascertain where the Rev. James Moore, of "Flute and Violin" fame, is buried. Efforts have been made for many years to find his grave. He died June 22, 1814. The church was seeking another graveyard by the end of that year, as witness their advertisement in the newspaper Dec. 17, 1814:

Notice. The pews in the new Episcopal church will be offered for sale at the church on Monday, Dec. 26. The vestry have rated
A house in this vicinity that is 161 years old is very rare and historically noteworthy. Such is the home just off the highway in Walton, Ky., now owned by John Gault. It was built in 1791 by Col. Abner Gaines as an inn and stagecoach stop between Lexington and Covington. It remained a tavern all through the last century—under various owners and with many famous names in the countless stories that surround it. The most interesting character connected with the 20-room home was probably the colonel's son, John, who became a general in the Mexican War. It is said he rode his own horse, Black Sultana, all the way to Mexico and after the war all the way back to Kentucky. After several terms in Congress the general was appointed Governor of Oregon by President Zachary Taylor but later returned to his old home.—Sketch by Caroline Williams.
WHEN the old covered bridge at Graefenburg was torn down in 1930, a writer on The Frankfort State Journal referred to the old spans as "beautiful but damned." That sentimental soul paid little regard to the fact that the old bridge was a menace to public safety, or that a concrete span would replace it. The words were torn from a heart full of sentiment.

There are likely to be about 37 echoes to those picturesque words.

For Kentucky has at least 37 covered bridges, undoubtedly doomed by the demands of modern traffic, since they were designed to accommodate, at most, a drove of cattle, and the bulkiest, a wagon of hay. But they also are, for the most part, all that an artist or photographer could ask in picture-making beauty. Ironically enough, the quaintest and most picturesque will likely be the first to go.

Note the phrase "at least." This is an admission that there may be, tucked away on country roads, other covered bridges, as yet unlisted, unmapped, unphotographed and unsung.

Compared to some of her sister states, Kentucky has only a handful. Ohio's covered bridges number at least 500, Pennsylvania and Virginia count theirs in the hundreds, and so does, surprisingly, Oregon. But the average Kentuckian is amazed to learn that his state possesses as many as 37 covered bridges.

Most of these bridges are in constant use, some serving important arteries of traffic such as the one at Clayville, on U. S. 62, the Sherburne bridge on Ky. 11, and the Jackstown bridge on Ky. 13. Many serve county roads which are gradually being taken over by the State Highway Department. Where possible, the bridges are being carefully restored; when totally inadequate to the traffic load they have to bear, the old bridges must of course be replaced.

They are going fast. For the past five years they have gone down at the rate of almost four bridges a year.

The bridge at Sherburne is the most notable example of what happens when modern engineering skill is brought to bear to preserve one of the old structures. Local tradition holds that the bridge was built in 1867 by Isaac Kissner, who, providentially, had a saw-mill, and by "a man named Pearse," who did the stone-work. It was an ambitious structure, wide enough for two wagons to pass abreast, and 265 feet long—so long that today a sign cautions the motorist, "Turn lights on" before entering. Year before last, the highway engineers neatly solved the problem of retaining the old structure and making it safe for modern traffic. They encased the old wooden span, cover and all, in a web of steel girders and cables, forming what is in reality a suspension-type bridge, good for at least another 80 years.

That was a covered bridge success story. Not all covered bridges are so fortunate, even when they are heavy enough and wide enough to sustain today's traffic.

Camp Nelson's historic span over the Kentucky River was designed to carry two lanes of traffic, but after 95 years of service, was torn down in 1933. This bridge, and the equally historic Cynthiana bridge, were two of this country's finest examples of the art of covered bridge construction as practiced by Lewis and Thomas Wernwag. The latter has been greatly neglected in the annals of bridge building. Lewis Wernwag's name is familiar as the engineering genius who designed these two bridges, as well as many others throughout the eastern part of the United States. But, according to the late George Scott, Lexington, Lewis was a cripple, and so was of necessity limited to building bridges on paper. Thomas, his brother, superintended the actual construction.

Following the custom of the Wernwags, the timbers of the Camp Nelson bridge were sawed, seasoned, and shaped upstream from the bridge-site, then floated down to where the hammers were built. Traditionally, so exactly was the bridge designed and so meticulous was the workmanship that the whole structure was assembled using hammers only.

When the Camp Nelson bridge developed an alarming sideways sway, an attempt was made to brace the structure, but that did more damage than good. "Modern steel men," maintains Scott, "just don't understand the workings of the old wooden bridges."

Louie Bower, who was "Kentucky's last living covered bridge man," offered to repair the bridge to make it strong enough to support a double row of loaded trucks, covering the span from end to end. His proposition was that if the bridge failed to pass this test, the State wouldn't have to pay him. His offer was turned down and the old bridge was condemned. Today all that is left is a tremendous pile of masonry on either side of the river, the abutments of the old bridge.

Anyone interested in the Wernwag's work should visit Washington County's three covered bridges. While not "Wernwag bridges," these three are all of the type construction favored by the Wernwags. All three are similar, though built at different dates by different men.

The 270-foot span across Chaplin River, on Ky. 431, was built in 1862 by Cornelius Barnes, of Mount Washington. This is a magnificent structure, supported by massive timbers, formed into the shape of four great arches. The original mortised and pegged joints, now reinforced with iron bolts, are still in excellent condition. The bridge is supported by the original handsome stone abutments and center pile.

Down the same road, less than 15 miles away, the bridge, is its counterpart, over Little Beech Creek. Only a few feet shorter, it was built three years later.

The Sharpsville covered bridge over Chaplin River is only 160 feet long, but is the oldest of the three. When Ky. 53 was rebuilt, it by-passed Sharpsville, and so the bridge was saved—else it would surely have been replaced by the modern concrete span which now serves the highway. For this fact the citizens of Sharpsville are duly grateful. Typically so is E. L. Peavler, who grew up "right at the bridge," and reared his family there too.

Peavler is positive that "his bridge is the oldest in the state. Its hand-wrought bolts and hand-hewn poplar timbers, many two feet wide and averaging a good 16 feet long, would bear him out.
One of the three covered bridges in Washington County is this one of Little Beech Creek. It was built in 1865 by Cornelius Barnes, Mount Washington, and measures about 260 feet, bank to bank.

was the architect, says Peavler, but he cannot pinpoint the date. However, "some say 1854, but that's wrong! A man down the creek, going on 90, says his mother was just a little girl when she played on the bank while the bridge was being built. So that would mean it's way over a hundred years old!

"And it's still a good bridge!" Peavler will add heatedly. It was repaired and reinforced in 1900, and again four years ago. "The only thing that's wrong with it now is just the head-block is busted. All it needs is a turnbuckle to pull it together, and maybe a center pile." Anyone who tries to pull down the Sharpville bridge is going to have his hands full when the Peavlers hear about it.

Not all communities have been so attached to their old landmarks. Lair Station, in Harrison County, had a 200-foot oak structure which spanned the South Fork of the Licking River there. It was built in 1870, by T. J. Megibben, and Matthias and John Lair, at a cost of $5,000. By 1946 the Lair Bridge had served its time, at least so thought most of Lair Station. A good part of Harrison County. All attempts to obtain a new bridge failed. Then suddenly, on July 10, the old wooden span suddenly collapsed. It was suspected in many quarters that the old bridge's demise may have been from other than natural causes, and when, a week later, the remaining portions mysteriously "caught fire," foul play was almost a certainty. But Lair Station got its new concrete bridge.

Each cataclysm of Nature takes its toll of the old sheltered crossings. The great flood of 1937 weakened many, and in one case was fatal, when it hastened the destruction of Pendleton County's Butler Bridge, the longest ever in the state and third longest in the country.

The heavy ice and sleet in the winter of 1950-51 flattened out the peaked roofs of two more. One, the VanArsdale bridge over Salt River in Mercer County, is no longer in use, officially, though foolhardy souls occasionally venture across. It looks as though it will be the next to go, but Howard Yocum, who lives nearby, says that as far back as he can remember, it has been in the same state of dilapidation. This bridge is an example of quite primitive design and craftsmanship—the oak timbers are roughly hand-hewn and unevenly spaced. The floor now slopes dangerously toward one edge. On the inner walls are barely legible remains of large faintly colored circus posters, steel-engraved Gibson-girl aerialists, and strong-men with impossibly bulging biceps.

The other victim of last year's big snow was the covered bridge over Johnson Creek in Robertson County; 108 feet long and in fair condition, its pair of arches is backed by heavy criss-crossed supporting timbers. R. E. Dotson, who has spent all his life close by, says the bridge was built some 74 years ago, by Bower Brothers, he thinks, possibly a forerunner of Louie Bower.

O RVILLE BUCKLER, who lives on the other side of the creek from Dotson, says that
the bridge was painted a pretty barn red when it was new, and that some of the original red boards are still there. This accounts for the unusually colorful appearance of the bridge. Buckler thought Dotson's date for the bridge's erection was a year or two off, but they agreed that the three of them are all about the same age.

Kentucky's covered bridges are concentrated mostly in the central and eastern portion of the state. Bourbon County's old timbered landmarks are almost all in good condition or better. All are on County roads except the Jackson Bridge, over Hinkston Creek, which is on Ky. 13. This bridge, 150 feet long, was built by Tom Ford and Henry Johnson in 1877. Ernest Sharpe, who lives near the bridge and supplied information on its history, "roofed that bridge 25 years ago." Most of those 25-year-old shingles are still there. Only a very few of the old shingle roofs are left today—most of Kentucky's covered bridges have metal roofs.

Also on Hinkston Creek, the 75-year-old Colville Bridge is in excellent condition. Bourbon County has also some of the shortest covered bridges in the state. Like trinkets strung on a girl's charm bracelet, within the space of three miles, three little bridges stud the road between North Middletown and Clintonville. The one in the middle is less than 40 feet through, and with its red-trimmed portals, and its vertical weatherboarding striped green and white, it looks too much like a picture postcard to be real. The limpid stream beneath it supplies the final touch: it is Pretty Run.

Fleming County's seven bridges include, besides the Sherburne Bridge, two whose construction is extremely noteworthy. These are examples of the "Town Lattice truss," a system of construction originated in the East, and very popular there. The hand-hewn timbers which form the trusses are beautifully pinned in a thoroughly craftsmanlike and picturesque manner which would gladden the heart of any lover of such pioneer work. This bridge is on Ky. 170, over Fleming Creek. The other is, now, at Goddard, over Sandlick Creek.

Nineteen years ago, when Ky. 32 was rebuilt, some history-conscious individual must have found himself unable to sacrifice the old bridge which was then located a mile south of the town. "The White Bridge," it has always been called, because it was carefully whitewashed after it was built. So the old timbers, now faded to a uniform gray, were numbered, taken down piece by piece, and the bridge was carefully rebuilt, its timbers laboriously repacked, in its present location. Since its 66 feet did not span the creek at its new site, a 22-foot runway was added. Of similar "lattice" construction is the covered bridge over Cabin Creek, near Tollesboro, one of Lewis County's three. This bridge is thoroughly renewed, so that the wooden pins—called "tree-nails" and pronounced "trunnels"—are all that would lead one to suspect that it is not a completely modern structure.

Wernwag's laminated arch, combined with compound king-posts, to be oppressively technical, were used in designing the other Cabin Creek bridge, which is only in fair condition. The Foxport bridge, one would imagine, will be shortly replaced, since it is already posted as unsafe, and is certainly not the sort of bridge to remain long on State-maintained Ky. 54.

Greenup County's three bridges are not in very good repair, but perhaps this very fact adds to their beauty—they are among the loveliest in the state. Near Oldtown, across the Little Sandy, the 195-foot structure is probably the longest single-span covered bridge in Kentucky. It is bedecked with a lush growth of Virginia creeper, and surrounded by a profusion of wild grape vines, maples and giant oaks. In autumn it is a blaze of incredible color. The other two bridges, one near Danleyton, across East Fork, and the other across Tygart's Creek, at Bennett's Mills, are scenes of almost equal beauty.

Also a credit to anyone's calendar is the little bridge at Switzer, in Franklin County, over the North Fork of the Elkhorn. Only 62 feet long, it is further dwarfed by a gigantic sycamore which seems to hover protectingly over it. The little bridge leans ever so slightly toward the old tree, and the illusion is complete. (This bridge is shown in our cover photo today. The two children with fishing poles entering the bridge are Johnny and David, 5-year-old twin sons of the author and her husband.)

More useful than ornamental is the Claysville bridge over Licking River in Harrison County. This is the county's only covered bridge, but it is one to boast of, since it alone serves a Federal highway. Built in 1874, it is 307 feet long.

Bracken, Crittenden, Garrard, Pendleton, Owen and Mason Counties each has one covered bridge within its boundaries. And some of these are not much. To be perfectly accurate, Owen has only half a covered bridge—at most, the bridge is only half covered.

For downright oddness, the old wooden structure over Big Eagle Creek, at Natllee, really takes the prize; one half the old span has been replaced by an iron bridge; the covered half, its siding mostly gone, its supporting timbers nakedly visible, rests sagging on a strangely assorted lot of piles and piers.
Pendleton's only covered bridge, on Straight Shoot Pike, over South Fork of Grassy Creek, is not what it used to be either, though it must have been handsome before the years took their toll. Most of its siding is missing, but the corrugated metal roof is good, and the sawtooth trim on either portal redeems it from the commonplace. Fine old trees and an abundance of vigorous vegetation soften its gaunt lines.

Bracken's bridge over Locust Creek, some 5 miles from Brooksville, is in a regrettable condition. Certainly the motorist who starts through the bridge will begin to regret it before he gets across. Regular travelers of the little gravel road who have to use the bridge regularly must be hardy souls. A newly poured concrete abutment upholds one end of the rickety span, and half-hearted attempts at rehabilitation are apparent, but what Braeken County needs here is a new bridge. It would take only one ride across Locust Creek at this point to dampen the most avid sentimentality.

The old timbered span at Irma, in Western Kentucky's Crittenden County, is another likely candidate for extinction this year. According to one informant, this bridge cannot be expected to hold up much longer.

Mason County's bridge over Lee's Creek, up near Durbin and the Ohio River, is a hodgepodge of sawed and hewn timbers and planks, applied at all angles, as though for decades every man who walked through had stopped and mended a crack or strengthened a weak spot with whatever came most conveniently to hand. The whole thing is as ramshackle an unpromised and as thoroughly charming as a bird's nest. Locally, the bridge is believed to be the oldest in the state, some saying as much as 117 years. Viewed from the creek bed, the antique structure belies its age—massive cut-stone abutments seem capable of supporting twice as much bridge; in 1919 fresh concrete was poured on top the stone, and 10 steel girders, interfaced with steel cables, were used to insure the little bridge many more years of sturdy support.

For the most exacting covered bridge fancier, Lancaster's old landmark over Dix River in Garrard County, has everything—beauty, history, romance. It is in good usable condition, yet not so completely modernized that the good homely details of pioneer construction are hidden—heavy pegged timbers, old hand-wrought square nails, naked beams criss-crossing where the weatherboarding is gone. The brittle old boards were torn off for firewood, it is reported, by an indigent family of tenants. The information is usually added, with no perceptible trace of regret, that the family has since moved to Nicholasville. The bridge is heavily overgrown with dusty vines, honeysuckle, wild grape, trumpet vines and poison ivy. Huge sycamore and elms guard each entrance.

Inside the old timbers carry quite readable remnants of more handbills and posters than can be found in all the rest of Kentucky's covered bridges put together. Nothing gaudy, no foot-high letters in garnish colors to catch the wandering eye of a speeding motorist. Just the sort of thing to be leisurely mulled over by a loitering pedestrian, or a farmer pausing to cool his heated team. Always, in any season, excuses abounded for lingering in covered bridges, and so the old structures were happy-hunting-grounds for advertisers of those bygone days. Therefore one may here still be informed of the virtues of sarsaparilla as a purifier of the blood. Jennings, of Lancaster, Ky., offers the “Best Shoe in America” for only $2.50, and as if that would not insure a thriving trade, J. B. Jennings also offers to give away FREE! a Handsome Buckboard to the fortunate person who can guess the number of beans in a jar in his window, all this to take place on Christmas Day, 18 —, but the year is lost, crumbled away.

One poster must have set pulses racing when it first appeared, announcing the coming of the great EUROPEAN CIRCUS—The Sensation of 1875! The date here is plain. All the GREAT STARS—the Great Davenport, Leopold, Clifton. Don’t fail to see the FEARLESS WIRE ASCENSION. By straining your eyes, you can see the fearless gentlemen in the very act, their undoubted courage attested by their fiercely bristling mustachios, their bulging calves clad in butterfly-spangled tights!

As colorful as the circus posters is the bridge’s history. Forrest Calico, a Garrard County historian, was fortunately located in the County Clerk's office in the Courthouse at Lancaster. He happily undertook to track down the history of the bridge. The net result of his search, 10 dusty record books and an hour later, was that “you can safely say the bridge was there in 1844.”

A later entry, in 1864, noted that $280.46 was entrusted to Jacob Robinson to rebuild the bridge. This corroborated the information received from the Rankin family, whose home “has always been by the bridge.” According to them, the bridge was burned during the Civil War; while it was being rebuilt, “people just waded across the creek.”

The people of Garrard County have cherished their old bridge. Ten years ago, when...
some of the weather-beaten timbers showed signs of weakening, the County Judge “hunted all over the county” for similar old timbers to replace them. No haphazard patching up for him.

In Nicholas County are two almost identical bridges, both over Somerset Creek, both on County roads, one the Sharpburg Road and the other the Ratliff Pike. Both are 45 feet long, both are of identical somewhat primitive design, and in both, their state of poor repair and general shabbiness is mitigated by the beauty of overhanging trees and a profusion of colorful vines and flowers.

The covered bridge across Blain Creek, at Yatesville Post Office, in Lawrence County, is red, the mellow. deep red of an old barn. Of sturdy if not unusual construction, 132 feet long, it is set among farm-studded hills, and has apparently held up well under considerable constant traffic.

Most of the bridges cited were located without too much difficulty. Their existence was usually fairly certain, and sometimes their exact location was to be found on paper, in fairly complete lists such as the one compiled by J. Winston Coleman, Jr., who adds the collection of covered bridges to his other historical and literary pursuits. In 1948, Coleman’s list of 51 Kentucky bridges was published in Covered Bridge Topics, the official voice of all those who love the old landmarks. This unique little quarterly, edited and published by Richard S. Allen, Round Lake, N. Y., and Eugene B. Bock, Anderson, Ind., is dedicated to “the common welfare of the covered bridge.”

A bridge can be found only by persistently following a rumor. A surprising amount of ignorance is at times encountered—one man will in all sincerity direct you to a covered bridge which has been gone for years; another will live his life within walking distance of a covered bridge and not know it exists. Many times a covered bridge will be found only a mile or two off a busy highway, all unsuspected by the hundreds of those who never leave the main roads.

Sometimes a covered bridge can be found purely by chance—like the one in Lawrence County over the East Fork of the Little Sandy, a bridge that, as far as can be determined, is not on anybody’s list or shown on anybody’s map heretofore. An unclassified specimen, so to speak. Its discovery was a fluke, the sort of fabulous luck whose anticipation keeps the collector collecting.

It was during a quick stopover at Fallsburg, at a small general store at the crossroads. The inevitable group lounging about—the big discussion at the moment was squirrel-hunting—was asked the routine question. “Are there any covered bridges around here?”

A tall, lean old fellow in khaki work clothes mentioned one “on East Fork,” mildly adding the incredible information, “Me and my brother built it.”

Knowing the undoubted antiquity of all the bridges seen up until then, and further knowing only too well the near impossibility of obtaining authentic facts on their origins and history, this statement like a thunderclap. Here was a chance not only to locate and photograph a hitherto unknown bridge, but here was the man who had built it.

John B. Riffe, Kentucky’s only known living covered bridge builder, was pounced on and driven out to his bridge well before he knew what had taken place. On the way, he told his story, the short and simple annuals of a covered bridge, which might be the recapitulation of the way many another covered bridge came into being.

“Well, now, about 30 or 40 years ago, my father-in-law was the magistrate. Now, he had 11,000 acres back in there, and he had a bad way of getting in there. So me and my brother George took the contract to build him a bridge. Our uncle, J. S. Riffe, helped some. My father-in-law made the plans—his name was B. V. Shortridge.”

Wernwas could have done better, but Shortridge’s design incorporated several original and interesting details.

“We hauled big logs in, mostly oak. Feller name of Daniels with a broad-ax cut ‘em square. The County poured the concrete for the ‘butments and then we got a team and pulled the five oak beams across and bolted cross pieces across that to make it stronger.”

The five oak beams which formed the underpinnings of the bridge were 40 feet long. Riffe said it took them about two weeks to finish the job. As simple as that, and Kentucky had another covered bridge, today only 28 years old, as Riffe finally figured it.

Thirty-Seven covered bridges in Kentucky! That was the last count. It takes only the most casual acquaintance with one or these old landmarks to understand the extraordinary charm they possess for their admirers. It is more than mere beauty of form and setting, more than the honest and evident craftsmanship of their builders, more than evocation of days gone by—and there is no quicker short-cut to the past than the careful study of an old covered bridge. They arouse our admiration for the obstinacy with which they have withstood the buffets of time and weather, for the gallantry with which, year after year, they have borne ever-increasing burdens, far heavier loads than those for which they were designed. Above all else, Kentucky’s covered bridges command our respect.
SPOTTED on this map of Eastern Kentucky are 36 of the 37 covered bridges written up in the accompanying story:

BOURBON COUNTY—1. Across Stoner Creek near Ruddle's Mill. 2. Jackson Bridge across Hinkston Creek at Nicholas-Bourbon County line. 3. Calville Bridge across Hinkston Creek on Calville Pike. 4. Across Boone Creek on See Pike, 14 miles from Paris. 5. Across Stoner Creek on County road between North Middle- town and Clintonville. 6. Across Pretty Run, on the same road. 7. Across Strode's Creek, also on the same road.

BRACKEN COUNTY—8. Across Locust Creek on the County road between Bladeston and Wellsburg.


FRANKLIN COUNTY—16. Across North Fork of Elkhorn River, at Switzer (see the cover of this Magazine).

GARRARD COUNTY—17. Across Dix River, near Lancaster.

GREENUP COUNTY—18. Across Tygart's Creek at Bennett's Mills, 10 miles southeast of Greenup. 19. Across Little Sandy River on County road off Ky. 207, ¾ mile from Oldtown. 20. Across East Fork (a tributary of Little Sandy) near Danleyton.


LAWRENCE COUNTY—22. Across Blaine Creek, on County road at Yatesville Post Office. 23. Across East Fork of Little Sandy, on County road 5 miles out of Fallsburg. (This is the bridge the Thernmons "discovered.

LEWIS COUNTY—24. Across Cabin Creek, 5 miles northeast of Ky. 57 on Tollesboro-Concord Road. 25. Across Cabin Creek, on Ky. 10 about 2 miles east of Tollesboro. 26. Across North Fork of Licking River, on Lewis-Fleming County line.

MASON COUNTY—27. Across Lee's Creek, 1½ miles south of Dover, on Ky. 8.

MERCER COUNTY—28. VanArsdale Bridge across Salt River at Forsythe and Dugansville Road.

NICHOLAS COUNTY—29. Across Somerset Creek, ½ mile from East Union. 30. Across Somerset Creek, 3 miles from Sharpsburg.

OWEN COUNTY—31. Across Big Eagle Creek at Natlee.

PENDLETON COUNTY—32. Across South Fork of Grassy Creek, on County road off Ky. 22.

ROBERTSON COUNTY—33. Across Johnson Creek, 1 mile from Junction of Ky. 165 and Ky. 68.

WASHINGTON COUNTY—34. Across Chaplin River at Sharpsville. 35. Across Little Beach Creek, on Ky. 431. 36. Across Chaplin River, on Ky. 431, on Washington-Nelson County line.

There is also a covered bridge in Crittenden County, 2.8 miles south of Irmo, that is not shown on this map.
Not everyone gets to discover a bridge. The Thiermans found this one, about 5 miles out of Fallsburg, Lawrence County. John Riffe, shown here, and brother built it.

Certainly upward of 70 years old is this bridge over Johnson Creek, Robertson County. When it was new, it was painted a barn red, and some coloring still remains.
The only covered bridge in Owen County is the one shown at the left. It crosses Big Eagle Creek at Natlee. For downright oddness, the author is inclined to give this bridge the prize. Half of the old span has been replaced by an iron bridge. Of the old, covered half, its siding mostly is gone, leaving its supporting timbers nakedly visible, and the covered portion rests sagging on a strangely assorted lot of piles, piers and wooden poles. Surely, it is not long for this world.
The most exacting bridge fancier will be satisfied with Lancaster County’s covered bridge over Dix River in Garrard County. It is still in good, usable condition, and details of its pioneer-type construction are easily seen.

Probably soon to be replaced is the Foxport Bridge, over the Licking River on Ky. 54, on the Lewis-Fleming County line. It has already been posted as unsafe.
Privately Operated 'Slave Jail' Stood
On West Short Street 100 Years Ago

The key to Robards' famous
slave jail has turned up a century after it opened on West Short street near the present site of the Confederate Monument. The jail was once the site of the Robardens' slave jail—where the town was once the residence of Mrs. J. B. Wilgus, all of the brick supposed to be about 250,000—a wall of the house lately destroyed by fire, together with all of the rock in the foundation of the house. At the same time, there will be little left of the building upon which it was built.

Capt. John A. Geary bought the brick and foundation rock which was erected the large two-story house at the southwest corner of Second and Jefferson streets.

Charles Gilson purchased the lot for $1,000—the lot formerly used as a jail—from Robert Thompson and wife, Mary B., and built a temporary house and door which he rented out.

In 1893, the First Congregational church acquired the lot and built their church there. With the deed was handed to the church, the key to the old slave jail. Recently, Mr. Hunter gave the deed and key into the custody of Anderson B. Jones to continue to be saved as a memorial of the church built by a people no longer in bondage on the site of the most famous slave market in Lexington.

LEX LEADER

SEP'T-19-1915

The key to Robards' notorious slave jail on West Short street shows up a century after it opened. Anderson B. Jones, custodian for the old colored Congregational church that succeeded the slave mart, holds the key and also the deed to the church in 1853.

The theater opened April 2, 1844, and an ordinance passed to license the performances in the new theater. A court in 1846 decreed that the theater was to be closed on every Saturday, and the license fee was paid from that date by paying $75 in advance.

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Millersburg Was Founded In 1798

By Mrs. Thomas Marshall

In the Northern section of Bourbon county is located the little town of Millersburg, one of the earliest settlements in the county.

It was in the year 1775 that 18 sturdy pioneers, all heads of families, set out from Sherman Valley, near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for Kentucky.

They journeyed on foot through the wilderness and as far as known encountered no serious adventures by the way. Among them were Robert Pollock, William McLellan, William Steele, David Marshall, Henry Thompson, William McClintock, John and Robert Miller.

A pre-emption grant of 400 acres had been furnished each by the Governor of Virginia as an inducement to them to settle in Kentucky.

Upon their arrival they proceeded to lay out and survey their claims.

Four of this colony located their claims within the present limits of Millersburg precinctly: John and William Miller, William McLellan and William Steele. In addition they bought 1000 acres each for 20 shillings per 100 acres.

They built cabins and planted a little corn, a precaution necessary to hold their pre-emption.

In the latter part of the year they returned to Pennsylvania for their families and supplies.

Owing to unsettled conditions, in the country arising from the Revolutionary War and the hostility of the Indians, the settlement was delayed until 1785-86.

In 1798 the town of Millersburg was founded by Maj. John Miller, who was the original owner of the land upon which it stands and for whom it was named.

Millersburg in its early days was quite a manufacturing center. Flour was shipped to New Orleans by flat-boat in 1808 from the mill near the site of the present mill.

There were also hemp factories, fulling mills, a saw mill, forges, cording machines, carriage factory and many distilleries were in operation. A large business was done in the manufacture of hemp wades, which were shipped to Missouri and to all parts of Kentucky.

It would seem that the first church in Millersburg was the old Republican church, which stood on the "Public Square" in which all denominations worshiped for a time.

The first Sunday school was established in 1765, by the Presbyterian.

The first postmaster was a young Frenchman, Henry Savery.

-Millersburg College was opened as "Millersburg Male and Female Seminary in September, 1852, by Rev. John Miller, M. D., of the Kentucky Conference.

Col. Johnson had previously conducted a female branch of his Military school located at Blue Lick Springs. Dr. Savage succeeded Dr. Miller in 1854. In 1859 the male department was set off as Kentucky Wesleyan College, which was later removed to Winchester. Perhaps the only remaining building of the "Old Days" is a stone house owned and occupied by Miss Lizzie Viments, the mausoleum of which was done by Governor Metcalfe.

The Millersburg Female College was organized in 1852 with Rev. John Miller the first president. In December, 1879, it was burned and rebuilt. In 1907, it was burned again and rebuilt by Dr. C. C. Fisher, who is the present owner. Millersburg College is now the outstanding schools in the South, and the alma mater of many of the most cultured women of the State and Nation.

The Presbyterian and Baptist churches were organized in 1818.

The first Methodist church was built in 1827, but the circuit riders had services at different homes, mostly the Purnells.

The Christian church was organized in 1831-1832.

The Masonic Lodge was organized in 1856, with Halleck Lodge in 1817.

The I. O. O. F. was organized in 1853.

Millersburg has had three sources of choler—1833, 1849 and the last in 1873.

The Millersburg Deposit Bank was chartered in 1870, with Dr. Stitt cashier.

Land was bought from John McClintock and the Cemetery Company formed in 1880 with stockholders for directors.

Of the first eighteen settlers, four of them located their land in and around Millersburg. William McLellan located where the Calhoun country home now is. William Miller built a cabin where the John Bedford home was for many years.

William Steele settled near Steele's Ford.

John Miller pre-empted the land upon which Millersburg now stands but built a block house about a mile from town. Robert Miller was killed by the Indians.

It was early said of Millersburg that it had 500 inhabitants, 4 churches, 4 doctors, 2 taverns, 1 flouring mill, 2 saw mills, 5 stores and a number of machine shops.

The first postoffice was established in 1798 with John Savor, a Frenchman, as postmaster.

He was succeeded by Louis Viments, who served for many years.

This was the old Carty building which stood at the southwest corner of Main and Mill streets for about 65 years. It was erected in 1871 and torn down in the mid-50's. The first block house in Lexington was erected on this site in 1779. A frame building replaced the block house in 1858, and in 1897 a two-story brick was erected on the site.

Next came the Carty building and then the present building, occupied by Montgomery Ward. The pictured building got its name from a "Carty" family which owned the property for more than three-quarters of a century.
Airdrie

A crumbling but still-towering furnace marks the site of a century-old fiasco

Bit by bit, the 50-foot stack of the Airdrie furnace is falling to pieces, and the little cedar atop it seems to emphasize Nature's reclamation of the spot.
A LOOK into the colorful past of the Green River Country brings back to life the Scottish settlement of Airdrie in Muhlenberg County, on Green River, about a mile below a village named Paradise.

Nothing remains of once-flourishing Airdrie except the sturdy walls of a stone house, picturesque stone steps and wall, the crumbling stack of an iron furnace, and the entrance to an abandoned mine.

These landmarks are surrounded by an abundant growth of sycamore and cedar trees. The larger trees are interspersed with a lush undergrowth of wild vines and other vegetation.

A dirt road leading toward Airdrie from Ky. 176 soon becomes impassable except by foot. Then it winds through the woods until a small clearing is reached. This is the top of Airdrie Hill, and many years ago when this point commanded a beautiful view of Green River numerous houses stood there. Now the view down the sloping hillside leading to the river is shut off by the dense foliage which almost hides the prominent stone landmarks.

The inscription AIRDRIE 1855 is boldly chiseled into the ancient walls of a sandstone house three stories high, about 50 feet long and 20 feet wide. Floors, doors and window frames, evidently made of wood, must have decayed and fallen away years ago. The roof is gone, too. These massive walls stand about 50 yards from the river, and they once housed machinery used in connection with the furnace and mining operations.

The hillside steps, made of large, solid stone slabs, are 60 in number. They lead from the top of Airdrie hill, where the town stood, to a point near the stone house.

Close by stands the crumbling, 50-foot-high stack of the old furnace. Its cylindrical portion rests on a 26-foot-square stone base that's 20 feet high. Great arches lead inside the base to the furnace itself.

The entrance to the abandoned mine is found below the smokestack. This tunnel goes straight back into Airdrie Hill for about 40 yards and then seems to turn to the left.

And what brought all this to Muhlenberg County? Well, the story begins in 1851, when Robert S. C. A. Alexander, the Frankfort, Ky. born descendant of a wealthy, titled Scotch family, purchased 17,000 acres of land in this area, where the existence of a desirable iron ore had been discovered.

The Alexanders formerly lived at Airdrie, a small town near Edinburgh, in Scotland. In their native land the family's wealth was based on ironworks. The American-born Alexander brought in ironworkers from Scotland because he thought their experience would be useful in developing the Muhlenberg County area.

The Scots began arriving late in 1854 after a six-week crossing of the Atlantic in a chartered ship. Their frame houses and the stone structures were built in 1855 and 1856.

Several attempts were made to run the furnace, but all were unsuccessful. For it seems that this ore required a different treatment from that found in Scotland. The workmen evidently did not realize that.

This unfortunate venture was abandoned soon after the buildings were completed. Consequently, the town of Airdrie was short-lived, and it wasn't many years before the houses, stores and the settlement's two-story hotel building were all in ruins. Alexander moved to Woodford County but many of the workers whom he brought to America remained in Muhlenberg County. Many of today's Muhlenberg residents with Scotch names are their descendants.

General Don Carlos Buell, a Union commander in the Civil War, made his home at Airdrie from 1866 until his death in 1886. He acquired that part of the Alexander holdings where Airdrie is located to seek coal. But he found, instead, coal in such great quantities that he changed his plans and developed the coal field.

The house he occupied—which also had been Alexander's residence while he was at Airdrie—was destroyed by fire nine years after General Buell's death.

An unimproved country road leading north from Ky. 176 near the east boundary of Muhlenberg County takes a visitor a half mile toward Airdrie. Beyond the church at this point it's better to go the rest of the way—another half-mile—after.

The so-called stone house, whose walls still appear sturdy, once contained machinery for the operation.

A photo from Otto A. Rothert's "History of Muhlenberg County" pictures the Buell residence about 1900.

The Courier-Journal, Nov. 30, 1952
A Confederate General's Birthplace Becomes A Shrine

They've started to restore the Mason County cottage where General Albert S. Johnston, who almost licked Grant at Shiloh, came into the world 150 years ago.

By JOE CREASON, Courier-Journal Staff Writer

COME Tuesday and it will have been 150 years since one of two Kentuckians who almost changed the course of the Civil War was born in a frame cottage still standing in Washington, Mason County.

The Kentuckian whose birth anniversary turns up February 3—and whose home now is being made into a shrine—is Albert Sidney Johnston. He is one of only five officers who reached the rank of full general in the Confederate Army.

Both Johnston and Jefferson Davis, another Kentucky native who was President of the Confederacy, played leading roles in the South's drama of rebellion.

It was Johnston, as commander of the Department of the Mississippi, who stretched a line of fortifications across Kentucky that kept numerically superior Northern armies out of the South for nearly a year.

And it was he who planned what came within a single error of judgment of being a smashing Confederate victory at Shiloh, a victory which might have changed the war's complexion.

And for Davis, he was the reluctant secessionist whose burning belief in the right of a state to rule its own affairs made him a rebel and who oversaw the transformation of the agrarian South into a real fighting nation.

Until restoration of his birthplace at Washington was started last fall, little had been done in Kentucky to honor Johnston, the general. A 355-foot monument stands at the birthplace of Davis at Fairview.

HE WAS buried after the war in Austin, Tex., where he lived before the conflict, and the frame birthplace in Washington was allowed to fall into disrepair. It belonged to an old Negro woman who had been unable to pay taxes on it for years. She was allowed to live in the house with the agreement it would become Mason County property upon her death. She died last year.

Up to now the Mason Fiscal Court has spent about $3,500 repainting and repairing the picturesque place. The Limestone Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Washington Study Club, which have led the crusade to save the house, are collecting furniture so that it can be furnished as it was when Johnston lived there. Mrs. William W. Veis of Maysville, regent of the D.A.R. chapter, has led the movement. Numerous items already have been donated. The Maysville Garden Club has promised to do over the yard this spring.

The house would be a real step toward preserving the rich history of Washington, one of the oldest towns in Kentucky. The house itself is typical of the architecture of the late 1790's.

Moreover, it fits in with the quiet, ancient look of present-day Washington. Right across an alley is the remains of the slave block where Harriet Beecher Stowe supposedly saw an old slave sold into bondage and was inspired to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A short distance away, up U. S. Route 60—once the old National Post Road—is the little house where Uncle Tom reputedly lived. Down the road is the post office that has been in continuous operation since 1792.

Johnston, the man in whose memory all this is being done, had a short career as a Civil War general. And most of that was spent in Kentucky. He was killed at Shiloh in one of the early great battles of the war, the one he came so close to winning.

Before being appointed to West Point, where he was a classmate of Jefferson Davis, Johnston studied at Transylvania. He was well regarded in army circles before resigning his commission to help the Texas Republic.

It is for Shiloh, however, that he is best known.

In that battle, as in many struggles in the early war years, Kentucky figured prominently in the events leading up to the crashing climax.

The battle at Shiloh, a settlement near Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River in Southwestern Tennessee, came after numerically superior Northern forces had forced Johnston to retreat to Nashville from his defense line across Kentucky. The loss later of Fort Henry on the upper Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland pushed Johnston still farther south.

It was at Shiloh that he decided to turn and fight.

His Confederates were greatly outnumbered, but Johnston, who was in front-line command, had the element of surprise in his favor.

GENERAL U. S. Grant, the winner at Donelson and Henry, had started an expedition up the Tennessee late in March, 1862, and had camped near Pittsburg Landing with an army of more than 50,000. Johnston chose to attack him there before 50,000 more troops, moving slowly southward under Don Carlos Buell, could joint Grant.

The battle was joined the morning of April 6, 1862. Taken by surprise, the Union lines sagged and gave way at every point. Grant's remnant, staggered by heavy losses, were driven into a tight circle with the river at their backs. One more assault seemed almost certain to clinch a great Southern victory.

"The victory is ours," military history records Johnston as having said to an aide as he maneuvered his forces for the kill. "We shall soon water our horses in the Tennessee River."

But that statement was premature. He never lived to see the river, or to nail down the victory.

Minutes after he had spoken, he was struck in the leg by a Minie ball and quickly bled to death. And it was there at Shiloh he first was buried.

The sudden disaster left the Confederates even more confused than the
Union forces. General P. G. T. Beauregard, next in command under Johnston, had been ill all day and not aware of the golden opportunity nearly within the South's grasp. So, when word came that Johnston had fallen, he ordered the Confederate lines to fall back, freeing Grant from the trap that had all but sprung around him.

That move was costly. During the night, General Buell rushed in with his fresh forces. Next day the Confederates were forced to retreat back into Mississippi.

Thus Johnston's apparent victory was lost. Many military historians claim the character of the war in the West might have changed if Johnston had lived to finish the triumph. Others believe the war might have been drawn out or the outcome changed. Victory at Shiloh would, they say, have destroyed Grant's army and left Johnston facing a force of about equal size. And that, they point out, would have allowed Lee more freedom of action in Virginia.

Davis, in his memoirs, took that position. He also referred to Johnston, his lifelong friend, as "the greatest general the war produced."

To appreciate what Johnston did against great odds, it is best to review briefly events in Kentucky, his base of operations, which led up to Shiloh.

When differences between North and South flared into war, Kentucky vowed strict neutrality. However, that was a dream that evaporated in the light of reality.

Southern sympathizers flocked to join the Confederate Army, those who favored the North cast their lot with the Union and began to organize Home Guard units.

The Home Guards were without arms. The Washington Government at length supplied arms and mustered the Guards into service. A short time later, Camp Dick Robinson was established in Garrard County over the objections of Governor Beriah Magoffin, who urged President Lincoln to withdraw all Federal troops "to preserve the peace of Kentucky."

Lincoln refused, pointing out that the troops in the state were comprised entirely of Kentuckians who feared invasion from the South.

On September 4, 1861, General Leonidas Polk moved up the Mississippi River and took the high bluffs overlooking the river at Columbus, Ky., for the Confederacy. It was, he explained, vital to the safety of the South to control the river.

The next day, Federals occupied Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, and Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland.

Next, Confederate General Felix Zollicoffer announced that "the safety of Tennessee requiring it, we have occupied the mountain pass at Cumberland Gap and the three long mountain ranges in Kentucky."

Then Simon Bolivar Buckner, another Kentuckian, entered the state with 4,500 Southerners and took possession of the high hill overlooking Bowling Green.

Thus Johnston, in command of the Central Army of Kentucky, had his line across the state. It began at Cumberland Gap, curved upward to Mill Springs on the Cumberland in Pulaski County, down through Bowling Green and Forts Henry and Donelson to Columbus.

In October, Johnston moved his headquarters to Bowling Green and began construction of a fort on the hilltop, now the campus of Western State College. The fort, remnants of which still stand, rimmed the top of the hill and brought the broad valley of the Barren River and rail lines to Nashville and Memphis under control of Confederate cannon.

Later that same month, Johnston was named commander of the Department of the Mississippi, and immediately sped up operations along the Kentucky frontier in the face of growing Union forces.

Troops were called in to strengthen the Bowling Green fort. But the first sizable engagement in the state, which resulted in the Confederate loss of Mill Springs, made continued occupation there uncertain.

The loss, in February, 1862, left Bowling Green open for attack from the right flank. Rather than risk the moment, Johnston evacuated the fort and moved to Nashville on February 14. Federals moved in next day.

Then, in rapid order, Columbus and Forts Henry and Donelson fell. Nashville was abandoned. Johnston retreated deeper into the South.

But his retreat never became a rout. Even while in control at Bowling Green, he had seen the possibility of having to pull his lines behind the Cumberland and even the Tennessee. Corinth, Miss., was the point he had selected to rally in that event and give battle.

Meanwhile, Johnston was criticized in the South. Demands were made that Davis replace him. But the President stood by him.

"If he is not a general, then I have none for his place," he wrote.

It was in March that Johnston reorganized his army at Corinth. By then Grant was moving up the Tennessee. Johnston, watching his every move, decided to strike at Shiloh, 23 miles from Corinth.

The bloody battle there and his own death was the result.
HISTORIANS ASSEMBLE AT UNIVERSITY—The Kentucky Historical Society, Filson Club and John Bradford Historical Society yesterday held their annual summer session at the University of Kentucky in conjunction with last night's Blazer Lecture Series speech by Dr. Thomas P. Abernethy, head of the Department of History at the University of Virginia. Pictured with Dr. Abernethy, fourth from left, are Virginius Hall, Cincinnati, director of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio; Lee Shepard, Cincinnati, vice president of the Ohio society; J. Winston Coleman of the Bradford society; Bayless E. Hardin, Frankfort, secretary of the Kentucky society, and Judge Davis W. Edwards, Louisville, Filson Club president (Herald Photo).


Col. Robert Patterson, one of the settlers of Lexington, once lived in this log building, which stood at the southeast corner of Main and Patterson streets. The pioneer surveyor and landowner came here in 1779 from Virginia. The building was still standing as late as 1890, when it was used as a printing office by the Lexington Observer. The site is now occupied by a service station. A log cabin which Patterson lived in now stands on the Transylvania College campus.
Riddle Of Swift's Silver Mine Remains A Mystery

But Before You Begin Treasure Hunting Read This Story So As To Start On Right Trail

Have you ever heard of Swift's Silver Mine? Maybe you have sought--thousands have, for more than a century. It has been "located" in nearly all the counties of Eastern Kentucky--and often.

Swift left a journal telling the thing about it--and yet no one has gone to the mine. Swift's journal was very specific, making the location a cinch for a Lexingtonian to find. He said it was in latitude 38 degrees and 2 minutes. Lexington is in latitude 38 degrees 5 minutes, and you are sure start east. If you come through Corbin, you may start west and wind up on the right track, which would be too bad if you're draft age.

Collins describes Kentucky as the location in every county between and including Bell and Carter counties. He says, "Born on Bell county. Like other historians to this day, he thought Daniel Boone, on his "discovery tour" in 1768, came through Cumberland Gap to the Ohio. His journal shows clearly that he came through Cumberland Gap. That is, he said that in May, 1768, "after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, we found our way and reached the settlement of Daniel Boone."

The "eminent," as every competent historian knows, was Pilots Knob, in Pennington's Gap, the Clark county line. Lay a ruler from Pilots Knob, on the Red River, almost due south, and you'll hit Cumberland Gap--on the Virginia border. Lay the ruler south--that's right, south. That's where you'll hit it. And you will hit Cumberland Gap.

Strangely enough, Swift went to his "mine" the right time, May 1768, and Boone passed with him. In almost a stone's throw of the fabulous silver--iron out Cumberland Gap, Marion county--and you'll hit it.

Cue To Location

By the way, the name was Jonathan Swift--Collins called him John Swift. He sometimes signed his name "John Swift," which probably caused the confusion. Belatedly, gave the clue to the location of the mine. He added a paragraph to his history saying, "A memorandum of John Swift's Journal's silver mine in Kentucky and personally had it recorded here. And the S. Consul at Liv- erypool, England, attests his signature there."

The "Salt Rock Fork of Sandy" is Pennington Gap, or which there is a large salt spring. The actual spot of Swift's operations, he said, was "North 40 miles from the salt spring, Virginia."

Swift, the mine, was in 1781, 1762, 1763, 1768 and 1769.

Validity Of Deed

To fully insure the validity of the deed, Swift had charged by his own choice, and personally held it recorded here. And the S. Consul at Liverpool, England, attests his signature there.

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Key To Location

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Rough distance from this place we left $15,000 value of silver and some of his crowns. For instance, he says, "Set your compass on the west side of the course and go due west fifty miles where you will find a marked tree. Set your compass on the south side of the course and go due south fifty miles where you will find a large tree and a limb growing out of the south side of the ground; under this limb we buried four ten-jallon kegs of silver. Set your compass on the south side of the course and steer south 200 miles and you will find the treasure, etc."

Vague Information

However, don't take all this too seriously. Swift's journal is full of vague information about the "mines" and the silver he left behind. The "treasure hunting" in case he were arrested for being a pirate. Swift was arrested, account says, but he was found to possess silver coins with more silver than was States minted coins and he was released. The "treasure hunt" began--and soon--and still is on today.

The knowledge that Swift was a pirate came about in a peculiar way. In a letter written by Swift to his friend in England, he described the operation of the mint in Great Britain. You will notice that the 10,000 acres itself was given to the man in England by Swift after the operation was over.

Silver Mine

So, Swift did not discover a silver mine in Kentucky, but he was the first to discover Kentucky silver himself--eight years before his death--as the late Judge Charles Kerr, in his History of Kentucky, points out.

And Judge Kerr covered the Swift's Silver Mine "at considerable length in his history." It occupied nine chapters. He quoted Robert Alley, resident of Johnson county in 1782, the year of Swift's death in 1809, as saying he procured a copy of Swift's Journal from a man who had several Swift's "prices" and carried them away in bags he always had handy on his tramps through the country. This copy of the Journal showed that Swift and his associates "preyed on the Spanish shipping and that these men carried precious metals, secured in this manner, into the wilderness back of the settlements to be coined into English money."

Judge Kerr says, quoting from the Journal: "Montgomery (after Swift's preliminary trip into the Big Sandy) in 1768, to erect a furnace bought two additional vessels to sail to the Spanish Seas and return with cargoes suited to our enterprise and he began the work of engraving and cutting the dies with which the silver and gold was to be coined, being in that matter very expert, having labored long in the Royal Mint in the Tower of London."

Thus, the story Swift's descendant told blushingly about his being a pirate and shipping his crowns, made from melted down Spanish dollars captured on the high seas, to the head of the Royal Mint in England tallies with that unblushingly rectified by Swift in his Journal, according to Judge Kerr.

If you should decide to shoulder a shovel and start out, Virginia Swift's Journal and interpret "the forks of Sandy" as being the forks of Beaver Creek.
Louisville Had Its Own Theater
By 1808, Only 30 Years Following
Clark's Settlement on Corn Island

By BOYD MARTIN, Courier-Journal Drama Editor

It seems fitting and proper that in any celebration of Louisville's anniversary, especially its 175th, a dramatic presentation such as Barbara Anderson's "The Tall Kentuckian" should be among the chief events, if not the chief event. Despite what we have now come to—sporadic "road attractions" and productions by enthusiastic amateurs—we once had a flourishing theater. Just as in other similar communities, the history of the theater in Louisville began long before the actual establishment of the first theater.

Theatrical history in Louisville, like any other sort of history, is closely related to geography. Had the city not been located in the part of the country in which it is, or had it, or the State of Kentucky, been settled by colonists from another part of the world, then the drama that from which they came, theatrical affairs might have taken a different course.

Began In The South

The history of the theater in America began in the Southern colonies because of the influence of the theater. The people of the Southern colonies brought with them from their former homes not a hostility toward the drama but a love of it.

It was, therefore, the most natural occurrence in the world that Williamsburg, Va., should have the first theater in America. It was built in 1716 and there is a sign in Williamsburg today—or was the last time I was there—marking its site.

Theatrical records credit the erection of this theater to William Levett, a dancing master. It probably housed some legitimate productions as well as exhibitions of dancing. Research work on the history of American theater is rare. There is no record of these, however.

Used by Students

From the records extant it was used for amateur performances by the students of William and Mary College in 1726-29 and possibly by visiting professionals. In 1745 it was converted into a town hall, and its theatrical career ended.

Kentucky was not far behind Virginia in indicating an interest in the drama, for the settlers who went forth from Virginia into the West carried with them the love of the drama and the interest in the theater which Kentucky had fostered.

It was not by accident that in 1797, only five years after Kentucky was admitted to the Union, that the inhabitants of the hamlet of Washington, Ky., gave a dramatic performance which, so far as is known, was the first west of the Alleghenies.

There was a theater in Lexington in 1797, which in all probability was the first theater in the state.

Found In History

Proof of this may be found in George W. Ranck's "History of Lexington," published in 1872. On pages 203 and 204 Ranck says: "How Lexington supported a place of amusement in 1797, we are not prepared to say, but certainly she had one. An exhibition room, adjoining Coleman's Tavern, was erected by George Sanders and opened to the public, Monday night, June 5, 1797. An old Gazette says that admission was at an elevator, and the performances began at dark. The price of admission for the pit was three shillings nine pence, and for the gallery, two shillings three pence."

"It is known that a theatrical performance was held in the Courthouse in Lexington in 1798. Evidently theatrical business had prospered by 1807, for in that year Mr. Molliss, the traveler, visited the theater there. At that time it stood on the corner of Water and Limestone Streets. The distinguished gentleman, however, did not find everything satisfactory to his "metropolitan tastes" for he said afterwards that "the performance did very well, but there was a deficiency of actresses, and one of the men had to play a female part, which did not suit my taste at all."

There appears to have been several thriving settlements in Kentucky before Louisville came into existence.

Founding Day

It was on May 27, 1778, that George Rogers Clark and a body of settlers reached Corn Island near the Falls of the Ohio. In 1780 a town named Louisville, in honor of King Louis XIV of France, was incorporated.

At the time of the first census in 1790, there were 200 people living in Louisville, and by 1800 the number had increased to 359. Many historians of Louisville believe that the population was larger at that time, and in all Southern settlements, the bulk of the people lived outside the towns.

But in 1808 Louisville had a theater. In fact, Louisville had a theater building before she had a church building, for the first church was completed after the earthquake of 1811. A community so small must have had a deep interest in, or a desire for, things dramatic even to have cared to have a theater.

The theater was called the City Theater, a playbills from which hangs behind me on my study wall as I write. It is dated "This Evening, Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1835." It advertises the "Sixth Night of the Engagement of Mr. Barnes and Miss Charlotte Barnes and the second appearance of Mr. F. S. Hill." They were to perform Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

It was the Romeo and Miss Barnes who in the playbill, "Family Jar, or the Mistaken Fathers," announced as "the laughable farce of." The City Theater is supposed to have belonged to a man named Tyler, according to Ludlow in his "Dramatic Life As I Found It." It was located on the north side of Jefferson Street between Third and Fourth.

Samuel Drake is thought by most theatrical historians to have started theatrical history in Louisville.

Built In 1808

Drake was John Bernard's stage manager of the Albany, N. Y. Theater. He was talked into coming to Kentucky by Noble Luke Usher, who built a theater in Lexington in 1808 at the corner of Spring and Vine. It was small, but it had regular boxes, a pit and gallery.

Usher appeared at the Albany and asked to play an engagement of a few nights. During the brief time he was with the company, Usher is reported to have told Drake that his main object in coming East was to try to engage a company for Kentucky, where he said he had three theaters—one in Lexington, one at Frankfort and a third at Louisville. The adventure seemed to appeal to Drake at once. He agreed to get together a small company with which he would start for Kentucky the following spring.

Drake's object was to arrive in Kentucky late in the fall, and so he determined to perform along the way. With this plan in view the company left the northeast part of New York State in the latter part of July, 1815. The touring was done with a wagon with two horses and a light spring wagon drawn by one horse.

From Pittsburgh the trip was made by flatboat down the Ohio as far as Maysville, which at that time was called Limestone. They arrived there about November 25, 1815. The remainder of the journey to Frankfort was made in two wagons.

As there was no railroad communication between Frankfort and Louisville at that time, the journey was made by private
Business Hurt

The article ends by explaining that the lack of a theater was very injurious to business, for travelers would not stop in a city where there were no real amusements, and businessmen would not start enterprises there either. The editor suggested that the property in Fourth and Green (Liberty) Streets was the most eligible and centrally located.

On October 21, 1845, The Morning Courier announced that a Mr. John Bates had leased the ground lot at the corner of Fourth and Green Streets and the brick walls standing on it and that it was his intention to complete the theater as early as possible, probably by the middle of December.

The theater actually opened on September 9, 1846, as the Louisville Theatre. It continued fairly well until it caught fire and was entirely consumed. Plans were immediately set on foot for the erection of a new theater on the same spot, so on March 25, 1847, the old theater was rebuilt and was reopened with a new company headed by Barney Macauley and Augusta Dargen. In 1858, the Louisville Theatre became the Louisville Opera House, and under that name it continued to house the best attractions and stars of the day until October 13, 1873, when Macauley's was opened and the Opera House had run its course. At last, after standing idle for many years, the Opera House was torn down to make way for The Courier-Journal Building, now the Will Sales Office Building.

The actual construction of Macauley's Theater was begun in July, 1873. The original cost of the building was in the neighborhood of $200,000. It was on Walnut near Fourth.

In 1916, when Macauley's was remodeled after the death of Col. John T. Macauley, who followed his brother Barney in the management, A. A. Bigelow, his son-in-law, had the pictures, playbills, etc., removed from the walls and stored in the dressing rooms underneath the stage.

Rehung in 1925

They were brought out by Malcolm Fassett the last season he played Macauley's in 1925, and rehung as nearly as possible in their original positions. Macauley's remained the most celebrated of all Louisville theaters until its close in August, 1925, when Fassett's company played "The Naughty Wife" the week of August 24 and ended the season.

It was at Macauley's on Saturday night, November 27, 1875, that Mary Anderson made her debut with the resident company, playing Juliet to the Romeo of W. N. Griffith and the Mercutio of Milnes Levick. Since 1890 there has been a gradual but thorough change in the theater and Louisville, along with other cities, has felt it keenly.

There was a time when Macauley's vied with Shubert's Masonic, until recently the Strand, for the patronage of our first citizens. 

Old Auditorium Razed

Between them was the Auditorium—not.
Apprenticeship In Early Laurel County

In the early years of Laurel County there were frequent instances of "binding out" by the county court as apprentices of children of tender ages. Mostly they were of indigent parents, and practically always are of the same general form as to requirements of the apprentices and of their lords to whom they are bound. We have chosen this particular instance because apparently it is different in that the child is apparently of a most well-to-do family and is bound out by the court, and so it seems. The order in full is as follows:

"This indenture made the 1st day of Sept., 1828, witnesses: Thomas Lot Farris, Clerk of the County Court of Laurel, by order of Jarvis Jackson, D. Weaver, Wm. G. Pitman, John Chastain & Thos. Jones, Gentlemen Justices of L. County Court. Do place and bind Hiram Farris, orphan of James Farris, aged 12 years and 12th day of January last past, apprentice to William Farris, with him to dwell and serve, and to be taught Reading, Writing, & Arithmetic, etc., and to have him clothed and furnished with all lawful sustenance & shall sincerely and obediently demean himself towards him & obey all his lawful commands during his term. And the said William Farris & James Farris his security for themselves, their heirs &c., doth covenant & agree to & with the said Lot Pitman, his representative & successor in office, that the said Hiram Farris as an apprentice in the trade and avocation of Farming shall well instruct during the term aforesaid & provide & allow the said apprentice sufficient meat, drink, apparel, washing, lodging, mending and all other things fit & necessary for an apprentice & shall teach or cause to be taught Reading, Writing, & Arithmetic, including the Rule of Three & pay him three pounds, ten shillings & a decent suit of new clothes at the expiration of s'd service.

"In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands & seals the 1st day of September 1828.

"WILLIAM FARRIS (Seal)"
"JAMES FARRIS (Seal)"
"Teste"
"LOT PITMAN, Clk."

The Sentinel Echo

London, Ky.

Aug. 12, 1854
Famous Duels In Kentucky Recounted By Lexingtonian

Starting with the “meeting” between Judge John Rowan, who lived at what is now The Old Kentucky Home,” at Bardstown, and Dr. James Chambers, a young surgeon, son-in-law of one of the judges of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the author takes the reader at misty dawn along river banks, through rolling woodlands and upstream to island rendezvous, where two men face each other, demanding “satisfaction due one gentleman from another.” Doctors tentedly stand near by with their surgical kits spread on blankets. A few anxious friends view the scene from distant clumps of trees. A “second” barks a prearranged signal. Pistols crack and usually one participant falls dead or wounded—sometimes the blood of both saturates the sod.

Coleman’s book includes “affairs of honor” between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Tennesseeans who came across the state line to meet in Logan county at Harrison’s Mill on Red River; Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall; Doctors Benjamin W. Dudley and William H. Richardson; George J. Trotter, editor of the Kentucky Gazette, and Charles Wickliffe, both Lexingtonians; Henry C. Pope and John H. Gray of Louisville; William J. Casto and Leonidas Metcalfe of Mason county, and Joseph Decha and Alex Kimbrough of Harrison county.

The book, so characteristic of Coleman’s other publications, is carefully annotated and indexed with an ample bibliography. It also has an appendix in which the author lists 22 other duels with names of participants and few other facts, but about which he has been unable to unearth more than a mere outline.

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

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

William H. Townsend

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Lexington's 2nd City Directory
T. W. Smith
Published by Worsley & Smith

FROM OUR FILES

25 Years Ago Today
John Winston Coleman, 77, farmer and bank director, died at St. Joseph hospital. He was born in Fayette county and has for many years lived in the old Coleman homestead on the Newtown pike. He was a director in the Security Trust Co., and First National Bank and Trust Co. He was survived by his wife and two sons, J. Winston Coleman Jr. and Walter Payne Coleman.
Laurel County,

Woods Block House Marker

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Woods
Block House
The Hazel Patch
1769 Skaggs Trace 1795
5 Boone Trace 1795
Bishop Frances Abbey
Lodged Here
April 10, 1797

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Photo by J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

THIS HISTORICAL MARKER was erected at the site of Laurel county's first permanent building, erected at The Hazel Patch before 1793 by John Woods and used as a temporary home about 1799 by Johnathan McNell while he built his home on Raccoon. Where the Boones Trace and Skaggs Trace part, it was a haven for travelers and protection against depredations by Indians. This picture illustrated one of a series of articles on "Historic Kentucky", by J. Winston Coleman, Jr., and was published in The Lexington Herald-Leader, May 18, 1952.

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The Sentinel-Echo,
London, Ky.
May 8, 1954
The Very First

It was an exciting day back in 1904 when an auto visited Mammoth Cave.

By MARGARET BRIDWELL
Cave City, Ky., Free-Lance Writer

The Gibson Girl and her pompadour were high style, and Theodore Roosevelt was rounding out his first term as President when an Indianapolis judge drove the first automobile to Mammoth Cave.

It was just before dusk on October 7, 1904. Everybody who was at Mammoth Cave in 1904 remembers the date without hesitation, but nobody remembers the make of the car.

Another thing they all remember is that the horseless carriage stampeded the cattle and threw the chickens into panic as it made its way through the country on the winding, narrow wagon road from Cave City to Mammoth Cave. But what they remember most clearly of all is that when the judge and his chauffeur came to a clattering stop at the entrance gate, they got stuck in a mud hole!

The judge recruited aid from employees and guests at the Mammoth Cave Hotel, but the Barren County mire refused to relinquish its hold on this unfamiliar engine of locomotion. Finally, much to the embarrassment of the judge, the hotel manager brought out a pair of mules and pulled the car out of the mud hole.

Two other automobiles followed soon afterward, but nobody remembers what make they were or who they belonged to. Somebody did, however, take a picture of them, standing proudly near the hotel.

According to the late Joe McDaniel, official photographer at Mammoth Cave for many years, everybody from near and far remembers the fourth car in line of succession—a Stanley steamer, driven by a man from Boston.

Like the wolf in the story of the three little pigs, it huffed and it puffed so much getting up the high steam pressure required to start it that it almost blew the hotel down.

When the Indianapolis judge drove the first automobile to Mammoth Cave in 1904, the directors of the famous little Mammoth Cave Railroad, which had been bringing tourists to the cave since November, 1868, little dreamed that the great number of its successors would by 1931 be one of the biggest contributing factors to the demise of the Kentucky Toonerville Trolley.

The last steam-driven locomotive went over the Mammoth Cave Railroad in the 1920’s, when the iron horse capitulated to the horseless carriage and was replaced by a truck on wheels which ran over the same rails. Even that was unsuccessful, so in 1931 the rails were torn up.

The second and third autos to visit the Cave. No one photographed the first one ever to visit there.
Dueling
In Old Kentucky

A historian's book
tells of bloody frays
on the field of honor

By SUE McCLELLAND THIERMAN

D R. J. WINSTON COLEMAN, JR. of Lexington, has enough
blood and thunder in his new
book to supply 10 historical novels
generously, though it will likely never
make the best-seller lists. He had no
such aim in mind when he collected
his material. But when most present-day
best-sellers are long forgotten,
this book, "Famous Kentucky Duels,"
will likely be on library shelves. And
well thumbed, too.

This work on Kentucky dueling is
the result of two and a half years of
unusually difficult research by Coleman,
author of other books on his-
torical aspects in the state. "For
awhile," he confesses, "I was begin-
ing to think I wouldn't be able to get
enough material to make up a book
on these duels."

Source material is extremely
scarce, for the obvious reason that
dueling, almost from the beginning
of the Commonwealth's history, was
illegal. Whenever a duel occurred,
every effort was made at the time to
keep the facts from public notice and
out of print.

Coleman was forced to rely prin-
cipally for his facts on court records,
personal documents and family letters.
Probably this explains why no one else
has attempted to write on this subject.
As far as the author knows, his book
is the first and only work on dueling
in Kentucky. Coleman should know-
his is one of the world's largest collec-
tions of Kentuckiana. "Famous Kentucky
Duels," a slim,
144-page blue-bound volume, was pub-
lished by Roberts Printing Company,
Frankfort, this year and sells for $3.

It tells of one of the most romantic,
most quixotic and, in comparison with
modern standards, one of the most
irrational chapters in the history of
Kentucky. Ten of the "meetings on
the field of honor" are related in
detail. Probably the two best known
are Henry Clay's encounter with
Humphreys Marshall, and the duel
Andrew Jackson fought in Kentucky.

An appendix gives summaries of
some 30 additional "affairs," with a
few fought out of the state by Ken-
tuckians. The period between 1790
and 1867 is covered.

Dueling, as practiced in the Deep
South, and carried along with the
family dueling pistols into Kentucky,
was an offspring of the tradition of
chivalry and honor portrayed in the
novels of Sir Walter Scott. Some 75
years of increasingly determined legal
prosecution and adverse public opin-
ion were required to uproot the
"pernicious practice." A relic of this
effort to outlaw dueling is the duling-
 oath today required of State office-
holders. They're required to swear
they've never fought a duel.

According to the code duello, any
gentleman might demand "satisfac-
tion" from any other gentleman—and
get it, risking mutual mortal injury in
the process.

Any man who refused to accept
such a challenge was branded a
coward and might be "posted" as such.
To quote Coleman, "Flaming hand-
bills were distributed about town and
tackled up on conspicuous places
loudly proclaiming the accused person
a liar, coward, poltroon, vile wretch,
or slanderer. To be so posted was too
much for any hot-blooded and high-
strung Kentuckian." The inevitable
duel resulted.

A man lower in the social scale—
a nongentleman, so to speak—was not

Photos by John Thierman Except as Noted

Court records, studied by Dr. J. Winston Cole-
man, Jr., provided material for his new book.

Duels were fought in Kentucky
until less than 100 years ago

FIELD OF HONOR Continued

governed by the code, and therefore was spared
the harrowing possibility that he might be forced to defend
his honor with a pistol at 10 paces, or with a rifle at
60 yards.

Coleman believes that few duelists actually shot to
kill. Most of the aggrieved gentlemen were satisfied with
a slight wound administered or received. Often, merely a
harmless exchange of shots was enough.

Young Henry Clay was not so easily satisfied when
he fought his first duel.

Clay had challenged his fellow legislator, Humphreys
Marshall, after long political hostility had led to a fist
fight on the floor of the Kentucky House of Representa-
tives. He described the resultant affair in a note to James
Clark:

"I have just this moment returned from the field of
honor. We had three shots. On the first I grazed him above
the navel—he missed me. On the second my damned pistol
snapped, and he missed me. On the third I received a flesh
wound in the thigh, and owing to my receiving his fire
first, &c., I missed him."

Coleman declares this is the only document he has
ever found in which Clay used profanity, showing that he
was possibly still in a state of high excitement.

That they were less than practiced in the deadly art
TO THE WORLD!!

J. Quinn Thornton,

Having resorted to low, cowardly and dishonorable means, for the purpose of injuring my character and standing, and having refused honorable satisfaction, which I have demanded, I avail myself of this opportunity of publishing him to the world as a reclaimer of liar, an infamous scoundrel, a black hearted villain, an arrant coward, a worthless vagabond and an imported miscreant, a disgrace to the profession and a dishonor to his country

JAMES W. NESMITH.

Handbills similar to this were posted about men who wouldn't accept a dueling challenge. They usually brought about an acceptance and inevitable resulting duel.

is shown by a later statement of Marshall: "We were kept on the ground trying to kill each other, until a skilled duelist would have killed both, with less powder and fewer balls."

The practiced duelist might spare his opponent's life, but attempt to shoot him in the hips, with a likelihood he would be crippled for life. This was cold-bloodedly accomplished by Judge John Rowan's son, who thus crippled Thomas F. Marshall, his antagonist. Lameness did not prevent Marshall in later years from fighting two additional duels, in one of which he crippled his opponent.

Dueling ran in the Rowan family. Shortly after Judge Rowan built his stately mansion, Federal Hill, which in time was to become widely known as "My Old Kentucky Home," he killed a young Bardstown physician and surgeon, Dr. James Chambers. Their duel was the result of a drunken brawl in which the two highly educated young gentlemen fought over "which understood some of the dead languages best."

As may have been experienced, dueling provided a potent weapon for unscrupulous enemies. If a man had not the courage to wage his own battles, he could usually find some hot-headed youngster who, fancying himself a crack shot, could be maneuvered into fighting the hated rival. Tennessean General Andrew Jackson fought his Kentucky duel with Charles Dickinson under much these circumstances.

Having been too successful in matters of money, politics, and horseflesh, Jackson had earned the enmity of certain influential people of Tennessee. Making use of Jackson's well-known hot temper, and Dickinson's pride in his reputation as the best shot in the Mississippi Valley, Jackson's enemies finally created a situation in which the general was forced to challenge the younger man.

Jackson determined to use strategy to equalize matters, since he could not hope to match Dickinson's marksmanship. Coleman gives the account of the match:

"At the word, Dickinson fired almost instantly. A small puff of dust came from the left shoulder of Jackson's coat; he had been hit, but stood steadily on his feet, with his left arm tightly drawn across his chest. Meanwhile, as planned, he had held his own fire. Dickinson, startled, recoiled a pace or two, and falteringly muttered: 'Great God! Have I missed him??".

"Back on your mark, sir," cried Jackson's second, as he fingered his own weapon. Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg and turned his eyes away from the cold gaze of his antagonist Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. There was no report; the seconds found that the hammer of his pistol had stopped at half-cock. Under the rules of the code this was not a shot; he could try again. Once more Jackson raised his pistol, took careful aim, and fired. Dickinson swayed over backwards and fell to the ground, as his friends sprang forward to catch him.

"Dickinson was mortally wounded, and died that evening."

With his seconds, Jackson walked from the field, despite the fact that he had received Dickinson's bullet in his chest, only a fraction of an inch from his heart. Deliberately, he concealed the fact of his injury from his dying opponent.

"The general craved the satisfaction of having the best shot in Tennessee expire," reports Coleman, "believing to the last that he had completely missed his man at the space of 24 feet!!"

The original grounds for disagreement and the duels which followed were various, and often inconsequential. Doctors fought over differences in diagnoses, lawyers over fees and opinions, statesmen, like Henry Clay, over politics, soldiers over rank and command. In more than one case, an evening's revelry, in which alcohol and cards mixed with flaming tempers, ended a day or two later with boyhood friends facing each other on the field
of honor. Thus, in 1849, Louisville's John Thompson Gray sent the fatal bullet through the body of his friend, Henry C. Pope, then "kneel by him and wept bitterly."

Sometimes the cause for disagreement was downright amusing. In what is often erroneously cited as the first duel on Kentucky soil, John Thruston and John Harrison, both Louisville magistrates, were prepared to fight in 1792, over a 12½-cent fee for issuing a warrant.

"As the duel was about to begin," runs Coleman's account, "it was decided not to shoot at each other for so trivial a sum; the seconds then proposed that a shooting match be held for a gallon of whisky; Harrison won the liquor."

Contrary to widespread belief, popular novels, and movies about the "Old South," women rarely entered into the dueling picture. Andrew Jackson's wife, Rachel, whom he had inadvertently married two years before her former marriage was legally resolved, was only indirectly involved in his quarrel with Dickinson.

In 1868, John H. Grasscup fought John Blair, both of Bowling Green, "over a South Carolina woman." Coleman, intrigued as anyone by the enigmatic statement, can find no further facts about the affair.

After courting and quarreling over the same girl, Littelton Wells and Sanford P. Roberts contrived to kill each other instantly. This double tragedy should have been the duel to end all duels—and in Kentucky it was. After this date, July 22, 1867, no further duel is recorded.

This marks another appearance in the Magazine of the Lexington team. Sue McClelland Thierman, who does the writing, and her husband, John Thierman, who takes photographs for her stories.

End

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

--By NELL VAUGHN--

The first Methodist conference west of the Allegheny Mountains was held in May, 1798, in this old cabin on the Spurz pike about five miles from Lexington. Bishop Francis Asbury came from Baltimore for the two-day meeting. Three ministers, Wilson Lee, Thomas Wilkinson and Barnabas McHenry, were ordained during the convention. The pioneer Methodist church in Lexington was a log cabin at Short and Back (Dewees) streets. It was acquired a year before the conference was held. The cabin in the picture has been torn down and the site is now part of the United States Public Health Service hospital farm.

Lex. Leader, May-17-1954

Opposite Virginia Ave.

This residence was located on South Limestone street where the University of Kentucky Experiment Station now is. A Graham family and the Samuel Jackson family were among early occupants of the house. It was demolished to make way for the Experiment Station, which was erected in 1903-05. The Experiment Station had formerly used headquarters in the building that now houses the University infirmary.

Lex. Leader, May-27-1954

Site of Rev. Adam Rankin's Presby. Church - Est'd first church in Lexington - 1784
Nicholasville Man, Aided By Two Other Herald Readers, Learns More Of Tempest, Sunshine

EDITOR'S NOTE—Walter S. Hendren, Nicholasville, Ky. In the background of the novel "Tempest and Sunshine," published recently in The Herald, has discovered additional information. The Singleton family of Woodford County, Ky., which Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes used as a prototype for the novel's characters, has been researched and additional information learned. Betty and Susan Porter, the novel's "Tempest" and "Sunshine," were only half-sisters. A list of these findings follows:

More facts have been unearthed recently concerning the John Singleton family in whose home in Woodford County Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes wrote her famous novel, "Tempest and Sunshine," in which John Singleton and his two youngest daughters, Susan and Betty, were leading characters. Through the courtesy and cooperation of Rev. E. H. Hunsberry of North Carolina, Mrs. Holmes has been able to learn additional information that should be of interest to many other descendants.

Lexingtonian Quoted

The following statement, quoted by a Lexingtonian, reads: "I am a descendant of Manoah and Sarah Craig Singleton through their daughter, Polly, married George O'Neal. Betty, while a young girl in the Fort at Bryan Station during the famous siege by the Indians and the Britons in August, 1782, was the only one who could call in the men when the Indians were out. The women whose men had not yet come in would stand and beg her to keep on blowing and, it is said, she sometimes would blow until her lips were swollen as their names, as follows:

"Manoah Singleton married Sarah, the daughter of Tollar and Polly Hawkins. Polly Hawkins Craig was present during the siege at Bryan Station and though he was not at the battle, his advice and knowledge of the Indians were invaluable to the younger men. His wife was the oldest of the women who carried water from the spring to the Fort.

"She continued that the will of Daniel Singleton, probated in Virginia in 1784, names these children: Manoah and Edmund and various daughters."

"Susanna married John Lancaster in 1784, they named their five children, Danil, Hettie, Mary, Sarah, and Joseph."

A partial list of families into which the Singletons and Craigs married includes: Hughes, Barkleys, Hawkins, Cleavlands, Haydons, Bryants, Proctors, and O'Neals.

Named On Memorial

There is a large tablet on the

"Tempest."—Mrs. Betty Singleton, who was used by Mrs. Mary Jane Holmes as a model for "Tempest," one of the main characters of her novel, "Tempest and Sunshine," really was only a half-sister of Mrs. Susan Singleton Porter, the book's "Sunshine," W. S. Hendren states in the accompanying article.

"The view from the courthouse lawn of Nicholasville was placed there by Truebe Chapter, DAR, in 1927, and dedicated to the memory of the Revolutionary soldiers who died as citizens of Jessamine County. Among those names are that of Manoah Singleton and his sons-in-law, George O'Neal.

"The writer has confronted a seemingly insoluble problem in attempting to trace the genealogy of the Singleton family. It seems that the Singleton family had the faculty of marrying, intermarrying, and using the same given names over and over again through succeeding generations."

"For instance, Daniel had a son Edmond and Edmond had a son Daniel. Jackonias had a son John and John had a son Jackonias. The same holds true with the opposite sex. Susan Porter (Sunshine) had a daughter Eudora and Eudora had a daughter Susan Brashear and she had a daughter Eudora Younger."

Only Half-Sisters

It has been found that Susan and Betty Singleton were only half-sisters. This explains why the two girls were so easily different both in looks and disposition and why their father gave them the pet names of "Tempest" and "Sunshine."

When Mary Jane Holmes came to Kentucky to study the life and customs of the Southern people, she could not have found a better place than the home of John Singleton to get her impressions and inspirations. There is no doubt but that her novel is not overdrawn—quite often an author must resort to exaggeration in order to hold the attention of his readers.

Mrs. Harrison, who is a great-niece of Betty Singleton, stated: "John Singleton Sr. was twice married, first in October, 1811, to Polly Phillips, who, with her twin sister Peggy and two brothers, came from Sussex, England, to Kentucky. To this union, seven children were born—Carolin, Joachim, Manoah, Jane, Zachary, Taylor, Marilla, and Elizabeth."

"Although John Singleton was a rich man and had many slaves, it was popular in those days to go west and acquire many acres of land. So, when North Missouri was ballyhooed about 1835, John Singleton came with his son Z. T. to North Missouri and claimed homesteads for five of his oldest children."

"Then he returned to Kentucky and these five children came to Missouri in covered wagons at various times, each with two slaves given them by their father. According to the children of Jane Singleton Biser, John Singleton's second wife was Sarah VanOsdel, the mother of Susan Porter (Sunshine) with whom she lived at the old Porter House on the west side of the road."

"Children Listed

"She was buried in the old Singleton graveyard. Four children were born to this union, three of whom died in infancy. James was born in Missouri then returned to Kentucky and was lost sight of. He had a wife, Eliza, and it was said that they were in high society. John Singleton Jr. died when he was 22 years old. Susan Singleton married a man named Porter, moved with her husband from the old Porter House to Keene, to Midway and bought a country home and converted it into an exclusive inn. Mr. Porter had his farmers-butcher prepare a nice cut of meat especially choice and ten-
The watch Lincoln was wearing the night he was assassinated is a treasured item in the Lincoln collection of William H. Townsend, Lexington, Kentucky—one of America’s foremost Lincoln authorities. The memorial services held in Louisville, following Lincoln’s assassination, comprise the final scene of The Tall Kentuckian.

—Courier-Journal Photo

The Scenic South (magazine)
Louisville - June, 1953.
Early History of Hickman County

Hickman County lies in the south-western part of the State, and embraces a geographical area of 225 square miles, containing 158,720 acres of which 145,723 are under cultivation. It is the seventy-first county in the order of the formation of Kentucky's 120 counties. It is bounded as follows: On the north by Carlisle County; on the east by Graves County; on the south by the State of Tennessee and Fulton County and on the west by the Mississippi River with the state of Missouri on the west side of the River. Hickman County with all other counties on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, extend to the low water mark on the opposite shore as set out by the Commonwealth of Virginia when she ceded her claim to the North-West Territory with the claims of other states to the United States as explained in the details of the Ordinance of 1787.

Topographical Features Are Varied

The topographical features are varied, the general face of the county being gently undulating, with a few abrupt hills and deep ravines in certain localities. That part of the county bordering the Mississippi River is considerably broken, the bluffs in some places being from 100 to 150 feet high and of romantic boldness. From the summits of these majestic uplands, far above the great River's surface, a general view of the historical old River and the beautiful scenery for many miles along the great continental stream. When the leaves have fallen one can, at certain times and spots, see far away in the distance the great expense of Missouri level low-land and often the smoke of East Prairie and Charleston some twenty miles west and northwest respectfully. One can also often get a glimpse of wonderful Fish Lake, Black Lake; Lakes 1, 2 and 3 and Goose Pond far away to the north.

The Bluffs - Iron Banks

These brown colored bluffs were known by the French and even by the prehistoric Indians by the color of the earth. The French spoke of these brown banks as "Les Rivage de Fer" - literally, Banks of Iron. They thought that iron ore must certainly be responsible for the peculiar coloring. It is certainly true that Iron Deposits did aid in characterizing the ancient coloring of these high bluffs for Iron Conglomerate abounds in the lower strata of the earth near the edge of the normal river surface. This gives us the reason why this Bluff was known in early American history as the Iron Banks.

The top soil is of the Loess variety which means that it is of wind blown origin. Perhaps for thousands of years the winds, often fierce and strong, blew dust and earth particles off from the vast plains and prairie areas of our central continental valley eastward where it was checked and lodged in the heavy timber growth along the east side of the great River. It is a very rich and productive soil. It is tubular in structure and will remain in a vertical wall for centuries if there is no undercutting of the gravel or sand strata lying under it. When such erosion does take place the loess soil will not fall outward but rather sink downward, pushing outward toward the River that lying directly under it. Loess Soil, like sugar and salt, is soluble in water and that accounts for the great gulches near the River.

A few miles below Columbus are what is known locally and by River men as the Chalk Bluffs, so called account of the white appearance. Here we find a fine white clay deposit which is specially valuable for the making of a rather high grade pottery, and earthenware as well.

The interior of the county is sufficiently undulating to afford ample drainage with but little waste lands. The soil is generally a sandy loam and areas of clay can be found where the same is not dominated by the famous loess soil (wind-blown) of the great bluffs along the Mississippi. In the bottoms adjoining the Obion and Bayou de Chien, the soil is a black loam of great depth and fertility. All of the soils are rich in tree food and in former years was covered by a dense forest growth of oak, hickory, ash, poplar, maple, walnut, cotton-wood, and other large tree types. The bottoms bore very great cypress trees, gum, elm and along the River a most wonderful growth of willows much used in the revetment work on the River itself.

An Agricultural Region

Hickman County is an Agriculture region and there were but few sections of land that cannot, by effort, be made most productive. All fruit and cereals indigenous to this latitude are raised in abundance, the staple crops being in later years corn, tobacco and soy beans. Formerly much wheat was grown but in later years this crop has yielded to others more profitable.

County Has Two Main Water Courses

The water courses of Hickman County Drainage are Bayou de Chien and Little Obion Creek, with their several tributaries. The former has its source in the S. E. section of Graves County, and is a stream of considerable importance, affording ample drainage for thousands of acres of farming land. It flows throughout Hickman County in semicircular fashion, with its convex north side intersecting U. S. 51 Highway below Clinton, the County Seat, and enters Fulton County near Hickman. The Little Obion Creek rises in the central part of Graves County and describes a bend similar to that of the Bayou de Chien. Mayfield Creek rises in the northern part of Graves County flows north westward across the N. E. corner of Hickman County and enters the Mississippi about one and one-half miles southward from Wickliffe in Ballard County.

Hickman County Honors The Name Of Capt. Paschal Hickman

Hickman County was named for Capt. Paschal Hickman, a Virginian, who emigrated to Kentucky with his father, the Rev. William Hickman, and settled in Franklin County; served in most of the campaign against the Indians, and was distinguished for his activity, efficiency and bravery. In 1812 he was commissioned Captain, raised a company and joined Col. John Allen, who commanded the First Regiment of Kentucky Riflemen. He was in the memorable Battle of River Raisin, where he was severely wounded, and, like many kindred Kentucky spirits, was butchered in cold blood by the savage allies of His Britannic Majesty, after being promised by the English Officers that all prisoners would be protected.

Early Settlement

It is impossible to determine at this remote period the exact year in which white men first visited the present territory of Hickman County. However from the most reliable information accessible, it was in the early summer of
1780, the same year that witnessed the construction of Ft. Jefferson. The soldiers stationed at the Fort made incursions throughout the surrounding region, and at one such time, a small detachment penetrated as far south as the present site of Columbus. The builder of the Chickasaw Indians, who used it as a Hunting Ground. As early as 1783-84, the Legislature of Virginia authorized the “laying of land warrants” along the Mississippi, Ohio and other Rivers for the benefit of soldiers of that State who served in the Revolutionary War, and immediately thereafter surveyors visited the country for the purpose of locating said warrants; but owing to the hostility of the Chickasaw Indians, they carried their operations no further than the “Establishing Corners” at various points along the River.

The First Land Warrant

The first of these Warrants was laid on the Mississippi River, in what is now Hickman County, and embraced an area of 4000 acres. This location was not completed at this early date of 1784 but corners were marked at this time. The Indians, however, were hovering all about and were so menacing that these early surveyors were forced to leave. However they heavily blazed the trees at such corners, that they were discernible forty years later and even at one point such tree markings were readable to the Hon. T. L. Atwood, in the early part of the nineteenth century. This old Virginia Survey served through the Kentucky Assembly as a basis for all warrants subsequently located in this part of the state.

Establishment Of Columbus

The Kentucky Assembly in 1820 passed an act, reprinted in Appendix A of this issue which provided for the division of this tract into town lots and the appointing of trustees to control and sell the same. However, it was the cherished dream of the early Virginia-Kentucky projectors of his enterprise to found here a large city, which should not only become the commercial center of the United States, but eventually the seat of the National Government as well. At the suggestion of the Governor of Virginia the new city was named Columbus.

Indian Opposition

The settlement of the Iron Banks (Columbus) area and all other sections of Hickman County were greatly retarded by the animosity of the Chickasaw Indians. However the strong desire of the white men for land and homes of their own propelled them ever westward. Danger and hardship did not long retard them. Many were killed by the Indians and to show their contempt for the white man’s struggle for land they would frequently stuff their victim’s mouth with dirt, packing it in tightly with a stick, thus saying in the Indian language,”Now, White Man, you can take on your Happy Hunting Grounds, plenty of earth.” The facts show that especially here in western Kentucky that it was virtually impossible for the Indian to understand the desire for land upon which to settle since they were nomadic and had an altogether different way of life. Thus the Indian had to give way when the white man came demanding land and still more land.

First Permanent House

From reliable sources it is established that the Old Block House with its stockade was built in Columbus in 1804. It was used to house Federal Troops during the Conspiracy of Aaron Burr, in his effort to set up his South-west Empire. Eighteen years later the first County and Circuit Courts in Kentucky west of the Tennessee River, were held in this Old Block House.

A few hunters and other daring spirits, impelled by the love of adventure and a desire to secure some of the rich lands bordering the Mississippi River, visited this remote outpost early in the nineteenth century and “laid their land warrants” but the idea of permanent settlement was never entertained until after the purchase from the Indians of the country in 1818.

About that time, or perhaps some time earlier, William Tipton came to Columbus and purchased the Old Block House property, which he fitted up for residential purposes in addition to its large room or rooms for public use, and lived in the building until 1838. Tipton was the true type of the pioneer, an intelligent man, and took an active part in the county organization. Other settlers of Columbus were Samuel Lucas, Mr. Taylor, whose son William together with his sons finally developed the famous Kentucky Whiskey known as “Old Taylor”; the Cook Family; Pembroke Walker and his sons Jeff, Robert and Burns and several other families, whose names are not available. Jasper Kerr who arrived before the organization of Hickman County settled at the Chalk Bluffs and about this time the Rev. Samuel Gibson came into the county and began his religious work.

A man by the name of Bowles or Bowe came into the Columbus settlement as did also the Edington family, consisting of Price, John and Henry L. Edington and their father. Descendants of this family still reside in this section.

Moscow Was Second Oldest Community Settlement In County

The Moscow Settlement, so called from Moscow Village also in its early days included the community of Rock Springs, which lies out toward Crutchfield. This settlement is perhaps the next oldest community in the county. Among the first to secure homes in that locality was a widow lady by the name of Griffey whose arrival antedates 1822. John and Adam Haynes came about that time and the same year witnessed the arrival of Samuel McFall, on whose land the village was afterward laid out. Others coming later were Thomas Griffey, who with sons of the Widow Griffey are the ancestors of the large and influential Griffey family still living in this county. Dr. Luten also came into the Moscow settlement in the 1820s and is the great great grandfather of the present Dr. Horace Luten, Heart Specialist of Barnes Hospital, St. Louis and also an instructor in the George Washington University of that city, thus showing how a vocation will persist in a given family. Anthony and Elycrgus Bartlett and their father also came into the Moscow neighborhood at this time. James Webb, father-in-law of Thomas Griffey, Dennis Stubbs ad Moses Morrow also arrived along with Soloman Neville, whose descendent will readily be remembered by many. His son Richard was, for a time in business in Clinton but later he went to Australia to teach tobacco growing, manufacture and sale, etc. to the farmers there and was lost at sea when enroute back to this country.

Oakton, Once Called Clinton Station, Was Part Of Moscow Settlement In Early Days

The Moscow settlement also, more or less, included...