that of Oakton, once called Clinton Station account after the arrival there of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, passengers for Clinton alighted there and drove via livery to their destination. Oakwood, Greenwood, etc. all were a part of the Moscow Settlement. Barbara, daughter of Solome Neville, married a man by the name of Miller and a son of this union was an excellent lawyer, who in the course of time, married and also had a son Shackleford, at one time Federal Judge. W. Ky., District and is now the rather famous Judge of U. S. Dist. Court, Cincinnati. Another pioneer family of this southwestern part of Hickman County began with Dr. Caldwell, whose daughter married a man by the name of Whayne with the result of the birth of Uly, Dr. Thomas, E. C. (Gene) and Harry Whayne, all of this county.

Dempsey White was also an early pioneer in this county and was the father of perhaps, not only the most useful man who ever lived in the county but who was also the progenitor of a very great family that still survives. This wonderful man was the Rev. Wills White, who because of his long, faithful and effective service in the ministry, finally was automatically given the honored appellation of "Father White" by all citizens of this county. He lived to be 91 years old and was interred on what is now the Central School grounds but was later disinterred and his remains now lie in the Clinton Cemetery.

"Father White" Wrote Of Early History Of Hickman County

His writings covered the early history of this part of the country. He, for example, wrote, among many items, the story of the Migration of the squirrels mentioned in this document and also of the 1811 Earthquake which resulted in the creation of Reelfoot Lake. His writings are quoted much by all later eminent historians covering this region. The personnel of the family of the Rev. Wills White should be proud of their ancestor and should cause his writing, so often referred to by historians, to be properly compiled and published for service to his many loved ones of this country and region and placed in libraries for the public service he served so long and so faithfully.

Settlers In The Early Days At Oakton - Clinton Station

Settlers in the early days at Oakton, first known as Clinton Station, were the following families: Thomas Davis, William Crowell, Scott, McQuary, Ekanah Fawkes, "Dink" Fawkes, William Blair and Dr. Caldwell. Wm. Blair's son Robert, married Samuel Beckham's sister and they had three boys, Carroll, who was killed on the railroad near Moscow; Robert, who died of a heart attack and John, who also died suddenly and whose widow, Mrs. Doris Blair still lives in Clinton.

The former McDonald family of Columbus; the Ringo family and the Gore family both of Clinton were cousins through their kinship with the Rev. Wills White. Dempsey White Ringo was named for Dempsey White, father of the Rev. Wills White. Some of the descendants of the first Fawkes, was Haney Fawks whose son Osara went to Texas and whose daughter married a man named Ray and they had two boys, one at least went to Oklahoma. Another of Huey Fawkes girls married Reuben Cook and another married Richard Berry, whose son, Ernest now operates a store in Oakton. Other early settlers in the southwestern part of Hickman County were Absolom Farmer, Lawrence Everett, S. Wheeler, Nathan Jackson, Silas Clark, Jackson's son-in-law, Otho Hardin, Lewis Hardin, Jesse Walker, the Witherspoon family, John Byrd, Benjamin Hamby, Elder Fleming, Cayce, a Baptist Preacher, and John Everett arrived before 1830.

Early Settlers In Southeastern Section Of Hickman County

Some of the early settlers in the southeastern part of Hickman County were John Lata; Taylor Barde; the Bennett family; Benjamin Stokes; Serrett Laffoon; the McPadden family; Stephen Parker and son, Edd and the Ray brothers - Samuel, Stephen and Dennis Ray. A son of Dennis, Dr. D. B. Ray was, at one time, editor of the periodical, "The Battle Flag" of St. Louis and was one of the leading Baptist clergymen of the South.

Some of the settlers in the eastern part of the county, near Graysville County line, were the Wilson family; Judge Cartwright; E. Sherfield; the Bailey family; William and John Thrapp; Lewis Courtenay; Walt Courtesy and the Woolsey family. All of these names are familiar still in that section of Hickman County.

Central Section Settlers

Some of the early families that settled in the center of what is now Hickman County, in the Clinton neighborhood were Dr. J. S. Rings; Coleman Ringo; Thos. Owley; Jesse Hale; William Hale; the Spicer family; and along Cane Creek, a few miles northwest of Clinton, were George and Pleasant Vincent; Joel Wren; A Mr. Riley and his son, Matt Riley; the Floyds; Vanpools and a number of others.

These original settlers of the following districts in this county still live in these vicinities through their descendents: At Beulah one still finds the Courtnes; the Haydens; the Toons and many others of the pioneer type; at Spring Hill and Cypress the following families are the descendents of the early first settlers: Bradburys; Lamkins; Wards; the Jewells and the Evans family and the Buggs as also many other families that date back to early days.

Many such families now are in business in Clinton and other points but they all drifted down to our present day from the early pioneer settlers of this county.

The Hickman County Gazette.

Clinton, Ky. Apr-30-1953.
TOBACCO

Through the years its production, marketing and manufacture have seen countless changes

By CARL M. CLARK

KENTUCKY TOBACCO PRODUCERS

RIVER WAREHOUSE SYSTEM

KENTUCKY REGULATORY SERVICES

RIVER WAREHOUSE STORAGE FACILITIES

HOME INDUSTRY

EXPORT MARKET (NEW ORLEANS)

RIVER WAREHOUSES 1786-1810

STORAGE AND INSPECTION WAREHOUSES

AUTHORIZED BY LEGISLATIVE ACT

Kentucky didn't become a state until 1792, but for a few years before and after that date she had an enormous number of river warehouses. See how close together they were on most of the rivers.

The river warehouses back in pioneer days

The tobacco industry west of the Appalachians began with the first westward movement of the pioneer settlers into the vast wilderness. The pioneers in the main were Virginians and Carolinians. They were tobacco producers. They brought with them the tobacco seed, the cultural practices, and the marketing procedures of the coastal area. Tobacco production became a dominant factor in the pioneer era and has remained so in the economic development of Kentucky and Tennessee down to the present time.

The westward movement of the pioneer settlers closely followed the river valleys with the first settlements being established along the Kentucky, Licking and Salt Rivers. One of the first and best known was the Boonesboro settlement. The first tobacco grown in Kentucky was at the Boonesboro site in 1775—the year of its establishment.

As far back as 1751, John Finley, an explorer-tradesman from Pennsylvania, reported having observed the Shawnee Indians growing and smoking tobacco at their town of Es-Kippa-Ki-Thi-Ki in the section which came later to be known as Indian Fields not far from the first pioneer settlement.

Tobacco production developed into six rather distinct producing areas somewhat in the following order: Northeastern District, Cumberland District, Clarksville District, Green River District, Ohio River District, and Western-Paducah District.

Some three or four frontier conditions had a very important influence on shaping the character of the market organization and trade procedures. One of these factors was the scarcity of money—the dire need for a medium of exchange coupled with the fact that tobacco provided the major share of purchasing power in distant markets.

Another factor of considerable importance was that the market had to be an export market. Since the frontier was sparsely settled and each settler a tobacco producer or a potential producer, local demand was an insignificant factor.

The river provided the only means of transportation but the great wilderness was well blessed with many navigable rivers. The Appalachians formed an impossible barrier for an eastward movement. The tobacco had to move down the Ohio River and its tributaries and on down the Mississippi River to the port of New Orleans—a difficult, laborious, time-consumingly journey, thwarted with many dangers.

The journey to market was only half completed, for in New Orleans the tobacco had to be assembled, loaded, and sent on a long, hazardous trip by sailing ships to Europe or South America.

Quality was an important factor shaping the marketing system that served the pioneer tobacco producer. The improving of quality of tobacco produced,
of measuring that quality in the market place, and
of rewarding the producer in prices according to
the merits of his product has remained of continuous
paramount importance for more than 150 years—
ever completely solved down to the present day.

Historians have failed to recognize Gen. James
Wilkinson, who came to Kentucky from Maryland
in 1794, for his notable role in promoting the trans-
portation of tobacco by river to New Orleans. The
general opened a store in Lexington, and soon he was
assembling tobacco and other products for shipment
to New Orleans. His first shipment—three boatloads,
was made in 1787. The crewmen returned by pony
and on foot—with Spanish silver strapped to them.

River traffic in tobacco to New Orleans expanded
rapidly—2,000 hogheads in 1802, and 24,000 in 1825.

IN THE pioneer period, the producer found his
tobacco selling at a disadvantage in competition with
the tobacco from the fields he had left behind in
Virginia. The quality was not as good. The prepara-
tion of the tobacco so as to stand the long water
shipment and the planting of seed on new soils under
different climatic conditions resulted in a product
that was new to the manufacturer.

All of these factors formed the socio-economic
background to what might be called the "River
Warehouse System of Tobacco Marketing."

This system had at least four prominent features—
the river warehouse—Government inspection—the
certificate—transportation to New Orleans.

The establishment of trader relationship with the
Port of New Orleans and the rapidly expanding pro-
duction created an important need for warehouse
facilities. Most Kentucky streams were navigable only
during the spring flood stages. The tobacco and other
agricultural products not only had to be accumulated
in sufficient quantities for the long boat trip to New
Orleans but the products had to be held until the
flood stage in the months of March, April and May.

The warehouses were built by private enterprise, but
only with legislative authorization providing strict
regulations first by Virginia and later by a Kentucky
act in 1792—the year Kentucky became a state.

The first river warehouse was built by a promi-
nant pioneer—Col. John Campbell—at Shippingport
in 1783, but later relocated at the mouth of Beargrass
Creek, all now in the city of Louisville. About the
same time warehouses were built at the mouth of
Hickman Creek and at Leestown below Frankfort on the
Kentucky River.

BETWEEN 1786 and 1792 more than 15 warehouses
were authorized—most of which were located in what
is now the Bluegrass. Another 115 river warehouses
were established throughout Kentucky—mostly in the
western section by 1810. These houses were often
located at the fork of small streams entering the
navigable rivers.

The small stream beds provided the break in the
pallisades along the rivers and the means by which
the hogheads could be rolled to the boat landings.

Some of the warehouses were built with open
sides and roofed over for protection against the
weather. Most were built of logs, a few of stone, with
several rooms for the classifying and storing of the
products. One room was set aside as the inspection
room. An interesting feature of the regulations gov-
erning them was the provision limiting the storage
of tobacco to a period not to exceed two years. The
Government was required to remove such tobacco and
sell it. This was designed to prevent the accumulation
of burdensome stocks and to prevent depreciation of
the quality of tobacco before its arrival in distant
markets.

The river warehouse was the heart or core of the
marketing system of the pioneer day. Through the
warehouse the State executed the most extensive
control over marketing of tobacco in the entire his-
tory of the industry. In every warehouse were inspec-
tors to execute the regulations of the State. Exacting
standards as to the size, weight and materials for the
hoghead were prescribed by law. All tobacco
had to be graded.

Any boatman moving ungraded tobacco
out of the state was subject to a heavy fine
of 50 pounds and not less than 30 well-laid
lashes on the bare back.

THE scarcity of hard money in the frontier
region was another reason for the extension of
grade and inspection. Currency was needed
for trading, paying debts, and meeting tax
obligations. The storage warehouses and the
rigid inspection served as a crude system of
banking. The warehouse storage certificate
was recognized by law as legal tender and circu-
lated much more readily than paper money.

Tobacco found not meeting the standards for
export had to be burned by the inspector on
the warehouse grounds. The merits of a pro-
ducer's work as to whether he was entitled to
an income for the year's work rested in the
judgment of one man—the Government In-
spector. It is of interest to note from a his-
torical standpoint that the first market grad-
ing system recognized only two types of
tobacco—Sweet Scented, an air-cured, and
Oronacho, a heavy fire-cured type. Since then
an increasing number of types have appeared
on the markets.

The pressure to improve quality and to
secure sufficient volume for the long journey
to New Orleans encouraged what was probably
the first co-operative effort among producers
in marketing their tobacco. The small farmers
banded themselves together in an informal
way to pack, prize, and sell their tobacco.

Expert graders were employed. Most produ-
cers had no more than enough to fill one
hoghead with all grades produced. One
farmer was selected to go with the tobacco
to New Orleans and represent the group in
the selling of the tobacco. This co-operative
effort among farmers did not survive long.

Manufacturing began as a home industry
in the pioneer region—most often a farmer-
producer selecting the best leaf of his own
crop and maybe purchasing some from his
neighbor. The leaf, through a series of steps,
was steamed, dried and put under sufficient
pressure, applied by a 20-foot beam anchored
to the side of the barn, to turn the tobacco
into a solid cake—"black as a Negro" and
called "flat chewing." Every rural settlement
and town had one or two such factories of the
home-industry type. Two small factories were
reported in Lexington as early as 1810. In
1819, two small factories in Louisville were
engaged in putting up strips, twists, and plugs
for domestic use.

THE STEAMBOAT, the canal, the turn-
pike highway, and the railroad ushered in a
new and more complex system for the mar-
keting of tobacco—the hoghead auction sys-
tem. This system was based on the main on
a few large central markets.

As the market flow of tobacco shifted from
New Orleans toward New York, the railroad
became the dominant means of transportation shaping the character of market organization and location of trading centers.

Some 10 or 11 great central auction centers came to make up the framework of the hogshead system—Louisville, Cincinnati, Clarksville, Paducah, Mayfield, Hopkinsville, Nashville, St. Louis, Evansville and Mayfield, listed in about the order of their importance. They were in their heyday when the hogshead system reached its greatest advancement in the 1880's.

Louisville came to be the greatest of all trade centers for tobacco and the hub around which the tobacco industry revolved for many decades.

Beginning with Colonel Campbell's river warehouse in 1783, where annually a few hundred hogsheads were inspected and stored, the record of the romantic history of Louisville's part in the expansion of the tobacco industry west of the Alleghenies would fill a book.

Near the close of the river warehouse system in 1825, around 2,000 hogsheads passed through Louisville's two storage warehouses annually. Around 1850, when the hogshead auction system was beginning to take definite form, Louisville was receiving approximately 10,000 hogsheads annually.

The Todd, built in 1835; Louisville, in 1841; Farmers and Pickett, in 1851, were warehouse names widely known throughout the Western tobacco belt and served to make the City of Louisville famous as a tobacco sales center.

The four warehouses caused the city to take on rapidly the characteristics of a well organized central market. In another quarter of a century, the hogshead system was nearing its peak of performance. By 1885, the Louisville market passed the 100,000 mark, with 227,000 hogsheads sold at auction—an occasion for the greatest fair in Louisville's history.

Agriculture fairs as a social institution reached their greatest importance in the latter part of the 19th Century. They often were associated with the chief product of agriculture. In Kentucky, of course, the chief product was tobacco.

Tobacco's cured in two sheds at top. It's stored and examined in warehouse, bottom.

The Louisville market in 1895 had risen to a sales volume of 175,000 hogsheads—the highest in its history—and the greatest volume ever to be sold in any tobacco market before or since. The Louisville market at its height had close to 20 hogshead warehouses—more than three times its nearest competitor—the Cincinnati hogshead market.

The names of some of the warehouses that played an important part in making Louisville the greatest of all tobacco markets were the Pickett, Ninth Street, Planters, Green River Farmers, Falls City, New Enterprise and Golden Rule.

The hogshead market ceased to be a farmer's market after 1850 and rapidly became a dealers' market. The dealers sent their wagons and teams to the countryside and set up facilities in the rural towns to purchase direct from the producer. This proved to be more satisfactory to the producer and at the same time provided the chance to acquire and prepare the tobacco in a more acceptable form for the increasing discriminatory demand appearing on the markets, especially manufacturers emphasizing particular brands of tobacco products.

Certain adjustments in market demand, which moved with increasing rapidity after the Civil War, forced the dealer to shift his position from that of a buyer to that of a seller in the hogshead market.

The impact of the Civil War on tobacco manufacturing was very severe—destroying or
throwing much of the industry into financial bankruptcy. Many of the factories throughout the South from Virginia to Missouri failed to reopen. This facilitated a rapid shifting of tobacco manufacturing to the larger transportation centers such as St. Louis, Hopkinsville, Cincinnati and Louisville with the greatly expanded trade area providing the driving incentive.

From the beginning of two small factories in 1819, Louisville had acquired six tobacco stemmries, but only two plants processing finished products were in operation in 1845. In 1858 about 15 firms were engaged in tobacco manufacturing, seven of which were cigar factories. In 1872, fourteen tobacco plug factories were operating with an annual output exceeding $3,200,000 worth. Nearly 125 cigar factories were turning out approximately 12,000,000 cigars annually. In 1825, a total of 295 establishments were in operation. The annual cigar output exceeded 42,000,000. In a five-month period more than 18,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco were processed in Louisville. St. Louis, the nearest competitor, put out something less than 4,500,000 pounds in the same period.

In 1895, the total shipments of manufactured tobacco out of Louisville exceeded 50,000,000 pounds. Louisville rose to world fame, during the last quarter of the 19th Century, in the manufacture of two products, whisky and tobacco. Louisville ranked at the top as a manufacturing center for plug tobacco. It was a giant in the manufacture of smoking tobacco, and the quality of snuff was not to be surpassed anywhere. The Louisville cigar industry did not match that of the East in volume. But the fancy cigar of the Louisville industry established a wide reputation throughout the South and West and successfully held its own in competition with the East.

Louisville also was at the top as a leaf tobacco market. The State of Kentucky, about the same time, ranked first in the production of tobacco—all forming a combination without challenge anywhere. Though the expanding domestic demand was claiming an increasing share of the tobacco flowing through the market, Louisville continued to expand its handling trade for the export market. In the '80's and '90's, Louisville reigned as the tobacco capital of the world.

The development of the strain "White Burley" in 1864 served not only to expand the Cincinnati market, but to make it almost wholly a burley market. This shift came about following the rapid expansion of burley production in the Bluegrass region after 1875. Louisville, though much of its expansion was due to burley, continued to maintain a well-balanced flow of tobacco in respect to types.

The consolidation and combining of manufacturers was a slow process up until about 1890 when the aggressive Duke and his American Tobacco Trust drove rapidly to almost complete domination of the trade channel by 1910.

The leaf needs of manufacturers gradually increased in volume to where they found it advantageous to leave the hoghead auction market and move down to the farm level to purchase their supplies.

The Louisville hoghead auction market, however, continued to function down to as late as 1927.

The first decade after the turn of this century was a period of great confusion for market channels and sale methods. Barn buying, hoghead auctioning, wagon selling, chute selling, and co-operative selling were all tried and tested in a great struggle for an acceptable way of marketing tobacco.

The loose-leaf auction method, well established along the Atlantic Coast, made its first appearance in the Western area at Clarksville, Tenn., in 1901; Hopkinsville in 1902, and Lexington in 1906. After the co-operative movement had spent its force by 1910, the acceptance and expansion of the loose-leaf auction method was one of great rapidity with more than 60 local markets established in Kentucky by 1918.
the close of World War I.

Today, 98 per cent of the Southern types move from the farm through the loose-leaf auctions. The loose-leaf auction method found most rapid acceptance in case of the cigarette types of tobacco.

The monopolistic control of manufacturing and buying has continued to prevail on down through the loose-leaf system just as strong as it ever was under the hoghead system. While the hoghead system ended with the buying side of the market controlled almost wholly by one buyer, the loose-leaf system began and has continued to be dominated by three or four large manufacturers. But today these giants operate on a scale far above the old American Tobacco Trust.

The tremendous increase in consumer demand for cigarettes from World War I on is one of the most important developments in the history of the American tobacco industry. The tobacco industry was winning out in a battle centuries old, namely, the social resistance to the use of tobacco.

The drastic deflationary movement of tobacco prices following World War I inspired tobacco producers again to resort to cooperative marketing. Formation of the Burley Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association in the 1920's was one of the greatest undertakings in American agriculture.

The future of the American tobacco industry depends heavily on whether there remain new frontiers to support a continuation of the rapid expansion of consumer demand. One frontier for future expansion may lie beyond the high seas. The American G.I. performed one of the greatest feats of salesmanship ever known when he carried the cigarette to the four corners of the world.

The manufacturing of tobacco has come to be almost completely mechanized. We may expect technological advances to continue to improve the efficiency of manufacturing as has been the case for many decades. Probably the most important adjustment likely to occur over the next few decades is a gradual westward expansion in manufacturing capacity.

There are several factors making this trend a strong possibility. The general trend throughout the industry today is decentralization. The westward shift in population is a strong force pulling industrial capacity to the west. Louisville has benefited materially in recent years by the relocation and expansion of new industries. A part of this increase is to be found in tobacco manufacturing—processing of cigarettes which has increased tremendously in the past five to ten years.

Louisville may well be on the way toward becoming an important tobacco manufacturing center once more. There are a number of important advantages in its favor. Louisville is located closer to the center of population—thus, the possibility of important savings in transportation. Louisville has important advantages as a transportation center. An important advantage is to be found in being located on the edge of the Burley Belt with the population center of the country to the west. Burley in recent decades has come to play a more important role in the cigarette blend. It is more economical in transportation to ship flue-cured to Louisville for processing than to ship burley east to be returned back across the country in the finished product.

After following the development of the tobacco industry over a course of 150 years or more, I again find myself back in Louisville debating its position in an ever-changing dynamic industry. The lengthy observations lead me to one conclusion. Phrasing it in the words of a popular radio program, it can be truly said of the tobacco industry, that "the wheels of fortune spin around and around—where they will stop nobody knows."

The Courier-Journal,

Sept. 13, 1953
And Then There Was One...

Now we're down to the last of the passenger boats that make trips overnight on the Ohio

By EDWIN HADLEY
Courier-Journal Staff Writer

The romantic story of packet travel on the Ohio River came down to its next-to-the-last chapter recently when the old stern-wheeler Gordon C. Greene passed through Owensboro.

Its new owners, S. J. Clark and H. R. Atherton, plan to convert it into a river-moored restaurant. That will leave the Greene Line's Delta Queen as the last passenger steamer on the Ohio.

The Gordon Greene had not operated as a passenger boat for several seasons and in 1952 was sold to Portsmouth, Ohio, purchasers who considered using it as a boat hotel. This project was abandoned, however.

In past years the Gordon Greene brought passengers to the Derby and carried others on excursions along the Ohio and the Mississippi.

The year 1948 was one of its most eventful periods. For example, it was tied up at New Albany for two days when high water kept it from going upstream under the K. & I. Bridge.

Then, in March, it collided with the towboat Nugent near 12-Mile Island while returning from New Orleans with 200 Mardi Gras visitors.

The two boats made it back to the Louisville harbor without help, but holes were knocked in the bows of both. The Gordon Greene went on to Cincinnati the same day after a quick repair job.

The Gordon Greene was built in Jeffersonville in 1923, and its most glorious triumph was its day-long race against the Golden Eagle, a St. Louis vessel, in a run from Greenville, Miss., to Memphis in 1946. The Greene Line entry won by eight lengths, with the late Capt. Tom Greene as the skipper.

A few years ago, two other old stern-wheelers, the Chris Greene and the Tom Greene, also were consigned to virtual oblivion.

The Chris, built in Charleston, W. Va., in 1925, was sold to George W. Harrison, president of the Dayton, Ky., Boat Club for use as a boat harbor and dock.

The Tom, built at Point Pleasant, W. Va., in 1923, was sold to Commercial Barge Lines for conversion into an automobile carrier. The reconstruction job was done at Commercial's Evansville docks.

On the whole, the fate of these steel-hull former packets is happier than that of many of the earlier ones. The secret is the steel hulls, a comparatively recent development in the packet business and one that made the boats immune to many of the dangers that befell those with wood hulls.

The Chris and Tom Greene had not been used as packets for a considerable time before they were tied up at Louisville in February, 1947. Regulations requiring expensive sprinkler systems and other new safety measures had caused them to be converted exclusively to freight hauling. Then a decrease in business, an increase in expenses, and labor trouble put them out of business entirely.

While the Delta Queen is left as the only passenger-carrying steamer plying the Ohio on overnight trips, there are three others that carry passengers as excursion boats: the Avalon, formerly the Ida Wild, divides its time between Cincinnati and Louisville; the Admiral operates out of St. Louis, and the President operates out of New Orleans.

There is a sleek, functional beauty about the Diesel towboats that appear on the river in increasing numbers, but it is sad to contemplate the day when there may be no passengers going their way by the romantic packets.

That day is fast approaching unless firms with a rich riverwise tradition like Greenes contrive to keep one or more in service. Greene's acquisition of the Delta Queen was a shot in the arm at the time and revived the public's flagging interest.

But what has happened to all the packets?

Most of them either sank or burned. Of the ones that sank, many ran afloat of snags, particularly in the early days on the river. Others were crushed in ice jams.

A few collided with other craft. Some simply disappeared from the records. Some may have been sold to service on smaller rivers and later may have sunk.

A rough reading of the notes of boatswain Ronald S. Jacobs of the Marine Inspection Service in Louisville has compiled on nearly 170 boats shows a surprising number whose fate is unknown.

When a boat sank or burned, it wasn't a complete loss in every case.

For example, when the Island Queen burned at Pittsburgh in 1947, the skeleton was raised, the machinery was sold as scrap, and the steel hull became a dock in the Pittsburgh area.

The Kentucky, a familiar sight in the Cincinnati trade up to the early 1930's, was dismantled at Cincinnati in 1932 by its owners, the Greene Line. The Kentucky, however, was rebuilt in 1907 from the packet Levi J. Workum, built originally to carry whisky to Cincinnati from the Freiberg and Workum Distillery at Petersburg, Ky.
The Workim was the first boat piloted by Capt. Edward Maurer of Louisville, who was one of the strongest ties the city had to the bustling riverboat tradition of the past until his untimely death.

The Greenwood, built at Parkersburg in 1888 for Capt. Gordon C. Greene, was operated by the Greenes until it sank in Cincinnati in 1925. The Chris Greene, backing away from the dock, caved in the hull of the Greenwood. Raised later, the boilers went to the towboat John J. Klein. The machinery was scavenged.

One of the best-known packets and one of the most famous was the City of Louisville, on which Captain Maurer long was one of the regular pilots.

The Louisville’s cabin came from the side-wheeler Fleetwood, built in Cincinnati in 1860. Originally the Fleetwood connected the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway at Huntington, W. Va., with Cincinnati. When the railroad was extended to Cincinnati in 1883, the Fleetwood and other “railroad boats” went on the Cincinnati-Pomeroy run.

After it was rebuilt in 1890, the Fleetwood entered the Cincinnati-Louisville trade. While it was laid up at Madison in the summer of 1893, the owners decided to dismantle the boat.

The City of Louisville, built at Jeffersonville’s Howard Shipyards for the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Company, made its trial run April 2, 1894. On April 19 it set a record that still stands for the trip to Cincinnati—9 hours, 42 minutes.

Five years later, the Louisville raced the new, highly touted City of Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, leaving Louisville at 5:10 p.m. It passed out of sight of the Pittsburg by the time it reached 12 Mile Island, made six landings on the way, and arrived in Cincinnati at 3:20 a.m. The Louisville met the Pittsburgh on its return down river.

Another record was set on the trip to the Mardi Gras in 1903, when the Louisville made the downstream trip in 4 days, 9 hours, hitting all stops along the way.

But on January 30, 1918, the City of Louisville and its sister boat, the City of Cincinnati, were lost in the ice at Cincinnati. The Louisville’s seven boilers were salvaged, three of them going to the towboat T. J. Hatfield. Its roof bell, taken from a set of chimes used at the Chicago World’s Fair in 1893, went to the first Island Queen, which burned in 1922.

There is no record of salvage from the Cincinnati, nearly as fast a boat as the Louisville. The latter made the run to Madison in 3 hours, 15 minutes; the Cincinnati was 3 hours, 16 minutes.

Perhaps not so well known was the Ouachita, the fourth river boat of that name. Originally the Vicksburg packet George Prince, the Ouachita ended its career on the Ohio as a member of the Greene Line fleet after serving as a Pittsburgh-Cincinnati packet. The Greenes dismantled the boat in 1946 and used the hull in building a double-deck car carrier to be owned by the Chris Greene and the Tom Greene in the Louisville-Louisville freight trade. The hull then was named Stogie White.

When the Greenes stopped freight operations in 1947, the franchise was sold to Commercial Barge Lines. The Stogie White operated in the tow of the Commercial Dispatch until early in 1949, but now is at Commercial’s Evansville headquarters. It is still used occasionally.

Commercial officials feel that the needed repairs are hardly worth while on a barge that will carry only 75 or 80 automobiles. The Commercial Dispatch and its two regular barges will carry 825 cars, and with additional barges up to 1,200. The smaller Commercial Clipper and Commercial Express will carry about 600 each.

The Tom Greene, of course, is much larger and carries enough automobiles to make its reconversion a good investment.

The side-wheeler Indiana, which burned in 1929 while tied up at the east edge of Jeffersonville, was a survivor of the 1918 ice jam.

The Indiana’s engines and possibly other equipment came from the Bostonia, built at Cincinnati in 1879. When the Bostonia was dismantled in 1899, the hull was remodeled as a wharfboat for use at Vevay, Ind.

The whistle came from the Minnie Bay, built in 1883 for the Portsmouth-Huntington trade. Later it was in the Cincinnati-Coney Island excursion business and eventually sank when it hit a snag at Kramer’s Landing, Ky., opposite Moscow, Ohio. The Minnie Bay was raised and inspected at Louisville in 1889. The old boat was dismantled, probably in 1890.

Among the other boats lost in the ice in 1918 were five packets belonging to the Eagle Packet Company of St. Louis. Some materials were salvaged from the Grey Eagle, Spread Eagle, Bald Eagle, Alton and the Peoria, all of which were at Paducah.

The Grey Eagle’s whistle now is on the Gordon C. Greene. The Peoria, dating from 1914, was among the largest stern-wheelers built at the Howard Shipyards—242.2 feet long by 27.8 by 6.3. Its engines came from the former towboat Ed Roberts. The boilers were salvaged after the boat sank and two of them saw service on the Golden Eagle until late in 1943.

Speaking of whistles again, the one on the Delta Queen came from the towboat Sprague, once said to be the largest towboat in the world, which made its last run in March, 1948. The Sprague’s record tow, in 1907, was nearly 70,000 tons of coal.

There is no discussion of the old packets would be complete without mention of the Robert E. Lee, built in New Albany and completed at Portland in 1886. Its record of 3 days, 18 hours, 14 minutes in the race with the Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis never has been equaled. The Lee was dismantled at New Albany in 1876. The hull became a wharfboat at Memphis and some of the machinery went to another boat. Captain Jim Howard of Jeffersonville still has some pieces of the superstructure.

Captain Howard says the old wood-hulled packets generally were dismantled at the end of their service. Some of the large hulls were used as wharfboats or deck barges.

In their experience from nearly a century of building and repairing river craft, the Howards found that the longest-lasting hulls were those from winter-cut Northern white oak. With good care—and always barring accidents—the hulls would last 25 to 75 years, requiring perhaps only the reboring of the cylinders.

The Howards had two sets of side-wheel machinery from one of the old Louisville-Cincinnati mail boats at their Jeffersonville yards for several years. Because there was no demand for them, they also made their way to the scrap pile.

Whatever else may be said for the Diesels, rivermen like Lt. Com. A. W. Medcalf, Lt. C. W. Bottorf and Jacobs, all of Marine Inspection Service, and Captains Maurer and Howard could never feel the same attachment to them that they felt toward the packets. The romance was sacrificed to economy and speed. Some barge lines estimate that a 1,000-horsepower Diesel boat costs $6,000 to $7,000 a month less to run than a steam stern-wheel of comparable size.

Repair expenses are lower, and a typical Diesel has a crew of a dozen.
The new look: the powerful diesel Sohioan pushes barges on the Ohio.

The Delta Queen came to the Ohio from the Sacramento River in California six years ago. This photo shows it boarded up for the ocean trip.

compared to 19 to 21 on the steamer. Steamers on long hauls have to stop 2 hours or so every other day to take on coal, but a Diesel can make a 4,000-mile round trip—Pittsburgh to New Orleans and back—with no more than one stop for fuel.

These considerations seem to outweigh the lower cost of building a steamer. It might cost $200,000 to $250,000, against an average $300,000 for the Diesel.

The Diesel, incidentally, is considered more maneuverable—somewhat like driving a new convertible after handling a truck.

Louisville’s wharf was a busy place in the golden age of the packet. The Columbia, the boat at the right, burned at Jeffersonville in 1913. This photo, taken in 1897, shows the Louisville Jeffersonville ferry dock at extreme right.
With the Ohio in flood in April, 1948, the Gordon C. Greene couldn’t squeeze under the K. & I. Bridge here. You can see the captain sighting on a ladder.

Coleman Is Elected By Historical Society

J. Winston Coleman Jr. has been elected president of the John Bradford Historical Society, succeeding Dr. Raymond F. McLain. Other officers chosen were Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, vice president; Miss Roemel Henry, recording secretary; Conley Webster, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Leer Buckley, treasurer, and Mrs. W. O. Bullock, curator.

Dr. Frank L. McVey discussed early Kentucky schools and schoolmasters at the meeting in Morrison chapel on the Transylvania campus, and Mrs. Coleman proposed that the society erect a suitable marker at James Lane Allen’s grave in the Lexington cemetery.

Lex. Herald,
March 8, 1950.

Built in 1873—Cincinnati Steamboat
architect

The only passenger steamer left on the Ohio, besides three excursion boats, is the sternwheel Delta Queen.

NEW BOOK ON KENTUCKY HOMES—Highland, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marks on the Newtown pike, is one of the houses featured in “Old Homes of the Blue Grass,” which is scheduled to be off the press before Christmas. The photographic review will have an introduction by Sydney S. Combs and a commentary by J. Winston Coleman Jr. The 84-page book will measure seven by nine inches. It is being published by the Kentucky Society and printed by White and Shepperson in Richmond, Va. Richard Garriston took the 35 photographs which will appear in the book; he also took the pictures for a similar book on Williamsburg, Va. The edition will be limited to 500 copies at $5 apiece.

Lex. Herald-Leader
Sunday, Nov. 5, 1950.
Highland Home—how Griffin's Gate
Letter of Gen. Cassius M. Clay,
White Hall, Kentucky—
Dec. 7, 1894—
The Moonshine's No Longer Bright
In Its Old Kentucky Home

PIECE BRANCH, KY., Dec. 5—Hawk-faced old Uncle Scott Partin leaned on his cane and chuckled as he looked down the valley.

He said: "Have I made moonshine? Why, I reckon, son, that in my lifetime I've made enough moonshine whisky to float you right out of this holler." Aunt Lena Partin, his wife, wrinkling her nose in disapproval, nodded agreement.

Uncle Scott made moonshine whiskey and dodged the law for more than 40 of his 80 years before he tore up his still, gave his farm to a settlement school and joined the ranks of law-abiding citizens in this mountain-locked valley in Southeastern Kentucky.

Only 25 years ago this valley had a still in every cove. Moonshine was the cash crop. Sons picked up the rifles of slain fathers and carried on family feuds. Strangers died violent deaths in the laurel bushes. Schools and churches were burned.

The rifle was the law in this area, known as "South America" because of its remoteness. It was the roughest, toughest, meanest country in all this region. That is, it was until a blue-eyed, round-faced Methodist parson with as much courage as common sense stalked into the hills to fight the feuding and moonshining. He was the Rev. Hiram Frakes.

**Walked Into Courthouse**

One day in 1925, Frakes walked into the County Courthouse at Pineville, Ky., where he was pastor of a small Methodist church. He entered just as an angry judge pointed his finger at a group of mountain men from that section called "South America." They stared at the judge coldly without a trace of emotion.

"All right," the judge shouted. "You won't talk! You won't name the criminals. You won't help the law give your children a decent life. Go on back home! Go back and shoot and maim and murder until you're all killed off. Then we'll come in and establish a civil government!"

Right there Parson Frakes decided it was his duty to go into "South America" and at least give the children a chance. In the next 28 years, he achieved a miracle from his conviction that feuding and moonshining were the result—not the cause—of the hill people's ignorance and economic ills.

He was convinced that if they were shown how to make a living at something better, they would quit their bootleg business. And that's what happened.

2. Yearly, 10,000 Stills Fall to Revenue Agents

There is little if any smoke rising from the stills in this valley today. "South America" has become one of the most law-abiding areas in all Kentucky. But Parson Frakes' influence is sharply bounded by Pine Mountain on one side and Little Log Mountain on the other.

In the Appalachian Highlands stretching beyond here through Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, the still fires are burning perhaps as briskly as they did 20 years ago, when Prohibition came to an end.

Hidden in the hills there is a army of moonshiners who—as Uncle Scott Partin once did—are dodging federal agents and tending their stills. Most of the nation's moonshiners are located in the Southeastern mountain country, but the cities have a good share of the production, too.

Agents of the U. S. Alcohol Tax Unit—the "Revenuemen"—have destroyed more than 200,000 moonshine stills in the last 20 years. They average about 10,000 a year, even though the unit has only 80 agents now to the 1,290 it had a dozen years ago.

The agents use helicopters to spot stills and walkie-talkie radios to direct ground searchers. But when one still is destroyed, another is likely to start up in another cove across the ridge. The game of wits never ends between the agents and the 'shiners.

No One Really Knows

How big is this hidden industry? Nobody knows for sure. No one can tell how many stills remain hidden in the hills—and the cities—after 10,000 are destroyed annually. But this much is certain: after 20 years of repeal, moonshining remains a sprawling big business. Profits for the 'shiner grow more tempting. In 20 years, the taxes on a gallon of legal whisky have jumped from $2.20 to $10.50.

Moonshining got its first boost when the country went dry in 1919. Uncle Scott Partin said, "I was sellin' whisky for $2 a gallon until 1918. Then the price went to $23 and $22 a gallon."

The country went on a bootleg binge in the 20's. That was the era of the speakeasy and syndicated smuggling and bootlegging of murder, graft and payoffs on a scale never known before; of wild parties, and winking at the law.

Then—20 years ago today—repeal came. Utah ratified the 21st Amendment that afternoon and 17 minutes later the death of the 18th Amendment was officially proclaimed in Washington.

All over the country, headlines told of crowds lining up to buy legal liquor, of drinkers thronging hotels and restaurants, of supplies running out. It was quite a time for a few days, but it soon leveled off. There were those who saw an end to bootlegging, and stills in the hills.

The rotguet liquor that comes out of modern moonshine stills (not even a poor relation of the pure corn whisky made by Uncle Scott Partin and his neighbors) costs perhaps a little more than a dollar a gallon to make. It bootlegs at the still for as much as $4 a gallon or 75 cents a pint. The price varies with local conditions. In some "dry" areas where the sale of all whisky is prohibited by law, the cost of bootleg bonded whisky—produced legally—runs from $4 to $8 a pint. The moonshine bargain price is $1.50 to $2 a pint. Some people buy moonshine because...
they can't afford better whiskies. Others just naturally prefer the taste of moonshine. But whatever the reason, there is still a widespread demand for it.

There is a vast difference between modern moonshine and that made in the days of Uncle Scott Partin and his cousin, Bill Henderson, known as "The King of The Moonshiners," before a rifle cut him down in 1932.

"It Ain't Whisky"

Modern moonshiners have little if any pride in their product. They make "sugar whiskey"—a liberal mixture of sugar in cornmeal—and it's just too bad if a consumer is paralyzed, loses his sight, or dies in convulsions.

Uncle Scott swore by the drink.

"They call it whisky," he said, "but it ain't. Back in our time we didn't use anything but pure grain. It's the heart of the corn that makes good whisky. I don't know why, but it's a fact that when the sap's rising in March and April, corn will make a quart to a half-gallon more whisky per bushel than in any other month.

And do you know yellow corn makes a quart more to the bushel than white corn? That's true too.

Uncle Scott said, "The only whisky fit to drink is 10-day whisky. Don't take these tellers today more than four days to make a run. It took me 10. Here's how I did it:

First you put up a still and heat some water in it. Then fill a barrel half full of the water and put in a bushel of cornmeal. Rough-ground cornmeal from yellow corn. Fine-ground meal won't do. It gets too clumpy. You stir it good and leave it set for three days.

After three days, you go back for the break-up. You pour in some more hot water to thin out the mash. When it's broke up (thinned out), put a gallon of corn malt in. That's a way to make the malt is bury a sack of corn in a manure pile and let the heat of the manure sprout the grain. It'll sprout in three, four days. You grind up the sprout and the sausage mixture and you've got your malt.

You let the malt work for three days but don't breathe the scent in that barrel. It gets so strong it'll knock your head off.

"After the malt's worked three days, you put a cap on it. Take a gallon of rye meal, pour in some hot water, stir it up good, and pour it in the barrel. The rye meal comes to the top and cuts off the air and holds in the scent. That's a cap.

"You let that work another three days and on the 10th day from when you started, you put the mash in the still and bile (boil) it off. The steam goes out through the worm and condenses and that's called singin'.

"Run It Through Again"

"But I always made double. That means you run the singin's back through the still a second time. You clean the still good but before you do anything, take a gallon of slop from the mash barrel and pour it in the still. That takes the fire out of the whiskey and the double's come out nice and ropy and mellow—not like that stuff that makes you stick your head in a briar patch.

"I always figured to get 21 to 25 gallons of whisky out of seven bushels of corn. But people don't make whisky like that anymore. It's too slow. The revolution would catch 'em before they got it run off."

Aunt Lena murmured: "And a good thing, too."

(Contrary to the Nashvillian Tennessean reported the modern moonshining in the Cashbey section of East Tennessee. You take a 500-gallon pot, put in 500 pounds of sugar, 500 pounds of ground feed, 50 pounds of cornmeal, 5 pounds of yeast and enough water to fill it up. "It sits in the pot, untended, until it stinks like rotten bananas. Then it's ready to run." (Drizzling, a pint of 140-proof isopropyl alcohol—from a bottle labeled "EXTERNAL USE ONLY"—is added to every gallon.

"It's a real hair-puller," one moonshiner said. No moonshiner will drink the stuff unless he wants to go on a real knee-scoon. That's a sort of binge when a man goes wild, terrorizing whole communities at a time.

"Then where does the whisky go? Well, to Nashville for one thing. And all over East Tennessee, Kentucky, the Cincinnati area, and points as far north as Cleveland and Detroit. But most of the illicit boozes, by far, is run into Knoxville.)"

RECEIVER'S SALE OF HOUSES, NEGROES, & STOCKS.

By order of the Fayette Circuit Court, the following PROPERTY will be sold, on Saturday, the 18th day of May, 1860, at the court house door at 12 o'clock:

No. 1.—A House and Lot, on Main street, containing about 27 feet, running back about 100 feet to an alley, occupied as present by J. M. Mahan as a tailor shop, and Holleman's Confectionery.

No. 2.—A House and Lot, on Upper street, occupied by H. M. Leather Shop.

No. 3.—A House and Lot, adjoining No. 2, occupied by Thomas & Crittigan as a Tinner Shop.

No. 4.—A House and Lot, adjoining next to L. C. Randall & Co.'s Grocery, occupied by Mitchell & Adams as a tailor shop.

No. 5.—A House and Lot, lastly occupied by Mr. A. Langford, as a residence, on the corner of Upper and Mechanics street.

And the following Property will be sold at the court house door, at 12 o'clock, on County Court day, being the 12th day of May, 1860:

Three Negro Men,

Two of whom are accustomed to work in a Tan Yard, and the third a brickyard hand.

3 Shares of Lexington & Franklin Railroad Stock.

3 Shares Mayesville Tarptike Stock.

3 Shares Nicholasville Tarptike Stock.

TERMS OF SALE—The Houses and Lots will have to be paid for in cash, and eighteen months credit, equal installments. The Slaves and Stocks on credit of four months, the purchaser giving a bond of $6,000 with good security, to have the force of a court of judgments, and bearing interest from date.

HIGGINS & ELLIOTT,

receivers of Wm. Morton's Estate.

march 17

60

The Best Maysville Coal Oil, At

NINETY CENTS A GALLON!

At the Drug Store of GEO. W. NORTON & Fitch.

april 25 - 6.5

THE Union Coal Oil Company will compete with every known kind of Coal Oil. We are now prepared to sell their Oil at the price asked for "Lavender," "Euroka," "Newport," "Brockbridge," "Photograph" and all the other little members of the coal oil family. You will save trouble by visiting the Maysville Oil Geo. W. Norton & Fitch.

april 25 - 6.21

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Spring of 1860

[Lexington]
"I Remember" — The Story Of The Hanging Of An Innocent Man

By Mrs. Iolene Hawkins

DAVID McLAUGHLIN

Have you ever heard of him? I suspect that very few of you have. From whence he came or where he was buried I do not know. Fleming County Jurors have not rendered a death verdict since 1829 because Daniel McLaughlin was tried, convicted on circumstantial evidence and hung for a crime which he did not commit. He died declaring his innocence.

I have before me a pamphlet 8 x 5 inches of 23 pages, including the outside pages, written by and published by him, while he was in jail here waiting to be executed. This paper is a dark brown, heavy and very brittle. In it he has said many bitter things about some prominent citizens, and I think that under the same circumstances you would have said just as many or possibly more bitter things than he said.

He wanted to be taken before Henry Bruce, a Justice of the Peace because he thought Mr. Bruce would give him a fair trial. (Mr. Bruce was my great-grandfather.) This is the front or outside page of pamphlet:

A TRUE AND
UNBIASED NARRATIVE
CONTAINING
BLACK CATALOGUE
OF
NAMES
ASSOCIATED WITH MY OWN,
IN WHICH IS BROUGHT TO
LIGHT MANY NEFARIOUS
DEEDS, AND CALLS ALOUD
FOR THE HEAVY VENGEANCE
OF GOD ON THESE SODONITES
Including years 1827 - 8 and 9 To
The Present Untimely Crisis

Daniel McLaughlin.

Prefatory Remarks

What's Vice? A mere want of compassion our thoughts. It cannot, nay will not, my fellowbeings, be long that I shall or will be permitted the privilege of enjoying the pleasure of speech, or of breath;— or even taste the morsel of bread (not in sweet festivity around my own board) that daily and at set hours, cometh to me, through this dark cranny this my dark and dolesome den. I say the time is near at hand, when that mysterious union which causes me now to speak, will be severed never to be reunited, till that grand and notable day of God Almight. I see my fate. And head long leap (like Creteus) down the gulf. Since many an ample volume of mighty tome, has been read on a strangled human being whether guilty or un-guilty — I pray and supplicate the throne of Heaven, that this minute, this devoted page, may go forth in its native simplicity, among my friends and among my foes, and proudly tell, that its author died a martyr for truth, and an advocate for congeal and prosperity in that most sacred and inviolate rite. This sentence will cause me to die a double death. Mankinde insinuated deceives me long life;— and may every one read the following papers with an unpre-judiced mind, and be persuaded of this fact, that no one, who believes he has a soul possessing an immortal and immortal existence would voluntarily and spontaneously publish and make known to the worl of man and downrightness falsehoods and go into the immediate presence of the plight with a volley of lies, as black as midnight hoveing around his soul in that awful eventful and final period of stranglestal.

No my fellowbeings my whole life has been a commixture of bitter potions yet I am assuredly confident, from my own knowledge and experience on this point, that there are many I shall hereafter give you a hint of and who too well known to some of you — who, if I could endure long this have (had they gotten the just rewards of their iniquities) been suspended betwixt Heaven and earth as unworthy of either. And as regards the perpetration of crimes, would when poised in the scales of baseness, sink down with the vehicly of a cannon ball to infinitely. And is it my fault, if these truths call thee Fool? Will shame and terror, stand thy? A few years sporting on thy filthy lace, and then at last eat the morsel of despairs.

My whole aim and intention in writing this narrative is, for the general good of the people — and to seem as a monitor to all persons and especially those who may unfortunately befriend with these my carnal enemies. This, I conceive, imperiously to be my duty to lay open to the people, the conduct of those with whom I have had to do in times that have lately lapsed.

Hoping that a faithful portrait of their characters may be instrumen-
tal in warning off some of those evils which I have been experimentally serving to and trusted with. We have lots various cast in this world in our constitutional materials owing to a difficult modification. This causes us to wear the same spheres. The high, middle and low.

The two first has been denied me and consequently the low sphere I have had to move in which association I have found the families of my destruction, viz: the low and vulgar beings called the — the — and the — and the grease these associations I have not been unable to escape, those quicksands of vice and ruin, in consequence thence I would warn my fellow travellers to eternity to avoid them as they would a wounded adder, as they would a envenomed reptile avoid them for still.

They are carousing for delight. — rank poison! First fermenting to mere froth — and then subsiding to giant. May you find them in their wicked ways, and live righteously, soberly, and godly, in this present world. Now let me hasten to rehearse the sad story, and reign would I render to the living a more mild and chaste history of the transaction. But this I cannot do in justice to truth. Therefore I shall give as my last will and testament, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help me God.

Narrative

Sometime in the month of May 1827, I first visited the soil of this county so unfortunate for me. While remaining here which was some two or three months at that I lodged at a friends house in Fleming county by the name of Towles, who treated me very well and kind.

Occasionally making small excursions with a view of looking at the soil and its prospects. I in the process of this time became acquainted with a Mrs. Catherine Scott, formerly Miss Catherine Somerville and latterly — unfortunately for me — Catherine McLaughlin.

The manner of our first acquaintance is as follows. The afore mentioned Mrs. Scott, came over to Mr. Towles, and solicited me to accompany her home; as I thought at that time exhibiting more prosumption than chastity. Being an utter stranger to her and each to the other and Somervile widow as I had learned I felt as you may well suppose, a delicacy in accepting her proposition of hospitality. Not withstanding all these, my reflections, I finally concluded to gratify the ladies request and accordingly I went with her to her house.

I remained at her house a short time, and then returned to my
friends again. Permit me here to remark that at this period I had not the most distant conception of marrying this or any other woman. A few weeks after our interview at Towles and this woman's house, she sent for me — with a request that she wished me to attend at her dwelling — declined her first announcement — she sent her message again, immediately. I then went to see the meaning of all this.

When I arrived I asked her object in sending for me? She answered that she wished to propose matrimony to me. I remarked to her that I had at that time no particular objections; that I was well satisfied with her propositions; and also observed that I would happily join in that holy estate with her I observed to her at the same time that it would be most expedient and better for us both not to rush prematurely into so solemn a ceremony, as marrying until by the lapse of time, succession of events we should become better acquainted with each other. That I was a stranger to her and to me — I told her that it would be proper to mention that her parents favor and consent should be obtained in this matter.

She replied that she was her own guardian, and that her parents had done her honor and God, and had been no disadvantage to her. That she was anxious to have some person with her, upon whom she could confide, and would at the same time take an interest in her little property. And after that remark urged, that the ceremony should be performed immediately. The case here came to an issue — and accordingly we were married on the 24th day of September 1827.

Then followed the most joyous and beautiful scene of life — the wedding and the bridal lark. We lived peaceably and happily together until the month of April 1829. But during this whole period I would remark there were no communications or friendly intercourse between John and Alexander Somerville, the brothers of my wife and myself. And indeed there was never any expressions of the time of my espousals to their sister to this time.

My wife was born of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, she scrupled not to communicate to me every thing she knew of these two men, knowing their malicious dispositions for the purpose of the more effectually guarding me against their wicked designs. And with this intent my wife instructed me to be on my guard, at all times, as to her brother. John Somerville for he was a dangerous, blood thirsty man, and as soon as not stab me to the heart with his knife, either at home or abroad.

That he, John Somerville had killed a man in this county, by the name of Alexander, with his Streatcher stick, and that no person was present to evidence the fact.

(Note by I. A. Hawkins. The above is a copy of the narrative from now on I will try to tell you his story. From the time of his marriage up to April 29. One night after his return from Dodlin's Mill his wife told him she heard somebody calling him — he listened but didn't hear anything — she insisted that some one was calling him and when he went to the door he was dragged outside and beaten up by her brothers and a gang and afterwards was arrested and placed in jail.

Charles Spencer offered to go on his bail, but was talked out of doing so. After he was put in jail the Somervilles moved his belongings to their home where his wife and her two daughters were. After a short time the Somerville's moved to him that she wanted to see him, so he went to the Somerville's and had a talk with her when she told him that she wanted to go back to him and they planned that he would bring somebody to help carry the things she wanted to take with her, and that she would be waiting in the kitchen. During this time her father found out that he was there and he came out of the house brandishing an axe and threw it at McLaughlin who got away by jumping over a fence.

McLaughlin took two negro men with him and went at the appointed time and place but his wife wasn't there so went to the front door and knocked. When asked who was there he told them and that he had come for his wife and baby. The old man called to his son, "Get the gun and shoot him."

The door opened and he was grabbed and beaten and during this struggle a rock was thrown that struck old Mr. Somerville, the blow causing his death. He was arrested, hands tied and while being taken through the woods with his brother-in-law and the Justice of the Peace the brother-in-law suggested that they hang him with the rope that was tied around his hands, but the Justice said "better not." He was brought to the jail here in town and while there he wrote the pamphlet. I have left out the things he accused his wife's brothers and neighbors of doing. He said his wife told him of the crimes the Somervilles had committed before they came to this county. Now Sam one of the negro men who had gone with him threw a rock at the fence hoping to scare them off from the sight of him, but the rock struck the old man instead. Mr. McLaughlin was accused of throwing the rock but he insisted he had not and didn't know who had thrown it, but Sam on his death bed said he, not McLaughlin, had thrown the rock.

He says that the officers offered to release him if he would turn State's evidence and accuse a Mr. LeMarr and Mr. Cochran, but he refused to do this as he knew these men were innocent and that he would not be released by these officers and that what he would say about LaMarr and Cochran would be an untruth. He said they were good men. The last pages of his narrative read this: "And now, I say for the last time, that these negroes who had me with had no intention of committing a riot in any manner or form whatever. All my aim was to get the partner of my bosom into terms of former alliance, which every man who tasted the sweets of matrimonial bliss, and possessing the sparks of human nature, would voluntarily sacrifice and venture his all for.

I appeal to every man's experience on this point. Yet it seems that my wife's exultation, at the announcement of my condemnation, was inexpressible - saying, it was the happiest news she had heard since last spring. One man stated on oath that I would satisfy all my wife, any circumstance notwithstanding. That this is a point blank falsehood, I hope I shall be enabled to testify in the day of final accounts at the grand assizes of the quick and dead.

I have said, and still say that, as a dying man, that I always spoke well of my wife in jail and liberty All the whole evidence that appeared against me, seemed to combine and assimilate in one cloud of prying and exposing falsehoods in order to destroy me. That is, to heaven there is a judge and retinue of witnesses who testify in truth, and judges in righteousness where there is no carnal aim to crush, or mind to taunt, and where every man shall receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil - not so on earth! Many besetting scenes surround us, and dangers stand thick around to hurry us to the tomb. It has been primarily so with me. I have been hurried to the grave without mercy and without justice, by poor blind unthinking man. I hope I shall meet my earthly enemies in the mansions of eternal bliss, where the wicked cease from troubling
and weary are at rest.

Daniel McLaughlin.

Note: Where he was hung I do not know but I've heard that it was on a hill somewhere close to our water reservoir, and Miss Mary Pickett DeBell thinks it is possible that her great grandfather was the executioner as he was Sheriff at that time.

He was considered guilty and while in jail he was visited by many persons. It is said he said to a lady visitor "I want you to meet me in heaven" and that she replied "Yes, if you get there I'll meet you".

End.

The Courier-Journal, Nov-29-1953

KENTUCKE GAZETTE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1787.

The Printer or the Kentucke Gazette to the Public.

After having assembled much in an Office lately carry on and convey them from Philadelphia, I have ventured to open a Printing Office in the Town of Lexington in the Distirct of Kentucke. Norwithstanding the expenses and the time of preparing the matter which will be printed and any advantages that may be derived to my people and countrymen superior to their present circumstances. I am satisfied that every possible encouragement will be given to my present undertaking.

It is impossible to recount all the advantages that the public will receive from the establishment of a Gazette in this District. First it will give a quick and general information concerning the intentions and behaviour of our surrounding states and put an immediate guard against their future violence. Secondly, it will communicate a timely information of the proceedings of our Legislature and prevent us from undertaking, evils that have been in force sometime before they reached the District. Thirdly, it will call our attention to the transactions of Congress and the other States and inform us what is going on in our own American Congress. It will teach us what we are to expect from foreign countries and what we may expect from the civilized world. And as the post is connected to the ancient and distant and great cities, and all the parts of the country, in the mails of news and instructions.

John Bradford.

To the Printer of the Kentucke Gazette.

As I expect your paper will be employed at first in discussing political subjects, and as I suppose that a separation from the state of Virginia is the most interesting at present, I hope our politicians will be pleased through your press to give us their sentiments on both sides of the question, and I hope they will write, and we shall read, with that coolness and impartiality, which becomes men who have the real interest of this Country at heart, and that in the end we may be upon that ground which is the basis of all the others.

As a measure of the people in this District, I am anxious to do for the best.

The most of us are farmers and farmers, and the only thing we care for is to have a free trade in the foodstuffs, and to have our property protected.

I beg leave therefore to propose a few queries to the Gentlemen on both sides of the question, and will begin with asking those who think a separation necessary a few questions:

1. What probable means can a new State support Government, and what principles can we derive from such a trade?

Secondly, the importance of the savage, and how could a new State remedy those evils?

And I would ask those who are against a separation: What shall we defend ourselves against the savages under the present laws, and how shall we get paid for doing it?
There are fascinating footnotes to history, particularly in the earliest publications. The Indians were a subject of great concern, as evidenced by this item in The Kentucky Gazette on March 15, 1788:

**As the Indians, whenever they make incursions into our settlements call at the evacuated houses of Mr. C. P. on D. y. and Mr. Wilson on M. C. taking up about four miles from C. I. Johnson's mill, and supply themselves with wheat, corn and potatoes, &c. as there is every probability that if there were Articles impregnated with arsenic or any other Subtil poison we might trap them. We therefore request all persons not to touch or in any manner molest any article left there, as we mean to make the experiment.**

John Payne
Arch. Campbell

And so there will always be a record of such local sidelights to history as the case of Capt. William Martin, as reported in The Kentucky Gazette on April 12, 1788:

**To the good people of Kentucky and Cumberland Gentlemen.**

I think it my duty to inform you, that about the time that James Burch was ruthlessly murdered, by the names of M'Nitt, D. C. and others, to the number of two to two, as I have been informed, Capt. William Martin, of this county in Powells Mountain, came into the neighborhood I live in, and hired a horse of one of my neighbors to ride to the Cherokee Nation to the same time told Capt. Lock Stubblefield, and William Owen, two of my neighbors, that the above murder was done by the Indians. Sometime about the first of the present year, a report was current here, that a number of people in Kentucky apprehended the said Martin to have been present, and aided the Indians in committing that horrid crime, when I heard of the said report I was in company with James Burch, Capt. Stubblefield, and William Owen, a number of others, and I expressed myself to be of opinion that Capt. Martin was innocent of the murder, when James Burch rejoiced to me to leave that he was at my house at the time, he heard the shot fired, and as the time he heard the discharge of the gun. Capt. Stubblefield immediately rejoined to me, and said, as the time was about 10 o'clock at night, he left me at my house, he would animate the fame, and which Burch remained silent. These things must be verified, and acknowledged to be so by the sayed, why should Capt. Martin apply for evidence to acquit himself, before he was accused, the saying of his fame is but that he was obliged to love her in 2 or 5 miles from the place he was at present. Had he left us from the Valley station which is the place he left the said, he is not very probable that Capt. Martin could tell Capt. Stubblefield and Owen, the murder of the murder four days before it was committed, the names of the people that were murdered at the place 50, 100, 150, to make the judicious part of the world believe Capt. Martin be innocent, the people of this country would be glad to hear the truth, which might appear, but if guilty, it is shameful to suffer such crimes unnoticed, it is therefore true that both is true, that a proper enquiry be had into the matter.

John Johnson

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Runaways—occasionally a wife as well as the slaves—made up a good bit of the very early news. The Kentucky Gazette carries, for example, these items in its March 15, 1788, issue:

**Our Hundred Dollars Reward.**

WILL be given by the subscriber for apprehending and delivering two NEGROES, that run away about ten years ago; each about nineteen years old—one a yellow, neat, trim made fellow, very active, named James. The other a black fellow, with a small round head, high stomach, small legs and long heels. The same reward will be given for informatio, so that they can be got, or Fifty Dollars for either. Also Ten Dollars for reward, will be given for a black fellow, about seventeen years old, that ran away about six weeks ago, badly clothed, had on when he went away, a coarse pair of shoes, without any team in the quarters.

Samuel Clay.

January 2.

This day my wife Sarah Johnson, eloped from my bed and board without any provocation—therefore this is to forewarn all persons from crediting her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting. I keep an open house for her to return.

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Prof. Wright Merrick conducted a boys' school for many years in this old building which stood on the east side of North Broadway between Second and Third streets. By the early '70s, it had become a boarding house. J. H. Staples, Lexington contractor and father of Historian Charles R. Staples, lived in the old building for a short time when he moved to Lexington in 1873. The structure was torn down early this century. The site was later occupied by the Old Fellows lodge, and a Seventh-day Adventist church is now situated there.
Thirty years before AAA, Kentucky & Tennessee terrorists forced tobacco acreage controls on reluctant neighbors

By Charles R. Koch

Shortly before one o'clock on a March morning in 1908, the tenants on George Graddy's Daytonia Stock Farm, "just a piece out the pike" from Versailles, Kentucky, were awakened by gunfire. Some fifty masked riders had set fire to one of the big tobacco barns and were galloping around raising a ruckus before taking off for their next victim. Mixing discretion with courage, the tenants kept to their houses till the masked band had ridden off; then, finding the telephone lines cut, one of them hurried into Versailles to tell Mr. Graddy that the Night Riders had paid him a visit.

Such scenes were common in Kentucky and northern Tennessee during those early years of the century. The price of tobacco had dropped far below the cost of production and groups of growers bent upon bringing it back to a profitable level were attempting to enforce the same kind of program finally resorted to by the federal government in similar circumstances twenty-five years later—production controls.

These self-imposed restrictions were even more drastic than anything ever attempted by the AAA. The year 1908 is still known in the burley district of Kentucky as the year of "the cutout." The object was not merely to reduce the size of the crop, but to eliminate it entirely that year.

Graddy was one who did not see eye to eye with the groups demanding "no crop in 1908" and his barn burning came as a warning of more dire penalties that would be meted out by the Night Riders if he persisted in his plans to conduct business as usual in his tobacco fields.

From Graddy's place the Riders went on to the neighboring farms of John Harris and Mrs. Elizabeth Pepper, burning their way into the headlines. The Lexington Herald recorded their visit with a streamer:

Law is mocked, peace is broken and the Blue Grass region a scene of disorder

A box in this same story served notice of Graddy's determination to accept the challenge—"I will raise tobacco in 1908. If my tenants won't do it, I shall hire men by the day to cultivate the plants and others to protect the crop at night. George C. Graddy."
Why the Night Riders

The Night Riders conducted one of the most vicious, destructive, and bloody campaigns ever waged by American farmers to achieve "parity" for their product.

Tobacco was a crop that the early settlers found uniquely adapted to the climate and soils of Kentucky. It has been raised there continuously since the time Boone led his companions through Cumberland Gap to settle its rough hills and fertile valleys. For a century the planters grew and marketed their tobacco with only the vagaries of the weather and the ordinary fluctuations of the market to bother them. The work was hard, with the plant beds and fields demanding constant attention from the time the beds were burned off in late winter till the crop was housed early in the fall; then came the season of curing, stripping, pruning and selling. Often before one crop was sold it was time to burn the beds for the next one. The income was steady, even though the price seldom rose over ten or twelve cents a pound. A man made out even if he got as little as seven cents for his crop.

Then around 1890 the currents and pressures of the economic atmosphere began to build dark clouds above the tobacco fields. The price began to slip, settling finally at about four cents, two cents a pound beneath the estimated cost of production. To make matters worse, there was a federal tax of six cents a pound on cured tobacco in its natural state. This prevented the grower selling directly to the consumer.

The drop in price was not caused by over-production or poor quality, What had happened was that the American Tobacco Company had destroyed or absorbed just about all of its competitors. It had become a full-fledged trust with almost complete control over the market. There were only two other buyers of any size in the field—the Imperial Tobacco Company, which bought tobacco for export to Britain, and the Regie agents, who purchased for the nations of continental Europe in which tobacco was a government monopoly and a lucrative source of revenue. Imperial and Regie were said to be in tacit alliance on price fixing with the American Tobacco Company, commonly spoken of as the "Trust."

The big tobacco manufacturers had apparently been behind the passage of the six cents tax law, which forged the farmer out of the consumer market. Although the law had been passed as far back as 1872 and modified in 1890, it was not until 1897 that it was fully enforced. The modern looseleaf auction market was basically unknown in those days. The farmer either prided his crop in hogheads and took it to a warehouse where it was sampled and sold, sometimes at auction, sometimes privately, or he sold it to a buyer who came to his farm and inspected the tobacco in the barn. Many preferred to sell this way, for, if the first buyer didn't offer enough, there would always be another along.

But the Trust turned barn buying to its own advantage. It split the tobacco region into districts and assigned only one buyer to a district. The buyer would visit a farm and offer his price on a take it or leave it basis. If the farmer declined the deal, he was visited by no other buyers and if he went out in search of the original bidder he almost invariably found himself offered an even worse deal than the original one.

This was the situation throughout the central Kentucky burley belt and the dark tobacco belt—the Black Patch, as it was called—of western Kentucky and northern Tennessee, in the early 1900's.

The Protective Association

The growers were in a predicament. And as usually happens in such circumstances, they grumbled a good deal, but for a long time did little about anything. But the crisis was acute, and in September, 1904, there was organized at Guthrie, Kentucky, the Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky and Tennessee, with one Charles H. Fort, a planter of Robertson County, Tennessee, president, and Felix G. Ewing, another Robertson County planter, and the man who had contributed most to the conception of the organization, general manager.

The basic idea of the Planters' Protective Association was to fight monopoly with monopoly. If the growers were to be forced to sell their product to one buyer, the Association would organize the Black Patch growers into a tight pool and force the Trust to buy from one seller, the Association. The idea was simple and direct. It had only one flaw—the perversion of human nature.

While there was an immediate rush of farmers to join up, there was the inevitable group of lone wolves who refused for one reason or another to put their names on the line and pledge their crops to the Association. Had they done so, there would have been no Night Riders.

The Association attempted to get eight cents a pound for the part of the 1904 crop that was pledged to it, twice the price the grower had received the year before. But the Trust would have nothing to do with the young organization, permitting its buyers to pay ten and twelve cents to the outsiders, soon to be called Hill Billies, rather than come to terms. This was bitter medicine for the Association members. They were getting nothing while the Hill Billies were cleaning up. Finally, late in the spring of 1905, the Association was able to dispose of all of its tobacco on the export market at an average of 6.67 cents.

The Association handled about 35,000 hogheads of the 1905 crop, approximately 10,000 more than it had sold the year before, but at an increase of less than half cent a pound in price. The Hill Billies, meanwhile, were continuing to get up to twelve cents for their tobacco, cash on the barrel head, and a considerable number of Association members violated their pledges in favor of these enticing prices and ready cash.

To stop the pledge jumpers, suit was brought against a number of violators. The Tennessee judge who heard the cases, though, ruled that the Association was merely acting as agent for the members and could not force them to deliver their tobacco to it. This was a serious blow, since it came at a time when the Association had decided to write its pledges on a three-year basis.

A good many individuals in the Black Patch had by this time come to the conclusion that if the Planters' Association was to accomplish its purpose, some kind of drastic action would have to be taken. Some of the more impatient ones had already scraped a few Hill Billy plant beds, burned some barns, threatened Trust buyers, and wrecked a warehouse or two.

Then in October, 1905, violence moved into high gear with the publication of the "Resolutions of the Committee of Thirty-two of the 'Possum Hunters Organization." These resolutions indited the Trust for the hard times in the tobacco region, sharply criticized all citizens of the district who did not give the Planters' Association their full support, and resolved that a "committee of not less than 5 nor more than 2000 members visit each farmer who is not a member and offer him an opportunity to become a member." Committees of 2000 never expect to take "no" for an answer and are seldom adverse to using arguments stronger than mere oratory.

Within a few months the first lodges of Night Riders came into existence on the Kentucky-Tennessee border. Known to the elect as The Silent Brigade and having no official connection with the Planters' Association, the organization was set up on military lines. At the top was a general and under him was a lieutenant commander. Each county was under the leadership of a colonel and the elected head of the individual lodge had the title of captain. The captain appointed lieutenants to assist him. None but members knew the identity of these officials, though it was later revealed that the general was Dr. David A. Amoss, of...
Cobb, Kentucky, and that Guy S. Dunning, of Wallonia, Kentucky, was the lieutenant commander.

The Riders had an elaborate system of signs, passwords, and challenges; their meetings were secret; they had no costumes of any sort, though they usually wore masks on their raids; and upon initiation they subscribed to a solemn oath, the violation of which was to be punished with death and burial in an unmarked grave. They held regular meetings and were drilled in military formations. All were mounted on good horses or mules.

Princeton Raided

The early forays of the Night Riders were more or less mild—plant bed plunderings, barn burnings, and whippings. But by December, 1906, they were prepared to show the world that they were about to launch a total war. In August, certain New York insurance companies had received unsigned warnings that the John Orr tobacco factory and the Steggel and Dollar factory at Princeton, Kentucky, were going to be put out of business. Shortly after midnight of December 1, the threat became a reality. Two hundred and fifty armed and masked men marched into the town, applied torch and dynamite to two factories and marched out of town singing, “The fire shines bright in my old Kentucky Home!”

After the Princeton raid, rumors spread that attacks were planned on other warehouses and towns throughout the Black Patch. But the Riders lay low for a full year. Then early on the morning of December 7, 1907, they pulled off their most daring and biggest attack.

A month after the Princeton affair, they had made a test raid on Hopkinsville. This maneuver had shown them that any attempt to set the home fires burning in Hopkinsville was going to take careful planning. There was a company of militia there and the citizens were not particularly sympathetic to the Night Riders’ ideals. They were prepared to take up arms in defense of their city and its industries.

Eleven months passed and the townspeople were off guard. The 150 or more riders who filtered unobtrusively into town on December 6, the day before the raid, found that an attack was far removed from the Hopkinsville mind.

Early that evening the main body of raiders started riding toward the city from the west. Around midnight they dismounted and left their horses in charge of guards on the outskirts of the town. A short time later this battalion of some 250 marched into the city and were joined by their confederates, planted like Trojan horsemen, within the walls.

The attack had been perfectly planned and was perfectly executed. They took over the police station and all the police officers on duty, captured the two telephone offices, the armory and the fire department, and then set about their principal work, the destruction of two warehouses, one operated by an independent tobacco dealer sympathetic to the Trust and the other by Regis agents. Besides these buildings, an Association warehouse and a flour mill were damaged, a livery stable was burned, and a number of residences and business houses were damaged.

The citizens were warned by gunfire and shouts to keep to their homes. Those who strayed into the streets were rounded up and corralled at a central location. Within an hour, the Riders’ work had been accomplished and they made an orderly withdrawal. Three burglars had suffered slight injuries and Dr. Amos, the leader of the raid, had been struck in the head by gunshot. His injuries were not serious.

Major Bassett, in charge of the militia at Hopkinsville, organized a posse to pursue the Riders and try to capture the leader. As they caught up with one group, there was an exchange of shots and it was thought that at least one of the Riders was killed. The Riders always endeavored to keep their fatalities a secret.

A month later they pulled a midnight raid on Russellville, burning two warehouses and inflicting miscellaneous damage. Their reputation for action and lawlessness was by now widely established.

The Night Riders either attracted or coerced into membership not only farmers but also most of the leading business and professional men, sheriffs, magistrates, court officials, and even clergymen. Their boast that they feared neither judge nor jury was not an idle one.

To help quash the lawlessness, the Kentucky legislature had made it a crime to scrape a plant bed. But the only individuals ever convicted under the law were a couple of Hill Billy tenants of an anti-Association grower who were accused or using retaliatory measures against Association members.

Victims of the Riders who had the courage to bring charges against their persecutors invariably found the Grand Jury packed with an assortment of the accused. County officials were frequently recognized as having been among those who applied the whip or the torch. Sandford Hall, of Lyon County, brought charges against a band of Night Riders only to find himself indicted for bootlegging. When rare cases found their way into court, witnesses for the prosecution became the victims of amnesia. Typical was a witness who took the stand and after a quick look at jury and spectators, testified, “I have no memory; I am absolutely devoid of sense and I ain’t even got no mind.”

Although their oath bound the Night Riders not to “use this order, or under cover of this order, do anything to a personal enemy for personal revenge”, members of masked mobs were soon extending their operations to their own private feuds. They whipped several “undesirable” women at Olive Hill, Kentucky, gave Edwin Brown, a wealthy bachelor
of Richmond, two weeks time to get himself a wife, and forced the management of the Lexington Opera House to substitute a performance of "Rip Van Winkle" for a play called the "Night Riders". In the western part of the state, there were tragic "nigger chasings" and at Tennessee's Redfoot Lake there was night riding, whippings, and murder over disputed fishing privileges.

Retribution Comes Slowly
Augustus E. Willson became Governor of Kentucky in December, 1907, on a pledge to bring peace in the tobacco war. But he soon found that was more easily pledged than produced. The situation had become serious now throughout the Burley Belt as well as in the Black Patch. The burley growers were organized in the Burley Tobacco Society which was a branch of the then nationally prominent Society of Equity.

A prominent non-Association, non-Equity grower was urging farmers to "use very little fertilizer but a great many Gatling guns if they wish to make a good crop this year," and Willson apparently was prepared to furnish the guns. He infuriated the Night Rider sympathizers by sending units of militia into action without request from local officials.

Bracken County, on the Ohio River, about fifty miles east of Covington, was one of the hotbeds of Rider activity in the burley section. A number of whippings had taken place there in the spring of 1908 and two of the victims in particular, Lewis Kinney, a farmer and Robert Stanton, a grower (the burning of whose tobacco had been a big event in Brooks-ville, the county seat), set up a cry that was heard distinctly in Frankfort.

Willson dispatched his soldiers, who were received with the same hospitality as invaders from a foreign land. Store-keepers refused to sell them supplies. Few landowners would rent them camping ground. George Kinney, a relative of the whipped Lewis, incurred the wrath of his neighbors by letting them camp on his farm. An alert and aggressive attitude on his part kept the Riders at a distance, but they finally burned his barn—three years after the trouble had subsided and he had relaxed his guard.

The Creccius Tobacco Law was passed early in Willson's administration, making it an offense for a grower to sell tobacco he had pledged to any association, or for any buyer to purchase it when he knew it had been so pledged. The penalty for violation was a $250 fine. At the same time, Tennessee passed a similar act known as the Triple Damages Law. Then Willson proceeded to increase its unpopularity with the Association people by implying that he would pardon any violator of the law who could show that he had been forced into pledging his crop. On top of this he pardoned Walker Dunstan, who had been charged with the killing of Newton Hazelett, a Night Rider.

The Riders continued to poison livestock, destroy equipment—one of their neatest tricks was concealing dynamite in wheat shocks to blast the threshing machine to bits—whip and shoot independents, burn barns and warehouses, and though they frequently threatened to conduct a hanging, this, as James O. Nall, the historian, notes, was the only threat they failed to carry out.

The Weaker Sex
There is no telling how long this state of events might have prevailed if it hadn't been that the Night Riders picked on the wrong family one night in Caldwell County, Kentucky.

Robert Hollowell had never signed up with the Association and had made some derogatory remarks about the Riders. His wife, Mary Lou, had been even more careless in what she said. Furthermore, the two Hill Billies mentioned earlier as having been convicted of scraping plant beds were tenants of the Hollowells, and Mary Lou was allegedly to have ordered the scraping.

So it wasn't surprising that one spring night in 1907, the Night Riders paid a visit to the Hollowell place, shot up the house, shot and kicked Mary Lou, severely whipped Robert, terrified their young son, Price, and ordered them to leave the county.

The next morning the Hollowells followed instructions, eventually settling at Evansville, Indiana. Robert, apparently, was a thoroughly beaten and terrified man. But his wife, against whom an indictment had meanwhile been brought for plant bed scraping, was determined to have justice. John Miller, the Paducah attorney to whom she took her case, filed three separate civil actions for damages, one for each of the family, against thirty individuals whom they were able to identify definitely as having been in the raiding party. As the Hollowells were now residents of a different state, the cases were filed in Federal Court, a procedure that had apparently never been thought of before in dealing with the Night Riders, and one that caught them completely off guard.

There were numerous threats as to what would happen to the Hollowells, particularly Mary Lou, should they ever set foot in Kentucky to prosecute their cases; but spunky Mary Lou couldn't be bullied. Robert's suit for $50,000 damages came to trial at Paducah, in April, 1908, and ended with a hung jury.
CENTRAL KENTUCKY farmers were urged “to use very little fertilizer and a great many Gatling guns” to grow a tobacco crop in 1908. This grim militia gun crew protected the contents of a warehouse at Lexington.

The Burley Loose Tobacco Warehouse.

In May, the case came to trial again, this time with a jury brought from the neighborhood of Louisville, and Hollowell received judgment for $35,000. While this judgment was eventually compromised for considerably less, this was the case that broke the Night Riders. Not only had their secrets been revealed and their leaders identified by certain witnesses in the courtroom, but there immediately broke forth such a flood of suits by other victims who moved to neighboring states that night riding became, as Nall expressed it, “the most expensive form of lodgework ever indulged in by any organized group of farmers.”

There were still a few scattered raids like the one at Winchester in the middle of June, 1908, when a band of Riders destroyed the plant beds of a cigar dealer. The most notable feature of this event was the concluding paragraph of the story the Lexington Herald carried the next day:

“None of the citizens of the city heard the band ride into the city or out. This is explained by the fact that all the men of Winchester were in Lexington yesterday attending the Democratic Convention and slept unusually sound after the long and exciting session of last night.”

(OVER)
Then, in November, the American Tobacco Company made a deal with the Burley Tobacco Society for the bulk of the 1906 and 1907 crops at a price of more than 17 cents.

In 1909 the Six Cents Tax was repealed and the Cereclus Law was declared unconstitutional; and the following year the Supreme Court, after long litigation, ordered the dissolution of the Trust. Within five years the Planters' Association, too, was dissolved and all was peace, for a time at least, in the Black Patch and the Burley Belt.

With the introduction of the tobacco production and marketing provisions of the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933 and the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act of 1936, the federal government stepped in and has since administered production and prices in such a manner as to make the recurrence of the Night Riders episode a practical impossibility. No matter how painful they may be, production controls operate today without violence.

**"Long Hunters" Follow Dr. Walker; Name Rockcastle River In 1767**

As Dr. Thomas Walker was wandering through Southeastern Kentucky, Christopher Gist was preparing to go down the Ohio River to find a settlement in Kentucky for the Ohio Company. John Findley followed Gist down the Ohio in 1752 and again in 1767, and Thomas Bullitt and a party of surveyors reached the Falls of the Ohio in 1763. But greater numbers of explorers and hunters came into this new land through Cumberland Gap, and practically all returned overland, mostly through the Gap. Dr. William Allen Pucy says that Samuel Harrod and Michael Stoner were in Southeastern Kentucky in 1774.

**Raccoon Springs And The Long Hunters**

The Long Hunters, of which Col. James Knox and Jos. Drake and Henry Skaggs were leaders, killed great numbers of animals on Cumberland and Green rivers, caching the furs for more convenient times to carry them back to the Settlements.

They left behind the name of "Station Camp" attached to a number of places and creeks. Dr. L. C. Draper reported how in 1767 Isaac Lindsay, who with four others from South Carolina hunting in Kentucky came to Rockcastle river which he "so named from a romantic appearing rock, through the fissures of which the waters dripped and froze in columns below." But James Knox gave Dick's (Now spelled "Dix") river its name for the friendly Indian who led him to good hunting in that part; returning to near Raccoon Springs, where he remained till after Christmas, at which feast he had 36 buffalo marrow bones, then returning home with "Long Hunters."

Their principal camp was called Station Camp, and was upon what was called in early times Station Camp Creek but now called Robinson's Creek. This company reached Kentucky in 1776. This quotation is from a statement made in 1848 by Robert Wickliffe, Sr., celebrated attorney and politician, to Dr. Draper, and included in his "Historical Sketches", 1824" by Judge William Ayers, Pineville, Ky. Judge Ayers adds that 1776 is probably a more accurate date, and that accompanying James Knox on the trip were Henry Skaggs, for whom Skaggs creek is named (Also Skaggs Trace); Casper (or Kasper) Manorton, Joseph Drake and others named Baker, Gordon and Bedloe. It all indicates the importance of Raccoon Springs, in Laurel county, even in those early years.

**The Sentinel-Echo**

London, May 8, 1914

**U. E. Col. Mill & Church**

**DUDLEY OFFICE, RESIDENCE—The famous head of Transylvania University Medical School, Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley, had his office, residence and hospital in this fine old brick house at Mill and Church streets. It was built in 1798 by William Dalley, a freed slave.**

**Still Standing—July 9, 1932.**
Another London Bridge

The covered bridge over Slate Creek in Montgomery County has seen better days.

It's falling down; so Slate Creek bridge will be replaced

By CLEM J. O'CONNOR

As I STOOD there basking in the picturesqueess of an old covered bridge, I could see in my mind's eye the panorama of almost a century of life unfold. Then I was suddenly brought out of my reverie by the rumbling of a rather heavily loaded truck coming down the hill.

"She ain't gonna make it," said the old man as he cautiously approached the bridge. "Not enough head room." Then he carefully measured the additional clearance needed and shook his head.

"I sure will be glad when that new bridge over yonder is finished," he said as he turned the truck around and started back to Mount Sterling. "And I was only three miles from where I was goin'," he added.

Tucked away in Montgomery County on what is known as the Mount Sterling-Hope Road is the bridge in question. It carries the highway across Slate Creek, a tributary of Licking River.

But I was not long in discovering that the old bridge—built 85 years ago—is in a sad state of repair and is estimated to have a safe carrying capacity of but three tons. The roof, originally of cedar shingles, has long since been replaced by a corrugated metal one, and the original siding used to protect the uprights against the weather has been supplanted by narrow weather boarding, patched here and there with tin and metal.

I saw an ordinary farm truck come through the bridge, and about midway I wondered from the groaning of the protesting timbers if it would safely reach the other side.

The bridge is of the lattice-truss type and is built almost entirely of yellow poplar, its various members being joined together with walnut pegs. The main span is 85 feet long and 14 feet wide, with a vertical clearance of 12 feet.

Ricketty and dangerous as it is, I experienced a certain heaviness of spirit when I considered how closely linked with all that Kentucky stands for the old bridge is.

Long before the invention of the gasoline engine, mules and horses drawing wagons laden with tobacco, hemp, corn, hay, wood and all the products of the countryside cautiously entered the bridge. And it provided shelter in storms, a playhouse for children, a trysting place for lovers. It has even witnessed mortal tragedy.

The story is told that in 1883 a man of the neighborhood hired a boy of 17 to work for him. The boy soon left, declaring that his employer owed him money.

A few days later, the boy came upon the man as they passed in the bridge and fired on him with a shotgun he was using for hunting. At the same moment, the man fired on the youth. The boy was permanently blinded and the man temporarily so. But six years after the man's recovery he was killed by another man at the Hope end of the bridge.

The new reinforced concrete bridge which will replace this old-timer is due to be ready for traffic by July. The covered bridge will be dismantled to prevent its becoming a menace to public safety.

The span is of lattice-truss construction; wooden pegs (tree nails) hold it together.

SO THE WORLD GOES.

In December, 1892, at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., says the Christian Year of Covington, Ky. Col. John A. Joyce, at the request of George D. Prentice, wrote a poem entitled, "So the World Goes," which was published shortly after in the Louisville Courier-Journal, as follows:

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth;
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasures,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectarous wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Beast, and your hails are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and tardy train,
But one by one we must all dine
Through the narrow slices of pain.
Fayette County Has 275 Houses That Were Erected Before 1825

Fayette county's 275 houses are as follows:

Henry Clay law office, 176 North Hill, 1803.
John R. Wallace, 300 West High, 1806.
William Morton, Fifth and Lafayette (Duncan Park), 1810.
Col. Joseph Dunham's academy, 32 South Upper, 1817.
Joseph W. Smith, 200 West Vine street, 1822.
William M. Brand house, 203 East Fourth, 1814.
William T. Todd's factory (old Christ Church), 229 West High, 1803.
Perter Clay's Cabinet shop, Wrenn's Alley, 1805.
Samuel Cooper, 315 West High, 1799.
Col. Henry S. Dallam, 500 South Hill, 1812.
Horace Dumont's shop, 100 North Hill, 1811.
Rev. James McChord, 450 North Limestone, 1814.
James Marseon, 266 Lexington avenue, 1812.
James Masters, 715 Bullock place, 1809.
Maj. Alexander Parker, 209 East High, 1811.
John Parker, 117 East High, 1814.
William Ross, 450 West Sixth, 1814.
Capt. Martin Satterwhite, 183 Market, 1805.
Robert S. Todd's store, 115 Cheapside, 1807.
Dr. John Ward's academy, 184 North Hill, 1810.
Dr. Walter Warfield, southeast corner of Upper and Short, 1806.
Edward Ward, 201 West Second street, 1807.
"Thorn Hill" southeast corner of Limestone and Fifth, 1812.
Edward West, 305 West High, 1794.
Hentai Watt, 703 West High, 1817.
Charles Wickliffe, 371 South Upper, 1808.
Robert Campbell, 154-156 West Vine, 1797.
"Youngs Spring," 20 West Vine, 1796.
David Fisher, 350 South Hill, 1812.
Benjamin Fitchey, 574 West Short (log), 1796.
Joseph H. Hawkins, 324 West High, 1806 (where the "Demonic rooster" was born).
Henry Hess, 226 Manchester street, 1818.
John Anderson Sr., 216 Market, 1813.
John C. Johnson, 208 West Third, 1812.
Gérald McKenney, 251 North Limestone, 1812.
Joseph Wingate, 263 North Limestone, 1813.
Col. Francis M'Cearns' tavern, 1012 Manchester street, 1817.
Col. Thomas Hart, "rent house," southeast corner of Broadway and Second, 1801.
Samuel Owens, 314 North Upper, 1819 ("Gone With The Wind 1825.
Dr. William H. Richardson's "office," 110 North Mill, 1807.
John Shrock, 609 West Short, 1817.
Peter Paul, 220 Market, 1816.
"Locust Hill," Redd road, Nathaniel Ferguson, 1790, (Alex F. McCollin's "corn right grant").
Rev. Thomas Jones, 213 North Limestone, 1813.
James Marseon, 266 Lexington avenue, 1812.
James Masters, 715 Bullock place, 1809.
Maj. Alexander Parker, 209 East High, 1811.
"Winton," 1806.
"Winton," 1795.
"Floyd Hills," 1812.
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"Floyd Hills," 1812.
"Floyd Hills," 1812.
"Prof. Stevens' School," 152
North Mill, 1809.

John Stillfield (log), 361 South
Upper, 1805.

John Taylor, 101 East High,
1820.

Preston Trotter, 362 South Mill,
1804.

Thomson Tudor, 425 South Upper,
1816.

Luke Usher, 503 West High, 1808.

Weiman-Barnett, 412 South Mill,
1816.

Pettis Wright, 432 South Upper,
1814.

William Illiamson, 219 Georgetown
town street, 1809.

"Stony Point," Parkers Mill road.
Curt. John Parker (Rev. War),
1794.

"Manchester"
"Manchester," Richard Gray,
Richard Morris, 1810.

Neal McCann, Todd road, 1797.

German Miller, Tates Creek
pike, about 1818.

Parker E. Todhunter, Tates
Creek pike, before 1803.

John Sharp (Rev. War), Tates
Creek pike, before 1803.

Jabez Vugus "Pleasure Garden,
Georgetown, 1812.

Sowuel Woolfolk, Roman Mill
pike, 1820.

Jigbee's Tavern, Harrodsburg
road, opposite South Elkhorn,
1800.

Capt. Newbold Crockett, Lemon's
Mill road, 1810.

"Forest Home." Harrodsburg
pike, beyond South Elkhorn, Rev.

Lewis Cry, 1787.

Robert Marshall, Bethel pike.
1792.

Capt. John Hawkins, 109 West
Main, 1797.

Daniel Halstead, 631 Bellevue
avenue, 1814.

Abel Halstead, 146 Georgetown
Street, 1810.

Halstead-Meighe Store, 118
Chesapeake, 1806.

John Allison, 526 West High.
1792-1813.

Mrs. Hannah Baxter, 115 East,
Second, 1814.

John DeGaris, 630-641 West
Main, 1814.

Thomas Duvall, 155 East Second,
before 1818.

John Ennis, 349 South Mill, 1812.

John Fisher, 137 East High
("Poco Grandpa" birthplace) 1814.

Jacob Ford, 945 West Short,
1818.

Thomas Grant, 519 West Fourth,
1819.

Peter Guthrie, 422 West Main.
1799.

Peter Hull, 593 West High, 1815.

Stephen D. Lewis, 137 Jefferson,
1818.

Francis O'Neal, 694 South Mill,
1813.

Marnix Virden, 602 South Mill,
1818.

Thomas H. Pindell "famin," 511
East Third, 1814.

George Shindelwerber, 211 South
Broadway, 1802.

Joseph Hawkins' "Ropewalk"
house, 478 West Third, 1813.

Christopher Smedley, 504-506
West Short, 1803.

"Widow Thomas" houses, 160-164
West Vine street, 1797.

Isaac Reed, 344 West Main street,
1812.

Samuel Rankin, 140 East Second,
1817.

James Haggin, 169 North Limestone,
1825.

James Wilson, 117 North Lime-
stone, 1798.

James Wilson, 179-181 North
Limestone, 1811.

Daniel Troutman, 173 North
Limestone, 1808.

Charles McGowan, three miles,
Nicholasville pike, 1802.

James Graves (in Douglass
Park), Georgetown street, 1824.

William Williams' "Kirkwood"
river, 219 Georgetown street,
1805.

James Duncan, Bethel pike, op-
posite Bethel church, 1798.

Samuel Bryan, Muir Station
pike, 1794.

William Hayes (log), 12 miles,
Tates Creek pike, 1793.

Cannon Wingate, Ft. Springs-
Pinkard, before 1799.

Joseph Bartholomew, Ft.
Springs-Pinkard pike, 1799.

"Pond Spring"
"Pond Spring," George Gorham
tavern, five miles, Newtown pike,
1811.

William Gibson, Lexington
Water Works, 1791.

"Green Tree," seven miles,
Maysville pike, Edward C. Payne,
1816.

Martin Sidener (two-story log),
seven miles, Russell Cave pike,
1805.

James Vaughn, three miles,
North Broadway, 1792.

Webber-Shely Houses, 202-4-6-8
South Broadway, about 1820.

Alexander Smith, Newtown pike,
1788 (back part).

George Hunter, Robert Hill-
Chilesburg pike, 1798.

Robert Barr, five miles, Todd
road, 1797.

James Ritchie (log), Elkchester
pike, 1790.

Archibald Campbell, 473 East
High, 1812.

Robert Chamberlain, 622 South
Mill, 1815.

John Clarke, 217-219 North
Upper, 1813.

Hugh Carlan house, 149 East
Fourth, 1814.

John Clarke, 551 South Upper,
1814.

William Dowden, 516 South
Broadway, 1816.

John Downing (frame in rear),
225 East Third, 1813.

M. Fishe's "Shelby Hotel," 850
West Main, 1814.

Samuel Hayes, 370 South Mill,
1823.

"Rye Field," Mrs. Margaret M.
Prewitt, Todd road, 1792.

John Patrick, Bethel pike (back
of Bethel Church), 1798.

Maj. Gabriel Tandy, five miles,
Maysville pike (Joyland Park),
1814.

John Curd, three miles, Harrods-
burg road (back of Dodge), 1814.

George Robinson, two miles,
Lyle road, stone house, 1805.

Matthew Caldwell (two story
log), 11 miles, Russell Cave pike.

Capt. William Grant's "Station"-
ment. Capt. Grant, when the
saws ran off his stock, traded
10 acres to Caldwell for "an old
horse." House built in 1768.

Hemp house of Stark Taylor's
Hope-Walk" (one of the richest
houses in Fayette county) southeast
erer of Newtown and Iron
orks pike.

Original (log) "Mount Hope"
house, 318 West Third street; 1779.

The Wright residence, Sands-
ville, 1815.
RIVER ROUNDUP

By BOB KENNEDY

On December 23, 1881, one of the most heinous crimes ever committed in Boyd County was perpetrated. The case we refer to was known as the Gibbon Murder or Neil case. The gruesome details of the case are not a requisite to our story and we will omit them, but we would like to offer a word of explanation concerning the authenticity of the story.

This story has been told and retold perhaps a thousand times since it happened and everyone who tells it adds a few words or leaves out phases that he makes up. We took parts of different versions and tied them with parts of the records of the trial at Cattlettsburg and 1882 and came up with this story.

A short time after the murder, a man named Ellis was picked up for questioning, and while he claimed to be an eye witness, he mentioned that he was forced at the point of a gun to watch the proceedings and had imparted his information in the commission of the crime. In his story he implicated two other men, Neil and Craft. The people of Ashland were not surprised by the innocence of Ellis and so he was removed from the jail and taken to the scene of the crime where he was hanged in a big sycomore tree near 26th and Mill Sts, stoutly denying to the very last breath that he had anything to do with the actual commission of the crime.

Neil and Craft were apprehended in Cattlettsburg and in order to prevent any further trouble. Gov. Luke P. Blackburn called three companies of State Guards to Cattlettsburg before the examining trials were to begin. In order to further aid in preserving peace and order in the town, the Cattlettsburg Board of Trustees met on Jan. 4, 1882 in a called meeting held in the storehouse of C. L. McConnell and passed the following order.

This being represented to this board, that there is danger of mob law being called into execution on account of the pending examining trials of the alleged perpetrators of the recent outrage on the Gibbon Family. Now as a matter of caution, to avert any possibility of riotous or riotous action on account therefore — It is now ordered, directed and ordained that all the licensed saloons in the said town of Cattlettsburg be closed and no liquors, ale or beer be sold or drank therein, except on Sunday from 10 o'clock a.m. until six o'clock p.m. tomorrow, the fifth day of January 1882, under penalty of the law. The marshal of the said town of Cattlettsburg is directed to notify all of the saloon keepers of this order and post copies of this ordinance in three conspicuous places in the town of Cattlettsburg.

On the day of the examining trial, a large mob of angry Ashland people chartered a train from the old "Chattaroy" railroad to make the trip from Ashland to Cattlettsburg. They didn't ride in coaches, but rode on flat cars pulled by one of the big, high, red-wheeled engines of the "Chattaroy." The sheriff, John Kouns, anticipating the mob action, spirited the men out of the jail and put them on the "Mountain Boy," a small boat operating locally, and moved out in the stream to await the coming "Granite State," a big sternwheeler, owned at this time by Capt. Wash and Gus Honshel and Capt. T. H. Johnston and operating between Pittsburgh and St. Louis. After the defendants and troops were transferred to the larger boat she proceeded on toward Maysville, going down the Ohio side of the river to avoid any trouble that might arise. As the big boat passed Pikes Crossing, the men on the flatcars said to have opened fire on the boat but she was too far out in the river for the shots to reach her and the bullets could be seen falling in the river far short of their mark. The captain of the guards wanted to place a shot from his little four-pounder cannon into the boiler of the railroad engine but was restrained by the sheriff, who was afraid many innocent people would be killed.

The vessel proceeded on toward Ashland, still going down the Ohio side of the river and as she neared the town some say she whistled, but at any rate she never slowed down and the mob which had commandeered the ferryboat and mounted a small cannon on board, started out to intercept the big packet. When the "Granite State" came near enough a shot was fired from the cannon, no doubt to merely slow her speed so the mob could board her and remove the men, but the shot struck the pilot house, sending splinters flying in all directions, but apparently doing no serious damage. Capt. J. M. Kirker who was in the pilot house at the time was struck by the flying splinters, but was not seriously injured. The boat did not slow up, but at this point the soldiers fired into the crowd on the shore, killing several people, many of whom were innocent bystanders who knew nothing of the trouble, but had come to the river to see what was causing all the excitement.

The story goes that the big city dailies which had done much to stir up the people by their stories, started now to attack the guardsmen and print what the record says were "slanderous charges against said company of guards." At any rate, Cattlettsburg's Board of Truste
The Time Of The Night Rider

With masked and armed men spreading destruction through the Bluegrass, the Longnecker family stood firm and shot back

It has been more than 40 years now since the "Night Riders" first terrorized Kentucky. The Riders were horseback-riding, masked—and, later, armed—bands who swooped out of the blackness of night to burn and dynamite tobacco warehouses in protest against the low price being paid for crops by the big tobacco companies.

The Night Riders started in the dark-fired tobacco section of West Kentucky. But, as the following story relates, the movement also broke out in the burley-growing areas of Central and Northern Kentucky.

Cudiz, in Trigg County, was called headquarters of the protest. The Riders first were called "Possum Hunters" but later they organized into a secret fraternal order known as "The Inner Circle" or "The Silent Brigade." The entire movement grew from a meeting held in 1904 at Guthrie when the Organized Dark Tobacco District Planters Protective Association was formed to fight the tobacco trust.

The West Kentucky Night Rider movement is a story all its own. Here, however, is the story of the Night Riders in the burley belt.

By RUTH MOORE CRAIG

David Longnecker, a 77-year-old farmer who has lived in Mason County all his life, shakes his head in wonder that more people didn't get hurt with so much shooting going on.

"I never was much to brag," he said. "And, besides, it isn't a thing to brag about. I can't say I'm proud it happened and yet, I can't say I'm ashamed of my part in it."

He is talking about the raids which the Night Riders made on the Longnecker premises in 1908.

"My father was always a peaceable man," Longnecker said, "and he always believed that farmers must cooperate with each other. He thought they ought to organize, to administer their own affairs."

Yet, when the farmers living in the burley growing area did organize to control the tobacco market, the elder Longnecker and his sons refused to sign up.

The American Society of Equity was an organization of farmers all over the tobacco belt. The Equity claimed to have but one purpose: to liberate the farmer from the power of the big tobacco companies.

For years the farmer had suffered at the hands of tobacco buyers. Good crops brought 3 cents a pound. Slightly damaged or second-grade leaf, you couldn't give away.

"My father opposed the Equity because he said it was not really controlled by the farmers. He believed that a few smart men had control of the organization, that these men were actually controlling the farmers themselves," Longnecker gave as the reason his father refused to join up.

"My father thought that these men were using the farmers to further their own interests. He thought they were deliberately stirring up trouble, setting farmer against neighbor, while they shrewdly reaped financial gain."

The leader of the American Society of Equity was a man in Indianapolis. The society was well-organized, with leaders in state, district, county and local groups. Farmers were called together in huge mass rallies, where enthusiastic speakers explained the plan for hiring the tobacco companies to heel.

Farmers who joined the Equity pledged themselves not to sell their tobacco directly to the tobacco companies. Instead, they turned their crops over to pools controlled by the organization. Experts, hired by the society, priced and graded the tobacco according to Equity standards. At the time of selling, each man received a nickel a pound for his tobacco. He then received the balance of his money in small payments as the society was able to pay. Most farmers realized that the first payment of a nickel was as much as they would have received by dealing with the companies individually.

In 1906 and 1907 the Equity Society bought and held on to the burley tobacco grown by members.

David Longnecker in the parlor of the home in the photo above, recalling Night Rider times.

They were able to unload small quantities of this tobacco on foreign markets. But the huge bulk of tobacco piled up, and big American tobacco companies would not budge. The farmer, in his desperation, became more stubborn.

Word was passed around that the Equity was ready to play its trump card. No tobacco crop would be raised in 1908.

On February 2, 1908, Pendleton County tobacco growers staged a rally at the Falmouth Courthouse. The Claysville Brass Band played, and a district leader spoke. He complimented the men of Pendleton for being among the first to revolt against the tobacco trust. He gave his word that in Bourbon, his home county, there would not be enough to-
bacco grown in 1908 to fill one pipe. He admitted that Fayette had been a little slow in joining the movement.

Similar mass meetings of tobacco growers were being held all through the burley belt. At a rally in Maysville, a speaker eloquently declared: 

"We'll show the tobacco companies that we don't have to raise tobacco. We'll raise hogs and cattle. We'll raise corn and wheat. And if that doesn't convince them that we mean business, we'll raise hell."

Meanwhile, "hell" had already broken loose in West Kentucky. In 1905, a tobacco factory belonging to an Italian firm had been burned at Trenton and another warehouse there set afire. The next year, two warehouses in Princeton were burned and raided by masked, armed bands at Eddyville, Russellville, Guthrie and elsewhere.

Trouble began brewing for the Longneckers when they failed to keep their views to themselves. In 1908 they didn't raise any tobacco, but at every opportunity Davy's father argued heatedly against the Equities. As time went by, he began to be recognized as leader of the opposition in Mason County.

The Night Riders were never officially a part of the American Society of Equities. In fact, the society went on record as opposing violence in any form. When a district committee met at Winchester in February, 1908, the delegates took up the question of an element in the pool which is growing exasperated by actions of those who refuse to co-operate.

The Night Riders were a spontaneous growth. They were born when the man who deprived his family by giving up one year's crop, hoping to better conditions later on, looked about him and saw a neighbor take advantage of the higher price offered by the tobacco-starved buyers.

But as always happens to a group operating outside the law, the Night Riders got out of hand.

The Longneckers watched the activities around them. Gangs of men rode the highways at night, their identities hidden by masks and darkness. Lanterns swung eerily from their saddles. Blood-chilling threats rang out over the countryside.

"They were just trying to scare somebody," Longnecker said. "We Longneckers never went looking for trouble, but we don't scare easy."

In Mason County the Night Riders had secret meetings at Murphysville. The door-keeper met each candidate for admittance with the stern declaration: "If you ain't got the grit you can't get in."

No man could gain membership in the band unless he was willing to take a solemn oath: "I will die before I will run."

Night Rider activities began to be reported in widely scattered areas. A dozen tobacco growers in Woodford County received anonymous letters with a match and a cartridge enclosed. In the Versailles Post Office a match exploded in an envelope under pressure of the receiving stamp. A merchant in Dover, Ky., failed to take seriously the report that no

tobacco would be raised and no beds burned in 1908. He brought on a supply of tobacco canvas. Late one night he was forced to pile the canvas in the street, douse it with kerosene, and set it afire.

The Night Riders paid him for the loss.

A BRACKEN County farmer, still refusing to join the Equities though Night Riders destroyed half of his stripped tobacco, started to Augusta with the remainder of the crop. He was overtaken on the road, strip-stripped to the waist and whipped. The farmer got the idea, at last. He signed on the spot, and the Night Riders helped him hang his tobacco for redrying in a nearby barn, where he managed to rent storage space.

On December 7, 1907, a large band had swooped down on Hopkinsville, seized the police and fire departments and set fire to two warehouses. Tobacco worth $250,000 was lost. At the band rode out of town, two raiders were shot and killed.

In the Kentucky Legislature the representative from Pendleton County introduced a bill providing a penalty for illegally selling or buying tobacco contracted to the pool. The bill passed.

In Western Kentucky, a band of masked men boarded a train in a search for buyers of the big tobacco companies. This recognition by Legislature was a great victory for the burley grower.

Early in March, 1908, the American Society of Equities and a large tobacco company met for a conference in Louisville. The subsequent announcement that no agreement had been reached in regard to the sale of the 1906 and 1907 crops touched off a new wave of violence.

The Equities were holding about 75 per cent of the tobacco produced in the burley belt during the past two years. By cutting out the 1908 crop, the farmers intended to force the tobacco companies to buy their pooled tobacco at Equities prices. The only weak point in the plan was the leakage of tobacco into company hands from farmers who refused to sign up, and
The Longnecker family home stands on U.S. 68 between Washington and Maya Lick. Twice it was RAIDED by Night Riders, and the front door bears marks from blows hammered on it, and bullet holes.

from Equity members who failed to stand pat.

It was to halt this ruinous leakage that the Night Riders grew increasingly bold.

TACKED to the barn door of a buyer in Sunrise, Harrison County, there appeared a sign which read: "Quit buying tobacco or we'll burn your barn." Fifty Night Riders burned two warehouses containing 20,000 pounds of tobacco at New Liberty, Owen County.

A nonsigner in Pendleton County had a bumper crop of wheat that year. One evening a threshing crew moved their steam engine back of this farmer's barn, and set up their equipment for the next day's labor. Shortly after midnight, a terrific explosion rent the neighborhood quiet. For decades weeds grew unmolested up through and around the remains of the steam engine.

The Night Riders made two raids against the Longneckers. There were about 40 men in each raiding party. After the first raid, the Longneckers, to protect themselves, strung barbed wire over the yard and lot, armed themselves and stationed guards about the house.

The second raid was noisier and rougher than the first. Shouts of "Burn the stables," "Break down the door" came from the darkness.

The front entrance of the beautiful old Longnecker house still bears the marks of the blows it received. Bullet holes may be seen in the wood.

Lurid tales circulated as an aftermath of the second raid. It was told that an undetermined number of men had fallen by the gunfire. It was assumed that the Longneckers buried the bodies under cover of darkness.

Longnecker denies this. He said that if any of the shots fired from the house found its mark, the Night Riders took the victims away with them. The clean-up crew, the next morning, found scraps of tattered clothing on the wire, evidence that the Night Riders, forgetting their oath not to run, had scattered, falling over barbed wire and each other.

Peeling ran high in Mason County and rumors grew more frightening. The whole community feared that a third raid was being planned against the Longneckers. This third raid would include 600 men, folks said, including Night Riders from as far away as Pendleton County.

There were a few attempts to fight the Night Riders with legal means. A Bracken County farmer brought suit in United States Court in Covington, seeking $50,000 damages against four prominent Bracken citizens, whom he accused of being instigators of a mob which burned his tobacco. He lost.

A man in Milford, Ky., who was overtaken and whipped one night as he rode horseback along the pike to his home, had four Harrison County men arrested. The accused men were found in bed, feigning sleep. But examination of their horses in their stalls disclosed that the beasts were lathered with sweat. When the men were brought to trial, they were promptly acquitted. Each had an unshakable alibi when large numbers of reputable witnesses placed him far from the scene of the crime at the hour it was committed.

On March 20, 1908, there came a special announcement from New York that "brokers who handle insurance have become so wary of the situation in Kentucky that they have inserted special clauses regarding loss by Night Rider activity in their policies."

But in April came the ironic, bitter blow. Citizens in Breathitt County drew up a long, fancifully worded resolution, resplendent with whereases. This resolution, published in The Jackson Democrat and The Breathitt County News, deplored the situation in the Bluegrass and other sections of the burley belt. The resolution further stated that affairs had come to such a poor pass that people were afraid to travel through these lawless areas to visit the peaceful mountain counties such as Breathitt.

By May 1, the Commissioner of Agriculture in Frankfort was able to report that no tobacco would be grown in 1908 in Owen, Nicholas, Bourbon, Fayette, Scott, Robinson, Franklin, Pendleton, Shelby, Mercer, and Grant Counties. Very little tobacco would be grown in Woodford, Clark, Harrison, Nelson, Mason, Anderson, Washington, Bath, Lewis, and Montgomery. But in eight counties which had never produced an appreciable amount of tobacco, crops would be larger than before.

The American Tobacco Company began to find itself in trouble with the courts, fighting charges that it had violated anti-trust laws. In Shelby County, the company was fined $500 for this offense.

Citizens in Kentucky cities, especially Louisville, bitterly denounced farm leaders,
saying they were trying to drive out the tobacco companies, which were the backbone of the state's economy.

Trouble arose within the ranks of the farm group. One faction broke away, denying the leadership of the Indianapolis headquarters. A Harrison County man, holding a high office in the organization, was accused publicly by Augustus E. Willson, Governor of Kentucky, of trafficking in pooled tobacco to his own financial gain.

Willson sent regiments of State troops to keep order in the burley belt and to quell the Night Rider disturbance. His solicitude was not appreciated by the tobacco growers. County weeklies made bitter mention of the fact that "our pikes are patrolled by uniformed men for the first time since the '60's."

It was in November, 1908, that the farmers won their victory. The Falmouth Outlook, in huge, front-page headlines, told the story:

**KNEEL AT FEET OF THE TOBACCO GROWERS**

The American Tobacco Company is whipped to a frazzle, and at last has been forced to buy the 1906 and 1907 crop of pooled tobacco.

The Outlook further reported that the two factions had met at the Louisville Hotel, where the company agreed to buy 25 per cent of the 1906 crop at "equity scheduled prices" and 75 per cent of the 1907 crop at 17 cents a pound.

"It's all over now," Longnecker says, "and the surprising thing is there are no hard feelings among folks on either side. The reason for that, I guess, is that they were all good people. It was just a misunderstanding."

The Longnecker homestead is on U.S. 68 near Maysville. The house, which was built in 1828, has been in the Longnecker family since Davy's grandfather bought it in 1845.


The above directories were published as parts of almanacs for those years: Only four copies of Charless' Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio Almanack for the Year 1806 are known to exist today, and this reprint of the names of the residents of Lexington, their addresses and occupations, has considerable value for historians, genealogists, and librarians. Collectors are, of course, glad to get copies of such a rarity.

The second pamphlet is a reprint of an equally scarce directory, Lexington's second. Only four known copies have survived. This directory appeared as part of Worsley & Smith's Kentucky Almanac and Farmers Calendar for the Year 1819. Lexington had grown since 1806, and consequently the list of residents is longer. Some of the names of streets have changed over the years, but many today remain the same.

Researchers and collectors are indebted to Mr. Coleman for making these rarities available. His introduction to each reprint gives valuable information on publishing activities in early Lexington.

**QUARTERLY BULLETIN**

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This article on Edward Troye was written especially for The Graphic by J. Winston Coleman, Jr. of Lexington. Mr. Coleman, a noted historian, is gathering information for a pamphlet on Troye. Anyone with any information about the artist can write Mr. Coleman at Route 3, Lexington, or may contact him through The Graphic.

Mr. Coleman, a native of Lexington, has done more than almost any other person to record and preserve the history of Kentucky. His own library is said to contain more Kentucky books than any other, and he has written eleven books and thirty-one pamphlets on historical subjects. His best known book is "Stage Coaches Days in the Bluegrass", but he also wrote "Slavery Times in Kentucky", "A Bibliography of Kentucky History", and "Famous Kentucky Duels".

J. Winston Coleman, Jr., Litt.D.
The growth of Transylvania College and of Lexington is demonstrated graphically in the aerial photograph of the school as it exists today, shown on the opposite page, and a sketch of Transylvania University as it appeared between 1816 and 1823, shown at left.

In the aerial photo, the administration building of Transylvania, Morrison College, is marked No. 1. It faces Gratz park across Third street.

Other Buildings Listed

Other numbers in the aerial indicate: 2, Frances Carrick Thomas library; 3, old College of the Bible building; 4, gymnasium; 5, heating plant; 6, Little theater building and Student Center; 7, men’s dormitory; 8, old Patterson cabin; 9, Ella Jones hall; 10, Carnegie hall, science building; 11, Lyons-Hamilton hall, women’s dormitory; 12, music building; 13, president’s home; 14, athletic field.

Gratz park was the location of the school as it is shown in the drawing. In this sketch, Second street runs from left to right between buildings numbered 3 and 4. Mill street runs between buildings 2 and 3, and Market between Buildings 1 and 5. The portion of Gratz park now occupied by the Lexington library is shown in the foreground.

Building No. 1 was the first main structure to house Transylvania. It was erected in 1792 and given to the school by the Transylvania Company, which later was reimbursed with funds from a lottery. Building 2, directly behind it, was the big academy, designed in 1818 by Matthew Kennedy.

Houses Still Remain

The houses around the park still stand today. No. 3 was the home of John Bradford, first publisher of the Kentucky Gazette. No. 4, just across Second street, was what is now known as the John Hunt Morgan home. It was built for Morgan’s grandfather, John W. Hunt, trustee of Transylvania who served on the building committee for Morrison College.

The house marked No. 5 was the home of Benjamin Gratz, who also served on the Morrison committee, and it belonged originally to Thomas Janeway, secretary of the Transylvania Company. House No. 6 was the residence of Odeon Shryock, Lexington architect, while he was supervising the construction of Morrison College. Later it was the home of Dr. Robert Reeler, Transylvania professor of chemistry and historian.

No. 7 was the home of Thomas Bodley, another Transylvania trustee. Dr. B. W. Dudley, member of the first faculty of the Transylvania Medical College, once lived in the Bodley house, and Alva Woods, Transylvania president, lived there when the academy burned in 1829.

Lex., Leader,
June 22, 1914
Did George Washington Survey The Fry Land At Louisa?

By G. C. RATLIFF

On December 15, 1772, Dunmore, royal governor of Virginia, issued a grant of 2,064 acres of land to one John Fry, and this was the first ever conveyed in the territory which was then Fincastle County, Virginia. But John Fry, disgusted with the site of the fork of Big Sandy River, where the towns of Louisa and Fort Gay now stand, sold the grant to George Washington in 1782.

The letters “GSW” were cut on the corners of this survey, and generation after generation believed that they (the Fry surveys) were made by George Washington himself. None, however, of the journals of George Washington mention these surveys, and hence it is doubted whether he made the surveys or not.

In 1892, Zachary F. Smith, another well known Kentucky historian, wrote: “I believe George Washington surveyed 2,064 acres of land on Great Sandy, now embracing the town of Louisa, about the year 1782, when George Washington afterwards commanded-in-chief and President of the United States, visited the western portion of the country, and introduced the proclamation of 1783, made two surveys, strictly within its limits, on Sandy, in the name of John Fry, the owner of the tract of land, of which, in the war of '33 he himself was lieutenant colonel. These surveys, like everything else attempted by Washington, were perfectly made and reported, so that every line and corner have been easily identified. These were the first surveys ever made within the limits of our present state, and, therefore, Washington was the founder, 'huntsers of Kentucky.'”

In 1903, Reuben Gold Thwaites, while recounting his journey down the Ohio River on a skiff, wrote: “Washington was surveying here, on the Big Sandy, in 1770, and entered for one John Fry, 2,064 acres round the hill of Louisa, a dozen miles up the river; this was the first survey made in Kentucky, and a few months later than Boone’s first advent as a hunter on the ‘dark and bloody ground,’ and five years before the first permanent settlement in the state. Washington deserves to be remembered as a Kentucky pioneer.”

W. L. B. of the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress prevented the tale into a thousand unrecognizable parts when he published the first ever published the Big Sandy Valley, and probably in Kentucky. From 1767 to 1779 he was engaged in the exploration of the region adjoining the Ohio River, which he considered the greatest river, and of the Big Sandy Rivers. During this period he is credited with having surveyed for one John Fry under the title of Great Sandy. He surveyed 2,064 acres located on both sides of the Big Sandy River, including the present towns of Louisa, and Fort Gay.

Whether Washington himself or a designated assistant made this Big Sandy survey may never be definitely proven, though much time and money have been expended in the attempt by historical organizations and interested individuals in trying to identify the surveys. It is still unmarked, despite a very considerable contrary proof, that the survey, if made, was done by Washington. Washington marked this survey, which was a very accurate one, and on the beginning corners cut the initials of the Divisions of Map and Survey, Richard Apperson, of Monticello, Kentucky, late, deceased, some years ago held the original patent to this Big Sandy tracts. It was granted in 1772. Mr. F. T. Daniel, long an honored resident of Louisa, recently found and identified the corner, at which time he saw the corner marked as described.”

Thus far, the belief held by Kentuckians in general and Big Sandy in particular, that the famous George Washington had actually run the lines of the first survey ever made in the state appeared to be well-founded. And as it was handed down from generation to generation, it became a legend, something cherished with deep respect and pride, and it was generally agreed that these original surveys were described of sufficient importance that George Washington had made the survey. Then came the bicentennial of Washington, and the discovery that was made. Says William Rouse Johnson, in “Land Adventurers of George Washington, 1744-1783.”

“Historians and biographers, professional and otherwise, flanked by many competent research students of Indian and Indian explorers, have learned the life of the ‘First Virginian,’ turned the trick, and the prettiest bit of the whole plan. The first land survey in Kentucky came to the end eventually accorded all myths. Colonel Lawrence Martin, at the head of the Division of the Library of Congress blasted the tale into a thousand unrecognizable parts when he published the first ever published survey of the routes and courses of George Washington. On it a maze of paths leading diversely into the unknown, shown as if by means of appropriately designed red lines. While the present course of these routes through the Piedmont and Seashore area, not a few crossed the Alleghenies to and in the vicinity of present-day Pittsburgh. One at least followed downstream the Ohio and ascend-
the belief that Washington himself actually surveyed the Louisa land. Others will write and speak in the future, giving opinions pro and con on the subject. Whether George Washington surveyed the land makes no difference either way. If he did, it made him no greater, and if he didn't, he was no less great. No true American could doubt the greatness of the father of our country.

Louisa has much to be proud of, aside from the fact that she possibly stands on the first land patent in the state. What greater honor could a town desire than to be the birthplace and the home of Fred M. Vinson?

Garages and parking lots hadn't replaced livery stables when this picture was made about 1909. The building at left was the Treacy and Wilson livery stable. The old Phoenix hotel is at right. The two buildings replaced structures that were destroyed by fire in May, 1870. The stable, completed in April, 1880, was run by two prominent horsemen of the period, Bernard J. Treacy and Garrett Davis Wilson. It had 160 stalls and two offices on the first floor and more stalls, an auction ring and space for storage on the second floor. The old stable and the west section of the hotel were torn down to make way for an eight-story addition to the Phoenix. Work on the addition was begun in 1907.
Works of J. Winston Coleman, Jr. 1954–
Walnut Hall, Established in 1892, Lives in Tradition of Its Founder

By Bob Hackett

A place of natural beauty with heavily wooded pastures, neat white fence lines, and an impressive pillared mansion are the mark of Walnut Hall farm to visitors and natives of the Blue Grass alike. Steeped in the finest tradition of the harness horse sport, its influence over the years has been far-reaching indeed. It remains today much as it was a half century ago—a bit smaller perhaps, but still probably the largest privately owned farm in the Lexington area.

Founded in 1892 by Lamon V. Harkness, Walnut Hall farm has followed the principles that he formulated, leading to its present position. An admirer of trotters, Mr. Harkness also imported one of the finest registered sheep herds ever to enter this country, contributing heavily to many of the lines still to be found. Upon his death in 1918 the farm passed to Dr. and Mrs. Ogden M. Edwards Jr. and continued to thrive and achieve worldwide success. In 1946 it was divided into two sections, with the present day Walnut Hall farm and Walnut Hall stud resulting.

Mrs. H. Willis Nichols Jr., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards and the present owner of Walnut Hall farm, has continued to add to the broodmare band, plus following a course of general farming with beef cattle, sheep and tobacco, as well within its 1,876 acres of land.

Colts Averaged $3,439

Today the broodmares number 94 head, with 54 weanlings to go into next year's crop of yearlings to be sold. This is an increase of over ten per cent above the crop which sold this year for $165,100, averaging $3,439 for each yearling. In the sale a year ago Walnut Hall farm sold the highest priced pacing colt on record when Gosling went for $35,000.

The stallions standing at the farm are a remarkable group of proven old horses and promising young sires. Heading the list of course is the now retired Volomite, leading standardbred stallion of all time. He, along with Scotland, Guy Abbey, Guy Day, Protector and Darnley, are jointly owned by Walnut Hall stud. Scotland is second only to Volomite as a producer of speed. Guy Abbey is the sire of the immortal Greyhound, and Darnley is the nation's most promising young horses.

Along with the above in the long stud barn are Algiers, jointly owned by Gainsways farm, Cheese Bay owned by Saunders, Mills Stable and Mighty Song, bred and owned by Walnut Hall farm.

Under Mr. and Mrs. Nichols in the management of the farm are J. Ramsey Watkins and Lawrence Brown, the manager of the horse department. Mr. Brown has been at Walnut Hall for 34 years. At one time he also managed the vast Hanover Shoe farm in Hanover, Pa.

From a point of service, Walnut Hall farm has two of the oldest hands in the business in George Banton, who was born and raised and has spent all of his 67 years on the place, and in Nate Bolder, who was born on what is now a part of the farm 75 years ago, and has worked there on and off since childhood.

One of the main attractions to visitors is the statue of Guy Auch, worthly located near the stallion barn. Near his grave is that of Peter Volo, placing together the two stallions whose cross has proved the most successful in standardbred breeding. And with above mentioned stallions carrying out their lines to the selected broodmare band the continued success of Walnut Hall farm seems well assured.

Ex. Leader

Oct. 26-1952

Rev. Praff's Diary

On Sunday morning, the 12th, I went to the marshal's office to procure a pass to go to Mt. Vernon to preach. He said his orders were to give no passes. I told him I intended to go even if his pickets shot at me... He became very much excited and ordered one of his soldiers to arrest me and take me to jail. Harley and Hanna, two men I knew, stepped up and bought my ticket and took me home. The soldier did not take me so I got in my buggy and started for Mt. Vernon. Passed through the lines of pickets with out difficulty. About 4 o'clock, just as I was starting home, I saw a long line of people passing on the road. There were 300 of them. They reported they had had a fight with Burbridge that morning at Cynthiana, had gotten badly whipped and many were taken prisoners. They were on their way to Lawrenceburg. I reached home at sundown and found the reports were true, that Burbridge had taken 500 prisoners and 2,500 horses. They had great difficulty in crossing the Licking river.

Nov. 21—Went to Nicholasville last Saturday, the 18th. Passed battery on its way to Cumberland Gap. There is a great movement of military, Breckinridge (J. C.) has defeated Gillam and is said to be on his way to Kentucky. Burbridge with all available forces is pressing on to the Gap to resist him. They are three thousand strong. All of the farmers around Lexington and Nicholasville are suffering badly.

Nov. 28—The 18th Kentucky broke camp and went to the railroad depot to leave next morning on forage of twenty days. That regiment has done me great injury, burning up my fences around the farm and committing depredations.

1865, April 10—News of the fall of Richmond a week ago today.

April 21—Jackson's jubilance and rejoicing and overwhelming sorrow. The surrender of Lee's army breaks the backbone of the rebellion. General Grant's news the week before of the fall of Rich mond. Last Monday, Court Day. There was a speaking by a General, Fry, Dr. Breckinridge and others, and at night a great illumination.

On Saturday the astounding news was telegraphed that President Lincoln was assassinated the night before at Ford's Theatre and an attempt made to assassinate Secretary Seward and perhaps other members of the cabinet. Never did greater gloom all my mind. I went downtown and every countenance was sad and even the accessionalists, but still I felt that Mr. Lincoln could not have died at a more propitious time for his own glory. His name will go down to posterity next to that of Washington. "A prince and a great man has fallen. Israei led God has ended its work for the good of the people. Like Moses, Lincoln caught a glorious vision of a restored country and was taken away.
They Never Threw Anything Away

For 160 years, owners of a historic residence at Lexington have dated and saved their relics

By SUE McCLELLAND THIERMAN

Hidden away in its own little forest, some six miles north of Lexington, is Winton, a wonderful house, a house of another day.

Its owners—have all been the kind of persons who gladden the historian's heart.

They never, no, never, threw anything away!

What the ordinary householder would toss in the wastebasket, or at best, tuck sentimentally away in some attic trunk, the Winton owners have tenderly preserved, carefully labeled, dated, and, like as not, framed and hung on the wall.

This has been going on for more than 160 years and for five generations.

See that black metal tray there, with the delicate floral design in the center, and the intricate gold curlicues?

"That is a set of three," says Howard Evans, husband of the present owner of Winton. " Came from Florence in the 1830's."

He could give you the exact date, if he chose, and the exact price, because, as he casually adds; "We have the bills for them."

A bill for a purchase made 125 years ago? That, for Winton, is nothing!

Winton's owners were all people who wrote long letters—and kept them. Some are now in the Library of Congress. Kept journals and diaries—and preserved them intact. And they had portraits painted.

The walls are alive with the faces of former owners of Winton, of every age, of every generation.

It is possible to state, positively, that the present owner of Winton, Catherine Peter, resembles her great-aunt, Elizabeth Dallam Frazier, much more than her grandmother, Frances Dallam Peter. There are several portraits of each woman, for comparison.

These include a portrait painted by Matthew Jouett the year he died. This painting, hanging in the hallway, shows the two as young girls, Elizabeth at 8, Frances at 12.

The owners of Winton never broke anything, or, apparently, wore anything out. Today you can see the tiny tea set, now well over a century old, which the same Frances Dallam played with as a little girl.

"Maj. Samuel Meredith III came to Kentucky in 1790 to settle this land," says Evans. "He brought some furniture, which we still have. There is a table, there in the hall under the little girls' portraits, those two candlesticks, a four-poster bed, and two earthenware jars—those green ones there. Probably brought seeds in those."

Howard Evans likes people, he makes a completely charming host, and he really loves the old house. So he spins tale after tale, making Winton's history come brilliantly alive, while Catherine, the real owner, is smilingly content to stay in the background.

Winton's original owner, Col. Samuel Meredith II, whose second wife was Patrick Henry's sister, never saw his Kentucky land. The grant, 2,000 acres, was given him for his services as surgeon and assistant surgeon in the French and Indian War. Since Colonel Meredith preferred to remain in Virginia, he presented the grant to his son. It now has shrunk to 308 acres.

Evans continues the story: "Maj. Sam Meredith sent out an overseer and some slaves to Kentucky in 1787. With them came a family friend, Dr. Philip Root."

Three years later, after house, slave quarters, and other outbuildings were completed, Major Sam, his wife Elizabeth, and their 3-year-old daughter Jane moved to Kentucky. Elizabeth was the only sister of John Breckinridge, Secretary of State in President Thomas Jefferson's Cabinet.

John Breckinridge followed his sister and her family to Kentucky, and settled the adjoining place. Known originally as Cabell's Dale, it is now called Castleton.

Maj. Sam Meredith named his place "Winton" after his father's estate in Virginia. Incidentally, the Virginia Winton is still standing.

Dr. Roots stayed in Lexington after the Merediths came to Kentucky. "Practiced medicine for awhile," says Evans, "before returning to Virginia."

"We have his pharmacopoeia." Evans produces a thick black-bound book with yellowed pages, full of the esoteric formulas used by the "doctors" of that day.

"If he used all of this, I don't see how any of his patients lived! The cure..."

Mrs. Howard Evans, owner of historic Winton, poses beside an old piano won by her grandfather in an 1852 contest.

The Courier-Journal, Nov. 7, 1954
for tuberculosis is out of this world! Crushed frogs' heads, snails and such!"

After some time, the Merediths' three-room house of round logs was replaced by a square-log house, really two houses connected by a dog-run. This house, with two rooms on one side, three on the other, was located where the left wing of the present house now stands, and was built in the late 1790's.

By 1806, Major Meredith and his family were through with log cabins. They had built a brick house now, a four-room structure, a little back of the site of the present house. The log cabins were eventually moved farther back to serve as outbuildings, and are still standing in fair condition. But the four-room brick house was torn down in the 1870's.

Major Meredith was not, apparently, easily satisfied with his houses. By 1823 he was at work on another one, but this was to be his last. This house is part of the present structure.

The architectural style was predominantly Queen Anne. The bricks, burned on the place, were laid in Flemish bond, and put together with mortar made of lime and sand. The lime kiln is still standing, on the back of the farm on the banks of North Elkhorn Creek.

There had been no sons born in the Meredith family, only five daughters. So the Meredith name no longer appears in the family history, save as it crops up now and then as a middle name for some of the descendants.

Meredith's daughter, Letitia, married Maj. William S. Dallam, who had a few illustrious ancestors of his own. His uncle was William Paca, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The Dallams had no sons, so Winton's owners once more changed names. Frances Dallam, the little girl whom Jouett painted in her coral necklace, was now grown and married to Dr. Robert Peter, that remarkable scholar and scientist who contributed so much to Transylvania and Lexington.

These items are merely those in one drawer of one piece of furniture in one room of the Winton residence near Lexington. You can tell from them how tenderly things have been catalogued and preserved.

THE Peters had lived in Lexington, in what is now the Gratz Park neighborhood. There were 11 Peter children, and after the war, around 1865 or 1866, all the Peters moved out to Winton.

Of necessity, the house was enlarged. Evans describes the remodeling, which was extensive: Dr. Peter raised the central portion of the house to two full stories. He tore away the left wing room and added an entire new wing. He also added a porch on the left side, a small porch on the back of the house, and put a small canopy over the front door.

That left the old right wing room, the front hall, and the library and dining room unchanged, as they are today. These four rooms have the original white ash floors.

Now, many owners of such old houses make a great show of pointing out their original floors. The Evanses believe their floors are unique in this region—not only are they actually the same wood which Maj. Sam Meredith and his slaves put down in 1823, but that wood has never been touched by shellac or varnish.

"Never been touched!" says Evans emphatically. "Just scrubbed with white lye and waxed. Why, this wood has a patina on it that, if sanded off, would take 150 years to restore!"

The library, or living room, as it is commonly called, is, in Evans' words, "a portrait of Winton." Most of the prized portraits are here.

The needlepoint firescreen is here, a real portrait of Winton, worked by Catherine from a design made by her husband, and once published in McCaig's. The piano, a Pleyel, a European masterpiece, was won by Dr. Peter at a concert in Louisville in 1852. "He bought two $2 tickets. The artist, Ole Bull (a world-famous violinist), was going back to Europe and didn't want to take back his accompanist's piano. So he raffled it off at that last concert. We still have the tickets and the certificate of the piano's maker."

Evans identifies the portraits which look out from the walls:

In the corner, over the piano, is the first owner of Winton, Maj. Sam Meredith, painted in 1811 by Dearborn. "Major Sam was something of a playboy—he had a cabin down on Elkhorn Creek, complete with a racecourse and a still. He pretty well let his wife run the place."

This remarkable woman, Elizabeth Meredith, has the place of honor over the mantel. She was painted by Jouett in 1828.

A Cross the room, over the piano again, is her daughter and baby granddaughter, also painted by Jouett. The daughter is Letitia Meredith, the first white child born at Winton, in 1790. She married Major Dallam.

Out of the house, away from his wife's forebears and endless memorabilia, Evans speaks a little of his own family. His most colorful ancestor was Lige Evans, an uncle who "rode with Morgan."

"Did you read Bud Guthrie's 'The Way West'? Remember 'Lige Evans,' the leader of the wagon train? Well, I didn't know it until I had read the book, but that is my uncle."

"Bud had heard a lot of tales from an old woman who knew Uncle Lige, and when he got ready to write the book, he put Uncle Lige in, big as life, even to the name!"

Evans eyes the mellow brick work and the graceful doorway of the old house. His face takes on a somber shade as he voices a fact one has long suspected: "You know, the upkeep on one of these old houses is sickening! I spent $30,000 right here on the front of this house, and you can't find it!"

Then he brightens. "Oh, well. At least we never had to buy any antiques!"
TO THE WORLD!!

AUSTIN B. WICKHAM,

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 reclaimless liar, an infamous scoundrel, a black hearted villain, an arrant coward, a worthless vagabond and an imported miscreant, a base poltroon and a dishonor to his country.

PARIS, JUNE 23, 1848

WILLIAM B. VICTOR

A duelling notice - 1848
A Glimpse Of Lincoln County’s Past

POPULAR RESORT—Through the courtesy of Miss LaRene Edmiston, Crab Orchard, we bring you today Crab Orchard Springs as it appeared during the height of its popularity as a mineral wear resort. Isaac Shelby, Jr. was proprietor of the Springs when this picture was made; General Thomas H. Taylor, from Louisville Hotel, was in charge of office and guests, and J. N. Willard (formerly of Willard Hotel, Louisville, Ky.) was general manager. The hotel appointments were advertised as complete, including gas, water, baths, livery, billiards, and all amusements calculated for the enjoyment of visitors. Hotel capacity was 700. Board rates were $5.00 per month for the season; $12.00 per week for June and September; $17.50 per week, or $60.00 one month in July or August. Children and servants were half price. Names of the various springs were Grove Spring, Brown Spring, Field Spring, Howard Sulphur Well and American Epsom Spring. Analyses of the principal mineral waters included carbonate of iron, carbonate of manganese, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, Sulphate of potash, chloride of sodium, silica and traces of bromine.


The ‘Levi Workum’ was built in 1890—carried whiskey from Petersburg, Kentucky to Cincinnati, until 1907—when she became a packet operating between Louisville and Cincinnati, as the ‘Kentucky’.
(from Waterways Journal)
The Battleship Kentucky is about half way completed, but the Navy has no plans for finishing, remodeling or scrapping her.

The old Battleship Kentucky is no more, and there isn't much more than can be reported about the latest U.S.S. Kentucky. Work on the giant battleship has been suspended. The Navy Department announces no plans to complete her, or to scrap her, or to convert her into a supercarrier, or to make her into a missile ship, or nothing.

The giant hull, finished up to her deckline and bare as information about her above that, is at Newport, Va. She was there when Hurricane Hazel kicked things up a bit, but the hull suffered no damage. She has been about 50 per cent completed since 1947.

The old Battleship Kentucky has gone the way of all good ships that have outlived the demands of modern warfare. She has been converted into scrap in April, 1923.

The old ship was built at Newport News Shipbuilding Company in 1896 and completed in 1898. She was ready for commissioning May 15, 1900. Her length was 368 feet—a little longer than a modern-day destroyer. Her beam was 72 feet 2 inches, and she displaced 11,500 tons.

That would make her something of a runt by today's standards, when a battleship displaces 45,000 tons and runs between 800 and 900 feet in length.

From 1901 to 1903 she was on duty with the Asiatic Squadron, and with the North Atlantic Fleet from 1904 to 1906. In 1907 she was part of the Great White Fleet that made the trip around the world.

She was placed in commission in reserve on June 4, 1904, in Norfolk and operated on the East Coast with the Atlantic Fleet. She was placed back on full commission June 23, 1915. From September, 1915, to June, 1916, she ran up and down the East Coast of Mexico, protecting American interests there.

Some time around then, she underwent remodeling, and was given a pair of basket masts that were the vogue in the U.S. Navy at that time.

The Kentucky served as a training ship from 1916 until June 9, 1919, on which date Annapolis midshipmen boarded her for a practice cruise to the Caribbean and the U.S. East Coast. The cruise ended in August and the Kentucky went to Philadelphia to go into reserve. She was placed out of commission May 29, 1920, and scrapped in 1923.

The Kentucky was christened by Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Kentucky's Governor William O. Bradley, not with traditional champagne, but with water from Abraham Lincoln's old home in Kentucky.

E.E.
May 16—Busy day preparing to go East to attend the Jubilee meeting of the Missionary Society. That night I took the train for Philadelphia, going by way of Columbus. There was a train full of prisoners, among them a dozen from this place. When I arrived at Washington, stopped at the National hotel and remained there until the next day. I had no difficulty in transacting my business at the treasury and at 12 o'clock witnessed the opening of the house and spent most of the afternoon at the capitol. Saw a number of old acquaintances—Schuyler, Colfax, George Yeaman, Speed, Smith, etc. The President entertained us cordially and kindly and told us a few humorous anecdotes. Friday reached Philadelphia. Stopped at Gerard House four days. It was rather expensive attending a meeting at $3 a day, but there were about 100 delegates and the Baptist hospitality was taxed heavily.

June 16—Thursday night I was startled on learning from Judge Carr that John Morgan was in the state and that he was expected in town the next morning with his men, supposed to be 3,000 or 4,000. I had thought there were no Confederates left in Kentucky. I hastened home and told my wife. We concluded to retire and take everything quietly. I was fearful they would come and steal my horses, so at 2 o'clock I got up and concealed by horse in the smoke house, and my neighbor, Beck, got up and concealed his also. While doing so we saw three large fires break out in quick succession at Tifft’s old place on the Winchester pike, a government stable on the edge of town and Wolf’s beer manufactory next to the Covington depot. It looked frightful and we feared the town would be set on fire. I aroused the servants and had vessels filled with water. We heard random shots. At 4 o’clock pickets were all about town. We had the sad spectacle of 10,000 Confederates entering the town. The Federal forces retired to the fort and commenced throwing shells over the town. It was frightful to see those missiles of death whizzing over our houses. The Confederates immediately commenced breaking open stores, especially hat, shoe and clothing stores. They cleaned out a number, leaving scarcely anything. They also took money, watches and pistols from individuals, and compelled Mr. Hill, cashier of a bank, to open the vault. They took $10,000, mostly special deposits, of which Mr. Plunkett lost nearly $3,000 in gold. They tried other banks but were thwarted in their plans. About 8 o’clock they left town. They went in the neighborhood of Georgetown.

About 12 o’clock some troops who had fought the Confederates at Mt. Sterling stated they had killed about 200 and taken as many prisoners. There were nearly 5,000 Federal forces collected by night and they were determined to give Morgan a last pursuit. The 11th Michigan and the 45th Ohio were among them. We were all day under martial law and could not hear a word of news.
OLD COURTHOUSE, WASHINGTON COUNTY—In Springfield stands the oldest courthouse in Kentucky still being used as a temple of justice. In good repair, it stands at Main and Cross streets, the third courthouse to occupy the site. The first was a small log building, erected by Hughes McElroy and ready for occupancy in January 1794. It was destroyed by fire the following November at the same time as the log jail. The second courthouse, built of brick and completed in 1797, burned in 1814. That year the present courthouse was begun, with stipulation that it be finished by April 1816. For some years the county clerk's and circuit clerk's offices were across the street in a small brick building. They now are housed, together with other county offices, in a two-story stone building at the rear built by WPA funds. The original marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, dated June 10, 1806, and the marriage return, signed by the Rev. Jesse Head, can be seen at this courthouse. The entire lower floor is devoted to the circuit court of Washington County.
The Squire of Winburn Farm

By SUE McCLELLAND THIERMAN

In assembling, over a period of 25 years, the world’s largest private collection of literature by and about Kentuckians and Kentucky, Lexington historian J. Winston Coleman, Jr., has come across a sizable number of books and pamphlets bearing a most familiar name—his own.

He is best known, perhaps, for his “Stagecoach Days In The Bluegrass” and “Slavery Times In Kentucky.”

His Kentuckiana collection includes some 3,000 titles in all. Besides that, he has filled 33 scrapbooks with Kentuckiana clippings, each item meticulously mounted and catalogued in a card index.

“Told me two months one winter to get that started,” recalls the Squire of Winburn Farm.

Since 1940, Coleman also has been gathering a photographic record of Kentucky. “I’ve covered about two thirds of the counties now,” he reports. “I’m still working on it, and I hope to get all over the whole state some day.”

Many of these photographs are now invaluable, since they picture vanished landmarks or scenes long gone.

Coleman’s collection of literature is by no means complete: “I’m just as hot on the trail right now as I ever was. I’ve got a want-list right now of 150 books I’m looking for.” He’s beginning now to collect original letters, too—“and they’re harder to get than books, you know!”

Born in Lexington 56 years ago, John Winston Coleman today writes a “Jr.” after his name, but he is really the third in his family to bear the name. The first John Coleman (without the Winston) was a veteran of the Revolutionary War who came to Central Kentucky from Caroline County, Virginia, in the 1790’s.

Historian Coleman was educated at the University of Kentucky as an engineer. “Didn’t have any history!” he says. He worked at engineering for a while, went into building and then, in 1935, retired and moved from Lexington to the family farm on Russell Cave Pike.

There he designed and built his present home: “I told my wife Burnetta I wanted a front porch and a library and she could have the rest like she wanted.”

Combining the first syllables of their respective names, they called their farm Winburn. Today it is a thriving 250-acre Bluegrass establishment.

Here Coleman lives a singularly happy life in his dual role as farmer and man of letters. He is known as “Squire” to his friends. The title fits him well.

Young Coleman first became interested in history when reading an old book belonging to his father, an original Collins History of Kentucky:

“I used to carry that book up with me at night and read all about the pioneers’ hairbreadth escapes from the Indians. Then I decided to collect all the histories of Kentucky. When I got all those, about 20, I started on Kentuckians.”

Coleman, with his historian’s respect for the facts and nothing but the facts, makes two exceptions: “Poetry and fiction—I put them on the back shelves!”

On one wall of his library, the paneled surface is almost hidden by framed, signed photographs of his friends, a nearly complete collection of the literary- and history-minded great of Kentucky, with a few non-Kentuckians for good measure.

Many of these are writers he has aided time and again with historical facts and figures. Few books on Kentucky subjects are completed today without Winston Coleman’s finger somewhere in the pie.

With increasing frequency, writers come from all over the country—stay for weeks sometimes—to take advantage of Coleman’s personal knowledge of Kentuckiana, backed by his rows and rows of books. He is daily bombarded with requests for information on the minutest details of Kentucky history.

Historical novelists use his facts to provide colorful backgrounds for their fictional characters.

He often reads and checks for historical accuracy whole manuscripts before they are turned over to the publishers. One of these recently was Irving Stone’s manuscript for his new novel about Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln. Titled “Love Is Eternal,” it was published in August and was a Literary Guild selection for September.

Coleman performs all this service as a matter of course, without charge, and is happily surprised when sometimes he receives an advance copy of the book he helped write.

A few years ago, Coleman shared the not
J. Winston Coleman, Jr., is always being queried about details of Kentucky history

uncommon experience of being “almost featured in Life magazine.”

His research on the notorious Beauchamp-Sharp case had materially aided Robert Penn Warren in writing his novel “World Enough and Time.” When the book became a much-discussed best seller. Life sent one of its more colorful photographers, Alfred Eisenstadt, to Kentucky to photograph the man who furnished the facts for the fiction writer.

Eisenstadt stayed in Lexington for a week and shot countless photographs, but, alas, the Korean War broke immediately afterward.

“So Winston Coleman has not yet reached Life’s pages.

COLEMAN’S major contribution to American letters is his 516-page “Bibliography of Kentucky History,” a compilation of all the books and pamphlets relating to Kentucky history or the lives of Kentuckians from John Filson’s ‘Kentucke,’ in 1784, to 1949. More than 3,000 titles were collated and listed, and two copies of each book or pamphlet located.”

Perhaps because of this achievement, a more solid distinction came to Coleman in 1962. He was elected to the American Antiquarian Society. He is the only Kentuckian so honored, and one of the very few in the South who belong to the society.

This, in effect, formalizes the place he has come to hold in the eyes of American historians.

One wonders if all American historians so honored are as generous and as easily accessible as Winston Coleman.

Few writers who have availed themselves of his help will forget his invariable parting remark—his smiling, “Well, if you need anything else, just let me know!”

J. Winston Coleman, Jr., seated in his library at Winburn Farm, looks over the book which, many years ago, sparked his interest in Kentucky history. It is an original Collins History.
Historian Coleman found out that the life of an artist's

To his famed collection of Kentuckiana, J. Winston Coleman, Jr., has made a notable addition—his own portrait.

Close to life size, painted against a background of subtle blues, soft browns, and greens, the portrait now hangs in the parlor at Winburn Farm.

Kentucky's internationally famous William P. Welsh is the artist.

The life of an artist's model, as Coleman describes it, is not a happy one.

"Twenty-one days I had to go down there and sit," he says, "from 9 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon. Had to wear the same clothes every day, too—same shirt, of course, or the picture would look different.

"Only I got two shirts just alike and found me a five-hour laundry downtown—that took care of that. While I was sitting in one shirt, they were washing and ironing the other.

"Had an awful time getting the right clothes to wear. Wanted to wear a sport coat I already had, but that had too many squares in it. Had to have a brown suit—one that reflected the least light, Mr. Welsh said.

"Went all over town, finally found one that looked all right to me. He came down, looked it over, said it would do.

"Then we had to have a green tie—couldn't find one anywhere. He and Burnett struck out, got pencil lines and notes on the book Coleman had for his portrait showed thumb and finger positions so they would be the same from day to day.

samples of material, were going to make a tie. Then we found one like we needed."

Once the model was clothed to suit the artist's eye, the setting must be arranged. The "Browsing Room" of the not-quite-completed Transylvania Library was chosen by Welsh as a temporary studio for this portrait. He said it was the only place in Lexington with the right light.

For 21 days J. Winston Coleman, Jr., posed so Kentucky artist William P. Welsh could do this painting. It hangs in the parlor of the Coleman home, Winburn Farm, Lexington.
model is not a happy one

And they had to work against time, because the building was then being readied for the imminent visit of President Eisenhower for its dedication.

Coleman's favorite green leather chair was carried in, books from his library were arranged on shelves behind his head, and one of Mrs. Coleman's dried-flower-and-grass arrangements was used for color and interest in the background.

A properly weighty and colorful book was chosen for the model to hold. "He even marked the page for me to open it to, and drew lines around my thumbs on the pages so I could hold my hands exactly the same way each time!" Coleman says. He intends to preserve the book, so marked, as an interesting souvenir of his ordeal.

The portrait finally completed, everyone was happy with it. That is, everyone but Mrs. Coleman, who pointed out that the coat sleeves were "frazzled."

So Welch unfrazzled the coat sleeves, and the portrait was hung for a time on public exhibit in the University of Kentucky Art Gallery.

Now that it is hanging in its permanent place in her parlor, Mrs. Coleman has decided that "the eyes look tired."

But, she says, no wonder: "He had to sit there 21 days, and Mr. Welch painted everything else first and then his eyes last of all—no wonder they look tired!"

Coleman thinks it's fine. "After all, you aren't supposed to laugh out loud in a portrait!"

This portrait will go, at his death, with his Kentuckiana collection, to the University of Kentucky. It will hang in a special wing the U.K. Library is to add to house just such private collections.

Coleman's place in the affections of his friends is depicted by one of them, attorney William H. Townsend of Lexington, in another portrait—this one painted in words:

If one would know real Bluegrass charm,
He first must stop at Winburn Farm
And meet the Squire.
Nobody here is ever bored;
Gray shadows dance on Morgan's sword
Above the fire.
The Squire leans back among his books,
Pioneers emerge from leafy nooks
With powder horn.
"Let's talk of Boone and Clark," he'll say,
"Zac Taylor, too, at Monterey,
And sip our corn."

Free-lancer Sue Thierman's frequent articles in this Magazine are usually—as is the case this time—accompanied by photos made by her husband, John E. Thierman. They live in Lexington.
KSD’s Warrick Hall Being Razed For New Building

By JOHN ALEXANDER
DANVILLE, Ky.—The old Warrick Hall on the campus of Kentucky School for the Deaf is being razed to make way for a new girls’ vocational training building. Work is already under way on the raising of the building, which has a historic connection with the school.

Warrick Hall was built by Dr. Joseph Weisger, in 1843–44, according to George McClure Sr., historian of the house. Its architect and builder was Robert Russell of Danville, who built and designed several other homes in this area. Authorities have hailed it as outstanding in its design and beauty.

Dr. Weisger, a Danville physician and surgeon, built the house as a home for his bride, Mrs. Sidney Clay of Bourbon County. Upon her death she was buried on the grounds, and her remains later were removed to Bourbon County, where Dr. Weisger sold the house because of ill health.

At that time Warrick was bought by Dr. Edward P. Humphrey, a professor in the Danville Theological Seminary, a trustee of Centre College and an outstanding Presbyterian leader of the day. The Theological Seminary stood where the present Weisger Memorial Square is today.

Warrick was next owned by Col. J. Warren Grigsby, a Confederate veteran whose wife was the granddaughter of Gov. Isaac Shelby. He lived there until his death in the early 1800s.

Purchased In 1880s
Upon his death, the property was purchased by the Kentucky School for the Deaf and the newly established School for the Colored Deaf was housed in the building.

In 1950 the State Building Commission made plans to erect a new building for the School for the Colored Deaf. This was done in 1953, and since that time Warrick Hall has stood empty. A movement was under way to preserve it for historical interest. However, it was decided by the state commission to raze it in favor of a new building.

Every owner of Warrick, from Dr. Weisger, who was physician to the school, to Col. Grigsby, who was president of the school at the time of his death, has had a connection with the school. Dr. Humphrey was a member of the Centre Board of Trustees, which controlled the School for the Deaf when it was in office.

Was Fourth In Nation
The Kentucky School for the Deaf was the fourth such school in the nation, the first west of the Alleghenies and the first to be tax-supported. On April 15, 1817, the first school was opened in Hartford, Conn. In 1818 another was opened in New York City and in 1821 another privately endowed institution was opened in Philadelphia.

On April 11, 1823, the Kentucky School for the Deaf opened its doors to the first class of 17 pupils. It was the outgrowth of efforts of Col. John Barbee, whose daughter, Lucy, had been deaf since early childhood. The bill which created the school was drawn by Judge John Rowan, and introduced in the Kentucky Senate on Oct. 26, 1822 by Gen. Barbee. On Nov. 27 of the same year, it passed by a vote of 20–13. Among those first to enroll were daughter, Lucy, and two of her friends, Jabez Gaddie and Eveline Relford. Its first official name was “The Kentucky Asylum for the Tuition of the Deaf and Dumb.”

This was changed in 1823 to the “Kentucky School for the Deaf,” and in 1912 the Legislature gave it the classical name of an educational institution, distinguishing it from its program of caring for the mentally retarded.

During the Civil War the institution carried on its program, but with some difficulty. When many institutions were pressed into use as hospitals following the Battle of Perryville, this institution was spared. The officers of the school told Generals Kirby Smith and Bragg that if the school were used, officials would leave and leave the Confederates to care for the deaf students. This, along with the reluctance of the Confederate medical director, Dr. J. F. Henkil of Mobile, Ala., to interfere with the school saved its buildings from use.

The Negro department of the school was opened May 9, 1894, and was conducted as a separate program.

Its present superintendent, Dr. Madison J. Lee, stated that plans are now being made for the construction of a new building for the school, which will be a vocational training building for the girls, and that architect’s drawings are expected soon.

General Lyon’s Raid Through Hartford Destroys Courthouse

By Thomas M. Gale

In November, 1864, General H. B. Lyon with fifteen hundred Confederate soldiers made a raid into Kentucky. They started from Paris, Tenn., and after burning the courthouse at Princeton, Hopkinsville and Madisonville, they crossed the Green River at Ashbyburg and pushed on to Hartford where they held long enough to destroy the courthouse after which they headed on Eastward.

When passing through “Devil’s Gulch” in Grayson county, an incident occurred which illustrates the terror of the times; a lawless element known as “high-whackers” plagued the region with robbery and murder.

One of Lyon’s men had been murdered from behind a projecting rock. Vengeance against any captured bush-whacker was sworn by every man in the command. When one, a supposed leader, was taken, the miscreant was placed on an ammunition wagon where his wife joined him.

When the column halted, one of the guards brought a live coal from a cabin by the roadside and proceeded to light his pipe, the prisoner begged for the privilege of a smoke and when the coal was given him, he deliberately dropped it through the hole in a powder keg from which he had previously extracted the stopper.

The mules and driver, and the wife of the prisoner were instantly killed. One of the guards, who was standing nearby, was seriously injured. The prisoner himself, was blown some ten feet where he sprawled in the road, still alive, until a guard fired a bullet into the culprit’s head.

The raiders pushed on to Elizabethtown and then to Lebanon and Columbia, then to Burksville, destroying courthouses as a “military necessity” on the claim that the structures were used as military barracks or forts. They raged as far south as Tuscaloosa, Alabama, before finally returning in April to Paris from whence they had set out six months earlier.

The above account is given in more detail by Brigadier General Adam E. Johnson in his autobiography, “The Partisan Rangers.” Johnson was a son of Dr. Thomas Jefferson Johnson, of Henderson. Both of his eyes were shot out in a skirmish at Grub’s Crossroads near Cerevisian Springs. A copy of this scarce book is in the Public Library at Owensboro.

Lex. Leader, Feb 22, 1957

Ohio County News, Hartford, Kentucky
JACK JOUETT HOUSE, WOODFORD COUNTY—This one-story Colonial brick house stands about five miles southwest from Versailles, just off the McCoun's Ferry pike and in the neighborhood of the Hillsboro Baptist church. Here lived Captain Jack (John Jr.) Jouett, colorful Revolutionary patriot who made a daring and dramatic all-night ride of 40 miles over rough and cross-country roads on June 4, 1781, to save Gov. Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, and members of the Virginia Legislature at Charlottesville, from capture by the British Army during the Revolutionary War. This act has been termed "one of the most important and colorful individual exploits in the Revolution." Jouett's daring ride of 40 miles makes that of Paul Revere (15 miles over good road) seem a mere jaunt. As a token of appreciation for his deed, Captain Jouett was later given an elegant sword and brace of pistols by the Virginia Legislature. Captain Jouett was the father of Matthew Jouett, the noted Kentucky portrait-painter. The Jouett's sold this place on Craig's Creek (at the time 524½ acres) on December 10, 1809, to Wilson C. Nicholas, of Virginia, for $7,945 cash in hand. The property is now owned by Steve T. Davis, of Winchester, and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George McNeely, who operate the farm.


NORTHERN BANK OF KENTUCKY,

Pay to the order of Horatio Mack H. or whoever is entitled thereto in Current Funds

One Hundred Eighty-five Dollars ($185.00)

Lexington, Ky., August 9, 1864

Signature - Francis K. Hunt, one-time mayor and builder "Loudoun" in Northern part of Town.
Lexington, Ky., Dec 31, 1865

New Hunt & Co.

Bought of E. FRARY,
(Successor to C. S. BOOLEY)
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND DEALER IN PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

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Total: $127.50

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Lexington, Ky., Oct 31 1865

DAVID A. SAYRE & CO., Bankers,

Pay to John B. Davis, Chas. Can. or Bearer

Thirteen Hundred Dollars

(Seal)

Sayre's bank - on site of Security Trust Company

Established 1824
Handsome Warren Courthouse Has Been Landmark For Almost Century

(Editor's Note: This is the third in the series of Old Homes in and Near Bowling Green compiled by the late Mrs. T. H. Beard)

Collins' History of Kentucky speaks of Bowling Green as being famous for its handsome courthouse.

... Communities in Kentucky and neighboring states interested in erecting courthouses sent delegations from far and near to see the building.

If the vision of our second mayor, John Cox Underwood, had been realized, Park Row would have been eliminated and the courthouse included in the square. This building would have added beauty and dignity to Fountain Square.

The first Warren Courthouse was built of logs on the southeast corner of the public square, the area set aside by the township founders, Robert and George Moore.

In 1812 a red brick courthouse was built in the square. After the jail adjoining it burned, the courthouse was razed and the present courthouse was erected on 10th Street. It was begun in 1838 and finished in 1839.

The architecture is classic revival, having been designed by a master builder. The beautiful Corinthian columns supporting the front portico were hand chiseled at the local quarry and moved in sections by oxen. Even now the cornice work is said to be as handsome as any in Kentucky.

In the interior the stairway that leads to the second floor is unusually proportioned and topped with a railing of walnut. The landing is faced with a Palladian window, in keeping with the classic design. On each side the court yards are enclosed with handsome iron fences.

... In 1935 the exterior of the courthouse was repaired and the columns and stone sandblasted. At this time it is outstanding in its original beauty.

The courthouse was built on the side of the Portage Railroad. The property was purchased by J. Runsey Skiles for a depot and storage warehouse. The county obtained the lot to erect the courthouse from Vivian Crosswalt, a son-in-law of Robert Moore.
Frick steam thresher engine, photo in 1944 - Jessamine County, Ky.

"Wheat threshing", July 19, 1953, on Wm. M. Jones farm, Clark County. J.I. Case steam engine + separator.