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# OLD COVINGTON, KENTUCKY

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MRS. ELEANOR CHILDS MEEHAN

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# OLD GOVINGTON, KENTUCKY



Mrs. Eleanor Childs Meehan

□ Cincinnati,  
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## OLD COVINGTON, KENTUCKY

*"Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me."*



IN the mad and merry rush of the present age it may be that to a few remaining kindred souls these reminiscences of mine may be of interest.

Sitting among some treasured relics of the past, memories both sad and sweet return to me. They carry me back to the time when but a little child I was held in my father's arms to witness the marriage ceremony of a young lady who had made much of me, and record my first childish grief on being told that she must go away from me.

A few years later that tender father's hand would lead me to where I learned to read—the old "White Mansion" in Covington where the Reverend Doctor William Orr then conducted a school. The grounds included the space between Fifth and Sixth Streets and between Russell and Montgomery Streets. The latter was named for the Reverend Father Montgomery, pastor of the little Catholic Church on Fifth Street; he also erected the White Mansion.

A little west was the old Craig Street burying ground which was later removed to make room for the railroad that now spreads its tracks over the space where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" slept. Going south on Craig Street it joined the Bank Lick Road at the Lexington Pike near which was the Drover's Inn conducted by Mr. Ashbrook. The cattle pens occupied the space now used by railroad tracks and the gatekeeper's outlook. As children on our way to school we timidly gauged our

time in passing the gates to guard against the rush of cattle and hogs being driven to slaughter.

Down the old Lexington Pike farmers brought their produce to market. The hills along the pike were covered with forest trees and many grape-vine swings were enjoyed along the creek that meandered along the northside now occupied by truck farmers. On the south side ran Willow Run, its pretty little cascades trickling down to the valley where, beside a great flat rock under an immense sycamore tree, there dwelt alone in his little cabin one of whom we whispered as "the hermit." One day a hunter came up into our little settlement, startling us by the announcement that he had found the old man dead, sitting in his chair, his faithful dog beside him.

Where now are the tracks of the Kentucky Central railroad were ponds where, with bent pins, switch poles and brave spirits, we fished for the elusive mudcat fish and gathered walnuts and butternuts from the many surrounding trees.

On our route to and from school, we passed through two orchards: one, just above what was then "High" Street, now Eleventh and Bank Lick Road, and the other where the railroad freight depot stands at Eighth and Washington Streets. On High Street, now Eleventh, were immense grounds extending from Madison to Russell Streets, now also, alas, invaded by railroads, where stood the Baptist Theological Seminary — later, Saint Elizabeth Hospital — and, at the western end of the grounds the house occupied by the college president. This house is still standing, but much changed. In the College grounds, as they were called, Sunday School picnics were held and the Fourth of July was duly honored by assembling for patriotic addresses and the reading of the Declaration of Independence.



Where now is Austinburgh was the residence of Mr. Austin, near the Licking River. To visit there, the bars were let down at Madison and Fifteenth Streets and a charming woodland road led to the Austin property. In the Austin orchard I, as a little girl of ten years, was honored by coronation as Queen of the May. My royal speech was written by the father of Mr. John Simpson, who is still living, an honored benefactor to charities, and it is still fresh in my mind. But, alas and alack! my queenly dignity suffered on returning home from the festivities by having to discard my pretty new slippers, which Otway Norvell, also a ten-year-old courtier, carried home in his pocket, while I was escorted to my palace, the royal chariot being the wagon which had carried the lunch baskets.

In those days a little pleasure boat made trips up the Licking river to Cole's Garden, now occupied by various industries. The old Taylor Mill road led to Taylor's Mills, through what is now Latonia. At the Latonia Springs stood an Inn which was quite a fashionable resort and famous for Kentucky hospitality. Time's "effacing fingers" have swept away all those beautiful and popular places. The Inn is gone and forgotten and the grand old woods opposite, that stood around the Springs, have long been leveled.

As Covington had no park, the Linden Grove Cemetery was the favorite Sunday resort. Reverent and social crowds would make a weekly parade to its quiet walks. The main avenue was bordered by stately locust trees whose blossoms in May burdened the air with their sweetness and lured the droning bees. At that time a large spring was at the foot of a hill where now a lake has been formed by the filling up of Thirteenth Street, necessitating the removal of the Groesbeck family vault to higher

ground. This recalls the old and beautiful, but rather gloomy, Groesbeck mansion above where now the Newport and Covington bridge crosses at the end of Fourth Street. The quiet loveliness of old Linden Grove seemed desecrated by cutting through a street in the rear and the once bare hill-sides are now densely built up.

In the early days it was customary, on the burial of a member of a fraternity, such as an Odd Fellow or Free Mason, to head the funeral cortege by a brass band playing dirges or sacred music on the approach to the cemetery, while the members in full regalia marched in procession. On the return from the cemetery, the music would be changed to lighter sound. Sunday was a favorite day. Now all is changed, as in many other affairs, and for the better morale of the street urchins, black and white, to whom these public funerals were a diversion. Dignity and solemnity now are more becoming.

I remember once driving out with my mother and her cousin, Judge Samuel Moore, to the Kenton County seat at Independence in the settlement of my Revolutionary grandfather Gowdy's estate. Although the road led through a beautiful country, it was rough and rocky and we little dreamed then of the pleasant highway that has succeeded it.

As time went on our beloved and venerated Doctor William Orr built the new home for a school on the Licking River banks. The grounds took in all the space between Sixth and Seventh Streets and Sanford Alley and the Licking River. At Seventh and Sanford stood Doyle's Soap Factory, a modest affair, now the site of La Salette Academy. Back of it was a very deep hollow, now filled by Greenup Street. One evening in Winter an older companion and myself concluded to emulate Bonaparte crossing the Alps and plunged down into the deep snow, but to ascend the other side was a difficult question

and had my companion been unable to assist me I should not be here now to tell the tale. We were disappointed in our ambition as was our hero.

Another circumstance was particularly impressed on my memory. Our good preceptor always endeavored to have his pupils give their minds through the week to the construction of their essays, regularly a Friday morning occasion. It seemed that a boat, or they called it a ship, had been built and was to be launched at the foot of the school grounds, on the Licking River, for a trip to California. I suddenly remembered, here was Thursday afternoon and my essay due next morning. In consternation I seized upon the launching for a subject and recall my rather flowery description of gales and stormy seas with poor Jack aloft, but at last sailing in triumph into the summer land where gold awaited the Argonauts. My classmates thought it wonderful, and when I rose to read expected commendation, but our wise Doctor, after a short silence, gravely looked at me over his spectacles and his sarcastic criticism touched the others as well as myself when he reminded me that the injunction to make an essay a week's careful study had been disregarded, as the launching had occurred only the day previous.

To return to the topography of the city: On one corner of Pike and Scott Streets stood the Giesbauer Brewery. It was a common affair for us to stop at the door on our way from school for the brewer's yeast which made such delicious bread, the flour for which was ground at the McMurtry Mills on the Lexington Pike where now is the junction with Main Street. Opposite the brewery on Scott and Pike Streets was a large hollow, then occupied by the open vats of the Le Maire Tannery. Now, this is all filled and built over and the corner contains an oil filling station.

Following Pike Street up to Madison, on the southeast corner stood the general store, a frame building with shed in front, where Uncle Billy Wasson, as many called him, held forth, conspicuous for his portly form and kindly ways. Here was dispensed the usual "dry goods and groceries" and the questions of the day were discussed. On the opposite corner Mr. John White had a grocery; then followed the business houses of Mr. Mackoy, James Spilman, Robert Howe, Mr. Timberlake, the saddle and harness establishment of Mr. Perkins, and other names known to old residents.

On the west side of Madison Street stood a frame building, with old-fashioned porches — the Virginia House. At the foot of Garrard Street was a tavern conducted by the genial and rotund Berry Connolley. The city jail, a square, unassuming building, stood at the junction of two alleys between Fifth and Sixth Streets, while close by was the wagon works of Mr. John Gray, whose daughter Mary was one of Dr. Orr's pupils.

On a short street between Bank Lick Road and the Pike stood a rope-walk. On Bank Lick and Ninth Street stood a pottery and we children were often attracted by the wonderful fashioning of pottery, as it grew under the turner's and molder's hands at his bench, just inside the window. Adjoining this was the residence of the owner, Mr. Thomas, I think an Englishman, the famous Log house, then a comfortable and well cared for dwelling. This recalls that other famous building, the old Kennedy Stone House of Revolutionary days, now demolished.

Opposite Covington, across the Licking River, was the Garrison, from which every night at nine o'clock the reveille music and drum could be heard to the western hills. Now, Fort Thomas has taken away the romance, and the glory has departed from

the banks of the Licking at the Point where the Indian warwhoop once resounded and the "dark and bloody ground" received its baptism. But now our Chapter, the Elizabeth Kenton, Daughters of the American Revolution, is planning a memorial to the famous pioneer, Simon Kenton, and keep in mind the wonderful sacrifices of Kenton, Boone, and other kindred heroes.

Old Covington also had wonderful fireworks displays from the pyro gardens on Mount Adams, near the point.

On a hillside at the west end of Covington stands yet a house once occupied by the great tragedian Forrest, and on the Independence Pike a former residence of the great violinist Tosso. The old river road leading to Ludlow has been deflected and its curves remodeled to accommodate a trolley line. Old Willow Run is utilized as a sewer and soon all traces of the romantic old stream will have vanished. Wallace Place brings back Colonel Wallace, whose home seemed a plantation and whose military bearing was marked as he strode into church. My childish interest was always attracted by the old and venerated Mr. John Preston as he walked into church, one hand leaning on his cane, the other seemingly helpless.

I remember when the late Trimble residence was erected by Mr. Phillip Bush, there was at the southeastern corner of Madison and Tenth Streets a pond, on the edge of which grew a tulip poplar tree; the beauty and odor of its flowers remain with me. On the opposite corner stood the residence of Mr. Sage, later of Dr. Henderson. It is still standing. The Alexander Greer homestead, on Lexington Pike, in its large grounds was handsome and stately. The Robbins mansion stood where now is the Auditorium. The Groesbeck home has already been mentioned; the LeVassor home still is in the

possession of Mr. Louis LeVassor. Where now stands the Richmond home at the west end of Eleventh Street was the Fowler farm, with rambling house and Indian mound, surrounded by great pine and forest trees. The Watkins home on Twelfth and Madison, with corner offices, has the main building still standing, though remodeled and occupied by the Cathedral clergy. The solid, comfortable home of Governor Stevenson still stands.

Covington was rich in legal talent. I vividly remember Mr. Septimus Wall, whose wife was the lovely, dainty Mary Finnell; and Mr. Aston Madeira, who left the practice of law for the pulpit, as did Mr. John Spilman. Deeply was I impressed with the solemnity of the occasion when, on taking charge of his pulpit the usual pledges were asked of him, and his grave response, "God helping me, I will!" Judge Samuel Moore, doubly related to me by blood and marriage, was of the old *regime*. Tall, erect, he seemed the embodiment of the law; Judge Pryor, grave and dignified; Judge William Arthur; Mr. Cambron, whose granddaughter is the wife of our prominent attorney, Judge Frank Tracy. There was Major Robert Richardson, profound student and able lawyer, whose literary abilities led one to think he should not have to be concerned with the sordid things of life, but browse among his books. His brilliant daughter, Miss Mary Cabell Richardson, resides in Covington, her facile pen still turning out eloquent periods and poetic thoughts. There was the witty Theodore Hallam, "Mister" he would be called, to distinguish him among the many Kentucky "Colonels." His name will ever be linked with that of "Marse Henry" Watterson; two wonderful typical Kentuckians. His cultured daughter inherits his wonderful talents and literary ability: her delightful



"talks" on travel and other subjects are always eagerly anticipated by cultured audiences.

Among physicians, prominent was Doctor Theodore Wise, whose first wife was Virginia, the daughter of Squire "Jimmy" Arnold, whose palatial residence occupied much space in the west end of the city: Doctor Richard Pretlow, whose entrance into a sick room inspired confidence and courage in the patient; Doctor Evans, the distinguished surgeon, whose death was much lamented; Doctor Blackburn, whose residence on Fourth Street was that of a Southern gentleman, with servants' quarters in the rear. His daughter, Bettie, married the handsome young Doctor Dulaney, now among the departed. There was Doctor Major, whose pretty sister, Kate, was my childish ideal of beauty. His son Thomas was a Sunday School companion, and I used to look at his pale, spiritual face and mentally prophesy, "Tom Major will, sometime, enter the ministry." Time went on — came war between the North and South; he espoused the Southern cause; was sick, wounded, brought to Cincinnati, where he shared the ministrations of two noble women who literally obeyed the Divine injunction to "visit the sick and prisoners," Mrs. Esther Cleveland and Mrs. Peter of Cincinnati. With the zeal of converts, they interested him in spiritual affairs. He became a Catholic and a priest, by dispensation, having been a soldier, and "Father Tom," as he was affectionately called, was the idol of his fellow Confederates.

Among prominent merchants were Mr. John B. Casey, in dry goods; Mr. W. D. McKean, in footwear; Mr. Charles Withers, in tobacco; Mr. Robert Ball, in foundry work; Mr. Isaac Martin, in lumber; the Walker Brothers, in dry goods; Mr. George McDonald, in jewelry; Bodeker and Miller, in drugs and medicines.

Among real estate people were Mr. Levi Daugherty; Mr. John Clayton, whose uncle, Mr. Young, was once postmaster; Mr. Isaac Cooper, whose calling descended to his son and grandson.

Prominent among Covington citizens was Mr. John Goodson, Sr., whose daughter Jane married the rising young lawyer, John Carlisle, whose talents carried him into the office of Secretary of the United States Treasury under President Cleveland.

Among my pleasant memories is that of the pastor of our Presbyterian Church, the Reverend James Bayless. I happily recall the occasions when, sometimes at the close of his sermon, he would announce, "There will be preaching this afternoon at Casey's schoolhouse." This meant to us children a long ride out the Lexington Pike to the place, a long, white building near the Turkey Foot Road, still standing, but converted into a dwelling. Mr. Bayless' charming wife had a number of us children interested in missionary work and would assemble us at her home on Saturday afternoons to learn to sew and hear her instructions. At her request, we began for her an "album quilt." In the center of a nine patch the worker would write her name in indelible ink. Should that little quilt be in existence now, how I should love to see it! This little circle, as the members grew up, met with Mrs. William Ernst at her home, connected with the Northern Bank, and was, I suppose, the nucleus of the present "Sarah Ernst Sewing Circle." Mr. Bayless, the pastor of our Presbyterian Church, was an earnest and practical demonstrator of the doctrines he professed. Our then small congregation felt the need of better housing and the Council Chamber of the Court House was placed at their disposal while a more substantial edifice was being erected. Surmounting this court house was a wooden statue of George Washington. When a



better court house took the place of the old one, this statue was taken down and placed in a corner of the court yard, where it stood a long time. My sympathies were often roused at the sight of Washington's effigy so neglected.

Our congregation was comprised of many of the oldest families. I recall my admiration as a child, of the melodious voice of Mr. William Ernst leading the singing in both Sunday School and church service. His sons remain Covington citizens, in commerce, banking and the law, Mr. Richard Ernst representing Kentucky at the National Capitol. The Kennedy family, pioneers on both land and river, is largely represented still, and known to all. Doctor Louise Southgate, a worthy exponent of womanly ability, and her brother Bernard are nephew and niece of one of my loved schoolmates, Jennie Fleming, whose sisters married Dr. Southgate and Mr. Bedinger, respectively. Jennie's quaint drollery was the life of our chosen group in my last schooldays. There were Rose and Mollie Pace, whose mother was a Kennedy, and little Lucy Southgate, of another branch, full of quiet mischief, who would meet a well-earned reprimand by an innocent, enquiring gaze and a drawling "Sir?"

To return to our church. As our congregation increased a mission branch was sent out to the southern end of the city, at first occupying an humble little brick opposite the Mackoy residence on Ninth and Madison Streets, while a modest little building was being erected for our occupation, and standing yet, I suppose, in the rear of a more pretentious one erected later, which now I believe is occupied by colored people, while our congregation moved to Madison near Eleventh Street. In the first venture the Reverend Mr. Shotwell held the pulpit for awhile.

Our choir was led by Mr. James Allen, the father

of the late Doctor John Allen, and here Kate Menzies, lately deceased, sat beside me and we joined our voices in the hymns from the little old "Mason's Sacred Harp," still held by me. Mr. Charles Mooar's fine tenor aided and the little melodeon was our accompaniment. I can yet see the various members in our little congregation. Judge Pryor's family sat near the pulpit; his daughters, then unmarried, have become the heads of interesting families here. Mr. Robert Athey, then a handsome young gentleman, was an interested attendant and later married sweet little Lizzie Wallace. Our Wednesday evening prayer meetings were well attended, and dear, saintly old Mr. Menzies, when asked to lead in prayer, would stand with upraised eyes and folded hands, imploring Divine blessings and protection, until one fairly imagined he saw the personal Presence he invoked. I had the pleasure lately of looking at his picture at the residence of his granddaughter, Mrs. Leslie Applegate, and my mind was carried back many years.

But War's grim visage reared its head and all our quiet, simple lives were changed. 'The long delayed "irrepressible conflict" predicted by Secretary Seward was at hand. Kentucky's attempted neutrality was overcome. Our geographical position denied us the right of choice. Then, as now, our ground was the "gateway to Dixie." Kentucky's "sacred soil" was invaded, property rights trampled on, families disrupted, neighbors looked askance at each other, where perfect harmony once existed. The dauntless John Morgan and Kirby Smith kept the Northern occupants guessing, but at the turn of the Independence Pike a camp was placed and non-combatants were obliged to work on the fortifications erected near the river. One day an alarm was sounded. One of our citizens, a gentleman of heavy weight, came flying into town on horseback.

"To arms! To arms! the rebels are advancing!" "Every man to his post!" Early citizens will recall the portly form of Mr. Alexander Greer as not conducive to expediting the breathless horse he was urging frantically. In all our fright we could distinguish a comical side, and the query arose, "Is this a Paul Revere or a John Gilpin ride?" 'This was but a scare: but the alarm spread. To protect Cincinnati, Governor Todd of Ohio summoned his "squirrel hunters" to the rescue. A wire came to me from a sister in Ohio: "All of you come to me! The alarm bells are ringing and all is confusion!" But I held my post. God was with us here as well as there. Our streets were filled with passing troops, although we did not suffer from actual conflict as did some other parts of the state. The slightest approach to seeming disloyalty was to risk imprisonment. Sad to say, some, "clothed with a little brief authority," presumed and persecuted unnecessarily. The ferry boats were closely guarded. Soldiers stationed at the wharves inspected bundles for contraband goods and sometimes with rather embarrassing results. Once as some ladies were standing with me to watch the troops pass our place to entrain, there was a whispered wish that the Southern troops were as well equipped. But a few days later a message was received that John Morgan's men had fallen on this regiment at Cumberland Gap and captured wagons, men, stores, guns and much that contributed to the comfort of the hungry Southern soldiers cut off by blockades. The pretty burgh of Fort Mitchell occupies the spot where earthworks were thrown up and the lovely old Kentucky hills echoed the rattle of musketry and drum. A pontoon bridge across the river was a novel sight. Many of our people now living can remember these sad occurrences. Although the "conquered Banner" fell, indeed, and the glorious

Stars and Stripes float again over a united people, that "Banner" is enshrined in the lavender of faithful hearts. 'The music of "Dixie" brings out the old "rebel yell," while all unite in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

The unstained "Sword of Robert Lee" and the name of prayerful "Stonewall" Jackson stand in the honor light with Grant and Sherman. In traveling over the scenes of heart-breaking memories, the sight of a monument to "Stonewall" Jackson recalled an anecdote of war time. A sudden yell from the Southern lines at a time of cessation of hostilities brought a question from a visitor. 'The reply was, "It is either Stonewall Jackson or a rabbit," as the sight of their beloved leader always evoked cheers and the little "cotton tails" sometimes captured proved a welcome change in their poor diet. Again, while traveling in Virginia soon after the erection of General Lee's equestrian statue, an ex-soldier with but one arm was selling souvenirs in the shape of bits of the rope on which even women and children had helped to draw the statue to its place. My husband made comment on the poor gentleman's loss of an arm. "Yessuh, yessuh, I was hit pretty hard, but I thank God I lived to see the 'unveiling.'"

However, many of our people remember these Civil War experiences, and so, before I close these reminiscences, I turn back once more to the days of childhood and girlhood. The old schoolroom! The beloved teacher in his usual chair; each face in its familiar place—all are photographed on my memory. Particularly do I note the darling girl who was so long my deskmate, Amelia Ernst, who became Mrs. Robert Semple. There was dear little Laurena Greer—later Mrs. William Simrall—cantering in to school on her pony, accompanied by her pet dog; pretty little Bina Finnell, who always loved

to converse on religious matters and the eternity to which she was early called; Amelia Fahnstock, the niece of our beloved Mrs. Ellen Ernst Orr, with her gentle influence over others less regardful of discipline; Susan Roberts, whose children, Mr. Harry and Mrs. Olive Percival reside in Covington. There was Miss Mary Abell, an Ohio girl, whom we regarded with a certain awe on account of a remarkably able essay on political subjects which Doctor Orr gave to a newspaper for publication. Quite a flutter was created one day by the announcement that little Aseneth Rose had eloped with the rosy-cheeked bachelor, Mr. John Todd, who became an influential and wealthy citizen. There were Addie and Julia Hamilton, whose lovely mother was a frequent visitor to the school and to whom we were all attracted. There was pretty Hattie Fish, with her curly hair and red cheeks, later the mother of Mr. Leonard Smith.

There were Sue and Fannie Murnan, mother and aunt of the Misses Sarah and Laura Creaghead, and aunts of our distinguished surgeon, Doctor John Murnan; Sallie Dell Perry, later Mrs. Pope Sanford and lately taken by death from the side of her beloved life companion, who, from the grand, typical Kentuckian of years ago, now lingers in patient suffering for the time when he shall meet her in eternity.

A number of years ago I gathered together as many of the old schoolmates as I could locate for a late reunion. I drove around the school grounds in the hope of obtaining some water from the remembered well which we once regarded as a panacea for any ailment, in which to toast the past, but progress had cut a street through. I had a number of photographs struck of the school and grounds from an old catalogue and at the plate of each "girl" placed a copy, with a touch of forget-me-nots. Tears and

laughter greeted the remembered scene. We toasted the absent and loved widow of Doctor Orr, then living in Denver with her daughter, Mrs. Peters. We discussed from A to Z the names in an old catalogue brought by Laurena Greer Simrall. We sang old songs and had long-ago music, learned from the school instructors, Professor Kunkel and Madame Sofge. Dell Perry Sanford found she could remember the steps of the fancy dances in which she once excelled.

"Marse Henry" Watterson uttered a truism when he said, "Once a Kentuckian, *always* a Kentuckian." He related the following anecdote in illustration: "General Grant once said to me, 'You Kentuckians are a clannish set. While I was in the White House, if a Kentuckian happened to get in harm's way, or wanted an office, the Kentucky contingent began pouring in. In case he was a Republican, the Democrats said he was a 'perfect gentleman;' in case he was a Democrat, the Republicans said the same thing. Can it be that you are *all* perfect gentlemen?' With unblushing candor, I told him we were; that we fought our battles as we washed our linen — at home; but when trouble came, it was Kentucky against the Universe."

After several years' absence I am returning to my old Kentucky hills, and so these memories come back to me. On the sunset slope of life I turn in retrospect. I see my father, grand and erect, the "noblest work of God, an honest man!" Undaunted by early financial reverses when irresponsible banks and other schemes undermined the home supports of unsuspecting men, he turned to face the world again, possessing the indomitable spirit of his Virginian forefathers. With his own hands he helped to fashion a home for his family and with large grounds renew the life, after hours, of his early

home. Straight in the eye was his glance; plain his speech; he would owe no man a dollar.

I see my gentle mother, happy among her flowers, fostering the Maryland traditions of herbs and roots, besides. I have yet a faded and broken remnant of a fragrant lily she placed in my hand one day on leaving for school with her usual kiss at the gate and her precious benediction. Born in the year of Washington's death, her accomplishments were rare for the home training in those days. I have some bits of her exquisite brush work, the coloring bright. Her manuscript poetry is treasured by me as the breathings of a pure and holy soul. I see the happy, carefree life of pioneer days when children were children and not the grown-up wise-aces of the present. "Oh Time and Change!"

I have had experiences of joy and sorrow, as falls to every human lot, but I can turn to my happy, innocent, fostered childhood, and to each succeeding memory, in gratitude for Divine aid and protection and the comforting assurance that the loved ones who have preceded me into the "Silent Land" will greet me when I too am called.

Now I am returning to my old Kentucky home, Kentucky, where "the sun shines ever brightest, life's burdens are the lightest, the blue grass is the bluest."

I believe there are some among our people who will recall the "Covington Female Seminary" as it appeared years ago before it was sold to Mr. Bruce, the brother of Mr. Henry Bruce, and among the students there, remember their old classmate,

NELLIE CHILDS.

May 3, 1922.









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