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OLD KENTUCKY





REV. J. F. COOK, M. D.

To
Colonel Reuben T. Durrett,

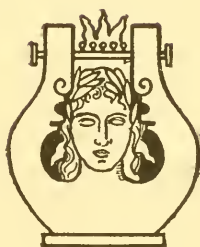
Scholar, Historian, Founder of the Filson Club and the
highest type of a Kentucky Gentleman, who has done more
to preserve the history of Kentucky than any other man
living.

The Author

OLD KENTUCKY

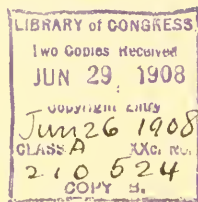
By

Reverend J. F. Cook, LL. D.



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PREFACE

In 1788 the savage Indians roamed almost at will all over the territory now known as Kentucky. In 1792 Kentucky was admitted as a State of the Union. Nothing in the history of this country, and perhaps of the world, shows such rapid development of a people in founding settlements and making homes for their families. It seems almost like a fairy tale. It is safe to say that no State in the American Union has had such a unique history as Kentucky. It has no parallel. And this progress was accomplished by the most fearful sacrifices, the most heroic actions, and the history of it all is written in blood. All things considered, there is no population similar to the people who accomplished these results.

Tennessee was very much like Kentucky, and it is to be hoped that some of her sons will put in permanent and compact form a history of her achievements as I am trying to do for my native State. It goes without saying that the Kentuckians have always been considered a peculiar people, and wherever they are found they still manifest the characteristics of their ancestors.

No people are more proud of their native State than are the Kentuckians, and this is well. Men who have no pride of ancestry or devotion to their homes can never accomplish much. The majority of the hundreds of thousands of Kentuckians scattered throughout the country have, from tradition and otherwise, some knowledge of the achievements of their forefathers, but nowhere can be found in concise form a book which will verify all their claims. And nothing can be of more value to Kentuckians, or

to others who want to know these facts and have them in compact form, than such a book if properly prepared.

In this work there is no fiction, no guessing. The facts are presented and may be relied upon. The peculiar characters and characteristics of the State have been faithfully portrayed, from the negro and the poor white people, to the most exalted citizen; the mode of life, superstitions, and peculiarities from the most humble to the highest have been touched upon.

In the beginning the task of preparing such a book seemed more than I cared to undertake; but as the work progressed it became a real pleasure, and brought up old memories that made me feel almost like a boy again mingling with his own people. I wish to acknowledge the pleasure received from very kind letters written by many of the most eminent men of the nation to encourage me to undertake and accomplish this work. From General Bell, the chief of staff of the Army, from the President of the United States, from Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, from governors and most distinguished men, I received kind and almost affectionate replies to every letter that I addressed, with one exception.

If the work accomplishes what I intended it to do it will not have been in vain. The main design has been to paint Kentucky, to hold up her virtues, to unite her sons in a higher estimate of what the State has been and is, and to lead their children to a strenuous effort to live lives becoming the descendants of such people.

After having spent half of my life in college work, I retired in order that I might enjoy social life and the pleasure derived from general reading. It was known among many of my personal friends that I

was the connecting link between this generation and my people, who went to Kentucky before it was admitted as a State; that I was thoroughly imbued with the Kentucky spirit, and that I had been reared among those who took the most active part in the winning of Kentucky and in its settlement. Many prominent men, some of whom were not Kentuckians, urged me to write a book of reminiscences bringing out the characteristics of old-time Kentuckians, and I decided to write a monologue, anonymously, to please friends and as a pleasant employment during my leisure hours.

This undertaking was almost completed, when I decided, upon consultation with friends, to write a book of more permanent value. Many beautiful stories have been told of Kentucky life; but nothing, so far as I know, has been put in permanent form to give such information as ought to be given to the people of Kentucky or other people having an interest in the history of the State.

At this time "*The Winning of the West*" fell into my hands, and I found that the distinguished author of that work had taken more pains to show the character and struggles of the Kentuckians and the bordermen than had the author of any other work. "*The Winning of the West*" is of thrilling interest, and has done more to show in a true light what Kentucky has done in the winning of the West than have all the histories of the State. It is a book written by an honest, disinterested, capable man, who has taken more pains to give references and to substantiate his facts than any Kentuckian has even done. Had a native of the State cited such facts as are brought out in "*The Winning of the West*," multitudes of people would have said it was simply the boastings of a Kentuckian. My admiration for the man who had done

such service for Kentucky and Kentuckians was very great. I threw the old manuscript aside, and desired even more to produce something of more permanent value. It occurred to me that if I could make free use of "The Winning of the West" there would be little use for any other historic statements than could be found in that work.

In a kind personal letter from President Roosevelt he gave his consent that I make free use of anything he had written, and authorized me to use it at will. I determined, instead of quoting him at different points, to put the statements that I wished to use in a chapter by themselves; and while, necessarily, there is some little lack of connection in the statements used, it makes a most valuable chapter, and will be accepted in fullest confidence. I wish here to express to President Roosevelt my sincere thanks for the inspiration his book has given me and for his kind and cordial consent to the free use of it. Were it in place here, I could express my highest admiration for him as a man, for I consider him one of the most remarkable characters that ever filled the chair of Chief Executive; able, bold, and independent, one who, in all his convictions, can be trusted. I speak this, not as a politician, for I have always been a Democrat of the old school. But his worth compels unbounded admiration.

It was my purpose to close the book at the period of the civil war, and to tell simply of old Kentucky times. But after thought, it seemed that this would leave the book incomplete, and would leave out a large part of the achievements of the State.

It was thought, too, that it would add interest to sketch the progress of the State from the earliest times to the end of the first century of her existence. Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, the

founder of the Filson Club, who, President Roosevelt says, "possesses the most complete library in the world on all subjects connected with Kentucky history," agreed to furnish a brief sketch of Kentucky's progress during the first hundred years of her history. It gives me pleasure to say that I think no man living could have done it better than Colonel Durrett, and I wish to extend to him my hearty thanks for what he has done to give value to this book.

All of Kentucky history is not confined within the geographical limits of the State. In a large measure, Missouri character in the early days was but an outgrowth of Kentucky character, for Missouri is a part of Kentucky as Kentucky is a part of Virginia. The three States stand in the relation of mother, daughter, and granddaughter. It was determined to trace Kentucky influence upon Missouri, and for this work I selected Ex-Gov. Thos. T. Crittenden. Governor Crittenden comes from one of the most distinguished families of Kentucky, he is one of the most elegant gentlemen who ever went out from the State, and he is familiar with the history of both States. Governor Crittenden has extensive acquaintance, having served in the United States Congress as long as he wanted to, having served Missouri as Governor in a very important period of the State's history, and having represented this country as Minister to Mexico. But when the matter for the book was all put together it was found the volume would be too large and that full justice could not be done to Missouri; so I determined to save Governor Crittenden's manuscript entire, and to use it in a book I have in preparation, "Old Missouri, or The Pikers."

In order to show his interest in this undertaking, Hon. Champ Clark contributes a chapter on "Kentucky During the Civil War," especially to bring out

the character of one of Kentucky's most honored sons, Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court.

One of the most noted social gatherings ever held in this country was the Home-Coming held at Louisville; and it was felt that the book would be incomplete were not mention made of this. It was thought that many of the speeches made on that occasion ought to be preserved; and in order that the book might not be too large, I laid aside a large part of my manuscript to give way to these things that ought to be kept as a perpetual memorial.

The part I have taken in this book is largely to represent Kentucky character. It was understood among us all that no effort should be made at literary display and that the style should be conversational. I have tried to say what I had to say as would an old-time Kentuckian, a plain, home-like fellow, without display. So I have no apology to offer for the style in which I have written my part of the book.

CHAPTER I

WHERE AND WHO

Kentucky has been called the Scotland of America; and, everything considered, not without reason. When we come to consider the question of who the earlier settlers were, it will be clearly seen that the Scotch-Irish had much to do in the formation of Kentucky character. In resources, climate, and natural surroundings Scotland has nothing to compare with this wonderland; while Scotland has wilder and more striking scenery, Kentucky has enough of natural beauty to awaken every sentiment inherent in the bosom of noble people, and to call forth their best energies. Nature seems to have left nothing to be desired in this fruitful, beautiful land—"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Every part of the State has some attractive scenic feature. From the mountains on the east side to the beautiful green river country; from the diversified and attractive counties along the Ohio River to the southern border there are found resources ample to produce the greatest comforts of civilized life: enchanting scenery, rich valleys, sparkling waters, rich soil and kind climate, adapted to the culture of everything that produces wealth and comfort,—hemp, tobacco, corn, fruit of the finest, rich grass, fine herds. But why try to describe an indescribable land? Travel through all the States and you will find only one Kentucky.

Our study of early Kentucky life will be confined principally to the blue-grass section, of which we know the most; and in that section perhaps, all things

considered, will be found the conditions and characteristics that have rendered the State most known.

In the eastern and southeastern parts are wild mountains; and here may be found people who for generations have had their homes and loved them—men as bold, untamed, and rugged as any in the Highlands of Scotland. They are not robbers or outlaws, but from long residence there, cut off from the outside world, and intermarried until families are like clans, grudges have been handed down, until they give rise to feuds and often to bloodshed. The people are hospitable, and as ready to defend themselves and their honor—or supposed honor—as the Campbells or McGregors in their native Highlands. The faults of the mountaineers have been magnified; and many outsiders have judged Kentucky character from these people. Though the tide of a high civilization has swept around them, they yet have feuds and bloodshed which have rendered them famous—or infamous—as viewed from more peaceful surroundings. They have fine physiques, and many have brain-power of no mean order. These mountaineers constitute one type of the Kentuckian; and while they are to be admired in some respects and pitied in others, all the people of the State cannot be judged by them.

The State, as a whole, as we have said, is wonderfully beautiful and diversified. On the north is the smooth-flowing Ohio, into which numerous bright streams and small rivers pour their waters, gathered from hills and myriads of living springs. No part of Kentucky is without springs, living springs—the joy of the people who drink their waters. The murmuring brooks and sparkling little rivers, full of fish,—where many a congressman, senator, or governor of other States lingered in boyhood, fished, and

learned to swim,—are a delight. One of the most beautiful streams in the country is the Kentucky River. It comes gliding down from the mountains, dancing through rugged cliffs, romantic hills, and flowering vales like a graceful, happy maiden out on a May morning rejoicing amid charming scenes. Nature placed everything in Kentucky to support and enrich her inhabitants; and the best people naturally went there.

Whether heredity or environment has most to do with character is a question as yet unsettled, but nothing is truer than the law of “Kind after its kind”; everywhere in nature this is seen, in herds, in flocks, in fruits and flowers. And in considering human beings, heredity must be taken into account. As a rule, the Kentuckians of the first generation were tall, vigorous, athletic, fearless, and hospitable, and their fathers were such—no other class of men could have endured what they did. The State was cut off from the seaboard and from the original thirteen States by dark and gloomy mountains. To get to Kentucky immense and dark forests, seeming without limit, were to be traversed. Wild beasts were to be encountered, and fiercer than beasts were the murderous, brutal Indians. Cowards, weaklings, and imbecile men dared not approach this unknown land; such could never have taken and held it. Unmentionable outrages upon men, women, and children aroused the worst passions, and called into action every nerve of brave manhood.

Some sentimentalists will say that the whites had no right to go there to invade the Indian’s country. Why? Was Kentucky claimed by any one tribe of Indians? Did any tribe own the country or have a right there? It was common ground, made by the

Creator, and from time immemorial it was free to any who might be able to occupy it—a common, free hunting-ground. It was full of game; its rich soil furnished food for every species of wild animal, and when, in winter, the prairies west of the Ohio failed, the rich, inexhaustible supplies of the blue-grass region furnished abundance.

As soon as it was generally known what there was in Kentucky to render home-making the most delightful,—though everything possible to endure,—the bravest, strongest, most home-loving people were anxious to go there and build homes. On the one hand everything to dread, everything to endure, every privation to be anticipated—yet men were ready to shoulder the gun and axe, to leave their old home surroundings and seek this new land of promise. The women who went with them were braver, more self-sacrificing, and heroic than the men; for they saw that they were liable to suffer more, to endure tortures that men could not, in nature, have to endure. And many of them did endure hardships that cannot be imagined, and some of them endured unmentionable tortures when captives of the most brutal creatures known to history. Yet they were willing to leave homes, parents, girlhood friends, and make their way with their husbands and little children to the far-off land. And it is astonishing how rapidly the territory was filled, how soon these backwoods people won it from the savages and placed it among the sister States of the country, and how much they did to make possible the settlement of the great West and Northwest.

Of course, Kentucky alone did not do all this. Tennessee, like a twin sister, aided her, and without one the other could never have done it. This government owes to these two States, more than to all the

others, the winning of the great Southwest; and without them, when the War of the Revolution was over, the boundary of the nation would scarcely have been beyond the Ohio River, and it might have been a long time before the great Louisiana Purchase could have been made. Daniel Boone first entered Kentucky in 1769, but it was some years after that before he brought his family to the State and established Boonesboro. In less than twenty years, in 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Union; and grand Isaac Shelby, the Indian-fighter, hero, and statesman, was made Governor. While it took the colonies on the Atlantic seaboard more than a century and a half to spread from the ocean to the Alleghanies, these backwoodsmen, almost single-handed, with no regular troops or government support, fighting almost as individuals, held together only by common interest and love, drove back the very flower of Indian warriors, commanded by the most skillful chiefs, and in less than one generation had hewn down forests, builded their simple homes, and won their State, now, as then, recognized as one of the loveliest in the Union.

Who were the early settlers of Kentucky? We shall try to give reliable information, and will give historical facts, though this is not to be a history. To my mind there are certain things to be taken into account when one would form a just appreciation of a people—their surroundings, and the time in which they lived.

What I shall say here may be considered a digression, but it is on my mind to say it. The first thing is, that after careful and extended reading of history for half a century I have reached the conclusion that history cannot be understood without taking into consideration the wise, guiding, and inscrutable ways of the Providence that has developed and led the human

race. From the human standpoint many things in the development of the race cannot be understood. It seems that the Almighty, on this little planet among all the magnificent worlds he has made, may be giving lessons to the inhabitants of other worlds on the terrible effects of sin. It may at least be hoped that no other world has had so sad a history. The human race has been developed, scattered, civilized, all by means of war and bloodshed, aided by Christianity. In the beginning of human history we find that man became a sinner; and God chose "a peculiar people" through whom he might reveal himself to the world. In the course of time these people were permitted for one hundred years to become slaves in Egypt, then perhaps the most progressive of any of the people of the earth. The Hebrews had been promised the beautiful land of Palestine and had been held back from possession of it because of their sin and rebellion, yet God intended them to occupy it. When the Israelites went out of Egypt from slavery they were not fitted to become immediately what it was purposed they should be. For forty years they were kept in tutelage in the wilderness, until all that generation except two of the slaves and idolaters perished. During these forty years the grandest laws that man was ever permitted to know were given to the great law-giver of the Hebrews, and when the time came for the new generation to enter into the promised land they were led by the guidance of the Almighty to dispossess and destroy a wicked and idolatrous people that held the land as mere squatters, and there never was a word said, or the question raised as to their right to drive out those who used their splendid possessions and opportunities for crime and idolatry. The people that

went in to take Canaan were a chosen people, selected for that very purpose.

Later there was a great contest as to whether the East and the hordes of Asia should hold control over Europe. Greece had at an early time stood as a bulwark, and all of Alexander's conquests were doubtless guided by a higher wisdom than his, for many of his victories seemed miraculous. Then the Roman Empire assumed its place, and it was a question for a long time whether the hordes of Asia would succeed, or whether Carthage or Rome should assume the ascendancy. At the introduction of Christianity it was destined to be a world-governing influence, and there is nothing in history from that time to this that has not in some way been directed by its influence. Northern Europe and the British Isles, which were to furnish the people to possess and dominate the world, were filled with rude and almost uncivilized men, and it was the mission of Christianity to fit them for their great destiny.

When in the fifth century the Roman power seemed to expire in Europe, some thought that it meant the extinction of civilization and that the treasures of the Old World were destroyed. They thought men had to take a new start, had to lay anew the foundations for civilization; but this was not true, for the valuable accumulations of antiquity escaped harm and sooner or later became the possessions of ages to come. The catastrophe to the Roman Empire simply prepared for the shifting of the scene of civilization from the south to the north of Europe, and gave the intellectual prominence from one branch of the Aryan family to another. It was simply the smothered flame that was to burst forth anew, but it all had to be connected with Christianity. The Roman Catholic Church had her share in resisting Asiatic idolatry,

and in her conflict with Mohammedanism she stood as a bulwark, receiving into her system, which became known as the Holy Roman Empire, much that she acquired from the old Roman Empire; and though she had but recently put before it the word "Holy," it was a mingling of some of the doctrines of Christianity with much of the teaching of the old empire. As has been said, "The fallen Dragon was set up again in his place." "The papacy," as Hobbs says, "was the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire crowned, and sitting upon the grave thereof." The Roman laws have had much to do in making up the laws of nations. Palgrave said, "No European lawyer has failed to profit by Rome's written wisdom."

One word in regard to the Teutons, who were influenced by the accumulation of wisdom gathered from these two nations—"contributed to these world treasures the very grand thing we call civilization." They were poor in what the Romans considered wealth, they had not literature or science; but they had what was better, a virtuous manhood, and on account of this personal worth they transmitted to their posterity the influence that built up great nations. They possessed what really is the foundation of all personal worth; they had manhood, capacity for civilization, love of personal freedom, independence, and reverence for womanhood. They had good ancestry, and they were not city-loving people. They loved the country. Tacitus says, "They dwelt scattered and separate, as a spring, a meadow or a grove may chance invite them." They revered their women, and Tacitus says of the Germans that they deemed womanhood to be sacred. These sentiments create the purity and the sanctity of the home, and no nation can long survive that does not have such sentiments. Whenever womanhood is degraded, and

the marriage tie made of straw and divorces are easily obtained, that people is on the road to ruin.

While much can be said of the cruelty, oppression, and barbarities practiced by the Roman Church, without question Providence used it, as an organization, for political development; but the time has come in this civilization when that system is not needed.

Once more, while in many respects Mohammedanism has been a wonderful monstrosity, and the Arabs have been regarded by us as a wild, barbarous, and fanatical system, it has had its uses. Even the Saracen conquests brought home some blessings in their train. They spread the language of Arabia from the Euphrates valley to Northern Africa, and it became the preeminent speech and has remained such up to the present time, and their language and literature has done much for the learning, literature, and science of the world. In the dark ages, when literature and learning were scarcely known in Europe, the Moors held a large part of Spain nearly eight hundred years during which time they brought the country occupied by them to the highest state of cultivation and beauty. The kingdom of Granada, naturally fertile, came through their industry and their skill to be one of the best cultivated and richest districts in Spain. It had seventy walled towns besides the capital, Granada, a rich and prosperous city with a population of a quarter of a million, enriched with superb buildings of Moorish architecture. In the kingdom were schools and colleges and, as I remember, it was the only place in Europe at that time where arts, science, literature, and language were taught.

But to come back to Kentucky. Who were these early bordermen? There is nothing more evident

than that North America was destined to become a great rallying-ground for the best people, people who came out to possess and to cultivate the country, and to send out streams of light to the ends of the world, not only in business, but in teaching the nations of the earth what man may do in the manly work of carrying the light of Christianity. There came from Europe a class of people that had been in some measure like the Children of Israel in Egypt, slaves of oppression. They had come out to be free, but the first generations did not understand what the word meant. They seemed to think that freedom meant freedom to the ruling class but oppression to those who did not agree with them.

The hardy settlers of the seaboard had to live under hard conditions. Our old Pilgrim fathers and their descendants were a body of noble men, though they possessed then, as they do to-day, peculiar traits. But with some exceptions the hard conditions of their lives made them penurious and selfish, and they were satisfied for one hundred and fifty years to live along the seaboard, knowing little about the West and caring less, only so far as they could make money trading with the Indians. Even to the time of the Revolutionary war and after the ratification of the Constitution, some of them thought their States ought to secede if the great West was admitted into the national family. And in the convention, when the Southerners, Thomas Jefferson at the head, were fighting to destroy slavery, they failed by the vote of one eastern "Nobody," as Roosevelt calls him.

Who would believe that so noble a character as Roger Williams, contending for soul-liberty, should be driven out of Massachusetts and made to go into the wilderness with the Indians, who showed him more kindness than his own race?

Finally, the oppression of England began to awaken the minds of men, and a body of men were selected "for the very purpose of crossing the mountains and risking life and all in winning for the government the territory and lands," selected to seek out the Palestine of America. They wrought better than they knew. Little did those old pioneers that crossed the mountains know what their efforts and sacrifices would mean to this great country. They were gathered together for this very purpose; they were given the disposition and ability to accomplish these results. And my answer to the question as to who those early pioneers were, is, they were *men and women selected by divine wisdom and goodness to open up and provide homes for us here to-day, who do not hold these pioneers as we should, in loving and sacred remembrance.*

The history of all civilized nations shows that there has been a guiding hand in Providence that directs in the founding of these nations and in their development. And strange as it may seem, most of the development of nations has been through war. Though the wars that Napoleon waged seemed bloody and the result of a mad ambition, the result was the breaking up, in a large measure, of the Feudal system, the destroying of little principalities, so that nations might grow. The English-speaking people have been guided by the directing hand of the infinitely Wise One, and there has been no war that the American people have been engaged in that has not preceded advancement in both culture and civilization, though those who have engaged in them have suffered untold trials and privations. Daniel Boone said that he was the instrument ordained of God to settle in the wilderness. We might make it wider than this and say that God ordained the instrumen-

tality for the settling and development of this great nation that is destined to bring civilization, liberty, and happiness to the nations of the earth. He seems to have reserved the land that this nation to-day holds for the development of a people who will be largely instrumental in carrying the gospel of peace and love to all the nations of the earth.

It is clearly seen from history that the little State of Kentucky, next to the smallest of the Southern States, with about forty thousand square miles, has contributed very largely to the development of this country. She has furnished the President of the Southern Confederacy and the President of the Federal Government, as well as many of the most able generals and statesmen of the age of Davis and Lincoln. Ninety-six Kentuckians have served other States in Congress. Missouri alone has sent twenty former Kentuckians to the House of Representatives, and eight to the Senate; while eight of her governors have been native Kentuckians. She has sent out doctors, ministers of the Gospel, and multitudes of families of high social rank that have made their impress upon other States. She seemed destined to do a great work not only for the people that remained in her borders, but for the people of other Southwestern States, and even in the great Northwest. Wherever they are found, Kentuckians have remarkable characteristics, and have commanded the respect of the people with whom they have associated. "My Old Kentucky Home" is sung in all the States to the Pacific by those who learned to love their old home in their childhood.

But to return to the question of who those Kentuckians were. They were a select people selected out of the various nations, who were especially adapted for the work they were to do. There is no

nation that has not had adventurous, bold, brave, praying men; and the tendency in all nature is for kind to seek its kind. Put a dozen kinds of fish in a stream, and according to their nature will they associate together. Some will lie sluggishly on the bottom, some will seek the brightest, clearest spots, and delight in catching flies from the surface. Game fish flock together. It is so with birds; they live on different kinds of food. The carrion crow will set about to find a carcass; the eagle delights in the wild flights from his cliffs, and in the struggle which he makes for his game. Each one seeks the surroundings best adapted to it. The peaceful songster delights in the shady groves; the stormy petrel in the wild storms of the ocean.

So men follow out their tastes and seek their kind. The farmer loves his home, his fields, his flocks, and lives his fearless life, and thus unconsciously builds up the country. The blood-suckers of Wall Street seem never so happy as when piling up the millions that industry has made, regardless of the woes or the welfare of their fellow-men. They are like wild beasts that come in and devour that which others have toiled for and obtained. The blood-sucker and the horse-leech must have food; the pain it causes the victim gives them no concern.

The foregoing will prepare the way for a better understanding of the early settlers of Kentucky. In Providence the State had to be won and developed, and the instrumentality was wisely chosen. Kentucky was settled principally in the beginning by men who loved freedom, who had lived God-fearing lives, and who wanted to be where they might gain homes, happiness, and freedom for themselves and their children. The seaboard was settled by people who thought they knew what the word Liberty meant;

but the history of New England, and even of Virginia, shows how little they knew about it; and they were later shown that there was a higher conception of liberty than they had ever dreamed. New England whipped men at the post for freedom of speech; Virginia imprisoned men for preaching the gospel; and, in the fullness of time, it became necessary for people to be chosen, and by the power given them, to show what freedom meant. The Kentuckians were always freedom-loving people, a home-loving people, yet there is no war, from the Indian wars in the Northwest, and the wars on the Southern border, to those for the freedom of the Mississippi River, the accession of Texas, and for the development of the great West, in which her men have not taken a noble part.

In order to produce men for this work there had to be peculiar characteristics and conditions. First, fearless hunters penetrated these mountains that cut Kentucky off from other States; they came back and told of the beautiful, lovely country they had found. Then settlers came, and gradually making their way in among the Indians, they too came back and told of the attractive land; and the tide of immigration began to set in. And though at times it seemed that it was almost impossible to dispossess the Indian, yet they persevered; and it was but a history of bloodshed from the first until as late as 1790 or even later. There is no question as to the character of the early settlers of Kentucky, and no question that that attractive country called forth the best citizenship from those of other States, ninety per cent. of which, perhaps, came from Virginia. Virginia claimed that she owned Kentucky, and with very great reluctance she let the Kentucky people set up for themselves. For the first few years Ken-

tucky was under the dominion of Virginia, and even had representatives in her legislature. While we have said that Kentucky had picked men from different nations, it seems clear that her best type came from Scotland and Ireland; yet there was a great mixture of English stock. Apart from written history, there are various ways by which one may tell what a people are; take the literature, the sayings, the proverbs, and traditions of a people, and you can form a fairly good estimate of their ancestors. In studying Kentucky and her people, it is remarkable how many of these traits can be traced directly back to Scotland. In reading Scott's novels you will be constantly reminded of the old-time speech of the Kentuckians; and even in private life, among people who perhaps have never read one of Scott's works, but have acquired them from the sayings of their ancestors, you will hear those same expressions. The Kentuckian's love of home and home-life reminds one of the highest civilization of England, and their love of liberty and of absolute freedom of action, their fearless disposition, their quickness to defend themselves, their pride of home and ancestry, their very clannishness reminds one of Scotland.

Was it the surroundings that developed Kentucky character, or was it heredity? Doubtless both had their influence, but there is no doubt that heredity had the greater. No beauty or wealth of country can make an Indian anything but an Indian; nor can unlimited resources or beauty of surroundings ever make of a beast anything but a beast. The Hollanders, though a noble people, could never have made Kentucky what it has been or what it is; nor can I conceive of any one nationality alone that could have done it. They had to be picked men, and they

were—men that God Almighty selected from every place to go in and do the work that they did.

Kentuckians believe greatly in heredity, both in men and animals; and they have never been able, with all their fine blue-grass and clear water, to develop a thoroughbred race horse from a donkey or a plug. The laws that govern the transmission of hereditary characteristics are generally unknown; but the number of inhereditary deviations and peculiarities of temperament are endless. Men who breed horses and cattle are satisfied that the vigor, fleetness, and other qualities of a dam and sire are hereditary. Theoretical writers alone have doubted the fact. Darwin considered that the correct way of viewing the subject is to look at inheritance of the character rather as the rule, and non-inheritance the exception. Sometimes character is inherited from remote ancestors; some persons are more like their great-grand-parents than like their own parents. Men have theorized and guessed and scientists have tried to explain, but it is a fact that the offspring have the characteristics even in small things of their forbears. It is usually thought to be a safe rule to lay down that children inherit from the stronger of the parents. Strong, vigorous parents bear strong, vigorous children; brain-power is transmitted, as is seen in many families. Darwin noticed the very smallest things connected with the activity of mind and thought, and he reached the conclusion that children who had lost one of the parents, or both, whatever their surroundings, even in the movements of their bodies, or in their habits, were influenced by their parents. Statistics in this country prove that characters are transmitted. It has been said that one old woman in New York had eighty-seven descendants, and there was not a virtuous woman or an honest man among them.

The history of our country shows that some of her noblest men and women were left orphans and subject to hardships and privations that would have overcome them had it not been that they had noble blood in their veins. Some families raise judges, some ministers, some teachers, and some thieves. No amount of moral training can make a thief an honest man; and no amount of religious training can ever make an ungodly man a Christian. As a noted writer says, "A man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance."

For two or three generations the Kentuckians scarcely mingled in marriage with the people from other States, and they intermarried, not in their own family or blood, but in other families in the State, perhaps even of different nationality, though always Kentuckians. The result was that these happy, brave, strong, healthy people founded large families of children that partook of the characteristics of their fathers and mothers. The descendants of such people, who came into enjoyment of comfortable homes, abundant and substantial food, and from childhood were taught to fear God, honor the Bible, respect the aged, to help the unfortunate, and to be scrupulously honest and truthful, should be noble, honest men. And where you find the old Kentuckians you are apt to find them people worthy of their ancestry.

No writer on this subject have I found more painstaking and fair than Theodore Roosevelt; and no one can accuse him of partiality, for he was not a Kentuckian. It will give me great pleasure to quote a part of what he has said in his "Winning of the West" in regard to the pioneers of Kentucky and their part in taking and holding the West. He has said it better than any one not so gifted, and a hun-

dred pages might be quoted from him in showing the character of these people and the value of their work, and the compliments he has paid to them as individuals and in communities. I know of no one who has taken so much pains to learn the facts concerning these people. Mr. Roosevelt says (Vol. 1, pages 132 *et seq.*) :

"Along the western frontier of the colonies that were so soon to be the United States, among the foothills of the Alleghanies, on the slopes of the wooded mountains, and in the long trough-like valleys that lay between the ranges, dwelt a peculiar and characteristically American people.

"These frontier folk, the people of the up-country, or back-country, who lived near and among the forest-clad mountains, far away from the long-settled districts of flat coast plain and sluggish tidal river, were known to themselves and to others as backwoodsmen. They all bore a strong likeness to one another in their habits of thoughts and ways of living, and differed markedly from the people of the older and more civilized communities to the eastward."

Summing up, he says they were American people—they were a peculiar people, and their descendants have inherited many of their traits. I continue to quote (page 134) :

"The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish as they were often called. Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and Cavalier for their leadership in our history; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and the Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part

played by that stern and virile people, the Irish, whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the Northeast, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South. Mingled with the descendants of many other races, they nevertheless formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward, the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific."

Again (pages 141-147) :

"A single generation passed under the hard conditions of life in the wilderness, was enough to weld together into one people the representatives of these numerous and widely different races; and the children of the next generation became indistinguishable from one another. Long before the first Continental Congress assembled, the backwoodsmen, whatever their blood, had become Americans, one in speech, thought, and character, clutching firmly the land in which their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them. They had lost all remembrance of Europe and all sympathy with things European; they had become as emphatically products native to the soil as were the tough and supple hickories out of which they fashioned the handles of their long light axes. Their grim, harsh, narrow lives were yet strangely fascinating and full of adventurous toil and danger; none but natures as strong, as freedom-loving, and as full of bold defiance as theirs could have endured existence on the terms which these men found pleasurable. Their iron surroundings made a mould which turned out all alike in the same shape.

They resembled one another, and they differed from the rest of the world—even the world of America, and infinitely more the world of Europe in dress, in customs, and in mode of life.

“Where their lands abutted on the more settled districts to the eastward, the population was of course thickest, and their peculiarities least. Here and there at such points they built small backwoods burghs or towns, rude, straggling, unkempt villages, with a store or two, a tavern—sometimes good, often a ‘scandalous hog-sty,’ where travelers were devoured by fleas, and every one slept and ate in one room; a small log schoolhouse, and a little church, presided over by a hard-featured Presbyterian preacher, gloomy, earnest, and zealous, probably bigoted and narrow-minded, but nevertheless a great power for good in the community.

“However, the backwoodsmen as a class neither built towns nor loved to dwell therein. They were to be seen at their best in the vast, interminable forests that formed their chosen home. They won and kept their lands by force, and ever lived either at war or in dread of war. Hence they settled always in groups of several families each, all banded together for mutual protection. Their red foes were strong and terrible, cunning in council, dreadful in battle, merciless beyond belief in victory. The men of the border did not overcome and dispossess cowards and weaklings; they marched forth to spoil the stout-hearted and to take for a prey the possessions of the men of might. Every acre, every rood of ground which they claimed had to be cleared by the axe and held with the rifle. Not only was the chopping down of forests the first preliminary to cultivation, but it was also the surest means of subduing the Indians, to whom the unending stretches of choked

woodland were an impenetrable cover behind which to move unseen, a shield in making assaults, and a strong tower of defence in repelling counter-attacks. In the conquest of the West the backwoods axe, shapely, well-poised, with long haft and light head, was a servant hardly standing second even to the rifle; the two were the national weapons of the American backwoodsman, and in their use he has never been excelled.

“When a group of families moved out into the wilderness they built themselves a station or stockade fort; a square palisade of upright logs, loop-holed, with strong block-houses as bastions at the corners. One side at least was generally formed by the backs of the cabins themselves, all standing in a row; and there was a great door or gate, that could be strongly barred in case of need. Often no iron whatever was employed in any of the buildings. The square inside contained the provision sheds and frequently a strong central block-house as well. These forts, of course, could not stand against cannon and they were always in danger when attacked with fire; but save for this risk of burning they were very effectual defences against men without artillery, and were rarely taken, whether by whites or Indians, except by surprise. Few other buildings have played so important a part in our history as the rough stockade fort of the backwoods.

“The families only lived in the fort when there was war with the Indians, and even then not in winter. At other times they all separated out to their own farms, universally called clearings, as they were always made by first cutting off the timber. The stumps were left to dot the fields of grain and Indian corn. The corn especially was the stand-by and invariable resource of the western settler; it was the

crop on which he relied to feed his family, and when hunting or on a war trail the parched grains were carried in his leather wallet to serve often as his only food. But he planted orchards and raised melons, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables as well; and he had usually a horse or two, cows, and perhaps hogs and sheep, if the wolves and bears did not interfere. If he was poor his cabin was made of unhewn logs, and held but a single room; if well-to-do, the logs were neatly hewed, and besides the large living and eating-room with its huge stone fireplace, there was also a small bedroom and kitchen, while a ladder led to the loft above, in which the boys slept. The floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed carefully out, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house, to serve instead of a wardrobe; and buck antlers, thrust into joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs; there were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses old fashioned rocking-chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bear-skins, and deer-hides.

"These clearings lay far apart from one another in the wilderness. Up to the door-sills of the log-huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues on leagues of shadowy, wolf-hunted woodland. The great trees towered aloft till their separate heads were lost in the mass of foliage above, and the rank underbrush choked the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks and ridge-crests of the mountains there were straggling birches and pines, hemlocks and balsam firs; elsewhere, oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and great tulip trees grew side by side with

many other kinds. The sunlight could not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves; through the gray aisles of the forest men always walked in a kind of a mid-day gloaming. Those who had lived in the open plains felt when they came to the backwoods as if their heads were hooded. Save on the border of a lake, from a cliff top, or on a bald knob—that is, a bare hill-shoulder—they could not anywhere look out for any distance.

“All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountain from crest to river-bed, filled the plains, and stretched in sombre and melancholy wastes toward the Mississippi. All that it contained, all that lay hid within and beyond it, none could tell; men only knew that their boldest hunters, however deeply they had penetrated, had not yet gone through it, that it was the home of the game they followed and the wild beasts that preyed on their flocks, and that deep in its tangled depths lurked their red foes, hawk-eyed and wolf-hearted.”

And again he says (pages 170, 171):

“Thus the backwoodsmen lived on the clearings they had hewed out of the everlasting forest; a grim stern people, strong and simple, powerful for good and evil, swayed by gusts of stormy passion, the love of freedom rooted in their very heart’s core. Their lives were harsh and narrow; they gained their bread by their blood and sweat, in the unending struggle with the wild ruggedness of nature. They suffered terrible injuries at the hands of the red men, and on their foes they waged a terrible warfare in return. They were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither ruth nor pity; they were also upright, resolute, and fearless, loyal to their friends, and devoted to their country. In spite of their many failings, they were of all men best fitted to conquer the wilderness and hold it against all comers.”

CHAPTER II

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

The question has been often asked, why Kentuckians, who are so fond of liberty and defend their freedom with such vigor, were slaveholders? Perhaps there has been more prejudice against them on this account than on any other, for their persistency in holding slaves has been extensively criticised. And not only have they been held up to contempt by a large class of the people in the North, but indeed all slaveholding States have been abused, slaveholders held up as monsters of crime, and all the blame for the unfortunate conditions growing out of slavery has been cast upon the Southern men.

The negro race has always had a hard time, and has furnished a multitude of slaves for various peoples. The negro is indigenous to Africa, and the race, as such, has never made any history.

Dr. Spofford, in Johnson's Cyclopedia, says, "The only African history worthy of note is a history of discovery." While Africa has been the scene of wonderful events, wars, architecture, and many of the most useful arts, the home of the pyramids, and temples, the wonder of the world, the negro has had no part in any of these great works of man. He has been discussed and "cussed," measured, sized up, almost entirely by those who never owned him. Theodore Gill, a very learned man, a Northern man, whose publications are in the Smithsonian Institution, and who was professor of zoology in the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., gave a great deal of attention to the negro. He says of the negro race,

"It is perhaps the most distinct of all the races and that in which are perceptible the most generalized characters, or at least those which are most indicative of an affinity to and derivation from the apes of the human genus. These characters are evidenced both superficially and anatomically, as well as morally and physically." He investigates the forms, ways, and outlines of the negro. He quotes from Dr. Sanford B. Hunt, Surgeon of the U. S. Volunteers in the late civil war, who after autopsies on the brains of four hundred and five whites and negroes made by Surgeon Ira Russell, reached the following conclusion:

1. The standard weight of the negro brain is over five ounces less than that of the white.
2. Slight intermixture of white blood diminishes the negro brain from its normal standard, but when the infusion of white blood amounts to one-half (as is seen in the mulatto) it determines a positive increase in the negro brain, which in the quadron is only three ounces below the white standard.
3. The percentage of exceptionally small brains is largest among the negroes having but a small percentage of white blood.
4. It is indisputable that the negro in his average character deviates less from the ape tribe than any other race, and that no high state of civilization has ever originated from among the race.

I quote this, not to give any special indorsement to it, but to show how men who have had no personal interest in slavery have considered this question. And to show, as we will see farther on, that those who have become fanatics on the slavery question have always treated the negro as a full equal to the white man or Caucasian race, and have made many mistakes in the presentation of conditions. The poor negro deserves the sympathy of all men. Whether his ancestors, as has been contended, rested under the

curse of God or not, the facts seem to prove that the race of Ham has ever had some cloud hanging darkly over it.

By way of explanation I want to say that my ancestors, all of whom were from Virginia, owned slaves; that I inherited slaves, that I was reared among them, and from childhood played with them and loved them, and in after years, when they came into my possession, I was as kind and tender to them as if they had been of my own race, and in my whole life never bought or sold one; that I have contributed to their education, after they were freed. But I want to present the conditions under which we held our slaves and the great harm that was done to them and to us by fanatics and agitators who knew nothing of the real condition of affairs. Slavery has existed, in some form or other, in all ages of the world. African slavery and the slave trade developed as early as the fifteenth century into a terrible calamity. And a great impulse was given to it after the discovery of America. The invention of hunting negroes in the interior of Africa to use them as slaves in the colonies was due to the Portuguese. Then the Spanish took it up, and sold many into slavery. In 1517 Charles V gave the Marquise de la Bresa the monopoly for eight years of exporting negro slaves to the American colonies, but soon a very extensive and profitable trade sprung up in which the English procured their share by the Peace of Utrecht, 1713, when Spain was compelled to allow them to import one hundred and forty-four thousand to her American colonies. So much did good old other England do for these people, but after a while, when the slave-trade was prohibited in America and the Americans revolted against it, the English became

great abolitionists, and their eyes were wonderfully opened to its iniquities—when its profits ceased.

Slavery was permitted in all the American colonies, and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted slavery was recognized everywhere in this country; and the leading statesmen, from Washington down, owned them. And the Constitution they made recognized the right to hold slaves, and even granted the right in that instrument to owners of slaves to seek them wherever they might be found. Why God, in his providence, permitted this country to make the blunders it did, no human mind can comprehend. Up to the time of the adoption of the Constitution, after our people had come through the struggle, their minds did not begin to conceive really what was the meaning of the word "liberty." The New England States held slaves, persecuted people for their religion, and did not seem to awake to it until after the adoption of the Constitution.

It is not generally known that the strongest opposer of African slavery was a Virginia gentleman, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and who doubtless had more part in the writing of the Constitution of the United States than any other man. When the Constitution was written and adopted the people had not yet reached the point of appreciating what freedom meant, and it became necessary to make amendments to it. The first amendment to the Constitution secured perfect freedom of religion. Jefferson had seen persecution in Virginia, where the clergy of the established church lived riotously on the taxation of all dissenters. He had seen some of the best men of Virginia arrested, fined, thrust in jail, and the cry of these people came up to him, and the very first amendment to the Constitution was suggested by these circumstances, and the amendment

was adopted giving perfect religious freedom to every American citizen. Jefferson was the first statesman actively to take a stand for the abolition of slavery, which measure, though warmly supported by the liberal members, failed. The agitation growing out of British oppression began to lead the American mind to the question of natural rights and to the condemnation of slavery. Horace Greely says:

Hence, Thomas Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, yet opposed to slavery, had no difficulty in inducing a majority (sixteen to seven) of the Congress which met next after the acknowledgment of our independence to vote to exclude slavery (in March, 1784) absolutely and forever from all the Union not included in any State. The proposition did not then prevail, since the votes of a majority (seven) of all the States were required to enact it, and the absence of a delegate from New Jersey reduced the State's voting yeas to *six*, against three voting nay—North Carolina being divided. The proposition restricted to an inhibition of slavery in the Territories already ceded by the States to the confederation, was renewed in 1787, when it was unanimously passed, and it was reiterated with like unanimity by the first Congress which assembled under the Federal Constitution, when it received the approval of President Washington.

Meantime, the convention which formed the Constitution had authorized Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves after twenty years; and this was done—Congress having forbidden, in 1794, our people to engage in carrying slaves to other lands, absolutely outlawing all participation in the slave-trade by our people, and all importation of slaves into this country, by an act passed March 2, 1807—twenty-three days before the British Parliament, after a struggle which had lasted nearly a quarter of a century, did likewise.

After the adoption of the first amendment, churches were supported by the free-will offering of the people who attended them. They made property devoted to religious or charitable purposes, and schools and colleges, free from taxation. This sepa-

ration of the church from the state was one of the greatest points of difference between the new world and the old. At this time there was no law in the world forbidding slavery, and nowhere in the world was the free exercise of religion permitted by law. And this country had the honor of first teaching these great facts to the nations of the world. Virginia has the honor of teaching this nation and of introducing the first measure advocating the freedom of religion; and Thomas Jefferson was the first great statesman that opposed slavery, though he was himself a slaveholder—and *he did this when New England was importing and holding slaves.*

At the close of the Revolutionary war the vast extent of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans ultimately fell into the hands of the government. And what part of this territory, especially of the great Northwest and West, belonged to each State was difficult to determine. Virginia claimed Kentucky and as far west as her lands would reach; and other States were in the same condition. The Kentuckians had won their lands by their own individual efforts; no Northern State had won anything. No New Yorker lived in the regions bounded by the unknown lands by conquest of the Indian. Massachusetts and Connecticut claimed, under ancient charters, great bodies of lands still held by the British and their Indian allies. There was not a New England inhabitant dwelling in this Northwest territory; no New England law had any force there; no New England soldier had dared to go in there until Wayne, with his thousand Kentucky cavalry, had his great victory over the Indian tribes and Jay's treaty was made. The great States of the Northwest were not inhabited or owned by any of the other States until they acquired their right from the Federal

Union. And though all the States tried to set up claims, none of them had courage to win one or to keep a territory until Federal troops were back of them. These claims were settled by Congress, and in 1784 Virginia ceded all of her rights to the territory northwest of the Ohio, except some little reservations, to the government, and Congress quietly agreed not to question her right to Kentucky. Congress now having possession of this great territory, had to make provision for the States that might grow up therein. Seeing what trouble had been brought upon the people of Kentucky and other States that had marked out and occupied their irregular claims, they determined to provide for the regular survey of these lands and to determine upon what terms settlers should hold them. By ordinance of 1787 certain things were determined on, and it was the sentiment of the people, and especially of the Southern men, that African slavery should not go into that territory. And even in 1784 Jefferson put a clause in an ordinance prohibiting slavery in the west territory, south as well as north of the Ohio River, after the beginning of the year 1801; but it failed to pass. In 1785 an effort was made to prohibit slavery in the Northwest immediately, but it came to nothing. Whose fault was it? Only eight States, at that time, were represented in Congress; five of the eight were Southern; and the Southern men were more strongly in favor of the measure than the cool, calculating New Englanders, who were afraid New England would lose too much population if the way were made clear to move west. A committee appointed brought in an ordinance, the majority being men of the South, prohibiting slavery, and the report was vigorously urged by two Virginians on the committee, William Grayson and Richard Henry

Lee. Roosevelt says, "The sixth and most important article declared there should never be slavery or involuntary servitude in the Northwest, otherwise than for punishment of convicted criminals; provided however, that fugitive slaves from the older States may lawfully be reclaimed by their owners. * * * It was in results, a deadly stroke against the traffic in and ownership of human beings, and the blow was dealt by Southern men, to whom all honor should ever be given."

I intend to take no partisan view of this subject; I have no personal interest in it, only that I desire to let the facts be known as they really were. From boyhood I have known the sentiment in Kentucky concerning slavery, and the Kentuckians were not strongly attached to it as an institution; but they were very warmly attached to the slaves with whom they had been, from childhood, accustomed to live; and in all my memory of Kentucky I never knew but one hard, cruel master—and he was not hard or cruel as the New Englander believed; he was a saint in comparison with what they thought slaveholders were. The slaves in Kentucky, as I knew them, were well-fed, comfortably clothed and housed, tenderly cared for in sickness, and they seemed to be as much attached to their homes as we were, where we all shared alike. The farmers taught their boys to work in the fields with the colored boys, and in a long experience I have seen no happier people than were then found in my section of Kentucky. Henry Clay was always known to be an emancipationist; Cassius M. Clay, a distinguished Kentuckian, was one of the most violent abolitionists on earth, and he owned slaves as long as there were any in the State. Why not? Was there any law forbidding it? Did not the laws of his country give him that right? He

would not have been permitted to turn them loose in Kentucky; he would not have been permitted to colonize them or turn them loose in any State north of the Ohio River. What were they to do? I will illustrate—

My grandfather owned a large body of Kentucky land; he also owned a few slaves and did not want to own them. When I was a boy he called them all before him and asked them if they wanted their freedom. As he could not give them freedom and let them stay in Kentucky, he sent across the Ohio River to ask if he could buy land and put them over there, and the privilege was refused. He would not have sold one of them any sooner than he would one of his own children, and the next thing was to send them to Liberia if they would go there. But the request of all his slaves was to be permitted to stay there—in Kentucky—with him and live with him; and they did until some of them died, and others were kindly cared for after his death. What were we to do with them? I give it as my opinion that Kentuckians, the Kentuckians of my boyhood, before their feelings were outraged by slander, vituperation, falsehood, and constant meddling with the negroes, if any provision could have been made for the betterment of them so that the State might have been free from them, would have carried the measure overwhelmingly. But constant agitation awakened bad feelings, and the people of Kentucky did not feel like being driven to anything by falsehood and abuse. This spirit was intensified by constant agitation, until many of the Northern people became so fanatical on this subject that they were almost insane. The Southern people were made to believe that there was no spirit of brotherhood in the North toward the Southern slaveholders, and that many of them would

have been willing to see our houses burned, our families murdered, almost without sympathy upon the part of the North. And when that spirit culminated in the John Brown raid, and those fanatics, regardless of law or of the ties that should have bound Anglo-Saxons together, made a martyr and a saint of that poor old fanatic,—a man who had courage to risk all to carry out his convictions, while they sat quietly at home and ran no risk,—the climax was reached. Men in the North who should have known better than to believe things that they heard taught in the pulpit, and by the press, kept up these agitations; and knowing that the Constitution protected the Southern people in their rights and that the Bible was not strong enough for them on the subject, they openly declared for an anti-slavery God, an anti-slavery Constitution, and an anti-slavery Bible. To what a pitch of madness can people be driven! My opinion is that slavery was a dark shadow upon this country; that in nature it could not exist in a republic; and that Providence let this thing be developed that it should be abolished; and that it has given to the American people a great problem which no mind can solve, but which calls for the wisest and most conservative action.

Some things that are facts seem almost too unreasonable to believe. In coming from Philadelphia to Chicago, in 1876, a very elegant gentleman occupied a seat with me for a while. He very promptly informed me that he had been the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia for the past twenty-five years. He was a Doctor of Divinity, and he seemed to be a lovable man and he really was. I did not give him my name or place of residence, thinking that I might learn more from him by appearing to be a plain Western business man in whose identity he

had no interest. I knew that Philadelphia had been the original breeding-ground of abolition and I turned the conversation to the slavery question; and though the war had been over eleven years, I found he had the intensest feeling against Southerners, and I, without contradicting anything he said, listened to statements of this sort:

“What monsters those Southern people must be, to have starved the negroes, worked them to death, neglected them in sickness, and driven them like beasts! It makes my blood run hot to think of a man hitching fifteen or twenty poor human creatures to a plow and driving them to the plowing of ground, and then turning them loose without feeding, to go into the same employment next day!”

We talked further, and after a while to make him feel better, I groaned and said:

“That looks strange to me; I wonder if it can be true? If so, they are not such great sinners as fools. To think that men would pay, I am told, as high as twelve hundred dollars for a negro,—well make it a thousand dollars,—and they would have, if eighteen men were hitched to a plow, a team that cost eighteen thousand dollars, when two hundred and fifty dollars would buy two mules that would do more plowing in one day than those men would do in three! And not feed them, nor care for them! They could do no work; and if there were not a particle of human feeling among men, such folly would be unthinkable. Would a man buy a horse and starve him to death? Would a man not doctor a sick mule simply as a matter of gain, if nothing else? It looks unreasonable to me. Besides, have you met any Southern gentlemen?”

He admitted that he had met many, and so far as

he could see they were as nice men as he had ever met.

"Well, Doctor S———," I said, "have you known any Southern Presbyterian clergymen? Are there no scholars and Christians in your denomination South? Your church is a wealthy and a fine church in the Southern States, and the Presbyterians were slaveholders. Can you believe what you have just stated; that they would practice such things as you have mentioned?"

He listened thoughtfully, was silent a while, then he said: "I am surprised that I ever believed such things."

A great deal has been said about the effect of slavery upon the white race. I shall not discuss the matter, but will simply say, you may take the finest citizens of Kentucky, the Clays, the Crittendens, the Marshalls, the Breckinridges, and many families like them that owned slaves, as they did—did they show to any disadvantage when mingling with distinguished gentlemen of the country? Are not their families found to-day conspicuous in social, political, and educational life? It is astonishing the credulity that abolitionists in a large part of the Northern States gave to anything said about slavery; they did not stop to consider whether the statements were reasonable or true; and they let their children, too, grow up with these prejudices. The president of my college, one of the grandest men in Kentucky, Dr. Campbell, of Georgetown, was a Scotchman, and before coming to Kentucky he was a rank abolitionist. He married a lady in Frankfort, became the owner of slaves, and treated them as the rest of us treated our slaves. Two of my professors in college were Maine men, grand, good men, and slaves worked

for them. And so I might mention multitudes, not only in Kentucky, but in other Southern States, whose prejudice vanished as soon as they saw conditions as they really existed.

There is no book of its kind, I suppose, that has been more read, and over which more tears have been shed, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; and in carefully reading it, more than once, I have wondered how people could swallow all that the author of that book set before them. It is a remarkable book; it shows great genius, and earnestness of spirit; but so much fanaticism has never been put into any other one book. I really question whether there is any just foundation for a tithe of the things Mrs. Stowe has said. Several reasons have been advanced as the cause of its wonderful power,—first, a natural dislike for slavery; second, Mrs. Stowe put into it the whole Beecher brain, with other assistance she might have had; and then the book appeared at a time when it was most welcome, during the excitement over the Dred Scott decision. It did harm, possibly no good. It excited bad feelings, and now, forty years after the war is closed and the slaves are free, it is paraded through the country in its most horrible form, a play, in which are presented dogs of terrible appearance,—claimed to be Southern blood-hounds, such dogs as were never seen in the South,—to arouse the basest feelings in the negro race and prejudice the ignorant. Mrs. Stowe selected my county in Kentucky as the starting point of her story; and she used the name of one of the noblest families in the State, Shelby. She states that Mr. Shelby had a splendid estate, many negroes, and valuable stock of all kinds; she introduces a base, low, ignorant negro buyer, who has power over Mr. Shelby because he owes the negro buyer a few hundred dollars.

He threatens Mr. Shelby with ruin, and forces him to sell a family servant, an honored and valuable servant, who is very necessary to the plantation; and to close the trade Mrs. Stowe pictures a beautiful little mulatto child—the price of these two paying the debt. Mr. Shelby shows great grief in parting with these, his wife is almost distracted, all the children are in tears—all because that old faithful cook, whom they all loved, sees her husband go away forever—for the want of about sixteen hundred dollars! Now, can anybody believe that a man in Mr. Shelby's condition could save a large estate by disposing of two negroes? And why these two, the most loved on the plantation? If Mr. Shelby was the character Mrs. Stowe pretends him to be, he would have sold every horse on the place and if need be cut off part of his farm, rather than make this sacrifice. A good farm in Shelby County would have been very cheap at fifty dollars an acre; a few acres would have paid the debt; a few fine horses would have paid the debt; and no Shelby County gentleman would have applied to his neighbor for help and not received it. The whole thing is false; no such thing ever occurred, and anybody who will take a minute to consider will see that it is as imaginary as any story of wildest fiction. Of course the scene is wonderfully drawn. In order to rescue her child Eliza is made to go to the Ohio River, which from Shelby County is about thirty miles, and to cross the Ohio River when it is very high, the last of February, on broken pieces of floating ice—an impossibility; and it seems as if the author in some measure realized it was an impossibility, for she states that this scene was drawn from a story published in an abolition magazine, and that it became the nucleus around which a number of scenes began to take form and unity. With a skilled

hand and burning brain Mrs. Stowe has gathered out the worst scenes that could have been thought of to awaken feeling and prejudice. Had she employed her powers in depicting the horrible scenes among the poor of England and her colonies; of the oppression of the Irish people in their poverty; of the unfeeling spirit of the aristocracy, who nearly owned England, in oppressing those who labored for them; or selected individual circumstances of suffering ones, of the starving condition of women and children laboring in factories, she could have shown the suffering of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it would have been true though almost beyond belief. What pictures could be drawn of the suffering in London, or in Paris! Or any other place all over Europe.

Suppose Mrs. Stowe had gone to Boston, witnessed the toil and poverty of women and children in the factories; or had described the sorrow and suffering aboard a vessel loaded with unfortunate slaves torn from Africa and brought here by New England people as articles of traffic. Perhaps no more heartrending scenes of suffering were ever witnessed than were witnessed on these slave-ships. But Mrs. Stowe's sympathy did not run in that direction. Suppose that she had told of the cargoes of rum that New England sent to Africa, and that wherever a missionary went, rum followed. Could she not have told what New Englanders did with their slaves when they found them unprofitable, and who paid the money for them that was used in building up their manufactories? Suppose she had gone into the slums of New York and seen thousands of children and older people living in a single block huddled together like rats; many little sick ones scarcely ever seeing the sunlight. Suppose she had gone to the Tombs police court and had seen little children and besotted

mothers of the most revolting character, all huddled together, to be tried and sent to the various places of punishment. I have been in that court and have seen things there that made the heart sick. For instance, when those poor mothers, brought there for crime with their little children, have had in little buckets the refuse out of slop pails on the street—their only means of satisfying their hunger. The pen has not been made that can give a true picture of the sufferings of the poor and the oppressed in other lands, even in this, our goodly land. What is the difference between working slaves to death and starving women and children to death in factories and in poverty from which there is no escape? What does this all prove? That in this world there will be the poor and the oppressed, that there will be hunger and slavery in some form until the millenium. And it would be unjust to hold all human governments up to scorn, or to create hate toward them, and against wealth, and the oppression of the poor. This course would result only in anarchy, in socialism, and in plunder. He who tries to array section against section, class against class; he who appeals to the passions of men, is an enemy to the government, an enemy to the betterment of conditions, and an enemy to the people.

There is one thing that strikes the reader of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" with some force. Mrs. Stowe has brought out many beautiful traits of character, and so far as I can see, she has drawn them from people who were raised in the South. Some of her negro characters are beautiful, and we who know the negro know that some of the noblest, most affectionate, and confiding people we have ever known have been of the negro race. The old uncles and the aunts were true and lovable in character, and even

Dixon in his "Clansman," which is so much abused, brings out true to life some of the best negro characters, and they shine like stars above the poor white trash which rose to the surface in the general agitation; and he shows truly the baseness of the lowest negro characteristics. The principal characters among the whites in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who are presented as dealing in slaves, she has truly stated, were men of Northern birth. Very few native Southerners ever dealt in slaves. It was those adventurers who came in from the North, who had no sympathy with the negroes, who dealt in them as if they were cattle.

Augustine St. Clair was the son of a wealthy planter in Louisiana. The family had its origin in Canada. Of two brothers, very similar in temperament and character, one had settled in Vermont, the other became an opulent planter in Louisiana. Augustine and his brother Alfred were twins, the only children of the family. "Their father had an overseer, a great tall, slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont, who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality and taken his degree to be admitted to practice." He was an unfeeling, cold-hearted man, and Augustine said of him, "He could have divided Poland as easily as an orange or trodden on Ireland as quietly and systematically as any man living." Alfred was such a man as his father, and ruled unfeelingly over five or six hundred slaves, and got to believe that they were scarcely human. Augustine was an easy-going man of forceless character, who, while believing in his heart in the wrongs of slavery, enjoyed every luxury he could obtain through slave labor. As Mrs. Stowe has confessed that this was Vermont stock and that

these men could be so easily controlled through their love of gain, we must believe her.

The meanest, lowest, basest character in the book is Legree. If there ever was such a character in the South, I never knew of it, though for years I owned a plantation in Mississippi, and traveled all through the South. I have been on the great sugar plantations and on the cotton plantations, and with very few exceptions the slaves were treated so as to enable them to have health and strength to work, to say the least of it. I never knew, while I lived there, of a master killing a slave.

This is the description Mrs. Stowe gives of her meanest character—a Vermonter also, and observation of Southern people has proved that these people who were meanest to the negroes were from the North:

His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eye-brows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned hair, were rather unprepossessing items it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. * * * And what was the matter with Legree? And what was there in a simple curl of fair hair to appall that brutal man, familiar with every form of cruelty? To answer this, we must carry the reader backward in his history. Hard and reprobate as the godless man seemed now, there had been a time when he had been rocked on the bosom of a mother,—cradled with prayers and pious hymns—his now seared brow bedewed with the waters of holy baptism. In early childhood, a fair-haired woman had led him, at the sound of Sabbath bell, to worship and to pray. Far in New England that mother had trained her only son, with long, unwearied love, and patient prayers. Born of a hard-tempered sire, on whom that gentle woman had wasted a world of unvalued love, Legree had followed in the steps of his father. Boisterous, unruly, and tyrannical, he despised all her coun-

sel, and would have none of her reproof; and, at an early age, broke from her, to seek his fortunes at sea. He never came home but once after, and then his mother, with the yearning of a heart that must love something, and has nothing else to love, clung to him, and sought, with passionate prayers and entreaties, to win him from a life of sin, to his soul's eternal good.

That was Legree's day of grace; then good angels called him; then he was almost persuaded, and mercy held him by the hand. His heart nearly relented,—there was a conflict,—but sin got the victory, and he set all the force of his rough nature against the conviction of his conscience. He drank and swore,—was wilder and more brutal than ever. And, one night, when his mother, in the last agony of her despair, knelt at his feet, he spurned her from him,—threw her senseless on the floor, and, with brutal curses, fled to his ship. The next Legree heard of his mother was when, one night, as he was carousing among drunken companions, a letter was put into his hand. He opened it, and a lock of long, curling hair fell from it, and twisted about his fingers. The letter told him his mother was dead, and that, dying, she blest and forgave him.

It will be remembered that Legree was a Vermonter, and in any place where he could have oppressed a human being for his own personal gain, this man would have been a monster. But his conduct, as shown in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," acts very well for effect and helps to bring out the tragedy.

I have given this much attention to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" because of its wonderful influence and effect, and much more could be said concerning it. History will some day do justice to this question. It will tell how New England introduced and sold slaves; how noble Southern men were opposed to its extension; how, after they had paid for the slaves, New England began to abuse them; how the fairest parts of the country have had to struggle under this cloud, that not only separated negro families, but white families; how hate was intensified until men of all

the States shed their blood; how brother fought against brother; how property was destroyed; how the agitators shunned the conflict; and how, after it was all settled on the battlefields, the basest elements were thrust into power, and homes destroyed, and general suffering followed both for the whites and for the blacks. Maybe in a hundred years history may tell how this great problem, which no human mind can comprehend, has been settled by the mighty hand of a merciful God.

CHAPTER III

THE NEGRO IN KENTUCKY

All in all, the negroes of Kentucky were the best class of negroes I have ever met. They had been trained by good Virginia people to honesty and kindness; trained to respect religion, and to love their masters and their masters' children. They are affectionate people, and when you trust them you may rely upon their faithfulness. In these days they were kindly treated; they were made to feel that our homes were their homes, and in speaking about the home and property of the master, they always called it "We-all's"; and manifested absolutely as much pride in the success of our farms, in the quality of our stock, as we did ourselves. They were always kind to our children; and this very thing made us love the negro. We were willing to divide anything with them and they would make any reasonable sacrifice for us. Among my own people, and among my neighbors, when I was a boy, with one exception, I scarcely ever heard a harsh word spoken to a negro or saw one abused.

Perhaps I can best illustrate this by a visit to an old Kentucky home. I will go with you to my old grandfather's and give it just as it now rises before me as a picture. I may mix it up and throw some things in disconnectedly; but I have an illustrious example in Charles Dickens, whose stories may never be generalized, for he seemed to put in just whatever came to his mind, whether it had connection with the other things or not. Dickens always reminds me of fishing for ocean trout; you never can tell just which

way the trout is going. Sometimes it will make a straight shoot, then tack to the right, or to the left, then bound back, and it takes skillful playing to land it safely.

Grandfather Flood was a typical Virginia English-Irishman, whose father owned a large estate in Virginia, and died before the Revolutionary war. According to the law of that day the oldest son inherited the great bulk of the estate. Grandfather had three brothers that I know came to Kentucky, and I think they were accompanied by their two sisters. Of course they were poor, and left Virginia to better their condition in Kentucky. Three of them settled in Shelby County, and commenced, in the dense forests, to clear out their little farms. They were industrious and fruitful. They all built log-cabins first, and later good, substantial homes which were afterward improved and weather-boarded. Grandmother Flood and her people also came from Virginia. They were Huguenots, as their name, Bondurant, will show. How I have been thrilled to hear from her lips the history of their early struggles! She often told me that the happiest days she ever saw, and her whole life was really a happy life, were the first years of their settlement in the woods. They had a little cabin of one room; it had a dirt floor, and was built of round logs, through the cracks of which, she said, she often looked out into the night and saw beautiful stars. Her first bedstead was composed of forks driven in the ground, and poles laid across to the cracks in the logs, on which were stretched boards, and over these boards was made the bed. She was then but a girl, fifteen years old, of splendid form, vigorous health, and she really had the sweetest disposition of any woman I ever knew. During the day grandfather would cut

the brush, and they would burn it at night, like two children playing around a bonfire. I think grandmother inherited two negroes, who had their own cabin and were as happy as their owners. They raised their little crops, pushed on, commenced raising children, and finally were able to build a comfortable home of hewn logs and shingled roof, and then weather-boarded it out of planks cut with a whip-saw, two men sawing it, one standing above the other on a platform. And when I can first remember them, though I was a very small child, they were living in great comfort and happiness; and lived to see their children take desirable positions in life; some rise to eminence, and not a stain on the character of any of them. They both lived to a ripe old age, grandmother being over eighty when she died.

I take this family to illustrate what I want to say, because I think it was a typical Kentucky family of the old time. They were devout Christians, and their children all became Christians, one of them becoming an eminent Baptist preacher. He had a peculiar name, Noah, and he is perhaps as well known in Missouri, whither he went, as any one, and is as much honored as any man in the State. In every way the blessings that usually follow a family raised in honesty, in Christian teaching and industry, followed their descendants. Grandfather never ceased to be a Virginian in all his ways. He farmed like a Virginian, he lived like one, and he had the prejudices and characteristics of a Virginian. Until a very few years before his death he would never use anything but a wooden mould-board plow. On the handle of each one hung a paddle to scrape off the dirt. He preferred to use oxen for all draft purposes, and thought it was a sin against nature to raise mules, and he would never have one on his place. If he

ever had a mowing scythe on his place, to the time of his death, I never knew it. I have seen grandmother ride to church many a time in an ox-cart, when she might have had a carriage if she preferred; but she said she thought the cart was safer; and Daniel, walking along driving the oxen, made the security almost certain. No corn was cut on that place; the fodder was pulled off the stalk up to the ears, stuck in between the stalks to dry, and then in the evenings, after the dew fell, so it would not crumble, all hands went out and tied it in bunches and dragged it to sorting places, where a tall pole was set up, around which the fodder was stacked—and it surely was sweet food for stock. Next the tops were cut off and carried out to make shuck-houses, and the shuck-house, forty feet long, was really a delightful thing. It was made of strong forks, twelve feet high or more, put in the ground, along which ran a ridge-pole, and leaning up against this were poles, upon which cross ones were fastened, and the fodder tops put all around it heavily like a shingled roof. Now the corn was gathered, hauled in, put into a great hallway between two immense cribs, and things got ready for the "corn-shucking," which was a great time with the negroes. It meant fun, feasting, wrestling, boxing, singing, and a general good time, a revel which scarcely ever closed before midnight. The neighboring negroes came in, and there would be perhaps thirty or more at a corn-shucking. They divided off into two parties, the corn was divided into two parcels, leaders were chosen, and work began. The side which won out got to eat at the first table, and the other side had to wait on them, and sing while the victors ate. I have never seen a more interesting sight in any theatre, or even at the World's Fair, than was to be seen at the old-fash-

ioned negro corn-shucking. Some call them *corn-huskings*; but a Kentuckian will never call a hominy-mortar a *hominy-block*, or a corn-shucking a *corn-husking*. The shucks were borne away and put into the shuck-house, during which there was many a wrestle and a scuffle as a test of the manhood of each one. Oh, it was fine fun for us boys! Good, rich cider flowed free as water. The neighbors came in to see the fun, and there was great feasting for the white folks; and the negroes had what we had. The great table was stretched out, and on it was the best old ham, generally roast pig, turkeys, chickens, all kinds of vegetables in season, butter of the best kind, good white bread, salt-rising wheat bread, salt-rising corn bread—all in the greatest abundance. And when all were satisfied, and songs had been sung as only negroes can sing, they dispersed to their various homes, and you could hear them singing their songs as they went homeward over the hills, as happy as mortals could be.

Though he was very kind, grandfather was a stern man. The leader of the negroes in that community was Uncle Joe Flood's Bill, a tall, wiry, active man. They all looked up to Uncle Bill, and always sought favors through his intervention. I remember once there was a fine crowd at the corn-shucking; and they had shucked perhaps nearly an hour in comparative silence, for they were afraid to be noisy, even afraid to sing, without the consent of grandfather. I was standing by the side of the dear old man, who was holding my hand when Uncle Bill approached him, took off his hat, and made as elegant a bow as a Chesterfield, saying, "Mars' Joshy, de boys want me to ax you if you's any dejections to um singin'?"

"No, Billy, enjoy yourselves," replied grandfather.

Uncle Bill started at a trot to his place in the

shucking, crying out, "Boys, let no man occupy me. Mars' Joshy says, 'Sing,' " and he started up with "Ho-o-e-Ho!" and the music of the night began.

The people of those days loved each other as neighbors, and they were generous and kind. If one killed a beef his neighbor had a share of it, and the same provision was made, in the land of abundance, for the negroes, who loved their homes, their masters, and their children. I don't remember ever seeing a negro, except the boys and young ones, who needed a little correction, whipped by his master, in Shelby County. The cruelest punishment I ever saw inflicted on a negro was given by my grandmother, and in all my memory I believe to-day she was the best woman I ever saw. It came about in this way.

It was the greatest section for fruit that I ever saw in the country. It seemed you had only to stick down a twig or plant a peach stone and you soon had fine trees. Grandfather had a splendid orchard, but grandmother always claimed a right to certain trees, one of which was a very large "sweetening" apple tree which made the finest apple-butter in the county, having just the right flavor. Of course that apple tree was set apart for that purpose, and we had to let it alone. There was one especial pear tree, too, that grandmother reserved the fruit of for making preserves, and no one was allowed to touch the pears of *that* tree. But, of course, that was the very tree that I wanted fruit from, and being a spoilt, sickly, petted child, and named for grandfather, I could have taken the privilege to go to it, but out of respect to authority I kept away from the tree until I got to feel that I *must* have a pear off of it. My body-guard and especial servant was named Peter. Peter was black, mischievous, fat, slick; and if ever two boys were fond of each other, we two boys were.

Peter, knowing my great desire for a pear from that tree, climbed over the fence,—a high stake-and-rider fence,—and got me a pear. Grandmother saw him, and called us both to her. Her great benevolent face looked serious, and she seemed surprised that her authority should be ignored; but I now know that she was in fun, but wanted to teach us a lesson. Had I let him, Peter would have lied to protect me; but I told grandmother the truth and she said she was very sorry, and as I was sick, with Peter's consent, she would punish him for us both, a plan to which he readily consented, and begged for her to do so. She told Peter to go and bring her a bridle, and I can see him now, standing with the bridle before grandmother, clothed in one garment, a very long linen shirt, which came down below his knees. I was dressed exactly as he was, for Peter and I shared alike. Grandmother looked at us, and finally said to Peter, "When horses break through fences, and we can't keep them in their place, we have to tie them up; and I am sorry, Peter, but I will have to treat you like a horse." She fixed the bridle up on Peter, putting the bit in his mouth, and hitched him up to a nail on the porch. Peter looked mightily discouraged, but enjoyed it better than any of us. I was distressed, and watched him. Grandmother sat down to her knitting and we were all silent. Peter stood there, slobbering, and, as a horse would do, pretending to chew at the bit, and when he could catch my eye he would wink; but when he thought grandmother was watching him he looked very mournful. After a while it got to be too serious for me, for I wanted Peter to go with me to the creek to plunge in and catch crawfish, and I went to grandmother and said, "Grandmother, won't you please let my horse loose? It was my fault. Peter will never break

through a fence any more." Grandmother drew me to her and kissed me, and said, "You poor little boy, this will teach you never to break any laws, and I hope Peter will learn the same lesson," and she turned Peter loose. He immediately ran out to the fine grass at the back of the house, and wallowed like a horse, and went through all the motions of a horse just let loose, and got up and shook himself, and soon we were in the creek. But I think neither one of us ever lost the lesson that was taught him.

Grandfather had his notions about religion, politics, and domestic life, and it was almost impossible to change them. He was a great admirer of John the Baptist, of Paul, and of all the old Baptist preachers in the country. Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson were his political god-fathers, and heaven and earth might have passed away, and, if he were still living, he would cling to their principles. He didn't believe in innovations; and I don't believe during his whole life he ever allowed a cook-stove to come into his kitchen. But he was not alone, there were others as bad. It took a year's hard work to get a cook-stove into my father's kitchen, and to the day of his death he contended that food did not taste the same as when cooked around a great fire-place, and I am of the same opinion to-day.

They used to thrash out their wheat with flails or trample it out with horses, and they took it out when the wind was blowing and cleaned it with the pure wind of heaven, contending that Providence had supplied a means of cleaning wheat without any human intervention. It took a long time before grandfather would lay down the sickle for the scythe and cradle, or use "artificial wind," as he called it, for the wheat fan.

A time of great enjoyment was the hog-killing; and they *did* kill hogs in those days, and such hog meat! Such bacon and such hams as they made would put modern methods of curing meat to the blush. One old Kentucky ham cured by old Virginia methods, a method which preserved its sweetness for two years, would be worth more to me to-day than a wheel-barrow load of the stuff made by Armour or Swift. The morning on which the hog-killing was to be done was a busy one, and every one was interested and alert. Ordinary families would kill ten to fifteen hogs, and larger families would kill more. Grandfather killed about thirty, but not all at once, usually in two killings. The log-heap was made the day before, and large stones placed upon it to be heated. A big cask was set sloping in the ground and leaned against a platform, so that a hog could be dipped into the cask, scalded, and drawn out. By daylight of the great day everything was astir. Usually some of the neighbors would send in a hand or two if needed; if not, some of them would come over to witness it. The rule was that one dressed hog, *at least*, was to be stretched up on the pole by sunrise. The hogs to be killed were usually put into a pen convenient, and some one, with a very small Kentucky rifle, would shoot them as needed. They had to be shot in precisely one spot between the eyes, and should the one beginning the shooting make a mistake and make a hog squeal, he had to put the gun down and another would take it. One day my father and Ned Flood were to do the shooting, and all went well until the last hog was to be shot. They, with their native Kentucky "devilment," as grandfather called it when anything went wrong, agreed to make that last hog squeal. All day they had been shooting hog about, and neither had missed;

but by agreement they were to make him squeal just to see what grandfather would do. One raised up and shot the hog through the nose, and there was a great squealing; the other raised up and shot him in the mouth, and then there was confusion, negroes and all laughing, thinking that the men were drunk. Of course they *had* whiskey at all these affairs, but I don't remember ever to have seen a drunken negro or white man at a hog-killing or a corn-shucking. Grandfather could endure the confusion no longer—the squealing. He was then about seventy-six years old, but rushed into the house, got his old smooth-bore rifle, ran out, and the first sight he got of the hog he shot and broke its back; the hog fell. And to use his favorite expression—"There is no devil if I cannot fetch him down."

The hogs, when cleaned and ready to be cut up, were hung upon a pole and left to get cool. They usually took down two or three, took out the spare-ribs, the tenderloins, and such other parts as they liked, and the cooking was commenced. And such cooking, and seasoning; spare-ribs, salted and peppered and a little sage put on them, put in great old fashioned ovens, and baked; tenderloins, seasoned and floured and fried to a nice brown. Dinner was prepared largely the day before, with some kind of roast poultry, for poultry was as abundant and cheap as hog-meat, and with hot rolls and Kentucky biscuits and fine butter, all kinds of preserves, great chunks of beautiful honey; cider, and for those who wanted it, a little toddy, they had a grand dinner, told anecdotes, and enjoyed themselves until time to cut up the hogs and trim them nicely; then the day's work was accomplished, and their hearts had been happy all day, and perhaps the very happiest of them all

were the negroes, for they had had their full share in everything.

These are not "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stories, simply visionary, but are literal truths; and a specimen of what one found in Kentucky in those old days. And there are old people living in Kentucky to-day who would verify these statements by affidavit.

In justice to the negro I ought to speak about some of his peculiar characteristics. One of these was his strong attachment to home and to his people, and his respect for religion. He was taught this by his old "marster" and old mistress, the Bible was read to him and where there were only a few negroes they were usually invited in to family worship, which was a common custom. They went to the same church-house, every Sunday, as freely as their masters, except those who had to attend to domestic work about the house, and it was usually arranged that this work could be alternated. They heard the same preaching, they took part in the singing, they were baptized by the same white preacher, and took communion at the same time with the white people. I never knew but one man, and the memory of him is a nightmare to me, who ever forbade his negroes going to church. When a negro died he was carefully buried in the family graveyard. I have known but few negroes who were infidels.

My grandfather had a brother who owned a number of negroes, and was considered one of the best managers and best feeders in the county. He knew and understood negro character well, and it was his special order that there should always be enough left after each meal to feed five hungry men should they happen to come in. And so fearful was he about not being able at all times to meet every demand, that at the beginning of 1812 he began to put away

"a nest egg," which he never allowed to be disturbed, though he loaned money. And after his death my brother-in-law, who was his youngest son, told me that there was found in an old chest in his house, unreasonable as it may seem, a barrellful of silver. Much of it had lain there from as far back as 1812. He had two negroes, as I stated, who were supposed to be from Africa. I don't know where he got them. They believed in conjuring, and ghosts, and everything that was unreal, as a great many other negroes did; but these two especially believed in the supernatural. The pious negroes, especially, worked hard for their conversion, but they contended, when told about Christ, that God Almighty never would walk around on the ground here like a man. They were the Advanced Higher Critics in Kentucky, and latter-day ones have not gotten much beyond them. But tell them something sufficiently unreasonable and they would catch it at once. They believed that "witches" could do anything, and the white boys, who were full of mischief, used to tell them wonderful stories to see with what greediness they received them. One I remember well. There was a little, old, dried-up man, who lived away down the hills, and if any one could look like a "witch" it was "Old Burns." The negroes used the word "witch" indiscriminately, not knowing the distinction between "witch" and "wizard."

The white boys told them various things to get their interest, and finally told them this story.

"Burns lives, you know, boys, away down on Six Mile, in a cabin ten by twelve. And he had a baby; and one day Burns was sittin' rocking his baby—and a great big panther came and looked in at the door. And it made Burns so mad that he reached under his bed and pulled out his club, forty feet long,

with a great iron knob on it. Burns looked at the panther and kept getting madder and madder. Finally he started, and the panther started; and the first swipe Burns got at him, the panther jumped out of the way and Burns knocked down a beech-tree that was full of beech-nuts. That scared the panther, and then they had it. Up and down they ran, and finally he got another swipe at the panther, but he jumped across the Backbone hills, and when the panther was about one hundred yards ahead Burns made a swipe and hit him on the foot, and knocked down a white oak."

About this time old Coot, as he was called, was full of excitement, and cried, "Lawd, my Lawd! Then what did he do?"

"Well, the panther made a dash for the Kentucky River, Burns after him, and getting madder all the time. And when the panther came to a high bluff, Burns was right behind him; and when the panther jumped he landed on the other side of the river—jumped clear across it; and Burns made a strike at him and his staff divided the Kentucky River and killed a cat-fish lying on the bottom of it."

Old Bill could not stand it any longer.

"My Lawd, ain't that Burns a man!"

And yet that negro never was made to believe that Jesus Christ was here in person, on the earth.

The negroes were superstitious, the white folks were superstitious, and there is just enough superstition now among us Kentuckians to make it pleasant. What Kentuckian would not rather see the moon clear over his left shoulder, would not rather plant his potatoes in the dark of the moon, would rather lay his rail fence in the light of the moon? What Kentuckian enjoys a dog howling at the window at night, as much as he would a fife and drum? And

what Kentucky preacher in the old time would not have preferred to preach to a lot of those good old negroes, that had souls and sang and knew how to pray, had a child-like earnest faith, to the congregation dressed in frizzles and frazzles, swallow-tailed coats, and tailored pantaloons, or a great audience, and with a prelude and postlude, and with individual communion cups, as can be found in congregations to-day? In what congregation would his sermon have produced the best results?

Sometimes men had to sell a negro; but except those who had to be taken out of the community for crimes committed, and sent down South, negroes were not sold except to neighbors, or to the family, and kind provisions were made for them in disposing of them. These statements are the result of my honest observations.

It has been said, and believed, that the influence of the negro had a bad effect upon the white children. I do not believe it, and I believe that the most eminent native Kentuckians, who have become governors, United States Senators, congressmen from various States, the most profound ministers in the pulpit, teachers and professors in colleges, and such men, would agree with me. It is true that when we would be spending evenings in the cabins with them hearing them tell stories and sing songs, we would be impressed about as children are now when hearing of Santa Claus. And I would rather my children would hear those things than to be filled with the idea of Santa Claus, which has led people, in after life, to believe that the story of Christ was a Santa Claus story. After a long experience and careful thought on this matter, I am satisfied that the influences of the old-time Kentucky negroes upon the white children were good. A very great majority of

them believed as firmly in Christ and religion as teachers in theological seminaries, and accepted the doctrines without reserve, and they impressed this idea upon us all. And though I was raised with negroes and was intimate with them, I never failed to be impressed by the earnest, child-like faith of these faithful old Christians.

The negroes were taught obedience, and we learned that virtue with them. The negroes were taught to be honest and were punished for dishonesty just as we children were. And I cannot remember one single bad lesson that I learned from our good old colored people. They were an imaginative, visionary people, and perhaps no people ever believed more in dreams or were more influenced by them. Some one will say, "You might expect such results from such people." Let me tell you, the one dream of all that I have ever heard that made the most impression upon me was a dream told by a white man. Governor James F. Robinson, of Georgetown, Kentucky, one of the most eminent lawyers of the State, one of the noblest men of his age, had a grandson who accidentally shot himself. I was invited, with another young man, to sit the night when his body was lying in the parlor before burial, and away about the midnight hour, the "Grand Old Roman," as they called him, came quietly in and took his seat. The conversation drifted to the subject of impressions, influence of mind upon mind at the bar and in the pulpit; and he said:

"One thing in my life produced a most profound impression upon me with regard to the spirit world. It was a dream that I had. In my dream I passed into the spirit world, and it seemed that I was the only spirit in that great Unknown. I knew not where to go or what to expect, but finally it seemed that

I was in Fayette County, and everything was unreal. But in my great loneliness I saw a man approaching me. 'Now,' I thought, 'I will learn where I am.' As soon as he was within speaking distance I hailed him, and reached out my hand to grasp him, and instantly he disappeared, and I was alone again. I went on until I saw, in a grove up near Lexington, what seemed to be a good-sized picnic party, among whom were friends that I recognized, and I directed my steps toward them, and just as I was about to enter in among them they all vanished and I was alone. The distress of my mind cannot be expressed. But I started on, and after while approached a residence which I thought belonged to Colonel Quarles. Now, I felt, I would surely find relief. I approached the door, and when I put my foot on the first step it all vanished, and there I was alone. And I cried in anguish, 'Oh, God, is this eternity, and am I forsaken? Is there nothing real on earth?' and my feelings were so intense that I awoke. And no sermon, nothing, has ever taught me the lesson that this dream did, that earthly things are vanity; and that man ought, here, to prepare for companionship in the world to come."

This was no dream of a negro, but of a great and noble man who conceived it to be almost a revelation from Heaven to him. Old Kentucky may have had people who believed in dreams, signs, ghosts, and witches, but she never rose to that high plane of civilization which the people residing in Salem reached when they burned witches. I have been at some pains to show the real condition of affairs in the old times, and to show that, though the whites and blacks mingled together in Kentucky, neither race had a very demoralizing effect upon the other, with, of course, a few exceptions.

Kentucky had slaves, and so far as I can see she did the best she could for them. They were a help to their masters; and the influence of the whites upon them had much to do in leading them to Christianity and enlightenment. And perhaps there is no like number of colored people in the world to-day who, on the whole, are as happy as were the Kentucky negroes.

CHAPTER IV

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT KENTUCKY

The Kentuckians have been accused of having very high prejudices; of being vindictive, proud, clannish, drunken, and various other things which are equally absurd. Before answering in a brief way some of these things, let me ask a question—would people of this sort be likely to build up a country, to produce citizens that would take high rank in the state, and succeed in every position in life? To ask the question is to answer it.

PREJUDICE

The word prejudice is a word of harsh meaning. The man who is influenced by prejudice is not reliable; he forms his judgments without evidence or investigation. It has been said that the Kentuckians were never fair in their feelings toward the Indians. Can any one living estimate the provocations they had to despise the Indians and to fight them? It is not necessary to recount the horrible treatment that the early Kentuckians, their wives and children, received at the hands of the most brutal, unfeeling human beings that the civilized world has ever come in contact with. The Kentuckians at first simply went in to make homes in a new part of the country that no tribe ever claimed or owned. It was ground over which the several tribes had fought each other for the possession of; but none had ever reached the point of victory where any part of the land was conceded to the other tribes. The early settlers tried by

treaty and every way to conciliate these Indians, but in vain.

Let me go back sixty-four years and tell what I heard around the fireside; for I remember it as well as if told me last year. All my grandparents were living at that time, nor did they all die until I was nearly twenty years old. The stories that were told around the fireside, how fresh in my memory they are! Nearly all my people on my paternal grandfather's side were killed by the Indians, and many of them were killed under the most cruel circumstances. I heard again and again the account of the attack on Bryan's Station, told by my people who were there, and I had intended to give the story as they related it to me, but in the "Winning of the West" there is a fair and impartial statement of it, except that there are a great many interesting little incidents told which are not really necessary to the description. Mr. Roosevelt, in a footnote, seems to cast a little doubt upon some statements that were made, especially in regard to Reynolds's speech to Girty. He says that of course the exact words as given by McClurg are incorrect, but they are given him by Draper, and because he had heard some old men tell of it who had been in Bryan's Station and who had themselves heard the speech he gives it. But for this, he says, he would reject it. My grandfather's sister was there, and she told me, and she never omitted, in describing the attack, how young Reynolds took upon himself to be the spokesman, and that he knew Simon Girty personally. As she told it, Reynolds said, "Simon Girty, I know you well. You are an infamous renegade. We all despise you; and every one in this fort would rather die than to surrender to such a dirty dog as you are. And if I had the mean-

est dog in Kentucky, I wouldn't disgrace him by calling him Simon Girty."

How often have I heard her repeat the story of the attack the Indians made upon the Cook cabin, in Innis Bottom on Elk Horn, four and one half miles from where Frankfort is now situated. In some way the account of that has been confused. I have not read a history of Kentucky in twenty-five years; though I remember the account given by Collins, an account which is measurably correct, and yet there is some little confusion in that and in recent accounts. In *the Courier-Journal* of October 8, 1905, there is a beautiful picture of the place where the Cook family was massacred. It was one of the prettiest scenes on the Elk Horn.

There must be some confusion in regard to the time when the old fort was erected, for there was no fort there when my people defended their cabin. As told me, after things settled down in Kentucky so that people could leave Bryan's Station, two of the Cooks, Hosea and Jesse, with a brother-in-law named Mastin, concluded to settle down on the beautiful Elk Horn. Mastin married Peggy Cook, who was there and knew of the circumstances. Jesse Cook had been out hunting and was shot, but they did not know it. The other two were shearing sheep. It was a charming spring morning, and they had cleaned their guns, and expecting no trouble had left them empty after cleaning that they might dry, as was often the custom with us in Kentucky. They were old flint-lock guns, and unless the priming was kept dry they were not reliable.

The women were cheerily singing some old gospel song, when all at once they heard the ringing of rifles close to the cabin. One of the men fell by the sheep he was shearing; the other man was shot, pre-

sumably near the heart or through it, but he ran and fell in the door and the women pulled him into the cabin and barred the door, which was made of heavy slabs. The cabin was made of logs closely fitted, so as to need no "chinking" as it was termed, up for about five feet; then the cracks were more open so as to admit light and air. There was no crack large enough to put a gun through for five feet or more, and there was no way to shoot out without climbing up that high except one place, and that was where the facing was pinned up on the logs and had sprung a few inches in one or two places. When the door was barred the Indians made signs as if they would be very kind to them if they would let them in. The one who had stayed behind to rob the dead man came up, and he could speak some English. Aunt Peggy always thought it was Simon Girty, or some one he had taught some English to. They fired the cabin first at the door, trying to burn the door out, but the women put this fire out with what water they had in the cabin. The Indians then climbed up and threw fire through the upper cracks. That was easily put out when it fell to the floor; but the women's resources were very limited. Once fires were kindled so as to endanger the cabin in two places, but Aunt Peggy took the bloody shirt from her dead husband and put that out. One of the other women broke up a hen that was sitting, and rubbed the fire out with the eggs. In their desperation they used every available means.

After this the Indians drew off for a consultation and the women had time to think things over. The guns were there, the old powder-horn was there, but they could not find the bullets. One of the women found a piece of lead, bit off a piece, chewed it as round as she could in that short time, and they loaded

the gun with this, and when it was loaded she peeped through the crack at the door-jamb and saw the Indians out in the front. The chief, with his men around him, in order to strike terror to their hearts, told what he would do to them if they did not surrender; and thereupon the Indian sat down upon the body of Hosea Cook, having dragged it up in front of the home, and proceeded to scalp him, being directly in range—as old Aunt Peggy said, she thought that God managed it for them. The gun was put through the crack and the Indian was shot squarely through the body. Women knew how to shoot in those days. Aunt Peggy said that when the ball struck the Indian he leaped high off the ground, gave a yell, and fell down dead. Though Indians are very brave when they have the advantage, when they think they are in danger they are veritable cowards. They took the body of the dead Indian and threw it into the Elk Horn, and it lodged down against a rock, which is called “Indian Rock” to this day. By this time the women had found a saucerful of bullets, and Aunt Peggy said that, strange as it may seem, they hoped the Indians would stay long enough to get a few more of them. But they left. She said during the whole scene there was not a tear shed, but after it was all over they took the bodies of their husbands and washed them and prepared them for burial. And the dear old woman said it seemed as if they shed tears enough over them to wash their faces.

This is the story as I got it from my grandfather's sister and from my grandfather, who, by the way, was not there at that time but knew all the circumstances.

Whether all the incidents found in the different books written about early Kentucky life are correct

or not, it shows something of the stories that thrilled our young hearts, and makes some apology for the dislike of the Kentuckians for the Indians. When they would tell us how they had to hide their little ones in caves; how they were never sure when the morning sun rose that it would not set in the evening upon slaughtered families, burned homes, ravished women, their dear ones burned at the stake or tortured in a thousand fiendish ways, would it be unnatural that we would grow up with a feeling of hostility toward such foes?

DISLIKE OF THE BRITISH

One would not expect that people of their own race and language, who had had common ancestry, would commit such barbarities as the British did in the beginning of the war with the colonies up to the battle of New Orleans, a battle which occurred nearly a generation after the struggle commenced. The Kentuckians and their fathers had seen and experienced these cruelties, which were a disgrace to any people claiming to be civilized. And while I shall speak, perhaps, in no very complimentary terms of these acts, yet the after years have revealed to us things that softened our feeling against the British people, for the mass of the English people did not concur in or help to carry out many of the most dastardly things that the British government did in this country. What King George, whom Hawthorne calls "a bewildered fool," and his immediate advisers did ought not to be charged to the English people. The King had to go out and purchase hirelings, and when the government could not succeed by that means it used as its allies and instruments the savage Indians. I had purposed to give some account of

how the British armed and sent the Indians out to the destruction of the homes of the white men, and the murder of their wives and families. The British strained every nerve to drag into the war the entire Indian population of the Northwest and often left the Indians to bear the burden of it after their ravages. And some who had commanded in this country seemed to take great pleasure in these Indian forays, where they stole everything they could get, burned the cabins, carried off the women and children into captivity, and committed every crime that they could commit. But why put into a book that claims to be half decent these black, unnatural, and infamous acts of a people who were really our kin?

We were taught to dislike the British, and scarcely a boy was raised in Kentucky who did not hope for some opportunity to pay them back. One of the first patriotic songs that I heard was:

"We are marching down to old Quebec,
The drums and fifes are beating;
The Americans are gaining ground,
And the British are retreating."

Whenever an opportunity came for the Kentuckians to avenge themselves and chastise the British and Indians, they were there ready and willing. At the battle of Fallen Timbers there were a thousand Kentuckians under Wayne; at the battle of the Thames, where the war-cry was, "Remember the River Raisin!" the Kentuckians were there doing a noble part; and the first boy born in Kentucky, so far as we can learn, Richard M. Johnson, a man honored and loved, in the front of the battle met Tecumseh and slew him. But the Kentuckians never got to pay their full debt to the British until in the battle of New Orleans, nor

did this country have any degree of respect shown from England until the riflemen from Kentucky and old Tennessee sent back and defeated and disgraced the boastful veterans who had never been conquered by European people. And had that battle not been fought before the final treaty was made and ratified, the map of the United States might have been different. The English people direct from the Old World did not at first come to Kentucky, for reasons known perhaps to themselves and to us. I don't remember having seen in Kentucky, until I was nearly grown, but one man direct from England. He was a shoemaker of no social standing, and when the occasion rose he showed he was a dog. There was one other man I knew that it was said had spent his early years in England, then a number of years in Pennsylvania, and then came into our part of the country. I thought he was a clever man, but he was one of the greatest liars that I ever heard, and he told things that were not true when it would do no good. He told my father one day that he had been out hunting a run-away negro; that he started early in the morning, in the snow; he tracked him in the snow from neighborhood to neighborhood; and finally in the late evening, making his way back home, having given it up, he said he found the negro in a blackberry patch eating blackberries.

If we were taught to dislike that class of people, was it prejudice? I want to say here that I have found in later years from acquaintance with many people from England some splendid, true, good men and women. I have found from Scotland and Wales some of the very best ministers that I have ever seen in this country. No people are fonder of home, and try to make better homes for themselves than the

English people. People who have gone through England say that they are industrious, frugal, and a splendid people in all their home-life. To put it about right, I guess, a great deal of our best home-life habits came from England. Many of our best Christian people came from that country, and now there ought not to be any prejudice anyway. The people of the present day in England are not responsible for the atrocities that their ancestors practiced; and upon fuller acquaintance between the two classes of people, the admiration increases. But in politics let America keep her eye on old England.

PRIDE

It has been asserted that Kentuckians are people of great pride. In one sense it is false, and in another it is thoroughly true. If the word is taken in a bad sense, it is not true; if taken in good sense,—as Webster defines pride, “sense of one’s own worth, and abhorrence of what is beneath or unworthy of one; lofty self-respect, noble self-esteem; elevation of character;”—it is true. The early Kentuckians—I speak generally—were men and women of splendid physiques, and surrounded by everything to develop strong good bodies. At the risk of repetition, let it be said again, that for everything of natural worth, to make good homes, to produce every needed physical comfort, to develop health and brain-power, no section of the world surpasses Kentucky. The estimate that the old preacher gave of it, when he returned from Kentucky to Virginia, was not far wrong, when taken in a right sense. He felt so good when he had seen that land, that he thought he would preach a sermon on heaven; and after doing all he could to describe that beautiful world, he closed by

saying, "Brethren, heaven is a regular Kentucky of a place."

Kentuckians were proud of their homes, and as soon as circumstances would permit they builded better, and occupied, even before the passing away of the first generation, many of the best homes known in the West, Southwest, or Northwest. They took pride in the achievements of their ancestors, and held up to their children the noblest examples of true worth. They took great pride in the upbuilding of their educational institutions, and spared no pains to provide the very best teachers and professors for their colleges. Centre College was chartered in 1819, when wild beasts roamed the forests in many parts of the State, and men were dressed in homespun. Georgetown College was chartered in 1829 and, like Centre College, had at its head and in its faculty distinguished men, and has had such from that day to this. And college after college has been added, until Kentucky ranks high in literary culture. When I was a boy there was a splendid female college in Shelbyville, presided over by a Mrs. Trevis for a good part of a half century.

They were people who had great respect for religion; and according to population, perhaps no State in the Union has ever had more evangelistic Christians. Church-life had a great influence upon the people of Kentucky. For fifty years after the State was admitted to the Union there was a very small part of the population living in towns, and churches were dotted all over the State. Almost every neighborhood had its church, and children were taught to respect the ministers of the gospel and the duties of a Christian life. As Roosevelt has said, the Baptists seemed to have the greatest strength in the State. Their preachers lived among the

people, labored with them, shared their sorrows from the beginning, helped fight the Indians, and lived as other citizens did; and as Roosevelt has said, the free democratic spirit of the Baptist church seemed to attract people more to that denomination. These churches constituted the best illustration of States-rights of anything seen in government. Each church had always been a pure democracy; no church had any control over another church; each church attended to its own affairs and pretended to have no jurisdiction outside its own membership; and there has been great unity in doctrine and practice in these churches. The ministers of these churches in the second generation were nearly all sons of the early pioneers, and, taken as a class, they were perhaps equal in brain-power, social influence, and wealth to any other profession in the State. Many of them inherited splendid farms from their fathers; and, take them all in all, no better class of men could have been found to lead and direct the Kentuckians. Their mode of discipline was such that they settled many disputes out of court.

The Methodists and Presbyterians did not take to the country as naturally as the Baptists, and the former were the more zealous perhaps in spreading the gospel. My early recollections of the Methodists were that they were a praying people, a godly people, and a zealous people, and multitudes were converted under their ministry—many of whom joined other churches. Take it all in all, the Presbyterians were perhaps, as far as learning was concerned, the most cultured in the State. I scarcely ever knew a Presbyterian clergyman who was not a gentleman. But they did not go out much into the country; they were more apt to be found in the towns, and their mode of home-life and child-training was of the best character.

These were the three leading denominations in that early day in the State, and it seemed to have been the mingling of these three with their peculiar characteristics that had a wonderfully good influence upon the communities. In that early day there was very little strife among the denominations and scarcely an infidel in the State. Under Providence they seemed to have combined the happy influences of all three upon the people.

Why should not a people be proud of such ancestry and such influences?

I have not spoken of the influence of other denominations in that early day, because I know little about them. They all, so far as I know, loved liberty, freedom of worship, and taught their children love of country, and patriotism.

Kentucky and the great Southwest had learned lessons from the follies of the people in the older States. They had read of the persecutions in New England. Many families in central Kentucky had known of their ancestors preaching from prison bars. The descendants of the Craigs, the Wallers, the Irelands and of others from Virginia were a noble class of people, and wielded a strong influence upon the community. From these families many distinguished ministers descended, whose influence is felt throughout Kentucky and other sections of the country to-day.

CLANNISHNESS.

Kentuckians are accused of being the most clan-nish people on the earth. In a bad sense, the accusation is false. In a good sense, it is probably true. If by the criticism people mean that Kentuckians will stick together and aid each other everywhere in a reasonable way, it is true. The conditions under

which the State was settled, and the lessons taught by those conditions, the lessons of brotherhood and dependence of sentiment and love, had these results. No people had harder struggles to establish homes than the early settlers of Kentucky; and the very trials they went through tended to bind them together, and to teach them the value of helping one another. And their spirit of clinging together was as strong as their religious spirit. They learned to know one another's worth and were conscious of having descended from the best stock in the world, and of being worthy of the esteem and regard of their fellow-men.

There has always been considerable opposition to the Masonic fraternity. The Masons have been accused of sticking together and upholding one another whether in the right or wrong. Nothing is more false than this accusation. They are a grand people in any part of the world, and whatever charges may be made against Masonry, the public cannot appreciate the amount of good the order has done. And there are little ignorant prejudices against them by those who know nothing about them. The only answer necessary to all these charges may be found in the consideration that the men belonging to this order receive in every community. And without fear of contradiction, it may be said that many of the very best citizens of all the communities belong to this fraternity. Next to church men, there is not a grander body of men in the world than the Knight Templars.

Without any special bonds of organization, the Kentuckians constituted a great social organization, almost Masonic in its nature, and wherever they are found they are generally true. It has been said that there is scarcely a State in this country where, if a

notice was inserted in the papers, "An old Kentuckian is in trouble and wants to see some friend from the old State," that they would not rally to him. I believe that it is true, but I do not believe that a Kentuckian would do a dishonorable act to relieve him.

Fifty years ago it would have been impossible to tell how many relatives a member of an old Kentucky family had. They had married and inter-married and raised large families, until this people, in the best parts of the State, were practically one. One could never know when he would meet a relative. Fifty years ago a magnificent gentleman from either Indiana or Ohio approached me and said, "We are kins-folk; your father and I were cousins." I thought that I knew all my father's cousins, for he had only two uncles living and I knew all their sons. I said, "Sir, you are not my father's cousin, as I see it." He replied, "Have you never heard that a child was born to the widow of Hosea Cook—the Hosea Cook who was killed in the massacre at Elk Horn—three months after his death? I said, "Yes, I have been told so." "I am that child," he said, "the son of Hosea Cook who was killed three months before I was born." Yes, it is true, the Kentuckian never knows where he is going to meet his relatives, and it is true that Kentuckians will stick together to the third and fourth generation. My home has not been in Kentucky for forty years, but I love the old State as well as any man living in it; love her history, love her people, as every true Kentuckian does. "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian."

LAWLESSNESS

A great many people think that there was always a lawless spirit among the Kentuckians. The facts

are that no people ever respected law or tried to uphold it more strongly than do Kentuckians, and they have ever been ready to defend the laws and the honor of their country, a fact demonstrated on nearly every battlefield known to our history since Kentucky became a State. She has always been ready to pour out her best blood in the defence of the Constitution of the United States, after there was a constitution. The charge has been made that she showed at one time a spirit to set up for herself; but at that time there was no settled government in this country; and when she wished to push the country westward, she was not only opposed by those who laid claim to the great Southwest, but even by her brethren on the Atlantic border. She felt that they had no sympathy for her, and if it was a question as to the unity of the government, and it then looked as if it were that, she intended to maintain her post and push west her conquests. But as soon as the fact of a settled government was assured, her heart and her best affections went out to it; and it is a fact undisputed in history that her people did more to give this government great territory and to open it up to the Pacific shore than any other people. Soon the question came up as to the acquisition of territory, and the prejudice against extension of slavery made nearly all New England opposed to the conquest and annexation of Texas, and they took very little part in the Mexican war. Kentucky gave her best blood on the hard-fought plains of Mexico, and her men explored this great Western territory to the Pacific coast.

A truly brave man is full of human kindness, and has every respect for law. The greatest and bravest men of this country have always been men of tender sympathies. The greatest man, I think, this country

ever produced—of course we always except Washington—was Robert E. Lee, and he had sympathy as tender as a woman's. Grant, of whom I may speak hereafter, has been considered by many historians as being a brutal man; but it is slander and falsehood to charge him with brutality. He was thoroughly brave, and always true to his word. After terms had been made with General Lee, in tenderness Grant said, "The officers shall keep their side-arms"; and he added, "The men shall keep their private property and horses,—they will need them when they go home." The cartel was signed and Grant's word was pledged to it. Afterward there seemed to be a disposition, upon the part of some in authority who had never been in a battle, to disregard this cartel, but Grant firmly replied, "If this cartel is not kept, there will be another war." Brave men are not lawless men. I have taken pains to investigate the record of crime in Kentucky during the first sixty years of her history as a State; and I challenge any State to produce a better record. Kentucky had need of no great prisons. The penitentiary in Frankfort held but few criminals, and for sixty years was not larger than an ordinary workhouse in some States. Since the war I have no records.

Kentucky has had a bad name on account of feuds in the mountain counties. The people there were like mountaineers in Scotland. They were brave, had very little education, and they did have feuds, but not in the early history of the State. These conditions have developed largely since the war, and are the result in a measure of outside influences and of bad elements that came in there after the war. I have always sympathized with these mountain people, and were I a young man I would be willing to go there and devote my life to teaching and leading

those people in a better way. Many of these mountain counties have furnished men of brains; and it will not be many generations until these mountaineers will be cultured, and many of them rich, because the mountains are full of minerals. The Kentuckians have never been a lawless people, and no intelligent man will ever make the charge.

WHISKEY

Whatever may be said about whiskey and drunkenness, I assert that no State, according to population, uses less whiskey than the better class of people in Kentucky has used in all the generations. Drunkenness never could have produced such people as Kentucky has produced. A drunken, lawless parentage could not have furnished the able man that Kentucky furnished; and to answer the question, "Why does every Kentuckian carry a cork-screw?" is to answer a fool according to his folly. Kentucky has been a great whiskey producing State, and is one of the greatest sections in the world in the amount of tobacco it raises. But the people there do not use all their tobacco, nor do they use all their whiskey. Nature provided the most wonderful facilities for the production of these articles; and the world demanded, and needed them, as it supposed. That I may not be misunderstood, I may state that, in my whole life, I have opposed the use of intoxicants, and perhaps to-day am as consistent a prohibitionist as can be found. If my voice would accomplish that result, there would never be manufactured or used in all these United States another gallon of alcoholic liquor. Of course, alcohol has been considered as almost indispensable in science and in medicine, and it is one of the great gifts to

mankind, if not abused; but the abuse of it has been so terrible that I believe the world would be better off were there never to be any more manufactured. I have always avoided fanaticism. The fanatic is unreliable and fanaticism has produced some of the gravest errors. But I do not believe that absolute prohibition is possible or practicable as human society is to-day. Prohibition laws may be passed, but they will never be fully enforced and practiced until the millennium.

I am no advocate of the manufacture or the use of intoxicants, and alcohol and its products ought to be controlled just like any other terrible evil, but how to do it only God knows.

But why Kentuckians have been singled out as a great whiskey-drinking people, with all the facts intelligently understood, I cannot comprehend. Physicians say that the greatest single remedy known to science is opium and its products. If it were left to me there never would be another ounce of it made. If without opium and alcohol men would die, let them die; for the curse these things have brought has overbalanced all the blessing, in my judgment.

The manufacture of whiskey and brandies in the early day in Kentucky grew out of conditions. There was no limit to the production of cereals and fruits; without using them there would have been no use for a large part of the labor, for at that early day there was no market convenient. There is a peculiar something in the water of the State that enables them to make, as judges of such things say, the best whiskey in the world. The early Kentuckians had enormous harvests of grain and fruits, and they naturally turned to the converting of these products into whiskey and brandies. There was a great demand for these, and many of the best men and best

farmers put up their distilleries and made honest whiskey and brandy, and felt that they were doing no harm. As time went on, these little distilleries became unnecessary because markets could be reached by means of good roads, flat-boats, and railroads, and the small distilleries gave way to larger concerns which were usually conducted by the most reliable men in the communities, and the products shipped out to other people. I believe I am correct in stating that during one year one hundred and seventy-nine thousand barrels of whiskey were shipped from Louisville alone. It was manufactured as a matter of business and sold as merchandise, and became famous throughout the world. It would be just as reasonable to suppose that the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, perhaps the largest in the world, use in their own communities all the shoes they produce, as that Kentuckians use all the whiskey they make. The Hamilton-Brown shoes, because they are an honest product, go all over the world; Kentucky whiskey goes all over the world. But all Kentuckians do not carry a cork-screw.

There has been, too, a general disposition to charge Kentuckians with being drunkards, and it is mean and false to do so. I want to give an illustration or two. Henry Clay was charged with often being drunk and similar charges have been made against other great statesmen of Kentucky whom I might name, because men were jealous of them. John G. Carlisle and George G. Vest have been held up as eminent Kentuckians who drank, and I have felt about it as Lincoln did, when Grant, then in command of the army, was accused of being drunk. "I wish," said Mr. Lincoln, "some of my other generals would use the same kind of whiskey." It is a pity that some other men have not used the same kind of

whiskey that Carlisle and Vest did! But these men were slandered. I was in Washington when George Vest was in the Senate and had made a national reputation. He and I were close friends, I might say we were warm personal friends, and I always felt it an honor to be recognized by Vest. I went over to the capitol and inquired for Senator Vest. I was very promptly informed that he was off in his room drunk, and that he would see nobody. He *was* locked in his room, and I sent up my name, and was requested to come up, and when I knocked at his door he promptly opened it, and said, "Cook, I am glad to see you. I want you to go home with me. They have worried me until I felt like I didn't want to see any living man; and shut myself up here to get away from a lot of the damned fools." He was as sober as I was, and there was not even the smell of whiskey on him.

About the time of my birth all the small distilleries had well-nigh disappeared, but occasionally one could be found. My old grandfather, who, in my estimation, was the highest type of manhood I ever saw, preached fifty years to one community, or rather four churches that he had organized, had at one time distilled a great deal of whiskey and brandy. He told me that he had studied carefully through the entire Bible nineteen times, and in looking over the whole matter he thought that whiskey was a great evil. He discontinued the manufacture of it, and I do not remember having seen in his home so much as a bottle of whiskey. Of course some drank, and it was common to see it on the sideboards of other Kentucky homes, but it was not on his. And there may be a curse that follows these things, but a census of his family was taken some time ago, and it was found that of his blood or relatives, twenty-six of

them became ministers of the gospel. It may be that such results would have come from the kind of whiskey. As an old preacher in Missouri, who was raised in Kentucky, closed after preaching a most ardent temperance sermon—"Brethren, the last argument that I make against the use of whiskey is, you can't get the kind that we had when we were boys. If you could, I would tell you where you might go and get a little."

I could name men in Kentucky, some of them living to-day, who distilled on a large scale, men whom I knew in college, and they were gentlemen. And in Kentucky to-day more than three-fourths of the counties have strong local-option laws and hold the lid on tight. The greatest curse that comes from whiskey has not been in the family use of it; it has grown out of the saloon influences. There is nothing in the world so beastly and devilish as the saloon. If authority was given to the Devil to ruin mankind, he could not do it more surely than by establishing saloons in every community. There is no language capable of describing the evils of the saloon.

But why is it that Kentucky has been charged with making drunkards for the world, when one man can be found in one of our cities who has done more to corrupt and debase people than all Kentucky has in the last few years? And yet because he is a millionaire and is not devoid of all feeling of generosity, his movements can scarcely escape the notice of the leading metropolitan newspapers. If he gets sick they have to tell how many nurses he has and where he goes in his private car. And that nasty spirit of toadyism makes the brewing of beer respectable. It is not beer, properly used, that is destructive to health, I suppose, though I know nothing of it; but it is the influence that these rich brewers have in

establishing and keeping up saloons. It has been estimated that one brewing concern in St. Louis has opened and controlled twenty-two thousand saloons in this country, establishing them and putting the commonest men at their head. This is simply what one city has done. Great God, what an influence these immense brewing establishments have had in debasing people!

CHAPTER V

DIFFICULTIES

Any school-boy can look at his geography and tell how Kentucky is bounded, but a few words in general in regard to its conditions may be in order. Its climate is adapted to the cultivation of everything, almost, necessary to human comfort. Its soil is inexhaustible; eighty bushels of corn have been raised to the acre after the ground had been in cultivation for forty continuous years and this without using an artificial fertilizer. The lime stone rock is full of phosphates, and there is a richness in the ground and in the grass than can perhaps not be found in any other section of the country. The abundant springs all over the State seem to be impregnated with ingredients, especially the phosphates, to be found in like proportions nowhere else. The "blue-grass section" is raised above the sea level hundreds of feet. Lexington has an elevation of one thousand and seventy feet. Material for making good roads is abundant, and the splendid turn-pikes that have been in the State for more than sixty years furnish as good roads as can be found in the world. Near Lexington iron was mined a hundred years ago, and it is said that the Indians worked copper mines. It is said that now the iron district of the State covers about twenty thousand square miles, and the coal area more than four thousand square miles. Numerous medical springs have been of great value to the State. The advantages that Kentucky has had from water transportation have never been appre-

ciated. The Ohio River is the largest of the affluents of the Mississippi in respect to its discharge of water. This averages one hundred and fifty-eight thousand cubic feet per second; that of the Missouri River averages but one hundred and twenty thousand cubic feet. With its numerous tributaries the Ohio River has five thousand miles of high water navigation. Its length below Pittsburg is nine hundred and seventy-five miles, and to this add the Cumberland and Tennessee, and it will readily be seen that Kentucky is easily reached by water on almost every side, except, of course, the mountain districts in the southwest.

Many of the earlier settlers came into the State in small boats; but the earliest, perhaps, came over the mountains and along the Wilderness road. It would have been no very difficult task for people to come to the State had it not been for the Indians. The State lay between the Indians of the Northwest and the Indians of the Southwest; in their wars with each other they passed through the territory now known as "Kentucky." It is said that more than twelve tribes claimed this land as their hunting-grounds, but no tribe claimed it as a place of permanent settlement. The pioneers could have gotten over the mountains, as we have just said, and penetrated to all parts of the State through the vast, interminable forest, had there not lurked all along their path the fierce, cunning, savage Indians. They had more pleasure in the killing of a white man, woman, or babe, than they had in taking the life of a wolf or other wild beast.

I assert it here for fear of forgetting it at the proper place, that, all things considered, no people were more just to the Indians than the Kentuckians were, until their worst passions were aroused by the

horrible and cruel treatment they received from the Indians. The Indians never owned the land, and yet treaties were made with the Indians of the Northwest and the Indians of the Southwest, and whatever title they might have claimed the Kentuckians acquired by fair treaties, treaties which the Indians never regarded when it suited them to violate their word and make incursions to murder the peaceful families in their little cabins. To do justice, I might say that there were some noble old men among the Indians who would have kept these treaties, but they could not control the young braves. The study of Indians and of Indian character has been one of great interest to the people of Kentucky, for there was something coming up constantly to remind them of the Indian occupation of the ground. There were, in many a field, found enough arrow-heads to furnish all the people with flints for their old flint-lock firearms, for percussion-caps were unknown at that day. And then there were the stories told of Indian atrocities, stories told around the fireside and to the children, who would often be hid away when the parents were out from the cabin—hid away in potato holes and little caves so that, should the Indians kill the parents before their return from hunting the cows, or working in the fields, the children might not be burned to death should the Indians fire the cabin.

How often was the question asked, Where did the Indians come from? And it is a question that has not been satisfactorily answered. There were evidences all over the country that a people had occupied it before the Indians, a people who were dwelling here on the discovery of America. The mound-builders left their record, and some have been disposed to believe that the Indians are the descendants of the

mound-builders. Some have supposed that they came in after the mound-builders had occupied the country for generations and drove the mound-builders out, which opinion I incline to. The mound-builders left evidences of great fortifications, some of them very extensive; and if they had no foes, why the necessity of these? The whole trend of Indian immigration seems to have been from the Northwest. Some doubtless took the more southerly direction, and went into Mexico and South America, where, on the discovery of this country, was found such remarkable development as to scarcely be believed. How thrilling the story of the conquest of Mexico and Peru! Those who went more easterly struck the Great Lakes and went on southeasterly, and occupied what we call the Southwest Territory; then they scattered down the Mississippi River and easterly until they held a large part of the Southwest Territory, not as regular inhabitants, but simply roving bands. In the Mississippi Valley were found a multitude of mounds which seemed to have been used as burial-places, for when opened there were found only such things as would naturally be put into the graves with the dead.

In 1876 I served as Centennial manager for Missouri, and with Honorable Thos. Allen, a man of wealth and culture, opened small mounds in southeast Missouri and took from them almost enough pottery ware to make two wagon-loads. We could not tell the composition of the pottery, but the vessels were of various kinds and shapes, principally shapes of animals and birds. We determined these articles were put there to hold water and food for the benefit of the dead. Much of it was carried to Philadelphia, and from there it was scattered, I do not know where. Some of the finest mounds may be found along the

banks of the Mississippi River. On a farm which I bought through which flows the Wyaconda, between those two streams, were many mounds. On one of the largest of these was growing an immense hard maple, and other large trees around it. Anxious to know what the mound contained, I dug into it, going most all the way, twenty feet, through a peculiar kind of dirt which must have been brought there from some other place, for it was as absolutely dry as if it had never seen water, and unlike the soil around. I found, nearly twenty feet from the top, what was apparently a grave. Where the skull was, it was protected by stones, and though the whole skeleton dissolved into dust with the exception of a few teeth and small bones of the head, it was evident that the body had been that of a very large man.

Though many of my ancestry were killed by Indians, and though for two generations the intensest hatred burned in the breast of the white people against the Indians, I share none of that feeling to-day. I know that under proper conditions many of the Indians would have made noble men. I have gone through the Indian Territory; I have tried to educate the children of some of the leading Indians of the Territory; and I can truly say that many of them were men of the highest Christian type. I know personally John Jumper, chief of the Seminoles, and I had two of his boys, fine manly fellows. And while they learned books well, they had the peculiar Indian characteristics, for on Saturdays I have seen them, when they thought they were not perceived, with feathers in their hair marching and parading like warriors. Poor fellows, they both died of consumption. John Jumper, the old chief of the Seminoles, a man of will, and brain, and means, became an earnest preacher, and preached to his people till

his death. His son-in-law, John Brown, became chief of the Seminoles, and I have been in his house and in the house of his brother, who for many years was treasurer of the tribe, and I can say that the hospitality I received was as good as you would find in any gentleman's home, and the Seminoles were the best governed people that I ever saw. Among the Creeks were many noble, intelligent people; and, population considered, there were more Baptists than in any part of the United States. I make this explanation for fear I may be thought a Kentuckian with a strong prejudice against the Indian. The Indians were certainly cruel to us; and what more should you expect, when you take into consideration that they were armed and encouraged, led on, their passion excited against us, by some traders in Pennsylvania, but most especially by the British. No people were so cruel to us as were the British. They armed the Indians and made them their allies in every cruelty; and after the close of the Revolution, and the signing of the treaties of peace, while the English held their forts along the Lakes, and while the Northwest Territory was harassed, the English leaders incited the Indians to every beastly crime. They even came into Kentucky, against which they had the greatest grudge, and murdered our people. I could give the names of these leaders, but eternal infamy should blot out their names from human recollection.

The movement into Kentucky started about the beginning of the Revolution, and while the colonies were fighting hard battles under Washington. Kentucky was then considered a county of Virginia, and the Virginians and the Tennesseans were pushing westward and opening up great territory from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River. I wish I had the time to tell of what the noble men of Ten-

nessee did, but some abler pen will tell that story some day.

One of the darkest pages in history, and one that casts infamy upon the British people, or I should say upon the British rulers, was their conduct toward this country during the hard struggle for independence. For independence was not really assured, though treaties had been made, until General Jackson settled the British at the battle of New Orleans. The Kentuckians and Tennesseans were always restless until the Mississippi was opened to the Gulf, and if the government would have allowed them, they would have taken New Orleans long before it fell into American possession. There is only one bright spot in the infamous course of the British toward this country, and that is the masses of the English people sympathized with the Americans, and even in Parliament brave men advocated the cause of the colonies and opposed the war that was being made upon them. George the Third had to hire Hessians, the very slaves among the Germans, to fight his battles, for the English would not furnish the men, and for that reason we can still love our English kin. The King seemed to select the basest characters and put them in authority to harass us, and up to 1812 the American people were never fairly treated.

The story of this war I leave to history, but it would be injustice to our old Kentucky ancestors not to say that perhaps not in the history of the State were they so elated as after the victory of New Orleans. And they believed that, though there had been a cessation of hostilities between the nations before the battle, that had it not been for that battle America would never have obtained the treaty she did. They thought it was a special providence. There were several in that battle from our section

of the State whom I knew personally, though I was but a boy. And how I have thrilled in hearing them relate instances connected with that campaign. They said that Lord Pakenham was a man of high character and courage but he was so maddened by the American prejudice against the British that he told his troops just before the final battle that "Beauty and booty" was the watchword. He had the pick of English soldiers, some having been old soldiers with Wellington.

Jackson had his principal troops from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the other States south of them. If there were any troops from the North I find no evidence of it. Of the regular troops there were less than one thousand with Jackson. It was a straight, square contest between the West and Southwest pioneers, the Southerners armed with such weapons as they had, against the well-equipped troops, the flower of the British army.

On August 24, 1814, the British had captured and almost entirely destroyed the capital of the United States; and to their lasting disgrace they destroyed the Capitol and other public buildings, books and papers; nothing was spared but the Patent Office and the jail. Their success seemed good, and they determined to take control of the Mississippi River. "Old Hickory," as he was called,—God keep his memory fresh in the minds of the American people,—made preparations to defend New Orleans. Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs were in command of the British forces. Poor Jackson, with his half-equipped army gathered from the rural districts, stood between him and New Orleans in defence of the most sacred rights. January 8, 1815, the English made the attack. Let me tell you about

the battle as I have heard Colonel Ford, of Shelby County, tell it repeatedly:

"There was an understanding throughout the whole army and especially among the Kentuckians, who hated the British, that they would die in the trenches rather than surrender. We expected it would be a terrible fight, and we not only worked, but we hoped and we prayed. Three or four days before the battle, General Pakenham sent on a coarse piece of paper, under a flag of truce, this message, 'Jackson, surrender New Orleans. Pakenham.' He didn't even recognize Jackson as a general. Jackson wrote on the other side of the paper, 'Pakenham, come take it. Jackson.' In about two days another message was received, 'Jackson, I expect to take my breakfast in New Orleans Sunday morning.' Old Hickory turned the paper over and wrote on the other side, 'Pakenham, if you do, you will take your supper in hell Sunday night.' These messages were made known to the little army and filled it with enthusiasm.

"We worked like beavers, and got the trenches made the best we could, and word was brought on the morning of the battle early that the British were advancing. Orders were issued to lie low in the trenches and hold the fire. We could see the British coming, and they began shooting a good while before they were within real gun range, and not a gun was fired in return until it seemed they were right upon us. Those immediately in front were said to be a Highland regiment who had fought under Wellington. When they were up so close that we could have killed a squirrel at that distance, the order was given, 'Take good aim and fire!' It flashed along the line, and the enemy went down like corn-stalks in a storm. They fell back in confusion, and while they were reforming, our guns were being reloaded. Some of

our men were crying and some praying, and when they made the next assault it seemed that it was worse than the first. And almost before we knew it the battle was ended. Pakenham led the final charge, and was shot off his horse, and confusion followed. It seemed as if the battle was fought and finished before we really understood what was done. But when it was over and the result was known among the Kentuckians it was like a regular camp-meeting. They took off Pakenham, and, as we understood, sent him home in a cask of rum to preserve him. The Kentuckians showed that they could not only fight Indians but they could fight the flower of the British troops."

I have given this account as it was talked of in old Kentucky. As for numbers engaged and mortality, you can find them from history. It was one of the most remarkable battles ever fought, and its results were of untold benefit to this country. Such was the manner in which those old Kentuckians spoke of the battle, and their admiration for Jackson cannot be told. There have been conflicting accounts in regard to the battle of New Orleans, and of Jackson's course of conduct, and how he availed himself of all the means in his power to defend the city, and after it how he was treated by some of the citizens of New Orleans, especially those who had no love for this country; for New Orleans was full of foreigners. There has been no battle fought in this country that I have been more interested in than the battle of New Orleans. My place in the South, as the crow flies was about one hundred miles from the old battle-ground. I have gone and looked it over, and there remain the old trenches yet and the brick house in which Pakenham died. Some have exaggerated the number of American troops, the British

troops, and of the number of killed and wounded on both sides. Hawthorne's history of the United States says that the Americans opened fire when the British advance was within two hundred yards, which is certainly a mistake, for the old rifles of the backwoodsmen and bordermen could not shoot so far. My impression is that the British were not as much as a hundred yards from the men lying in the first trench. But as Hawthorne tells everything beautifully, I will give his description of the battle.

Pakenham got some guns in position, but the gunners were picked off by the Kentucky riflemen, and the guns were dismounted. On the eighth of January he attacked along the whole line. Pakenham and Lambert in person led ten thousand men against the Americans. The west end of Jackson's line was on the river, strengthened by a redoubt; the east extremity was on a swamp. There was a ditch in front, and eight batteries. The redoubt was taken, but could not be held, owing to the deadly marksmanship of the sharpshooters. When the main British advance was within two hundred yards, the Americans opened fire, and in a short time two thousand and thirty-six of the enemy had fallen. The English veterans had never met such a fire from Napoleon's Grand Army; they were dismayed; they wavered; Pakenham, and every other English leader except Lambert, fell; the men turned and fled.

Jackson, on the twenty-first of January, marched into New Orleans in triumph. Volunteers and backwoodsmen, hastily mustered, showed themselves more than a match for the best drilled troops of the world. The gradual seasoning of a democratic soldiery partly explains this; the heroic prowess to which men become accustomed in our pioneer life; but still more the inspiration, elsewhere in this war so much lacking, of great leadership. For rude and illiterate though he was, Jackson at New Orleans showed the five prime attributes of military genius: decision, energy, forethought, dispatch, skill in employing resources. In him, democracy at war was fully justified of her children; and to quote Monroe's dispatch, "history records no example of so glorious a victory obtained with so little bloodshed on the part of the victors." The total American loss had been thirteen men.

Although it may seem out of place, I want to give a tribute to General Jackson from Hawthorne's history. After the disaster at Fort Mims, where the Creeks captured it and slaughtered four hundred of the five hundred and fifty fugitives, men, women, and children, Hawthorne says:

"It was a terrible calamity; but it had the effect of bringing into the foreground one of the strongest and most striking men of the age, without whose aid and influence America would have had a different destiny. He was an uneducated man, with rough manners and original ideas; strong and wiry of frame, uncouth and rude of aspect. The soul of independence and self-reliance was in him; he had always his own way of meeting emergencies and solving difficulties; narrow and harsh you might call him, for he was bred in the backwoods of Carolina and Tennessee; but his mind was singularly penetrating, and able to grasp and control the essential features of a given situation. He had homely humor, and that masculine tenderness which sometimes seems to surpass the tenderness of women. Altogether, he was a racy, native product, who might have passed his life as the autocrat of a village inn, but who was called by circumstances to be the head of the new western nation. Andrew Jackson feared nothing, and believed himself, not without reason, capable of anything. He was no Boston aristocrat, with one eye on England and the other on his own respectability; but a man of the common people, shrewd, tough, bold, uncompromising, ingenious. As a soldier, he was always victorious in the field; as a man of public affairs, he had his policy and enforced it, and the marks thereof are still visible upon the face of our institutions. He had served in the House and in the Senate before he was thirty years of age, and was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee before he was forty. When he was present, the world moved, and men appeared each at his true value. His narrow, rugged face, with its long, bony chin and deepset eyes, which could glow with a terrible wrath; his high, narrow forehead, covered with bristly, upstanding hair; his ungainly but unconquerable figure, all steel and whalebone, gave outward notice of the man within. He was a match for any man or anything; and when the Mims massacre brought him flaming from his Tennessee mountains, he was far enough from the theorizers and hesitators at Washington to have his own way, and to disobey orders as seemed to him best. The red tape was never made that could bind those lean, muscular limbs of his; and he was a man who was not afraid to grow, or slow to apply the lessons which experience taught him.

"Jackson had already marched a body of troops to the South from Tennessee, and when it turned out that they were not required, he had marched them five hundred miles back again, instead of leaving them where they were, to be gobbled up by the national recruiting sergeants. This was, of course, an act of military insubordination; but it was condoned, very wisely, by the authorities, and made Jackson immensely popular with his

people. When therefore the cry of the Mims massacre was heard, Jackson and his men were the first to respond to it. They met the savages in northern Alabama, and in several battles routed them with slaughter. At the battle of the Horseshoe, in the spring of 1814, the Creek nation was annihilated, and their surviving chief, Weathersford, a half-breed, after making a characteristically Indian speech, such as the novelist Cooper might have written for him, to Jackson, formally surrendered to him the nothing he had left. It might repay a curious scholar to make a study of these Indian utterances, and draw from them a deduction as to the nature of the Indian mind. There is uniformly an artless, impudent imbecility about them which leaves one in doubt whether the orator is bluffing, or merely in love with the noise of his own voice."

It may be asked why, as General Jackson was not a native of Kentucky, I have taken such interest in him and in the battle of New Orleans. It is an undisputed fact, so far as I can discover, that the Kentucky riflemen were put in the front, Jackson depending upon them as the best marksmen in his army, to defend the most dangerous position. It is really difficult to divide the honors between the Kentucky riflemen, the Tennesseans, and Mississippians, but we have always claimed it as a battle in which the Kentuckians won great distinction. No troops ever served under Jackson who had a higher admiration for him, and this admiration was mutual. The influence these old Kentuckians who served under Jackson exerted in the politics of the State, gave him pre-eminence over the favorite son of Kentucky.

CHAPTER VI

SOCIAL LIFE

In this day of exciting fiction and highly-drawn descriptions of fast living, there is a charm in bringing out the everyday home-life of the family. It shows the beginning of the formation of character, and the influences that develop the after life of a people. There is a charm about family life that the majority of good people take pleasure in. A tale of the early life and surroundings of people who have succeeded is read perhaps with more interest than descriptions of their higher achievements. Nothing interests people more in the career of Abraham Lincoln than the incidents and struggles of his early life; even the log-cabin in which he began life is viewed with interest by the multitude, and so much as a chip from it is appreciated. And so people read with pleasure of the everyday life of kings and noblemen, people who care but little about the achievements of the King and his nobles. Victoria of England, perhaps, all things considered, the most queenly woman that ever lived, gives some tender and beautiful pictures of her life in a diary she published, "Life in the Highlands." The incidents are so home-like that we are naturally drawn with tender sympathy to her. The more we see of the inner life of such people the more we admire and profit by their example. Though a queen, she had a pure, lovely, motherly character. In that diary there is a simple little extract which seems almost frivolous, but which really brings out her loving nature:

We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mammina came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby were brought in, poor little things, to wish us good-by. Then good Bertie came down to see us, and Vicky appeared as voyageuse, and was all impatience to go. At seven we set off with her for the railroad, Vicomtesse Canning and Lady Caroline Cocks in our carriage. A very wet morning. We got into the carriage again at Paddington and proceeded to Woolwich, which we reached at nine. Vicky was safely put into the boat, and then carefully carried on deck of the yacht by Renswick, the sergeant-footman, whom we took with us in the boat on purpose.

The influence of that mother has told upon her descendants, many of whom have held the highest positions in European courts, and may be seen in her children's children in their love of home and family. It is this characteristic in the German Emperor that makes all true men and women his admirers. The interest that President Roosevelt takes in the home-life, and little things of the people of whom he writes, shows one of the prevailing traits of his nature, love of home and family; and no one can read his works without feeling that he is a true man in all his purposes. In speaking of the Kentuckians he tells of the early settlers—how they dressed, built their plain little homes, what they ate, how they fared and suffered, courted, married, raised children, frolicked, shared with the needy, fought Indians, and, if need be, fought each other or anybody else. In inquiring into the cause of the peculiar character of the Kentuckians, we will especially give attention to the home-life, their method of training and educating their children.

The first settlers of Kentucky were very poor; afterward men of means began to come into the State, men drawn principally from the hills and mountains of Virginia. They brought all they pos-

sessed on one horse; and in some instances, doubtless, carried all they had on their own backs. The blue-grass region of Kentucky was all wooded, heavily wooded, and to-day it would cost fifty dollars an acre to clear up and make ready to cultivate. At first they could only clear a small patch and gradually enlarge that patch until it came to be a large field. The little cabin served them for a home, and it was all they could do for a long time to feed and clothe their increasing families. What were their children to do for an education? The first lesson a child learns from its mother; and if she is a tender and a godly mother, she instils into the minds of her little ones lessons that are the foundation for a noble character. The early permanent settlers were a people who had the highest regard for religion; whatever may be the opinion of others in regard to them, they were certainly a people who revered God and wanted to do right, and so they taught their children. Whatever other books were wanting, each family had its Bible, and this being almost the only book in the household, it was highly prized, and its lessons instilled into the minds of the little ones. An angel looking upon these poor families in the evening hour would have found a mother, with the little ones around her, instructing them and praying with them. One of the first lessons taught was that of strict honesty.

How well I remember the story of the first man that I heard of being hanged! His first crime was stealing a pin when he was a boy; then he stole a knife; and he went on until he stole little things from his neighbors; and finally, when he became a man, in the robbing of a traveler he murdered him, for which crime he was hanged. What a lesson this stealing of a pin taught! It was considered a great

crime to tell a lie; it ought to be considered a crime to-day. It was considered a disgrace for one to be a liar; and no Kentuckian would allow another to call him such a name with impunity. In early days there were few courts, and men had to trust one another's word; a man who would not keep his word could command no respect. If one made a promise to buy or sell anything at a certain figure and refused to keep his contract, he was considered dishonorable, and people would have no business dealings with him. Children were taught to love and venerate their parents, and were always ready to help them and vindicate them, and a boy would fight quicker for his father's or his mother's honor than for his own. Children were taught to be unselfish; and indeed the circumstances made it necessary for them to be so, for the majority of the families were large. It was nothing unusual for a family to have from twelve to sixteen children; and each had his own duties and his own place, and all clung together with a helpful spirit. One of the happiest and best-regulated families I ever knew had sixteen children, all bright and good; and so far as I know there was nothing wrong connected with the name of any one of them. One of the family married a congressman's daughter; I know several of them were ministers of the gospel; and some were teachers, some farmers, and some professional men. Though their father had only two hundred acres of land, they were well provided for; and had a vote been taken as to who was the best man in the county, the father of these children, Israel Christie, would have probably been selected.

There was very little selfishness among the early Kentuckians; money was not a god then. Money is

good in its place. It builds shelters over us; it puts clothes on us; furnishes means for an education; feeds the poor, builds churches, develops the country, increases happiness—when used in its right place. But when used to increase pride, to corrupt and poison the minds of men until it inflames them and drives them to oppress and disregard the most sacred rights of others, it becomes a terrible poison, distilling itself throughout the land. It is like other great necessary blessings, if properly used it works great good. There is scarcely a blessing in human life, which, when perverted, does not become a curse.

The Kentucky children were taught that character was everything, and to defend it, if need be, with their lives. They were taught that home was a sacred retreat, and that he who invaded its purity might expect death. The marriage tie was sacred; for a long time there was no divorce law in Kentucky. Would it not be expected that children trained under these influences would be different from those trained under many of the corrupting influences of modern society? There was a sympathetic influence that pervaded those communities; was one sick, or in need, or had been unfortunate, brotherly hands were extended him and his, and everything possible was provided for his comfort. And when death came into a family, sympathizing hearts went out to those in trouble; and the tears of a strong manhood and a tender womanhood mingled with the tears of the bereaved.

One of the most marked characteristics of Kentucky life was the love and practice of genuine hospitality. That lesson was taught by word and deed; it was taught at home; it was taught by the minister in the pulpit; it was taught as one of the cardinal virtues of social life. The Bible is full of this lesson,

and some of the most beautiful pictures in it are pictures of a generous hospitality, especially to the stranger. The Saviour and his apostles taught it—"Be mindful of entertaining strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Kentucky hospitality was not grudging hospitality, it was open, frank, free; for the guest was expected to be as much at home as the host. And this was not done in the spirit in which it is too often done now, in the expectation of being entertained in return. I never knew of a stranger being turned from the door of any Kentuckian as long as I lived in the State, and cannot remember that any charge was ever made for such kindness. The families were not inn-keepers and they did not keep account of visits with each other, and at the end of the year balance accounts—as it has been reported is done in some parts of the world east of us. Some of the people were poorly prepared to entertain, but they did their best. Nor did the rich spurn the poor. I never knew but one selfish Kentuckian, and he was not a native of the State; he was without the spirit of hospitality; he entertained nobody, and nobody entertained him. It is a fact that he was so mean and selfish that he was mean and cruel to his slaves who worked for him. This was the only exception that I ever knew, and everybody hated him, and the meanest dogs in the country were named for him. As a general thing the old Kentucky home was the home of the maimed, of the stranger, and of those in need.

Few things have exerted a greater influence upon people than their hospitality where it is genuine, frank, cordial, and grows out of a true spirit. Entertaining may be done by anybody, either for policy, or selfish pride; but one to be genuinely hospitable must have it in the very nature; it must be inborn.

No man can be a thorough gentleman in feeling that is not born with the instincts of a gentleman. He can be polite, and conform to all the rules of politeness, but there will be something lacking unless he has the instincts of a gentleman, and when he has those instincts he will show them under almost any condition of life. The bravest in war are the most tender to those who are in suffering; and the truly hospitable man will be kind to any one that may be entertained under his roof. Of course the kinds of entertainment depend, in a measure, upon the ability to entertain, upon the worldly rank and wealth. As a general thing, truest hospitality is found among those in the humblest walks of life.

One thing that I remarked in my boyhood in Kentucky was that no man of wealth ever was inhospitable to his poor neighbors. The wealthiest family in our neighborhood was marked for its kindness to those that came within its doors. This family was named Meriweather, and I think I may say without exaggeration that the estate was worth a quarter of a million of dollars, and yet Aunt Kittie, in her conversation with her neighbors or in her home, never seemed to know that she was "above" the families around her. The family that had acted proud and haughty and selfish, whatever might be its wealth, never had any standing in *that* community. It was a marvel how rapidly Kentucky was settled in the beginning; and how rapidly the people developed their homes and provided for the greatest comforts of human life. I have seen, in the fifties, everything considered, as elegant homes and as elegant entertainment in Kentucky as I have ever found in later years in any of the States. When I was in Georgetown College, from 1855 to 1858, my father being dead and the family scattered, I had no home

and I spent a great part of my vacations visiting around with my college-mates through the different counties. It would really give me pleasure to mention numbers of them that lived in the most comfortable and elegant style. Many of my school-fellows lived in counties immediately adjoining Georgetown and Lexington, and it is like a pleasant dream to go back over those scenes of enjoyment we had together. Had I been a prince I could not have fared better than I did with the Hunts, the Paynes, the Warfields, the Clays, the Morgans and Breckinridges—oh, I can't name them all. But, all in all, I think the most charming time I ever spent was at the home of Robert W. Scott, not far from Frankfort. His father, Joel Scott, was a born nobleman; his two sons that I knew, John and Robert, were worthy of their father. Robert Scott's home seems to me now as a dreamland of beauty. He was a fine gentleman, and his wife, I think, was a sister of Honorable William Preston, one of the noted men of Kentucky. While I was there the three children that I remember best were Mary, Ella, and John; Preston, the older one, was not there. A lovely young lady from eastern Kentucky, Miss Dixon, was a guest at the same time. The hospitality was perfect; the home delightful; the table was laden with everything that was beautiful and good; the servants were well trained, and there was enough to meet every want; the horses were the pick of the State; the carriages elegant and comfortable; and everything seemed to be directed with a view to the comfort of their guests. The roads were splendid; the scenery beautiful; and we could drive in the moonlight or in the early morning. I feel like leaving, as to the many families, also who were just as kind, this memorial to the family that gave me the happiest entertainment that I had

known. The enjoyment of young people in those days was not like it is now. There was plenty of literature; there was perfect freedom to enjoy what you would; but I never saw a playing-card in that house; never heard a word that was not pure, nor did I see one act that indicated anything but purest nobility of soul. For pleasure we did not have to seek the card-table, the dance-hall, nor the wine-cup. There was prayer in that house every day; and we romped like children, and mingled as one family.

People that cultivate hospitality grow to be better, and when they transmit as a gift to their children they give them that which should produce happiness, the exaltation of social life, the love of home, and that which makes them better citizens. People that are inhospitable are apt to be selfish and narrow. But why should I say more about old-time Kentucky hospitality? As far as the name of the State has gone it has been recognized without question.

In the year 1847, or thereabout, on a cold threatening night in early winter, about dark, as snow began to fall and the family were gathered around the open fire, ready to enjoy a good, warm evening meal, such as could be found in those days in the old Kentucky home, after the abundance had been gathered in for the winter,—the abundance of fruits, vegetables, cider and choice meats,—a timid, uncertain knock was heard at our door. Father answered the call, and as he was sure it was not the hearty knock of a neighbor, he went to see who it was, instead of calling out, "Come in," as was the usual custom. All listened, and every child was quiet.

"Can I get to stay all night? I have no money and am sick."

"Where are you from?"

"New Orleans, and have walked all the way, and

to-day have not tasted food except a few walnuts that I picked up by the road side."

I never saw father hesitate before, but in those days New Orleans was thought to be a pestilence-breeding ground, full of all fevers and malignant diseases; and the question of bringing any of those diseases into the family was a serious one. Everything was against the poor stranger; he was sick, almost in rags, and he had no money. Mother went to the door with her little ones around her, and her heart appealed to her and fears were set aside. She said, "Billy, bring the stranger in. Come right in, sir."

With feeble, trembling steps he staggered in, and soon was seated by the bright fire. Great tears rolled down his sad face. This was the first tramp we had ever seen, and we all cried; our hearts went out to greet and cheer this sorrowing stranger. Having been warmed and rested—he could take nothing on his stomach, so long unaccustomed to good food, but a little tea—he was placed in a good warm room, bathed, and warm, clean clothes were put on him, and he was placed on a soft bed, such as his poor body had not been accustomed to for a long time. He was tenderly cared for, and in a few days began to gain strength; then comfortable clothes, though poorly fitting, were furnished him. When able he told us his sad story.

His name was William Shaw, and he was the son of a wealthy farmer in the valley of Virginia. He had been tenderly raised and well educated. There were two boys, his brother being named Thomas. They were of a proud family. William, having learned something of the world, grew restless on the farm and wanted to try active business. After much persuasion his father furnished him means to load a

flat-boat, and he started to New Orleans, determined to make his fortune before he returned. He sold his cargo to advantage, and had means to enjoy life and to enter into business. He had an honest, trustful nature, and before he was aware of it his means were well-nigh consumed and supposed friends deserted him. Things every way went against him; for, having been raised tenderly, and not acquainted with the ways of the world, he was not prepared to meet the realities of a life of struggle. He was honest, proud, sober; and, in a strange city, full of vice, and of people of all nationalities, what could he do?

Two things had brought him into trouble—inexperience, and trust in others. And, from what we could learn, he lost, while trying to recover his money as he saw his store going, by gambling. Having been accustomed, by habit too frequent among gentlemen at home, to gamble, he hoped to recover something; but in those days, on the river, and in the city, there were expert gamblers, and he was no match for them. When reduced almost to want he sought means of employment. He was not practical; the only way open was to go to hard work, and he was neither large nor stout, and wholly unaccustomed to manual labor. His descriptions of the efforts he made and of his loneliness were pitiful.

Why did he not go home, or write for aid? That was a question that seemed hard to answer. His explanation was that his pride and sense of shame drove him to desperation, and he determined to die in an effort to recover something. He had hope that he might recover sufficiently to appear at home at least in a decent manner; and he drifted from place to place, not writing or receiving letters for nearly a year. Letters were written to him at New Orleans, but he was drifting from place to place. After a

while, as a last resort, he took his axe and went out on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain to cut wood with common laborers and negroes; he was utterly desperate. Finally he got into south Mississippi, and thence started home on foot. He said that for months he was in a dazed condition. He made his way to our home, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, on foot. He still held to his purpose to work to gain means to dress himself decently and to go home. He thought may be he could find work in one of the States as he passed through; but each mile that brought him nearer home increased his desire to travel on. He was scarcely competent to think or act rationally.

After gaining health and strength in our home he begged to be permitted to earn something and then prepare himself to return to his father's house. He worked faithfully and did all he was allowed to do, for we all had the tenderest sympathy for him. He would accept no money or help when he was able to work, still refusing to let his home folks know his condition. Finally, father learned the address of his people, and wrote them without his knowledge. In those days the means of communication between Virginia and Kentucky were difficult in winter, and it was a month before any information came, and it was a question whether the letter reached its destination, or whether the man's representations were correct. In the early opening of spring, one day when just a little snow was on the ground, about noon, we were all in the house when a call was heard at the front gate. Instantly William began to tremble; and not expecting anything, as he had not been informed of father's having written a letter, he cried out, "That is Tom's voice!" We all rushed out, and beheld an elegant gentleman, finely mounted, still sitting on his horse. He instantly dismounted, and

the two brothers rushed into each other's arms, exclaiming,

"Tom, dear Tom!"

"William, dear William!"

"Mother?"

"Dead."

"Father?"

"Dead. But, William, they thought of you constantly. Both died with your name on their lips; prayed for you, and left—if you ever returned—their blessing, with a full share in all the inheritance acquired for us two boys. We felt that you were dead. Thank God! that you still live and can go back home; we will be as we were when little boys, always stay together, live together, and every day we can go and place flowers around the graves of those dear ones who would have died happier had they known you were alive and could come home."

We all, even the negroes, cried like babies. Such gratitude as was shown us for simply doing a duty, offers of gold and presents to pay us; but not one cent or present of value would be received, and when they remembered that we were of good Virginia blood they saw the impossibility of paying. We had been paid already. They wanted to take me home with them to educate me, even to make me an heir; but there was no one in our home who could be spared. In a day or two I went with them to Frankfort to bring back the horse William rode when he went away. The boat started with them while I was there, and the tender caresses they gave me nearly broke my heart; a lonelier boy was nowhere to be found than I was during that long ride home alone that day; and there was in my selfish heart a feeling that I wished I might have accepted the gold watch they offered me. I wanted the watch; but every feeling of my nature revolted at the thought of taking

for hospitality—my people would have held me as an Achan.

William went home with his brother; and the two were like lovers while William lived; but the exposure to hard fortune and want in the South left seeds of disease in his body, and before long he was placed by the side of his dear mother. Thomas, sad and lonely, lived to see the wreck of their beautiful home during the unnatural and cruel desolation of the war.

Do I think that many Kentucky families would have been so kind as ours? I do not believe that many in my part of the State, or with whom I was acquainted, would have been less kind. It was just the Kentucky nature. Besides the pleasure that it gives a generous soul to be kind and sympathetic toward the needy, I believe it is the best investment that one can make. "Bread cast upon the waters will return"; it may be after "many days," but it will come back. It is the best investment one can make for one's children's children. I believe this because the great Master has taught it, and I believe from my own experience. From the time I began my career, a fatherless boy, to the present, the only one left of that family that cared for the poor wanderer, never have I been turned unkindly from any door or failed to receive the best hospitality the home offered—from the poor hut to the most elegant and wealthy homes in this country, and the homes of statesmen and foremost men of letters and of culture. Such fortune has followed me in many States, in the largest cities, and all through one of the gloomiest and most fearful wars of modern times. How often has it seemed to me that I have been drawing from the fund of mother's kindness to a creature in want, and that it has been paid with compound interest again and again.

CHAPTER VII

HOME-LIFE

In describing home-life it must not be taken for granted that this description applies to all the families in Kentucky. Cæsar said that all Gaul was divided into three parts, and Kentucky is divided into many more, so far as property and social conditions are concerned. The best part of the blue-grass section was peopled principally by the better class of Virginians and some of the other States. But there are mountainous districts, where the mountaineers seem to be a distinct class, and how they lived I don't know except by hearsay; and so far as I know, there was not a county in what is termed the blue-grass section that has not a good many poor people in it. There are streams, hills, and creeks in some portion of each county, along which a great many poor people settled. They were usually the poor who came in late from Virginia after the best land was occupied, and there is no question that some as good Virginia families settled in these poor hills as settled in any other part of the State. But on the whole they lived in inferior houses; cleared out little patches of land for cultivation; and so pressed were they for a living that they neglected the education of their children, and many who bore the names of distinguished Virginia families raised children who could scarcely read or write, and transmitted to them much of the common negro language that they had learned from contact with the negroes in Virginia before coming to Kentucky. They were not criminals, but unfortunate poor, fairly industrious, brave,

honest, and ignorant. Often in the spring would they come into what were termed the "settlements," to procure a little bacon and corn, which they usually got whether they had money or not. In my earliest recollection they would bring into the "settlements" clap-boards, axe handles, and hoop-poles, which were needed for the barrels in which very many of the best Kentuckians put their whiskey to haul to Louisville. And I have lived to see some of the boys who hauled those hoop-poles rise from their very poverty and become "good livers," and some of them became wealthy. The "blood" was there, but the circumstances were against them. Many of these families had but one horse, and several families would join together to haul out their loads and do the grinding at the grist-mill, where it usually required four horses to work successfully the best grist-mill.

One circumstance made a deep impression upon me when a boy, and excited my sympathy for these people. There were four brothers who bore the name of a distinguished family in Virginia; one died; the other three had to go to the mill, and they carried the grist of their brother's widow. In going to the mill they decided as to which "turn," as they called it, should be ground first. The widow's turn was to be ground first, the eldest brother's next, and so on through the three, according to age. They hitched up their horses and went out to drive and care for them. The miller, not knowing the arrangement they had made, put up the first turn that he came to. After they had ground awhile the eldest brother went up to see how near the first turn was out, and discovered that the widow's had not been touched, but that one of the other's had been put up. He dashed down and halloed to the drivers to stop the mill; and they caught the horses and stopped

them. Mr. Roberts, the miller, a splendid man, went down to see what was the matter, thinking that some terrible calamity had happened. The oldest brother cried out as if in deep distress, "Stop the mill! Stop the mill! My Lord, the wrong turn is up. It will never do to rob the widow! The widow's turn must be ground first." After reasoning with them for some time, Mr. Roberts persuaded them that it would make no difference, that all the turns would be ground before they left, and finally they yielded to his persuasion.

This is literally true, and I tell the story to show the simplicity of these poor, untrained minds.

Many of the people who lived along the streams, or creeks, as they called them, lived in a very poor way; in how poor a way I can not tell, but will give one other circumstance of lowly life.

A certain young preacher, who had charge of the New Liberty Female College, in Owen County, was called upon to celebrate the rites of matrimony down on Eagle Creek. A mischievous physician of the town, who had practiced down in that part of the county, and knew the conditions, insisted upon going as guide and companion. When they rode up to the door of the cabin, a lank, tall, fuzzy-headed man met them and courteously invited them in. There seemed to be little preparation for a wedding. The table was set, on which was some kind of fowl, that looked more like a crane than anything else, and there was some bacon, bread, coffee, and a chunk that looked like ginger-bread. There was a curtain stretched across the cabin. One or two neighbors soon came in, when the announcement was made that the wedding might proceed. Now the young preacher had never married but one couple before, and having made a great failure in the ceremony, he had con-

cluded to write out a form of ceremony and commit it. He had prepared what he thought was about the proper thing, commencing, "Sir, do you take this lovely young woman that leans upon your arm to be your lawfully wedded wife?" and so on. When the curtain was pulled aside, out came an old lame woman leading a blind man by the hand! How the ceremony was finished I never learned. But the mischievous doctor, who had practiced all over those hills, knew how the minister was bored, and would not consent to leave until all hands had partaken of the wedding feast, which, one may imagine, was not inviting. The preacher, feigning sick headache, or any other kind of ache that would excuse him, did not eat.

This is true, and not overwrought, for this writer was there. Lowly life in Kentucky was lowly, elegant life was elegant, and I shall not try to describe either further, but shall take the average of Kentucky home life, as I have seen it. The wedding occurred in Owen County, and before we leave it I will say that it was like no other county in the State in many respects. There were no real "rich" people in it, but the great mass of its population were good livers. For honesty and religion it had no superior. Our old circuit judge said that if all his district was like Owen County there would be little use of circuit courts. Start through the county any day in the week, you would be apt to see people going to church somewhere. According to its population, it had more Christians than almost any other county in the State, and it was peculiar in this that nine-tenths of the Christians were Baptists, and nearly the same proportion were Democrats. It belonged to the Ashland district, and General John C. Breckinridge, with whom I spent a good deal of time in the South

during the war, said to me that in his whole experience he had never found a people who had more sterling integrity than the people of Owen County.

Home-life in Kentucky in the best parts of the State was almost ideal, as it appears to me now after having mingled with people of nearly all the States. Everything that one could desire, Nature had provided. The home of the rich, in the country, was not ostentatiously furnished, but seemed to be arranged for comfort. Those Virginia-Kentucky women were model housekeepers, and nowhere was cooking done to greater perfection. The following quotation from Mark Twain, who never exaggerates anything but always speaks sober truth, will give some idea of what is an outside impression concerning the mode of Kentucky living. I give it for what it is worth. And though it seems exaggerated in quantity, I endorse fully the quality. This was taken from *The North American Review*, and is headed

MARK TWAIN ON SOUTHERN COOKING.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my Uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that spacious and breezy floor, and the meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig, wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed, squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buck-wheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter beans, string beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, muskmellons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumpling, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These

things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is gross superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite as good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking.

Perhaps what food satisfies one depends largely upon taste and habit. Had Mark Twain been permitted to enjoy the evening meal, they called it dinner, at Sherry's in New York, a dinner given by the New England Society where four hundred of the most distinguished, wealthy New Englanders of New York met annually to celebrate, he would not have been so frank in expressing great admiration for Southern cooking. It was said that it took four thousand dollars to provide the supper, and how much was spent on other things was not estimated. I was an invited guest, and our distinguished Kentuckian, Henry Watterson, made the principal address. It was a great occasion, and to an old Kentuckian who had spent a quarter of a century in the West, an occasion of great expectation. Many distinguished men were upon a high platform where they could be seen, and they certainly showed up to great advantage. Though it has been about ten years ago, the picture is very vivid in my mind. On the platform, among other distinguished men was Elihu Root, Chauncey Depew, I think, Pierpont Morgan I know was there, and Henry Watterson, sitting in the seat of honor, for he was to make the main address. All were seated by number. Finally the trouble began; an elaborate way-bill, called a

"menu," was presented to each one, and if ever that way-bill has been read thoroughly by any one to this day, I have never heard of it. It was principally French, mongrel English and outlandish expressions. Without attempting to name the different articles, I will say that it seemed that they had swept the pools, the ponds, the swamps, and all strange places to get the materials for dinner. Never having tasted terrapin, I thought that when we came around to that, I certainly would be delighted. We had gone through with the frogs and different kinds of soups, and then came the terrapin and canvas-back duck. I had eaten among the Indians, among the negroes, among white folks, and among the Dutch, but I never tasted anything like that terrapin. It seemed to be mixed up with little chips, and gristles, small bones, spices, flavoring extracts, sage, rue, and hair-oil. I tackled it boldly—I had tried several other dishes and soups and failed, but the first mouthful of this discouraged me. I turned to the Hon. Norman B. Eaton, and said, "How do you like this?" And his answer fully concurred with my judgment; I then knew he was a wise man. It took till very late in the night to go through with the whole business, but I hung on with the hope of hearing Henry Watterson speak. And I would have liked to know what he thought of that elegant repast. But those old gentlemen certainly did enjoy themselves, and if I could have gathered up all the corks that were pulled there that night it would have made fishing corks enough for all the boys fishing in the Kentucky River.

The Kentuckians must be a curious people, for they seem to have thrived on what many contend to be very unwholesome and deadly food. They ate everything that they wanted to; hot biscuits, ham, coffee, and other things that modern methods say

are deadly, and yet they used to grow six feet tall and more. What would they have grown to be if they had such breakfast-foods, and such inventions as the present age? Poor, ignorant people, they didn't know anything about Grape-nuts, Egg-o-See, Per-fo, Elijah's Manna, and such things. In Boston, once, a very bright little man, not more than five feet tall, no beard on his face, a little sharp-looking, kind man, said to me, "How is it Kentucky raises so many big men? Nearly all that I have seen are six feet tall." I did not quite explain the conditions, but remarked that I heard my father say that in early days they fed all the little men to the pigs and let the big ones grow. With a serious look up into my face he said, "I want to know."

There was a great deal of visiting between Kentucky families. A quilt was esteemed much more highly if all the neighborhood women had a hand in making it, and the quilting was an enjoyable occasion, when all the news and opinions of the neighborhood could be had. The women then discussed the whole round of domestic life generally, and each one made known her methods in house-keeping, chicken-raising, soap-making, candle-dipping, sausage-seasoning, gardening, medicine, and all those wonderful things. Aunt Betsy, who raised sixteen children, told how she managed them; Aunt Ellen told how she raised chickens; but poor Aunt Ursula, though she tried often to give her experience, never got farther than "My goose had—" And to this day I have never known what her goose had.

The medical practice of that day was wonderful. Most of the medicine was raised in the garden—tansy, rue, rhubarb, confrey, sassafras, red pepper, garlic, and other things I do not remember. I should not have omitted, one little corner was always set

apart for mint. Those various remedies were prepared and at hand if the children had any of the ordinary diseases; and the remedies were nearly always mixed in some way with honey and whiskey. But the bitter stuff, such as tansy, mixed with whiskey, which was forced on the children for worms, turned many people so against it that they could never use it afterward.

The men thoroughly enjoyed log-rolling, horse-racing, shooting-matches, elections, house-raising, hunting, and fishing. Every neighborhood had its little schoolhouse where for three or four months the children went to school or as many of them as could be spared. How I remember the first one in our neighborhood! It stood near the old meeting-house, surrounded by woods, near a sparkling spring. Wood and water were very essential, and the big boys could go out and bring in the wood, and the smaller ones and the girls could go to the spring and drink, and bring the teacher a gourd full of water. They all liked the privilege of performing these tasks. To prevent two scholars getting out together to play, a big card was hung at the door with "OUT" on one side and "IN" on the other side, so that those who could spell might indicate their absence or return by turning this sign. For the little fellows who could not spell there was a forked stick which might be taken out and returned when a little fellow went out or came in. Dear little log schoolhouse, with broad fire-place, benches of split ash or poplar, smoothed off and wooden pins put in for legs, so high my little feet could not touch the floor, with the little neighbor children gathered there learning their lessons from Webster's old spelling book—with the picture of the mastiff, of the milk-maid, and of the unjust judge deciding whose ox had been gored, and

of the boy in the apple tree—how you rise before me!

I must say, frankly, that early Kentuckians suffered greatly on account of their ignorance. They seemed to be more ignorant in regard to the treatment of serious diseases than anything else. In ordinary diseases of childhood the mothers seemed to know what to do; and it was a blessing, that healthy country, that there were so few cases of severe sickness. The small-pox broke out in our section early in the forties, and the physicians did not know how to treat it. They put the patients in close, warm rooms, on feather-beds, and, as far as possible, excluded fresh air. As a result, many of the people died. One I remember, a great loss to his community, the Rev. William Ford, of Shelby County. There were very few cases of typhoid fever, but one I remember well. A small boy, about ten years old, was taken with a severe chill; he was put to bed and two physicians, the best known in that part of the country, were summoned. They bled him freely, and the marks of the lance can be shown on his arms to-day; he was given calomel, wrapped up, and kept warm. And from the time he was taken sick, the latter part of February, till he began to recover, the first of June, he had not one drink of cool water, nor was he thoroughly bathed. He became a living skeleton, and had it not been, seemingly, for a special providence, he would not be worrying you with this foolishness to-day.

CHAPTER VIII

REMINISCENCES

Home! No word in the language awakens more tender recollections, except, perhaps, the word "mother." It was one of those words which means almost a whole lifetime. The man or woman who had a home in childhood and can throw off the tender memories that it brings is unnatural, unreliable, and will not make a good citizen. Of course some poor unfortunate creatures that have been raised in the slums, under the most unhappy influences, and have never known really what home means, are to be pitied and not blamed. The history of our criminals shows that a very large majority of them have never known the privilege of a good home in childhood. Not more than ten per cent. of the convicts in our prisons have had good Christian homes in childhood; and really, when we sum up the total of our population, tracing each person through six generations, it is wonderful how few have become criminals, as each human being is the result of two columns that really run back through all the periods of the world's history to Adam. The home is the first school that we attend, and the lessons we learn there are more lasting and valuable than those learned in the highest colleges and universities. "Mother" was the first teacher, and it will be found that a very large per cent. of the thoroughly good and great men had good mothers. Without good homes the church would have been a failure, and our country would never have attained greatness. A good home on earth is a type of heaven, and the good mothers "who have

gone before" may be in large measure the guardian angels of those who are left. While our fathers have all honor for their struggles and manly efforts to support us and lead us aright, we owe vastly more to our patient, toiling, loving mothers.

Last year there was a great home-coming of Kentuckians in Louisville, her queenly city. Noble men and women made pilgrimages from far off to come back to the old Kentucky home. According to the census reports, 600,000 native born Kentuckians are living in other States and Territories of the Union. Many who came had gained great distinction and had risen to the highest positions of trust and responsibility, and yet when they were thrown together they were all plain Kentuckians. Everything was provided for their comfort; and sentiments were uttered there that will go down the ages and result in great happiness.

I want now to suggest another home-coming, where we can each go back to the old days and mingle with "the old folks at home." It will do us all good, make us better men and women. Were we to go back to these old places to-day they would not look like they did sixty years ago. But let us put away from our minds the changes that have taken place in sixty years or more, and look at things as they seemed to us then, and let us tell our children of our early lives and try to induce them to become men and women. I want to go back and see the old place once more; I will go to the old county where I was born, see the old homes and old faces, and look again at scenes that were very dear to me.

In one neighborhood all my grandparents and nearly all their children were settled. Every house was near a fine spring, and around them grew magnificent forests. Such forests I have seen nowhere else

between ocean and ocean; magnificent poplars, which others call tulip trees, some of them two hundred feet tall and measuring nearly eighteen feet in circumference; immense black walnuts, that would make thousands of feet of lumber; ash, hickory, burr oak, hard maple, and almost every tree grown in the State. In some places the prevailing tree was the beech, and there were great beech forests. In those days there were trees standing with the marks on them made by the claws of bears, and grandfather has pointed out to me different trees where he had killed bears after he settled there. In order to get ground to cultivate, these magnificent forests had to be sacrificed to some extent. Every dwelling that I remember in the county was near a fine spring of water. I see the old house as I saw it when a child. The first house or cabin had been turned into a hen-house; the house that was new when I was born was of hewed logs, two rooms; one large family room with white ash floor on which I never saw a carpet. Along one side of this was a shed-room and the rest was a porch. The upstairs of the house was all one room, where we boys slept, nothing between us and the sky but the shingles—and we were well and happy. Adjoining this house was a kitchen, and there was a hall between. This house was regarded as very comfortable. Afterwards there was a frame addition put on, which always seemed to me to spoil the old house. For a long time there was not a stove in the house; but the immense fireplace was a constant joy and a great deal of trouble to keep going in cold weather.

I look out on the north over the magnificent forests stretching to my grandfather's farm, and for nearly a mile northeast to the Old Indian Fork meeting-house. Grandfather owned all this land, and

had enough to divide and give homes to a large family of children. We always had good gardens, abundance of milk and butter, and poultry. The hogs could nearly live on the mast in the forest, and the cattle on the range outside. Nearly every home had its bees, and when the family desired more honey they could go out in the woods and cut down a beech-tree. It was a veritable land of milk and honey. Then there were the old spring-houses, built up of stone, with water running through down into a basin, in which were set the milk and butter, always cool and fresh. Nearly every one had what was termed "a sugar camp," where they made sugar and rich syrup from the maple. What more was to be desired than these old-time people had?

Yet their lives were full of toil. To clear off those forests, and cultivate the crops, required the strongest efforts of manhood. The women carded the wool and flax, spun and wove clothes for wearing apparel, and blankets and sheets for the beds. The old Kentuckians would always have good feather-beds, on which they slept summer and winter. It was difficult to get shoes, and one pair a year was about all we boys expected. They had to tan the hides and make the shoes at home; and such shoes as they were! But we were very proud of them. The lasts were imperfect, and it was a wonder, with the fits that we had, that we ever had feet we could walk on. Even to-day, when pulling on the comfortable "American Gentleman" shoe, I think of the things old Uncle Abe, the negro shoemaker, used to make; but we knew no better in those days; we thought we had the best.

The day was put in by all of us at work; there were no drones; if one was able to work one was expected to do so, from early morning until the sun

went down—and then the feeding and such things had to be done. We went out in the morning to plow, barefooted, and in the dew, and often had to stop to take the mud from between our toes. And how all hands watched the sun to know when twelve o'clock came; and when the horn sounded we went to the house and ate such a dinner as I cannot find to-day, which, if we believe all that the present-day advocates of patent-right cooking teach us, certainly would have killed us. There is a great deal of nonsense put forth in this age in treating of dietetics. We ate what we wanted, when we wanted it, and as much as we wanted, and there were very few boys in our section who did not grow up six feet tall, rugged, hardy, splendid men, and girls into beautiful women. I scarcely ever was awake long enough to see patient, industrious, loving mother retire. She was working to provide for us, and was always kind and cheerful. I do not remember that she ever struck me a blow in anger; but how she punished me when I did wrong—she would take me off by myself and pray with me, and try to instill into my very soul the principles of a beautiful Christian life. And before I was thirteen years old I was led to Christ, and never, from that day to this, have I ever purposely done anything to dishonor my profession.

Mother—home—what sweet memories come to me when I think of them!

The first death that I remember well was of a half-brother of mine. I stayed by his bed almost constantly day and night for nearly a week, and when the end came my very soul seemed to go out with his life. I stood by the grave in the old family burying-ground, and the love I had for that boy has never diminished, and it comes to me as a sad, sweet memory to-day.

I have no doubt, even after all these years, that if you would put a stake between Christiansburg and Shelbyville, and draw a circuit with a diameter six miles long, that you would enclose in it a population of as true and noble a people as ever lived on earth. Nearly all the families were attached to some church. What a noble band gathered at the old Mulberry meeting-house where the Presbyterians worshiped! Those Presbyterians were of the right stripe—noble, good people. At a time there was a very small Methodist church in Christiansburg; and I think, according to numbers, I never saw a more earnest people. I would go a long way to-day, were it possible, to see old Father Messick, in the fullness of Christian feeling, kneel down, put up his hands, and shout glory to his God. The Baptists were the prevailing denomination in all that section of country; and in this circle would be found "Six Mile." Though it was located in Christiansburg, it was called "Six Mile," I presume, because there was the spring from which Six Mile started. The Baptists had awkward ways of naming their churches. They liked to name them from some stream, as Benson, Fox Run, Elk Horn, and others. In this circle, in addition to those churches named, would be found Indian Fork and Buffalo Lick. The former was located where the Indians, when making their raids, separated; the latter where the buffaloes came to lick salt. None of these names would indicate anything very appropriate for church names, but could I give the names of many of the families belonging to these churches they would show the origin, and in some cases the nationality.

Not to drag into publicity the families of other people, I will use my own as an example. My mother's name was Bondurant—of course this is

Huguenot; and her father was a Flood, an Irishman. My paternal grandfather was English, and his wife, my grandmother, was a Jones, a Welsh family—all from Virginia families that we have never been ashamed of. By inter-marriage, within two or three generations we became kin to everybody; and there never was, that I can find, a war or any honorable conflict that we were not in it. They were not “broilers” and fighters at home, but peaceful, Christian people; but when it became necessary in defense of any principle or right the old rifles were taken from over the door, and they used them well. I always kept away from anger if I could, and the only time I ever spent in watching war and other people fight was from '60 to '65, when I was in the South.

But my mind turns back to the old home; and I want to go once more to the old church where my grandfather ministered for fifty years. He preached nearly every Sunday, and a great part of the time was pastor of four churches, which I think he organized. Indian Fork was his home church and where I first went to Sunday-school, a bare-footed lad with every rag I had on me made by mother at home. The Sunday-schools were not up to the modern style; they did not have modern appliances. We had no Sunday-school picnics or entertainments; those poor ignorant people thought that if they would instill into our minds freely and thoroughly the doctrines of the New Testament, have us commit as much as possible—sometimes nearly a whole book—and explain them to us, pray it into us as far as they could, and have us commit to memory many of the old-fashioned gospel songs, that they had done a pretty good work. And I don't see in these days that anything better is done. Many whole chapters of the Testament

learned then, and very many of those good old songs have clung to us from that day to this, and come more readily to us than things we have learned in the last decade or so. They usually met on one Saturday of each month to settle the affairs of the church, see that the fellowship was all right, and had anything occurred between the members the first thing to do was to reconcile them if possible; they nearly always succeeded. One of the worst quarrels I remember was where two hard-headed brothers got into a difficulty over a crossed fence. They were men in advanced life, too, but became highly enraged. One called the other "a contaminated liar," the other threw an axe at him. The quarrel was brought before the church for settlement; and after the facts were stated one older brother rose and said, "I want to ask both of these brethren a question." Then he asked the one what he meant by "contaminated liar"—if it was for the glory of God? The man replied that he was not sure, but he knew that if he just called him a liar there would be trouble and he thought he would qualify it. Then the old brother asked the other man if he flung the axe for the glory of God? He replied that, now that he thought about it, he wasn't sure. One old brother then said, "Brethren, let us pray." They had a season of earnest, tender prayer, and when it was over the one who had called the other a name said with tears in his eyes, "I'm monstrous sorry, but I got mad and forgot myself." He had not more than uttered this when the other came forward and said, "I was to blame in the whole business; I was too hasty." They shook hands and cried, and the thing was settled forever. Was that a bad way to settle the trouble? Those "poor, ignorant old fellows" did not know any

better way than that. It is a pity there is not more such "ignorance"!

Sunday morning, the regular preaching day, was a great day. Old Indian Fork stood there on historic ground, where the Indian trail forked. Great forests were around it, and there was the grave-yard; for every church had its grave-yard. As it looked then it would have made a beautiful picture. By ten o'clock the people began to come. A great many came on horseback, the young men riding nice sleek horses. It was a disgrace not to have a good horse. The young ladies, who prided themselves upon their equipment, came up from every direction, and many of them had come for miles; they were beautiful riders, and I now think of them as cultured, elegant people. There were several stiles around the fence, and, the young ladies having dismounted, while their escorts went to care for and tie up the horses under the shade of the trees they primped themselves and made ready, and then marched in to church, looking as pretty and fresh as a summer morning. A large number of the older people rode horseback, some came in wagons; and those within a mile or two would walk, they preferred it; often they would walk three miles to church. When the congregation was about assembled the old leaders would begin a song, and perhaps out of a congregation of three hundred ninety per cent. would sing, young and old. They sang by note, and their voices could be heard a long distance, with every part being carried. Old Uncle Dick Dodson for many years acted as choir-master. He would begin to pat his feet and announce his hymn, which was likely to be for the first, "Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound"; next, perhaps, "Am I a soldier of the cross?" and then, "How firm a foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord!" By the

time these songs were sung the hearts and minds went out to Heaven, and they sang a song that I cannot find in any published hymn-books of this day; it was the last hymn before the preaching commenced.

“When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And hope in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then spreads her wings
And loud her heavenly sonnet sings—
I’m going home.”

Omitting the rest of it, we come to the last stanza, which always seemed beautiful to me:

“The nearer still she draws to land,
The more her ardent powers expand;
With steady helm, and full-spread sail,
Her anchor drops within the vale.
And then for joy she folds her wings,
And soft her heavenly sonnet sings—
I’m safe at home.”

The people were now ready to receive the gospel, and the faithful old minister, six feet tall, with a pleasant smile on his face, announced his text, perhaps such a text as this— “We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.”

He didn’t commence by telling us about the higher criticism, or what the learned men had said; he didn’t know anything about such things and he cared less. He had studied the whole Bible through nearly twenty times from beginning to end, and didn’t need a concordance. He believed every word of it. He told his people about the great God that had purposed and had created them; he told them of God’s love for a fallen race; he told them that in Jesus Christ God had given evidence that everything his children needed would be supplied to them, that when he had given the greater gifts his hand would withhold no

good thing from his children; he appealed to them to love and serve the good Father who was preparing a home for them. Usually he would preach to them for two hours, instructing and exhorting them in the most tender way. And his people knew he meant and believed every word he said, and that his love for them was a tender love as of a shepherd for his flock. In all his life he never accepted one dollar as remuneration for any service he could render them. He taught them that it was their duty to support the gospel, but as he was better off, perhaps, than any member of the church, he did not need and he would accept nothing.

Kentucky owes more to the old pioneer ministers who helped fight her foes, who defended their families, and lived as any other citizens; who cared for them in sickness and in trouble, and by example and teaching led them to a higher life, and taught them by every means to be unselfish, than can be easily realized. Perhaps I might say here that the old dear Christian women of the State had more to do in the formation of character than everybody else. Blessed and sacred be their memories!

While the men who have accomplished great results are known in history, the names of the women who deserve equal credit have not been recorded, for their lives were more of heroic, patient home sacrifice than of public activities. For the same reason, many of the most useful and able men of Kentucky have not been known to history; yet they had very much to do in shaping the destiny of the State. In the convention that formed the Constitution of the State there were six ministers of the Gospel, and when the vote was taken upon the pro-slavery clause every one voted against it. The persecutions that they and their fathers had endured because of the connection

of church and state made them very careful to see that no such thing could prevail in Kentucky. It was a law in Kentucky for a long time, if it is not even now, that no minister of the Gospel could hold public office. The Constitution made by these men has long since ceased to be binding in many respects, but the many principles they taught have never failed to have influence in the State. It gave absolute religious freedom, placing all religious bodies on an equal footing; it forbade commerce in slaves, and made provision for their emancipation by law when desired; it secured freedom of the press; it gave freemen, regardless of property qualification, a free ballot; it made the people the sovereigns. As a class, the early ministers of the State were a remarkable body of men; God knew that common, inferior men could not do the work required for the establishment of Christianity in the State. Many of them were men of splendid judgment, great common sense, and with tender human sympathies and cheerful disposition. They did not draw long solemn faces; they were cheerful and enjoyed jokes and wit, and many of their expressions became every-day proverbs. On one occasion a young man who had a little smattering of learning came to preach for my old grandfather. They went up into the great high pulpit, and the young man was put up to try whether he could preach or not. He took for his text, "Now abideth faith, hope, and charity." He started out pretty well, dividing his subject into three heads, and started on Faith. But before he got through with faith he lost himself, and turned back to his coat that was hanging on the back of a chair, and commenced to read a little essay upon hope and charity. Never before had that congregation seen a paper

drawn out to help a man preach. He finally stumbled, halted, and quit. Whereupon, the old preacher rose and said, "Brethren, I had not expected to say anything on this occasion, but as the young brother has exhibited nothing, I feel called upon to say something." All over that part of the country afterward, when anything had not come up to standard, and didn't "exhibit" anything, the saying was, "It is like the young preacher."

A great many things were told as jokes on the preachers that had no foundation or truth—one that has been repeated in many States. I heard a very clever man in St. Louis tell it as a fact, and it was used with great effect at the anecdote club. It was this.

It was known that an old preacher was going to preach the next Sunday on the flood, and some mischievous person so pasted the leaves of his Bible as to break the connection, and just at the bottom of the page he read, "And Noah took unto himself a wife"—then he turned to the top of the page and began the description of the ark—"three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits in breadth, and thirty cubits in height; pitched inside and out with tar." The old man turned back and read it the second time, thinking he had made a mistake; finding apparently, that he had not, he finally said, "Brethren, I would not have believed it had it not occurred in the word of God."

But the following, I think *is* literally a true story.

There was one old preacher who usually preached about the same sermon, whatever text he took. A young deacon, who thought he was smart, told the old preacher that if he would take a text and preach a sermon suitable to it or growing out of it, he would give him a twenty-dollar gold-piece. It was under-

stood that at the next monthly meeting the test was to be made, and the older deacons were to be a committee to judge. The old preacher took his text, which is found in Romans, "Much every way." It was Paul's answer to the question, "What advantage hath a Jew?" The old preacher performed his duty, came down, and the committee decided that he was honestly entitled to the money; for his text was "much every way," and he had preached for two hours and in every sort of fashion. They enjoyed such jokes, and would often tell things on each other.

An old negro preacher preaching on Noah's ark related what a big thing it was, and he then told how his old "Marster" in Virginia had undertaken to build a barn to hold all his stock and grain. And he said, "Brethren, old Marster built a barn three hundred feet long, three hundred feet high—" Then an old brother exclaimed, "Stop, brother!" But before he could shut off his words, the preacher added—"and three feet wide." The preacher retorted upon the brother who had interrupted him, and said, "Brother, if you had let me alone I would have widened that barn."

It was a regular picnic to us youngsters to have the preachers come to visit, for we knew there was going to be plenty to eat and the very best; there would be discussions and explanations of parts of the Bible; and many witty jokes in which they were always careful to say nothing that a child or a woman might not hear. They were clean, excellent, loving men, capable of instructing and leading the youth; and under their influence the Christian religion almost swept the State.

Nothing comes to my memory more pleasantly than a trip from Louisville to Frankfort on one of the beautiful little boats that came up that river.

Louisville, sixty years ago, was a beautiful little city in which could be found many of the most noble and cultured people. The boat that I remember best was named *The Dove*. It started out in the evening and went on up the Ohio, then at Carrollton it turned, and went up the Kentucky River, which to me is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. The farther we went the higher the bluffs became. There were nice farms along the way, and the river, at that time, had locks and dams. How gracefully the little boat would go into the locks and rise with the water as it was let in, and be ready, when it reached the level, to pursue its way. I can see it now making its way around up to the old wooden bridge that connected Frankfort with South Frankfort, and when she went above the bridge we had to lower her smokestacks. That old wooden bridge which I have crossed hundreds of times, what a faithful old highway!

Frankfort was always to me one of the most charming places in Kentucky, and it has always grieved me to hear of any effort being made to remove the capitol from it. I spent nearly two years in that town, and I remember the people as an elegant, hospitable class, almost entirely thoroughbred Virginia-Kentuckians. I have seen the greater part of the beautiful Rocky Mountains, the grandeur of which none can describe; but no scenery has ever impressed me as the scenery around Frankfort. There was scarcely anything in South Frankfort then. I can remember only one first-class home there, and that stood just fronting the entrance to the old bridge. Now South Frankfort is full of attractions, and I learn that the new capitol is to be built there. A favorite resort with me was the old cemetery where many of their noble dead rest in peace.

From the time that I can remember, Lexington was a most attractive place. It seemed that the people had brought the art of living well almost up to perfection, not only in the town, but also in the surrounding country. And there is no use for me to try to tell anybody about the conditions and attractions of that town and its surroundings. Lexington is known all through the country as a place that has no superior, if it has an equal, everything considered.

Outside of my own county there is no place in the State that has so many sacred memories to me as Georgetown. It was there that I attended college for three years, from '55 to '58, and by common consent, I think, it is agreed that no other years in the history of that college had a better class of students. And though I have spent half the days of my life in college work, I do not think that I ever saw a school that was more faithful in instructing and guiding its students. Dr. Campbell was a model college president, a highly educated, cultured gentleman. He was to me not only a faithful guide and instructor, but he drew me close to him with almost the feeling of a son to his father. Professor Farnham was almost a walking library, and an unassuming Christian gentleman. His instruction in science and higher mathematics has had much to do in shaping my life. Professor Thomas was the most patient teacher in Greek and Latin that I ever saw. Both Professor Farnham and Professor Thomas were natives of Maine, and I question if the State ever turned out two better men. Dr. N. M. Crawford, son of the distinguished William H. Crawford of Georgia, was my teacher in Hebrew. He was one of the most dignified, cultured, genial, approachable men that I have ever known. It is not simply

the admiration of a boy for these great men that I now record, but it is the deliberate judgment formed in mature age. All these have passed over after long lives of great usefulness. One who is fresh in my memory still lives—Prof. J. J. Rucker, who has been at his post for half a century; and there are multitudes who hold him in great affection.

The class of '58 was composed of twenty-one graduates, and was considered one of the best classes the college ever had. These graduates were principally from Kentucky, Virginia, and the other Southern States, and many of them gave up their lives in the civil war. Two became prominent judges in the State—Richard Reed and Quincy Ward. Reed died a tragic death. I have not seen or heard from Ward for many years. In that class was Dr. George Varden, who became very prominent as a linguist, but I do not know whether he is living to-day or not. One fellow-classman that I have constantly kept in touch with, for we have lived in the same State for more than a quarter of a century, is, all things considered, perhaps the best man in the class. He is a very prominent lawyer in Kansas City. He served with distinction as Minister to Switzerland. He is a distinguished man, and is honored by all who know him. His name is John L. Peak.

For some reason Georgetown has been made the town in which many of the most celebrated cases in Kentucky were tried. One that impressed me most occurred in '57. An old gentleman of Scott County, who left a fine estate, made a will and gave to a daughter, in addition to her portion, an old negro woman valued at not more than \$100. The other heirs, for some reason, felt that this was discrimination and brought suit. It had been tried in various courts for seven years, until feeling ran high and the

costs amounted to nearly \$8,000. By agreement it was finally tried in the Georgetown court, and all were to abide by the decision. The lawyers were the most distinguished. They were John C. Breckinridge, James F. Robinson, Garret Davis, Thomas Lindsay, and Robert Wolley. It was a battle of giants. Garret Davis spoke as long as he could stand, and then sat down on a table and finished his speech. James F. Robinson, "the Old Roman," made a most impressive appeal. I see him now standing up before the jury, holding his palsied hand with the other, as he commenced, after addressing the court and jury:

"It has always been a sacred principle that a man has the right to dispose of whatever he has acquired as he may desire. The old patriarch, when he saw death coming to him, called his children to him and gave instructions to each one as to what his will should be. And finally he gave instructions as to what to do with his bones when he should be dead. He wanted them carried back to his old home."

He made a wonderful appeal.

Robert Willey commenced with a wonderful description of the Trojan war, which he said lasted seven years, as long as this trial had lasted; and he made a most beautiful address.

John C. Breckinridge was in the prime of his early manhood; and I have never seen a jury swayed as he swayed that jury. My recollection is that he won his case.

The social life around Georgetown was almost perfect. Many of the finest families in the State lived there.

There is one thing that a boy who lived in Kentucky can never forget. I refer to the elections, that were held three days, commencing Monday and clos-

ing Wednesday. Why it required three days to take the meager vote that was cast I never could understand. Usually very little was done the first day; but Tuesday morning things began to wax warm. Nearly all of the people were politicians, and excitement in general elections usually ran high. In all of the districts there were some voters who were poor and ignorant, and the question was how to control these votes. It was not unusual to form what they called "bull-pens" away in the hills, down on some stream, where they gathered together as many ignorant voters as they could, both parties practicing the same scheme, and kept them there, giving them everything to eat and drink; and many of them were kept drunk until the election was over, and did not vote at all. I am sorry to report this, but I want to give every side of Kentucky life. And I cannot deny that by Wednesday evening things were red-hot, and many fights occurred among the common class, but I do not remember a single case where a man was killed. Their actions grew out of the excitement, and after it was all over, good-will remained. What times the elections were for us boys! They were held beginning the first Monday in August. The watermelons were getting ripe, and the good old negroes were permitted to have their ginger-cakes and cider to sell, and usually got all the spare change the boys had.

The Kentuckians were a fun-loving people, and always liked, in some way, to have a contest in their fun. Shooting-matches were common, and were always conducted on gentlemanly principles. They usually shot for turkeys, but sometimes they shot for quarters of beef, the best shots getting the best quarters, the poorer shots taking the fore-quarters.

They were fond, too, of barbecues, but there al-

ways had to be some contest to show feats of manhood or skill with the rifle. One of the most remarkable barbecues that I remember was a contest in killing crows and hawks, which abounded in that wooded country as perhaps in no other, and were destructive to the chickens. They decided as far as possible to exterminate them in that section, and the section was divided off by a line running through. One side was arrayed against the other side as to who would procure the most scalps. They hunted diligently, and it was even considered fair if a party from one side could steal a scalp from a party on the other side. Everything was considered fair in what was termed "The Crow War." An immense barbecue was prepared, and it was understood that the side which produced the most scalps could eat first and the others were to wait on them. Joyous excitement ran high, and perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that there were ten barrels of scalps brought in, counted, and destroyed.

As I have said before, in everything there was a patriotic spirit. Great honor and respect were shown to the old men who had been soldiers. I remember the impression made on me, which was both serious and ridiculous, in the honor that was paid to a very old citizen, an old Revolutionary soldier. After the Revolution he had settled in rather a hilly part of the country, as many of those old Virginians did, as there was good water there and a large forest around them. He was patriotic and loved the old flag, and when he was between seventy and eighty he would have been ready to shoulder his musket in defence of his country. He had the respect of everybody, but in some ways he was a man of bitter spirit and very tenacious of his own opinions. When he died the whole people thought that they ought to

give him a burial befitting such a character. Some people, before his death, thought he was rather strenuous in his opinions, as I have said. He was an ardent Democrat, and believed that a Whig was a Tory, and he had no patience with anything that looked toward toryism. But when he died everybody said that Uncle Meshack Pierson ought to have a good funeral, and that everybody should contribute a part to it. He lived two or three miles from the old Indian Fork Church, and a great multitude, some on foot, some in wagons, some on horseback, and some in ox-carts, met at his house to escort the remains to the church. One man on horseback with a red sash around him rode in front. The body was brought in a wagon; fifteen men on horseback rode on either side of the wagon, and had their firearms, which it seemed to me they carried up-side down; one man rode up in the wagon with the coffin and carried a United States flag. In front were two men playing on fifes, and two beating on drums. And it was the most mournful music that I had ever heard; the fifes seemed to be crying and the muffled drums to be laboring to give expression to their sorrow. They came slowly on, and finally reached the church—a lonesome building in the midst of heavy forests, and in the yard the largest weeping-willows, the prettiest and most solemn that I had ever seen. I had never seen a grave, and it looked like an awful place to put anybody into. The people gathered round it, and they laid two poles across it, and on these poles the coffin, which was really a wooden box covered with lamp-black. One rather large man, in passing around, fell in or partly in. There seemed to be something the matter with his head; but he was pulled out, and the service proceeded. My old grandfather, as minister, stood at the head of the

grave, and he looked very solemn, so much so that I was afraid he was sick. He was usually very cheerful and bright, and the prayer that he offered was so different from what it would have been had he been at the creek ready to baptize a lot of people. The people stood with their hats off and a good many of them were crying, and out of sympathy, mother said, I bawled too. I think this must have happened after the salute was fired, and I was scared. When the coffin was lowered a great many people threw some green into the grave, which of course I did not understand. The men with the guns then stood around, and all fired at once, and it was the greatest sound I had ever heard from guns fired by a grave. They stood around a few minutes, and everybody tried to think of something good to say of the departed. The men fired again, and fifes and drums starting up, the procession formed and passed out of sight and we all went home. I have never enjoyed a funeral so much since.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO

"Across the wid'ning waste we hear
Bird songs that greet the morn,
Where shineth through the rosy mist
The land where we were born;
Oh, lightly from its far-off hills
The Winds of Memory blow.
It is our own, our native land—
The Land of Long Ago.

"There, stretching out beneath the sun,
Lie meadows bright and fair;
On rugged slopes the berry vines
Run riot everywhere;
And climbing up the tinted cliff,
Where Wonder flowers grow,
Laugh children that we played with in
The Land of Long Ago.

"Blow soft; blow soft! across the waste,
O Winds of Memory!
And set atune Aeolian chords
Wherein our heartstrings be—
And croon for us from happy hours
The music sweet and low,
The old-time airs, the lullabies,
The songs of Long Ago!

"But hush! a funeral note steals in
And skies are turning gray;
For us no more shall golden dawn
Unfold to perfect day;
We sail beyond the sea and sky—
A way that none may know,
O happy shore! good-bye! good-bye!—
Our Land of Long Ago!"

—*Sheffey.*

CHAPTER IX

KENTUCKY'S PRIDE IN HER MEN

I am puzzled to know what to say of the men that Kentucky has given to the world. There are so many of them and they have attained such high positions that it seems to be impossible to do anything like justice in speaking of them and their achievements. In the first place the number of these can scarcely be estimated, and to undertake to call them by name would be impossible, and perhaps some of the most worthy may not be mentioned.

The same thought occurs to me here as it has again and again, that the great, guiding hand of Providence has had much to do in all the affairs of men. There are no accidents with God. He formed his plans in wisdom and he himself selected the various instrumentalities to accomplish them. It cannot be denied that many of these plans have not been in the beginning seemingly important, but the results were wonderful, and largely contributed to advance all that has been good in the world. When He wanted a successor to King Saul He did not go among the great captains of Israel; He selected a little shepherd boy to put at the head of the nation. Who would have thought, from the human standpoint, that Cromwell would have been selected to bring great glory to the English people? Who has been able to understand why an insignificant peasant girl, Joan of Arc, should have been called to accomplish such seemingly impossible things, and have such influence over nations? Why were "ignorant fishermen" selected as the great apostles of Christianity?

Martin Luther was a peasant's son. He was cruelly treated in his childhood, and beaten for frivolous things until his back was bloody. God knew why He wanted Martin Luther; the world sees the results. Of the man to carry through the war of American independence there was no question. The man was chosen, the only man living, perhaps, that could have done what he did, and went down, after one of the most heroic events in the history of mankind, as the Father of his Country. George Washington was ordained to the work that he had to do, and he did it, constantly trusting in the Higher Power. Let us not forget that in all these results the glory must be given to one higher than we.

Who can tell why the honor was given to Kentucky of being the home of men whose names will go down in history? And when I speak of Kentucky in this connection, I want it distinctly understood that Kentucky in her history and achievements cannot be separated from her old mother Virginia; the glory of the one is the glory of the other. There had to be a great question settled in this country, and every kind of compromise, it seemed, that could be thought of was suggested. But war had to settle two questions—the question of slavery and the question as to whether all these States were bound together by a rope of sand or whether they were bound in an indissoluble Union. A poor boy, born in poverty, raised in poverty, without means for an education, seemingly with no great destiny in the world, was called to the great and seemingly impossible task of leading the nation to the final settlement of these questions. Abraham Lincoln was no more to be compared, so far as human thought could go, with the other great statesmen of this country than Peter the fisherman was to be compared to the great high

priests of the Jews or to Cæsar on his throne, and yet there is no question that Lincoln was the man and the only man that could have accomplished the results. And when his work was done, as God saw it, though we have never understood it, by a cruel hand he gave up his life. Abraham Lincoln was never understood, and to-day thoughtful men wonder at the peculiarities, the power, and the influence and nobility of that sad life. On the other side, the leader had to be selected to perform his part in the destiny of mankind; and whatever may be said of the man or the cause, Jefferson Davis was a remarkable personality. And from all the great men of the South, God called him from Kentucky; he was born and reared not very far from where Abraham Lincoln was born and reared. Jefferson Davis was a brave, able, forceful man, and doubtless as conscientious in his convictions as was Lincoln. There had to be a leader chosen to open the war in the Southwest, and to begin the most bloody battle that, up to that time, had ever been fought upon the continent—the battle of Shiloh. Albert Sidney Johnston, the son of a distinguished family in Kentucky, was put at the head of that army. How well I remember him and how he looked! I can see him now as he stood in Nashville before he took charge of the army. A great, strong, serious, honest-looking man. He spoke in slow, measured terms as he made a short address. He looked sad, serious, and I can't help thinking that he understood, better than any of the rest did, the seriousness and sadness of his undertaking.

Who that knew John C. Breckinridge did not admire him? To me to-day, of all the Kentuckians I have known, he is the ideal Kentuckian. He was a handsome man; as was remarked once, it seemed that

when Nature had made him she broke the mould, for no other man looked like John C. Breckinridge. I may say from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, extending before the war, I never saw a weakness in him. He was full of magnetism, and seemed able to sway men at will. I have heard him at the bar, when he was pitted against some of the best brains of Kentucky, and he was a master among men; I have seen him sway the multitudes in his political addresses; I have seen him in the height of his power and glory; I have seen him in social life; and he always was the same. Few men ever made greater sacrifices for convictions than John C. Breckinridge. Many of his friends felt, and he felt, that had he taken the other side he would have reached the highest gift of the nation. I think he really never saw a happy day after the war commenced. When he was at camp in Byrnesville, Mississippi, before the battle of Shiloh, with his Kentucky boys around him, he, more than any other, realized what was before them, and I think he suffered as much for others as he did for himself. One evening I was at headquarters; we had been talking until late, and all the camp was still, there was scarcely a sound heard that would indicate that an army lay there. Unexpectedly the band struck up "My Old Kentucky Home," and it seemed a surprise to all. I looked at the General and saw great tears streaming from his eyes, for he loved his old Kentucky home. Silently each one of us retired to his own place, and there was not a word spoken between us that night. The battle soon came on, and there are doubtless now some left in Kentucky who remember Breckinridge's solicitude for his Kentucky boys. Among the mortally wounded was a handsome Shelby County boy, Willie Farmer, who

was scarcely grown. His thigh was shattered; he was laid upon a cot in Corinth in the great room where the wounded were placed, and where, every day, soldiers were dying; he was so badly wounded that the physicians said nothing could be done for him. The morning before he died the physician came to me and said, "You ought to tell Willie, he does not know it, but gangrene has set in and he will not live to see the sunset." So I went and talked with the boy. He was calm, brave, and made various requests, one was that if it was possible he wanted his body taken care of, and after the war was over or when it was possible he wanted it laid in the old Christiansburg graveyard by the side of his mother. After his death it seemed impossible, as things were, to get the body out. I prepared it for burial as well as I could, and had a great box made, and as Bragg was then commander of the post I spoke to him about it. He paid me scant courtesy. I consulted Breckinridge, and there was a private understanding between us that I was to do as I pleased, and should I get into trouble he would stay with me, whatever the cost might be. That day there was to be brought a train of box-cars to carry off the wounded; and I spoke to some of the Kentucky boys and told them of my plans. I was acting absolutely contrary to what General Bragg had said. I intended to take that body out at whatever cost, for I had given my promise to a dying boy. When the train pulled in the box was sitting right on the platform. I made arrangements with the Kentucky boys immediately on the arrival of the train to shove that box into a car. I remember two boys more especially, from Shelby County, Kentucky—Henton and Thomas; it may be one of them is living to-day. As soon as the box

was placed back in the end of the car wounded soldiers and all sat down upon it and covered it. It was carried to its destination, my home in Mississippi, put in a vault, and when the war was over all that remained of the young soldier was brought back and laid beside his mother. Without General Breckinridge I never could have done it.

General Breckinridge was a man of fine judgment, clear discernment, and seemed to me to have almost prophetic vision. He and General Ben Hardin Helm were in camp at Jackson, Mississippi, before the fall of Vicksburg. General Helm and I had been out swimming in Pearl River, and when I came back I felt fresh, hopeful, and bright. I went over to General Breckinridge's headquarters, and it seemed that he understood my feelings. He came to me, put his arms around me, and said, "Cook, we shall never win. We shall all be a set of rag-amuffins." I was shocked and surprised, and never breathed it to a human being. This was before Vicksburg fell, after the South had gained many victories and when we felt almost invincible. And I felt that from that time General Breckinridge did not want to live; and it was thought by those close to him that he courted death at the battle of Chickamauga.

It would take pages to tell of the splendid men and women that Kentucky has produced. How many generals and officers of all ranks and how many men Kentucky furnished to the North and the South would be hard to enumerate. One reason I have spoken especially of John C. Breckinridge is, that there is less mention made of him in eulogies and in the history of Kentucky than of any man of equal merit who has lived in the State—if he ever had an equal.

Another man that I admired greatly was General John Morgan. I knew him before the war, and my only two living brothers were with him, when not on detached duty, in many of his most important raids. My best friends were with him, and if General Morgan was ever guilty of an inhuman act, or of robbery, or of anything that was unbecoming a gentleman, I never found it out. It is not necessary to say anything of his ability as a soldier; he left his own record.

One of the purest and best public men in Kentucky, a man about whom little has been said in print, was Green Clay Smith, who had in his veins the best blood in the State. His father was an Attorney-General, and Green Clay was the nephew of Cassius M. Clay. He was a man of commanding presence, handsome, vigorous, of splendid mind and heart. He was honored in many ways; he went into the army and became a general; he was brave and resourceful; and he was one of the first men to teach General Forrest that he was not invincible. He was sent to Congress from Kentucky, and was made chairman of the military committee. And when the nominating convention met it selected Lincoln for a second term for the presidency, and Green Clay Smith came within five votes of being selected to make the race for Vice-President. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's, really his pet, and always had free access to him and to the White House. He has told me many incidents that I have never seen published in regard to Mr. Lincoln's private troubles, some of which I could tell, but it would probably do no good. Some of them showed weakness and some strength. He was appointed Governor of Montana, with the expectation of becoming Senator of that State. But he gave it all up

and became a plain Baptist preacher. He visited me several times at my home, and was one of the most congenial and lovable men that I ever knew. I think he made great sacrifices to carry out his convictions, and I once asked him why he made the sacrifices; he replied that in his soul he felt it to be his duty, and that he believed had he not done so he would never have had a happy day. He died at his home in Washington, D. C., where I saw him a few months before his death. His mind was peaceful, he seemed happy, and he felt that he was carrying out his honest convictions. Many would feel that the bravest and noblest act of Mr. Smith's life was the sacrificing of personal gain and political honor to do what he thought was right. His life was no failure. He taught a lesson, and showed a heroism and personal worth that many cannot comprehend.

Kentucky has been justly proud of her men in political life. Perhaps the Kentuckian who attained the widest reputation as a politician was Henry Clay. It is not necessary here to pass any eulogy on him or to give much concerning his history, for his name is familiar to every reader of American history. He was a great man, an orator, a gentleman, a kind neighbor, and an affectionate husband. One of the most striking speeches that he ever made was on his return from Washington, where he had been the foremost figure in the great compromise effort. His friends at Lexington met him on his arrival and forced him to go to the hotel and make an address from its balcony. "Fellow-citizens, friends, and neighbors," he said, "I am very glad to see and greet you all; but there is a plain, good woman at Ashlands that I would rather see than all of you. Good night." He had a beautiful home; the Kentuckians loved the name of Ashlands. Strange as it may seem,

while personally Henry Clay was very popular in Kentucky, he had there his bitterest political foes. He was not popular in the whole State, for a great many of the old Democrats believed that Clay was not a true man, that his political doctrines were not sound, and they opposed him intensely and bitterly, and even when he was candidate for the highest office in the nation they did not support him. One of the most bitter political contests ever waged in Kentucky was in 1844. Clay was the unanimous choice of the Whig party for President. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, was nominee of the Democratic party, and Mr. Clay was the third time beaten in his efforts for election. That was the first Presidential election that I ever remember well; and it seems to me that there was as much excitement as there was in the last Presidential election before the war. The polk-stalk created nearly as much enthusiasm as the old-log-cabin did in Harrison's time. All along the highways trees were trimmed up to great heights and bundles of polk-stalks fastened on them. To-day the name of Henry Clay is held by all Kentuckians, of whatever party, in very high esteem. And why should not Kentuckians be proud of such men?

Kentucky has always had an able bar; and you will find her sons have always taken highest rank wherever they have gone, as judges, advocates, and men in public affairs in many States. To-day there is no abler man on the supreme bench than Justice Harlan. Kentucky's sons have had much to do in the legislative affairs of the country, and she has furnished United States Senators and Representatives to very many States. Missouri has been almost as much benefited by the men she received from Kentucky as she has from all other sources, native-born or otherwise. The eight Governors she received

from Kentucky have all been men of worth and distinction; the eight Senators she received from Kentucky have showered lustre upon her name. Many of those great men—all of them, perhaps, ought to be named; but it would be unfair and almost impossible to try to select those most distinguished. Take away from Illinois the men of renown sent to her by the old Commonwealth, and it would almost impoverish her political history. Among some in this State we might mention Yates, Oglesby, Palmer, Adlai E. Stevenson, and Orville H. Browning—the latter two, in my opinion, the superior, all things considered, of any above mentioned.

Many of the most distinguished clergymen and educators found in various States, especially in Missouri, were Kentuckians. Why should not the Old Commonwealth be proud of her sons? And had I the information and the time there are high tributes that could be paid to the noble women of the State; for really they had more to do in the forming of character than the men, and were eminently worthy of the admiration and loyal homage that was paid to them.

Kentucky has always had an able public press. All through the State were men of brains conducting newspapers; two deserve especial mention.

George D. Prentice was a remarkable man; though a native of Connecticut, his life's work was done in Kentucky. From 1830, and until succeeded by Henry Watterson, he was the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, one of the leading weekly newspapers in the country. He was a man of wonderful gifts; and not only did he write editorials for his paper, but he was the author of many poems of merit. His *Prenticeana*, a collection of his witticisms, has gone through several enlarged editions. He was a pe-

culiar and remarkable man, and perhaps enjoyed from his friends as much esteem as any man who lived in Kentucky, and in the hatred of his enemies was also as fortunate.

Many of the old-time Democrats believed Prentice to be a traitor to the best interests of the State, and taught their children to believe that if his policies were adopted, the State would be ruined. Perhaps the divided sentiment in the State had much to do with its destinies in the civil war. He was a brilliant man, and while not considered an orator was one of the most impressive speakers that I ever heard. An address which he delivered in '58 to the students of Georgetown College made a profound impression and could not well be forgotten. And his appearance when he stepped forward, and without introduction began, " 'With this, or on this,' said the Spartan mother, as she took a shield from the wall where it had hung since the death of the patriot father, and handed it to her son as he was about to start to the battle," thrilled the audience. His influence, whatever may be the difference of opinion, was great in the State.

All in all, Kentucky has never had a greater editor, and in many respects a greater man, than Henry Watterson, a native of Washington, D. C., born February 16, 1840. He was a young man when the civil war began, and in 1861 went to Tennessee and remained with the Confederates until the close of the war. When the war closed he assumed the editorship of the *Nashville Banner*, remaining there one year, when he succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of the *Louisville Journal*. In 1868 the *Journal* was consolidated with two other newspapers and became the *Courier-Journal*, with Mr. Watterson as part owner and editor-in-chief. In

1876 he was elected to Congress, but all his instinct seemed to be connected with editorial work, and since that time he has had absolute control of his paper. He has traveled, lectured, and been honored everywhere. He is really a part of Kentucky, and he carries Kentucky and Kentuckians in his great big heart. Among all the great men who attended the Home-coming, and all the great addresses that were made, Henry Watterson showed himself to be perhaps the most brilliant of them all.

In Shelbyville, January 7, 1856, was born, of good old stock, a man that all Kentucky is proud of. He was graduated from West Point in 1878, went actively into service, and distinguished himself on every occasion. He rose rapidly, until now he is chief-of-staff of the United States Army. Had you been at Shelbyville the Home-coming week you would have seen him, surrounded by multitudes of his old friends and admirers, on one of the finest horses Kentucky could produce, presented to him by those who honored him. He was known to every one of them as General James Franklin Bell.

He said in a very kind letter to me recently, "I am not an *old* Kentuckian"; and with great modesty he indicated that he ought not to be classed with the old heroes that I have mentioned in the book. Modesty and real greatness generally go together. While General Bell would cheerfully give the last drop of blood in his body to defend the old flag anywhere in the world, it is true of him as of others, "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian."

One of the great men of the nation, honored and loved, not only by Kentuckians but all good men, is Justice J. M. Harlan; and I should be glad to add more concerning him, but Hon. Champ Clark, in his article, has done this for me.

I do not mean by what I have said about the public men of Kentucky to intimate that I have mentioned all the great names that ought to be honored; I have selected just a few as characteristic of the whole.

CHAPTER X

THE POETIC SPIRIT

The history, the scenery, the social life of Kentucky are all conducive to the poetic spirit; and while there have been many beautiful things written in poetry by Kentuckians and about Kentucky, we shall mention only two of the poets. The name of Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," is loved and honored, not only in Kentucky, but really in all civilized countries. As a tender home song it unites the sentiment of the Old World with the New, and it has done as much to encourage and foster the home spirit as any song that was ever written. It brings to memory scenes of home, childhood, father and mother, and the most hallowed and sacred memories of the human heart. And could every descendant of Kentucky have it in full, framed and hung upon the wall so that his children might know it from infancy, it would be a blessing.

While "My Old Kentucky Home" is especially dear to Kentuckians, for the beauty, the sweetness, and tenderness of the sentiment it would create a love for home in children everywhere. It is not generally known that Foster, though not a native of Kentucky, became imbued with the very spirit of her people, and has written some of the tenderest negro songs. He found the inspiration for "My Old Kentucky Home" in a country home near Bardstown. He is, too, the author of "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Willie, We Have Missed You," and many other songs; and one of his

tenderest songs is "Old Folks at Home." At the Home-coming Kentuckians devoted a good part of one day in paying tribute to Foster's memory, and to the unveiling of a model of the statue to his memory, in the presence of twenty thousand people.

It has been truthfully said, "Let who will write your laws, so I may write your songs." Songs have had an inspiring influence among all people. Who can tell the power of music over the human soul? No one can estimate the effect that song and music has had upon our country, to say nothing of what it has always had in other lands. Take "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Columbia," "Home, Sweet Home," "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle"—they all have their place and have accomplished their results.

Theodore O'Hara possessed, in my estimation, the highest patriotic and poetic genius, not only of any man in Kentucky but of any man in the world. He was born in 1820, within a half mile of the scene of the Cook massacre, on what is yet known as the Theodore O'Hara place, within five miles of Frankfort. This place was originally a part of the Innis patent. The old spring-house of the famed author of the "Bivouac of the Dead" still stands, but the house in which he was born and in which he passed his early days has passed away and only the foundation remains. He has been said to have "produced the only perfect and universal martial eulogy that the world has known." "The Bivouac of the Dead" has been translated into almost every European language, and since it was written, more than fifty years ago, it has been almost as popular in England as in the United States.

On a monument commemorating one of the hardest-fought battles of the Crimean War the last four lines of the first stanza of O'Hara's poem are in-

scribed. Over the gate-way of the National Cemetery at Arlington the whole first stanza is inscribed, and in Arlington, as at Antietam, and other National cemeteries, the entire poem is produced, stanza by stanza, on slabs along the driveways.

He served in the Mexican war, and wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead" on the occasion of the removal of the remains of the Kentuckians, who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, to their native soil. He had not only the poetic, but the martial spirit; he went on a filibustering expedition to Cuba; and at the outbreak of the civil war he became an officer on the staffs of Albert Sidney Johnston and John C. Breckinridge, in the Confederate service. I want to inscribe here as a monument to his memory, and hope that it may be written where the letters will never fade, his words to others.

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

"Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

Who would not be proud of such a noble spirit?

CHAPTER XI

CLOUDS

The year 1858 seems to me to have been one of the happiest that Kentucky ever enjoyed. It may be that my feelings had something to do with my judgment, as that was the year of my graduation and the beginning of my active life. But it was for the State a year of fine crops, prosperity and peace. Happiness seemed to reign everywhere; and there was no evidence that Kentucky was so near to the sad, dark hours that were just before her. There was some disquiet among political men in regard to the condition of the country, but not more excitement than there had been some years previous. The people seemed to be enjoying life thoroughly, and when you contrast that time with what happened a few years later it seems that the impossible came to pass. Families were then united, communities appeared to be thoroughly at peace among themselves, the young people were at the height of their enjoyment, and the State seemed to be on the eve of great prosperity.

In 1859 clouds began to gather, but still there seemed to be no great dread or alarm and things moved along very smoothly.

The year 1860 opened with unrest, and upon the part of many the year foreboded nothing that would make for peace and happiness. This was a year of great political excitement; parties were divided all over the country. People were divided North and South on political issues. The South seemed almost a unit; and there was a strong feeling existing to

secede from a government which they felt was hostile to their best interests. They were encouraged in this sentiment by many people in the North, who seemed to desire to be cut loose from them and to let them go in peace. Many of the Democrats in the North almost championed their cause, while many of the fanatics of the North felt that to be in league with the South was almost to be in league with the Devil.

The idea of secession was not a new one, for in the history of the country there was scarcely one of the New England States that had not at some time encouraged the feeling of withdrawing from the Union in her own special interests.

The Border States were divided, and the wisest men felt that should war occur these States would be the battle-ground, and would suffer most. The spirit of the majority of the Eastern States in making John Brown a hero and almost a saint suggested what the South might expect in case there was a war. It gave them reason to believe that that most fanatical spirit would even turn the negro loose on their wives and children. At this time the question as to whether this was an indissoluble Union or whether States might secede was not settled. The wisest men of the Border States felt that a republican government could not prosper and exist with slavery as a recognized institution. It was unnatural and absurd.

Kentucky, by reason of her peculiar situation, expected that in case of war she would be, in a large measure, the battle-ground, and hence decided that she would stand neutral; that she would not take up arms against the government nor would she bear arms against her sister States. That was the feeling of the people. It was naturally impracticable, and the State might have known that, with the spirit of her

people being what it was, she could not keep men from going out and joining either one army or the other. Her sons had taken part in every war since she became a State, and it would be only natural that in a war between the States they would join one side or the other; neutrality was an impossibility.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by the most radical abolitionist element of the country, and when this happened they felt that all hope of compromise was ended. The whole country was intensely excited, and the inevitable had to come. It was at the risk of his life Mr. Lincoln reached Washington, and when the people in Washington, who had seen Presidents along the generations, saw him, it seemed as if it was almost a burlesque for such a man to assume such a position. South Carolina seceded, and finally bombarded Fort Sumter, and when that gallant Kentuckian, Major Anderson, had to surrender the fort and take down the Stars and Stripes, the whole country seemed to take fire; call was made by Mr. Lincoln for more troops and was responded to.

The dark days had come. On July 21, 1861, the battle of Bull Run was fought. The last bond between the States was broken. The Southern troops hurled back what they called "the Northern horde" upon Washington. The day this battle was fought I was at Frankfort, Kentucky, and it was a day long to be remembered. The young men almost went wild; and I heard, as the Confederate flag was waved through the streets, such expressions as this, "We'll follow that flag, and cheer it even in hell!" Older men read the account of that battle with tears streaming from their eyes; they had loved their country, and they took a more serious view of what was before them. I was an intensely Southern man,

by instinct and training, but I went off and read the account of that battle with tears running down my face. Most of the people could not comprehend what that war would mean.

Preparations began to be made and companies formed; and often from the same family, brothers, who had been rocked in the same cradle, and who would at any time have died for one another, separated. Some went with the North and some with the South. Neighborhoods were divided; even lovers were divided; old neighbors, who had loved one another, began to grow suspicious of one another, and to take up arms to enter into one of the bloodiest struggles in history. Beautiful, happy Kentucky was in the midst of the storm. The oldest and most aristocratic families furnished the first troops that went from the State. Their sons, with hot blood in their veins, could not be restrained. Nearly all the best young men of the State went into the war. How many can never be known, and they will never find the resting-places of all her dead. They will never mark the graves of perhaps half of them, for they cannot be found.

Kentucky soon fell under the control of the Northern army. Fanaticism and hate raised to the surface many common men who did their utmost to disinherit, disfranchise, and rob men of Southern sentiment who had gone out from the State, and the old men who remained in the State; and it would be hard to conceive of more infamous legislation than was made while this party held its power in Kentucky. But it is still more remarkable how soon this outrageous legislation was done away with and wiped out after the war closed, and men returned from both armies. One of the most pleasant things connected with the change in these laws was that the

men who were bravest and fought hardest on the Northern side immediately went to work to right the wrongs and give every citizen his just rights. There were noble men who came back from the Northern army with the love for their old State and for their fellow-citizens warm in their breasts; and it was not long until you could scarcely discover in Kentucky any personal feeling of hostility among those who really took the most active part. Those who had been the bravest on both sides during the war were the first to strike hands in friendship when the struggle was ended. A few cowards and cravens, who took no part in the war, became very courageous and bitter after it was over, but they got no sympathy from the true men. Kentucky was soon in peace; and there was marrying and inter-marrying between those of Northern and Southern sentiment; and the old State set out in her march of development and improvement as she never had before; and had a foreign war occurred every true soldier of the South would have gone in for the defence of his country, and, if need be, have cheerfully died in the trenches.

I can illustrate the general feeling among the best men of the South, I think, by an incident in my own life. I was called upon to make an address at the Social Union, Tremont Temple, Boston, some time after the war, and was introduced, by agreement, as a "Rebel." I began by saying I was not much of a Rebel like many were; that I only had a light case of it; and for the moment I seemed to be apologetic. I could see that some were delighted with my seeming apology, while others seemed rather disgusted. Finally I straightened up my six feet of length and said, "I had it about this bad—If every Blue-coat in America had been in one heap and a magazine was placed under them, I would have

crawled in and fired it. And before the war closed I felt that should we be overwhelmed, I would rather go and live with the root-digger Indians than to have associated with you Yankees. I would have left no stone unturned to help the Southern men; but when it was all over and calm reflection came to me, I said, 'Thank God the country was not torn asunder, and that we have a government that will protect every inch of territory.' And if need be, to defend it, I would crawl to Bunker Hill Monument, shedding drops of blood all the way, and defend this country with my life." I told them that my ancestors had been in the Revolution; that they had fought in almost all the battles for the gaining of this country; that a majority of them had been killed by the Indians in Kentucky. I told them that I loved every inch of American soil, and that I would teach my children, and those who came under my instruction, to do the same. A great shout went up, "Thank God for such Rebels!"

I give this as an illustration of how I believe the best men in the South felt, and they have proved it since. I said to those people that while I was thankful for the results, there were wrongs that they had committed and injustices which they had done us, which they seemed readily to admit, for the spirit of brotherhood had come to abide in this country. And it gives me satisfaction to know that when the last sun I shall see set shall go down, it will cast its dying reflection, the last of the day, on a land the most happy and prosperous the world has ever known.

While no one who has not seen the horrors of battle and suffered the anguish that war brings can fully understand it, there are many things brought out in a war such as we had which give a higher appreciation of the spirit of the American people.

There were many incidents which proved the personal kindness and sympathy which were found among the men who were engaged in battle. There seemed to be no personal animosity between the men; and when it was possible the soldiers of the two armies would divide the last they had with their foes. The truth is, many of the Southern soldiers were almost starved to death, and it was a mystery how long they endured it. After the surrender at Vicksburg and the Star Garrison had surrendered, everything that the Yankees had was offered to the starving, and every provision that could be was made for their comfort.

The saddest sight I saw during the war was when the wounded were brought in from the battlefield of Shiloh. Not only were the wounded Southerners brought in, but a great part of the Northern men. Their suffering and distress would have melted the hardest heart. For twenty-four hours, while trying to minister to them, my eyes were scarcely dried from tears, nor did I eat one mouthful or sleep one minute. For the first few days they died so rapidly they could scarcely be buried. There were many incidents that might be recited, but I will only mention the one that affected me most.

There was one young fellow, a splendid specimen of manhood, from one of the New England States, bright and handsome. I went to him to comfort him; I forgot that he ever raised a gun against our men. He said that he knew that he must soon die, and die far from home among strangers; that his father and mother perhaps would never know how the end came; that he had been taught to love and honor his mother's God. He felt that he died doing his duty, and wanted, if possible, for me to get word back and send some tender messages. I took a note

of all this, hoping to carry out his last dying wish; but there was no means of getting letters out at that time, and there was scarcely any means of getting letters during the entire war. My mother was dead six months before I knew it, and my only sister nearly a year before I learned of it. I could not get the letter through, and in some way I lost the name, the address, and the memoranda I had written, and I have never been able to do what was in my heart to do. There were thousands of these cases.

It has been said that war is hell; and there is no question that war is horrible always. How near it may be hell depends in a good measure upon whether a demon's spirit leads the troops or not. It can be much mitigated if conducted in a right spirit. But many of the most tender incidents connected with war never reach the public. The suffering of the women and children scarcely ever gets into public print, and little is said about it. Many of the women and children had to be sent North, especially from Alabama and Tennessee. At one time there was estimated to be more than 500 little waifs, children of Southern soldiers who had been killed in the war, in one building in Louisville. Many of them were so small they did not even know the names of their parents. The people of the State tried to provide as well as they could for them, and many found good homes and perhaps will never know who their parents were.

I had a lovely cousin, the wife of Rev. Thomas Daniel, of Shelby County, Kentucky, who had no children. She heard of the condition in Louisville, and determined to go there to see if she could not find a child for her home. It was upon her mind, and in the night she dreamed that she saw these children and saw the one she wanted. Next day she went to

the city, proceeded to seek children out, and looking among them her eyes fell upon the picture given her in her dream. She started forward and said, "That is my child." The little one, only about three years old, reached out to her and said, "This is my mamma." My cousin took her to her home, and no mother was ever more tender to her child than she was to that one; and on her deathbed it was her request that I take that child, then about fifteen years old, and educate and care for her, and she left her a handsome competence. I educated her and saw her married to one of the best men in the State. After her marriage it came out, in some way, that her name was Scott and that all her people had died, the last of whom was her aged grandfather, who had followed her every day with his prayers. And God surely answered those prayers, for no child ever had a better home or better surroundings. Many, many incidents of this character might be mentioned.

One I will give as it was given to me by Dr. Ford, of Louisville.

Among the people sent back from the army was a delicate woman with two children, aged about three and five, the one a boy, the other a girl. When she reached Louisville she was very feeble, and took a room, where she tried to provide for her little ones. She had taught them to have faith in God, and that if she should ever leave them, to go and tell Him what they wanted. Not long after she reached the city, heartbroken, disease seized her and she died. Some officials, who paid no attention to those little children, for everything was confusion and such things were common then, buried her. It was a chilly night about the first of November, and hunger impelled the children to go out and seek something to eat. They wandered about the street until they came in front of a restaurant. In the window they

saw many things which attracted them, but which they did not know how to get. The little girl said, "Buddie, mamma said if we wanted anything to ask Jesus; and let's kneel down and tell Him we want bread." Some one passing noticed the movement, heard the request for bread, and went in, got a loaf of bread, and handed it to them, thinking they were some street waifs who would be cared for. They devoured the bread as they walked along the street, and finally reached Walnut street walking hand in hand. The little girl again suggested that they pray for some place to sleep. They kneeled down on the pavement, and just as they kneeled, a noble, good man, walking along, reached them and thought he would listen to what they had to say. This is what he listen to what they had to say. This is what he heard, "Oh, Jesus, mamma said if we wanted anything to ask you for it, and we have no place to sleep." As they rose this man took them by the hand and said, "You shall have a place to sleep; come with me." He took them to his comfortable home nearby, and when he went in with them he told his wife the circumstances. They had just lost their little one and the cradle was empty. With that true spirit of Kentucky hospitality and love, the childless mother took them in her arms. She had them bathed, dressed them in the clothes of her own dead child, gave them supper, and then put them in a cosy bed. The children had a sweet, restful night. In the morning they were unwilling to awaken them. While the wife played a soft piece of music on the piano the man went and listened if he could hear any sound. The music awoke them, and the little girl said, "Brother, where are we? I reckon this is heaven." And it was indeed heaven to those little bereaved children. From the best information I can get, they grew up as children of that family, and were loving, Christian characters.

CHAPTER XII

KENTUCKIANS AND BORDERMEN

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The American backwoodsmen had surged up, wave upon wave, till their mass trembled in the troughs of the Alleghanies, ready to flood the continent beyond. The people threatened by them were dimly conscious of the danger which as yet only loomed in the distance. Far off, among their quiet adobe villages, in the sun-scorched lands by the Rio Grande, the slow Indo-Iberian peons and their monkish masters still walked in the tranquil steps of their fathers, ignorant of the growth of power that was to overwhelm their children and successors; but nearer by, Spaniard and Creole Frenchmen, Algonquin and Appalachian, were all uneasy as they began to feel the first faint pressure of the American advance.

As yet they had been shielded by the forests which lay over the land like an unrent mantle. All through the mountains, and far beyond, it is stretched without a break; but toward the mouth of the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers the landscape became varied with open groves of woodland, with flower-strewn glades and great barrens or prairies of long grass. This region, one of the fairest in the world, was the debatable ground between the northern and southern Indians. Neither dared dwell therein, but both used it as their hunting-grounds; and it was traversed from end to end by the well-marked war traces which they followed when they invaded each other's territory. The whites, on trying to break through the barrier which hemmed them in from the western

lands, naturally succeeded best when pressing along the line of least resistance; and so their first great advance was made in this debatable land, where the uncertainly defined hunting-grounds of the Cherokee, Creek, and Chickasaw marched upon those of Northern Algonquin and Wyandot.

Unknown and unnamed hunters and Indian traders had from time to time pushed some little way into the wilderness; and they had been followed by others of whom we do indeed know the names, but little more. One explorer had found and named the Cumberland River and mountains, and the great pass called Cumberland Gap. Others had gone far beyond the utmost limits this man had reached, and had hunted in the great bend of the Cumberland and in the woodland region of Kentucky, famed amongst the Indians for the abundance of the game. But their accounts excited no more than a passing interest; they came and went without comment, as lonely stragglers had come and gone for nearly a century. The backwoods civilization crept slowly westward without being influenced in its movements by their explorations.

Finally, however, among these hunters one arose whose wanderings were to bear fruit; who was destined to lead through the wilderness the first body of settlers that ever established a community in the far west, completely cut off from the seaboard colonies. This was Daniel Boone. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1734, but when only a boy had been brought with the rest of his family to the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina. Here he grew up, and as soon as he came of age he married, built a log hut, and made a clearing, whereon to farm like the rest of his backwoods neighbors. They all tilled their own clearings, guiding the plow among the

charred stumps left when the trees were chopped down and the land burned over, and they were all, as a matter of course, hunters. With Boone hunting and exploration were passions, and the lonely life of the wilderness, with its bold, wild freedom, the only existence for which he really cared. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's, and muscles that never tired; the toil and hardship of his life made no impress on his iron frame, unhurt by intemperance of any kind, and he lived for eighty-six years, a backwoods hunter to the end of his days. His thoughtful, quiet, pleasant face, so often portrayed, is familiar to every one; it was the face of a man who never blustered or bullied, who would neither inflict nor suffer any wrong, and who had a limitless fund of fortitude, endurance, and indomitable resolution upon which to draw when fortune proved adverse. His self-command and patience, restless love of adventure, and, in time of danger, his absolute trust in his own powers and resources, all combined to render him peculiarly fitted to follow the career of which he was so fond.

The way in which the southern part of our western country—that is, all the land south of the Ohio, and from thence on to the Rio Grande and the Pacific—was won and settled, stands quite alone. The region north of it was filled up in a very different manner. The Southwest, including therein what was once called simply the West, and afterward the Middle West, was won by the people themselves, acting as individuals, or as groups of individuals, who hewed out their own fortunes in advance of any governmental action. On the other hand, the Northwest, speaking broadly, was acquired by the government, the settlers merely taking possession of what the whole country guaranteed them. The Northwest is

essentially a national domain; it is fitting that it should be, as it is, not only by position but by feeling, the heart of the nation.

North of the Ohio the regular army went first. The settlements grew up behind the shelter of the Federal troops of Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne, and of their successors even to our own day. The wars in which the borderers themselves bore any part were few and trifling compared to the contests waged by the adventurers who won Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas.

In the Southwest the early settlers acted as their own army, and supplied both leaders and men. Sevier, Robertson, Clark, and Boone led their fellow-pioneers to battle, as Jackson did afterward, and as Houston did later still. Indeed the Southwesterners not only won their own soil for themselves, but they were the chief instruments in the original acquisition of the Northwest also. Had it not been for the conquest of the Illinois towns in 1779 we would probably never have had any Northwest to settle; and the huge tract between the upper Mississippi and the Columbia, then called Upper Louisiana, fell into our hands, only because the Kentuckians and the Tennesseans were resolutely bent on taking possession of New Orleans, either by bargain or battle. All of our territory lying beyond the Alleghanies, north and south, was the first won for us by the Southwesterners, fighting for their own land. The northern part was afterward filled up by the thrifty, vigorous men of the Northeast, whose sons became the real rulers as well as the preservers of the Union; but these settlements of Northerners were rendered possible only by the deeds of the nation as a whole. They entered on land that the Southerners had won, and they were kept there by the strong arm

of the Federal Government; whereas the Southerners owed most of their victories only to themselves.

The first-comers around Marietta did, it is true, share to a certain extent in the dangers of the existing Indian wars; but their trials are not to be mentioned beside those endured by the early settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky; and whereas these latter themselves subdued and drove out their foes, the former took but an insignificant part in the contest by which the possession of their land was secured. Besides, the strongest and most numerous Indian tribes were in the Southwest.

The Southwest developed its civilization on its own lines, for good and for ill; the Northwest was settled under the national ordinance of 1787, which absolutely determined its destiny, and thereby in the end also determined the destiny of the whole nation. Moreover, the Gulf coast, as well as the interior, from the Mississippi to the Pacific, was held by foreign powers; while in the North this was only true of the country between the Ohio and the Great Lakes during the first years of the Revolution, until Kentucky backwoodsmen conquered it.

The warlike borderers who thronged across the Alleghanies, the restless and reckless hunters, the hard, dogged frontier farmers, by dint of grim tenacity overcame and displaced Indians, French, and Spaniards alike; exactly as, fourteen hundred years before, Saxon and Angle had overcome and displaced Cymric and Gaelic Celts. They were led by no one commander; they acted under orders from neither king nor congress; they were not carrying out the plans of any far-sighted leader. In obedience to the instincts working half blindly within their breasts, spurred ever onward by the fierce desires of their eager hearts, they made in the wilderness homes for

their children, and by so doing wrought out the destinies of a continental nation. They warred and settled from the high hill-valleys of the French Broad and the Upper Cumberland to the half-tropical basin of the Rio Grande, and to where the Golden Gate lets through the long-heaving waters of the Pacific. The story of how this was done forms a compact and continuous whole. The fathers followed Boone or fought at King's Mountain; the sons marched south with Jackson to overcome the Creeks and beat back the British; the grandsons died at Alamo or charged to victory at San Jacinto. They were doing their share of a work that began with the conquest of Britain, that entered on its second and wider period after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, that culminated in the marvelous growth of the United States. The winning of the West and Southwest is a stage in the conquest of a continent.

Not only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the same hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers, whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake, which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle, hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable—indeed it was in

many instances proper—that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. Mercy, pity, magnanimity to the fallen could not be expected from the frontiersmen gathered together to war against an Indian tribe. Almost every man of such a band had bitter personal wrongs to avenge. He was not taking part in a war against a civilized foe; he was fighting in a contest where women and children suffered the fate of the strong men, and instead of enthusiasm for his country's flag and a general national animosity toward his enemies, he was actuated by a furious flame of hot anger, and was goaded on by memories of which merely to think was madness. His friends had been treacherously slain while on messages of peace; his house had been burned, his cattle driven off, and all he had in the world destroyed before he knew that war existed and when he felt quite guiltless of all offence; his sweetheart or wife had been carried off, ravished, and was at the moment the slave and concubine of some dirty and brutal Indian warrior; his son, the stay of his house, had been burned at the stake with torments too horrible to mention; his sister, when ransomed and returned to him, had told of the weary journey through the woods, when she carried around her neck as a horrible necklace the bloody scalps of her husband and children; seared into his eyeballs, into his very brain, he bore ever with him, waking or sleeping, the sight of the skinned, mutilated, hideous body of the baby who had just grown old enough to recognize him and to crow and laugh when taken in his arms. Such incidents as

these were not exceptional; one or more, and often all of them, were the invariable attendants of every one of the countless Indian inroads that took place during the long generations of forest warfare. It was small wonder that men who had thus lost everything should sometimes be fairly crazed by their wrongs. Again and again on the frontier we hear of some such unfortunate who has devoted all the remainder of his wretched life to the one object of taking vengeance on the whole race of the men who had darkened his days forever.

Our frontiers were pushed westwardly by the warlike skill and adventurous personal prowess of the individual settlers; regular armies by themselves could have done little. For one square mile the regular armies added to our domain, the settlers added ten—a hundred would probably be nearer the truth. A race of peaceful, unwarlike farmers would have been helpless before such foes as the red Indians, and no auxiliary military force would have protected them or enabled them to move westward. Colonists fresh from the Old World, no matter how thrifty, steady-going and industrious, could not hold their own on the frontier; they had to settle where they were protected from the Indians by a living barrier of bold and self-reliant American borderers. The West would never have been settled save for the fierce courage and the eager desire to brave danger so characteristic of the stalwart backwoodsmen.

These armed hunters, woodchoppers, and farmers were their own soldiers. They built and manned their own forts; they did their own fighting under their own commanders. There were no regiments of regular troops along the frontier. In the event of an Indian inroad each borderer had to defend himself until there was time for them all to gather

together to repel or avenge it. Every man was accustomed to the use of arms from his childhood; when a boy was twelve years old he was given a rifle and made a fort-soldier, with a loophole where he was to stand if the station was attacked. The war was never-ending, for even the times of so-called peace were broken by forays and murders; a man might grow from babyhood to middle-age on the border, and yet never remember a year in which some one of his neighbors did not fall a victim to the Indians.

The Virginians were the only foes of the western Indians really dreaded; for their backwoodsmen were of warlike temper, and had learned to fight effectively in the forest. The Indians styled them Long Knives; or to be more exact, they called them collectively the "Big Knife." There have been many accounts given of the origin of this name, some ascribing it to the long knives worn by the hunters and backwoodsmen generally, others to the fact that some of the noted Virginia fighters in their early skirmishes were armed with swords. At any rate the title was accepted by all the Indians as applying to their most determined foes among the colonists; and finally, after we had become a nation, was extended so as to apply to Americans generally.

The interests of the Virginians and Pennsylvanians conflicted not only in respect to the ownership of the line, but also in respect to the policy to be pursued regarding the Indians. The former were armed colonists, whose interest it was to get actual possession of the soil; whereas in Pennsylvania the Indian trade was very important and lucrative, and the numerous traders to the Indian towns were anxious that the redskins should remain in undisturbed enjoyment of their forests, and that no white man should be

allowed to come among them; moreover, so long as they were able to make heavy profits, they were utterly indifferent to the well-being of the white frontiersmen, and in return incurred the suspicion and hatred of the latter. The Virginians accused the traders of being the main cause of the difficulty, asserting that they sometimes incited the Indians to outrages, and always, even in the midst of hostilities, kept them supplied with guns and ammunition, and even bought from them the horses that they had stolen on their plundering expeditions against the Virginia border. These last accusations were undoubtedly justified, at least in great part, by the facts. The interests of the white trader from Pennsylvania and of the white settler from Virginia were so far from being identical that they were usually diametrically opposite.

The settlement of Kentucky was a much more adventurous and hazardous proceeding than had been the case with any previous westward extension of population from the old colonies; because Kentucky, instead of abutting on already settled districts, was an island in the wilderness, separated by two hundred miles of unpeopled and almost impassable forest from even the extreme outposts of the seacoast commonwealths. Hitherto every new settlement had been made by the simple process of a portion of the backwoods pioneers being thrust out in advance of the others, while, nevertheless, keeping in touch with them, and having their rear covered, as it were, by the already colonized country. Now, for the first time, a new community of pioneers sprang up, isolated in the heart of the wilderness, and thrust far beyond the uttermost limits of the old colonies, whose solid mass lay along the Atlantic seaboard. The vast belt of mountainous woodland that lay between was as

complete a barrier as if it had been a broad arm of the ocean. The first American incomers to Kentucky were for several years almost cut off from the bulk of their fellows beyond the forest-clad mountains. They had come to settle on ground to which, as far as it was possible, the Indian title had been by fair treaty extinguished. They ousted no Indians from the lands they took; they had had neither the chance nor the wish to themselves do wrong; in their eyes the attack on the part of the Indians was as wanton as it was cruel; and in all probability this view was correct, and their assailants were actuated more by the desire for scalps and plunder than by resentment at the occupation of the hunting grounds to which they could have but little claim. In fact, throughout the history of the discovery and first settlement of Kentucky, the original outrages and murders were committed by the Indians on the whites, and not by the whites on the Indians. In the gloomy and ferocious wars that ensued, the wrongs done by each side were many and great.

By the end of 1775 the Americans had gained firm foothold in Kentucky. Cabins had been built and clearings made; there were women and children in the wooden forts, cattle grazed on the range, and two or three hundred acres of corn had been sown and reaped. There were perhaps some three hundred men in Kentucky, a hardy, resolute, strenuous band. They stood shoulder to shoulder in the wilderness, far from all help, surrounded by an overwhelming number of foes. Each day's work was fraught with danger as they warred with the wild forces from which they wrung their living. Around them on every side lowered the clouds of the im-

pending death struggle with the savage lords of the neighboring lands.

These backwoodsmen greatly resembled one another; their leaders were but types of the rank and file, and did not differ so very widely from them; yet two men stand out clearly from their fellows: above the throng of woodchoppers, game-hunters, and Indian fighters loom the sinewy figures of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark.

The men with families and the young men who intended to make permanent homes formed the heart of the community, the only part worth taking into account. There was a steady though thin stream of such immigrants, and they rapidly built up around them a life not very unlike that which they had left behind with their old homes. Even in 1776 there was marrying and giving in marriage, and children were born in Kentucky. The new-comers had to settle in forts, where the young men and maidens had many chances for courtship. They married early and were as fruitful as they were hardy. Most of these marriages were civil contracts, but some may have been solemnized by clergymen, for the commonwealth received from the outset occasional visits from ministers.

These ministers belonged to different denominations, but were all sure of a hearing. The backwoodsmen were forced by their surroundings to exercise a grudging charity toward the various forms of religious belief entertained among themselves—though they hated and despised French and Spanish Catholics, when off in the wilderness they were obliged to take a man for what he did, not for what he thought. Of course there were instances to the contrary, and there is an amusing and authentic story of two hunters, living alone and far from any

settlement, who quarreled because one was a Catholic and the other a Protestant. The seceder took up his abode in a hollow tree within speaking distance of his companion's cabin. Every day on arising they bade each other good-morning; but not another word passed between them for the many months during which they saw no other white face. There was a single serious and important, albeit only partial, exception to this general rule of charity. After the outbreak of the Revolution, the Kentuckians, in common with other backwoodsmen, grew to thoroughly dislike one religious body which they already distrusted; this was the Church of England, the Episcopal Church. They long regarded it as merely the persecuting ecclesiastical arm of the British Government. Such of them as had been brought up in any faith at all had for the most part originally professed some form of Calvinism; they had very probably learned their letters from a primer which in one of its rude cuts represented John Rogers at the stake, surrounded by his wife and several children, and in after lives they were more familiar with the "Pilgrim's Progress" than with any other book save the Bible; so that it was natural for them to distrust the successors of those who had persecuted Rogers and Bunyan. Still, the border communities were, as times then went, very tolerant in religious matters; and of course most of the men had no chance to display, or indeed to feel, sectarianism of any kind, for they had no issue to join, and rarely a church about which to rally.

By the time Kentucky was settled the Baptists had begun to make headway on the frontier, at the expense of the Presbyterians. The rough democracy of the border welcomed a sect which was itself essentially democratic. To many of the backwoods-

men's prejudices, notably their sullen and narrow hostility toward all rank, whether or not based on merit and learning, the Baptist's creed appealed strongly. Where their preachers obtained foothold, it was made a matter of reproach to the Presbyterian clergymen that they had been educated in early life for the ministry as a profession. The love of liberty, and the defiant assertion of equality, so universal in the backwoods, and so excellent in themselves, sometimes took very warped and twisted forms, notably when they betrayed the backwoodsmen into the belief that the true democratic spirit forbade any exclusive and especial training for the professions that produce soldiers, statesmen, or ministers.

The fact that the Baptist preachers were men exactly similar to their fellows in all their habits of life, not only gave them a good standing at once, but likewise enabled them very early to visit the farthest settlements, traveling precisely like other backwoodsmen; and once there, each preacher, each earnest professor, doing bold and fearless missionary work, became the nucleus round which a little knot of true believers gathered.

The early settlers of course had to suffer great hardship even when they reached Kentucky. The only two implements the men invariably carried were the axe and rifle, for they were almost equally proud of their skill as warriors, hunters, and woodchoppers. Next in importance came the sickle or scythe. The first three tasks of the pioneer farmer were to build a cabin, to make a clearing—burning the brush, cutting down the small trees, and girdling the large—and to plant corn. Until the crop ripened he hunted steadily, and his family lived on the abundant game, save for which it would have been wholly impossible to settle Kentucky so early. If it was winter-time,

however, all the wild meat was very lean and poor eating, unless by chance a bear was found in a hollow tree, when there was a royal feast, the breast of the wild turkey serving as a substitute for bread. If the men were suddenly called away by an Indian inroad, their families sometimes had to live for days on boiled tops of green nettles. Naturally the children watched the growth of the tasseled corn with hungry eagerness until the milky ears were fit for roasting. When they hardened, the grains were pounded into hominy in the hominy-block, or else ground into meal in the rough hand-mill, made of two limestones in a hollow sycamore log. Until flax could be grown, the women were obliged to be content with lint made from the bark of dead nettles. This was gathered in the spring-time by all the people of a station acting together, a portion of the men standing guard while the rest, with the women and children, plucked the dead stalks.

In the West the War of the Revolution was an effort on the part of Great Britain to stop the westward growth of the English race in America, and to keep the region beyond the Alleghenies as a region where only savages should dwell.

All through the winter of '76-'77 the northwestern Indians were preparing to take up the tomahawk. Runners were sent through the leafless, frozen woods from one to another of their winter camps. In each bleak, frail village, each snow-hidden cluster of bark wigwams, the painted, half-naked warriors danced the war dance, and sang the war song, beating the ground with their war clubs and keeping time with their feet to the rhythmic chant as they moved in rings round the peeled post, into which they struck their hatchets. The hereditary sachem, the peace chiefs, could no longer control the young men. The

braves made ready, the plumes of the war eagle were braided into their long scalp locks, and some put on necklaces of bear's claws, and head-dresses made of panther skin, or of the shaggy and horned frontlet of the buffalo. Before the snow was off the ground the war parties crossed the Ohio and fell on the frontiers from the Monongahela and Kanawha to the Kentucky.

On the Pennsylvania and Virginia frontiers the panic was tremendous. The people fled into the already existing forts, or hastily built others; where there were but two or three families in a place, they merely gathered into block-houses—stout log-cabins two stories high, with loop-holed walls, and the upper story projecting a little over the lower. The savages, well armed with weapons supplied them from the British arsenals on the Great Lakes, spread over the country; and there ensued all the horrors incident to a war waged as relentlessly against the most helpless non-combatants as against the armed soldiers in the field. Block-houses were surprised and burnt; bodies of militia were ambushed and destroyed. The settlers were shot down as they sat by their hearth-stones in the evening, or ploughed the ground during the day; the lurking Indians crept up and killed them while they still-hunted the deer, or while they lay in wait for the elk beside the well-beaten game trails.

The captured women and little ones were driven off to the far interior. The weak among them, the young children, and the women heavy with child, were tomahawked and scalped as soon as their steps faltered. The able-bodied, who could stand the terrible fatigue, and reached their journey's end, suffered various fates. Some were burned at the stake, others were sold to the French or British traders, and long afterward made their escape, or

were ransomed by their relatives. Still others were kept in the camps, the women becoming the slaves or wives of the warriors, while the children were adopted into the tribe, and grew up precisely like their little red-skinned playmates.

Seventeen hundred and eighty-two proved to be Kentucky's year of blood. The British at Detroit had strained every nerve to drag into the war the entire Indian population of the Northwest. They had finally succeeded in arousing even the most distant tribes—not to speak of the twelve thousand savages immediately tributary to Detroit. So lavish had been the expenditure of money and presents to secure the good-will of the savages and enlist their active services against the Americans, that it had caused serious complaint at headquarters.

Early in the spring the Indians renewed their forays; horses were stolen, cabins burned, and women and children were carried off captive. The people were confined closely to their stockaded forts, from which small bands of riflemen sallied to patrol the country. From time to time these encountered marauding parties, and in the fights that followed sometimes the whites, sometimes the reds were victorious.

One of these conflicts attracted wide attention on the border because of the obstinacy with which it was waged, and the bloodshed that accompanied it. In March a party of twenty-five Wyandots came into the settlements, passed Boonesborough, and killed and scalped a girl within sight of Estill's Station. The men from the latter, also to the number of twenty-five, hastily gathered under Captain Estill, and after two days' hot pursuit overtook the Wyandots. A fair stand-up fight followed, the better marksmanship of the whites being offset, as so often before, by the

superiority their foes showed in sheltering themselves. At last victory declared for the Indians. Estill had despatched a lieutenant and seven men to get around the Wyandots and assail them in the rear; but either the lieutenant's heart or his judgment failed him, he took too long, and meanwhile the Wyandots closed in on the others, killed nine, including Estill, and wounding four, who, with their unhurt companions, escaped. It is said that the Wyandots themselves suffered heavily.

These various ravages and skirmishes were but the prelude to a far more serious attack. In July the British captains Caldwell and McKee came down from Detroit with a party of rangers, and gathered together a great army of over a thousand Indians—the largest body of either red men or white that was ever mustered west of the Alleghanies during the Revolution. They meant to strike at Wheeling; but while on their march thither were suddenly alarmed by the rumor that Clark intended to attack the Shawnee towns. They at once countermarched, but on reaching the threatened towns found that the alarm had been groundless. Most of the savages, with characteristic fickleness of temper, then declined to go farther; but a body of somewhat over three hundred Hurons and lake Indians remained. With these, and their Detroit rangers, Caldwell and McKee crossed the Ohio and marched into Kentucky, to attack the small forts of Fayette County.

Fayette lay between the Kentucky and the Ohio rivers, and was then the least populous and most exposed of the three counties into which the growing young commonwealth was divided. In 1782 it contained but five of the small stockaded towns in which all the early settlers were obliged to gather. The best-defended and most central was Lexington,

round which were grouped the other four—Bryan's (which was the largest), McGee's, McConnell's, Boone's. Boone's Station, sometimes called Boone's New Station, where the tranquil, resolute old pioneer at that time dwelt, must not be confounded with his former fort of Boonesborough, from which it was several miles distant, north of the Kentucky. Since the destruction of Martin's and Ruddle's stations on the Licking, Bryan's on the south bank of the Elkhorn was left as the northernmost outpost of the settlers. Its stout, loopholed palisades enclosed some forty cabins, there were strong block-houses at the corners, and it was garrisoned by fifty good riflemen.

These five stations were held by backwoodsmen of the usual Kentucky stamp, from the up-country of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. Generations of frontier life had made them with their fellows the most distinctive and typical Americans on the continent, utterly different from their Old-World kinsfolk.

Throughout June and July the gunboat patrolled the Ohio, going up to the Licking. Parties of backwoods riflemen, embodied as militia, likewise patrolled the woods, always keeping their scouts and spies well spread out, and exercising the greatest care to avoid being surprised. They greatly hampered the Indian war bands, but now and then the latter slipped by and fell on the people they protected. Early in August such a band committed some ravages south of the Kentucky, beating back with loss a few militia who followed it. Some of the Fayette men were about setting forth to try and cut off its retreat when the sudden and unlooked-for approach of Caldwell and McKee's great war party obliged them to bend all their energies to their own defence.

The blow fell on Bryan's Station. The rangers and warriors moved down through the forest with the utmost speed and stealth, hoping to take this, the northernmost of the stockades, by surprise. If they had succeeded, Lexington and the three smaller stations north of the Kentucky would probably likewise have fallen.

The attack was made early on the morning of the 16th of August. Some of the settlers were in the corn-fields, and the rest inside the palisades of standing logs; they were preparing to follow the band of marauders who had gone south of the Kentucky. A few outlying Indian spies were discovered, owing to their eagerness; and the whites being put on their guard, the attempt to carry the fort by the first rush was, of course, foiled. Like so many other stations,—but unlike Lexington,—Bryan's had no spring within its walls, and as soon as there was reason to dread an attack it became a matter of vital importance to lay in a supply of water. It was feared that to send the men to the spring would arouse suspicion in the minds of the hiding savages; and, accordingly, the women went down with their pails and buckets as usual. The younger girls showed some nervousness, but the old housewives marshalled them as coolly as possible, talking and laughing together, and by their unconcern completely deceived the few Indians who were lurking nearby—for the main body had not yet come up. This advance guard of savages feared that, if they attacked the women, all chance of surprising the fort would be lost; and so the water-carriers were suffered to go back unharmed. Hardly were they within the fort, however, when some of the Indians found that they had been discovered, and the attack began so quickly that one or two of the men who had lingered

in the corn-fields were killed, or else were cut off and fled to Lexington; while, at the same time, swift-footed runners were sent out to carry the alarm to the different stockades, and summon their riflemen to the rescue.

At first but a few Indians appeared, on the side of the Lexington road; they whooped and danced defiance to the fort, evidently inviting an attack. Their purpose was to lure the defenders into sallying out after them, when their main body was to rush at the stockade from the other side. But they did not succeed in deceiving the veteran Indian fighters who manned the heavy gates of the fort, stood behind the loopholed walls, or scanned the country round about from the high block-houses at the corners. A dozen active young men were sent out on the Lexington road to carry on a mock skirmish with the decoy party, while the rest of the defenders gathered behind the wall on the opposite side. As soon as a noisy but harmless skirmish had been begun by the sallying party, the main body of warriors burst out of the woods and rushed toward the western gate. A single volley from the loop-holes drove them back, while the sallying party returned at a run and entered the Lexington gate unharmed, laughing at the success of their counter-stratagem.

The Indians surrounded the fort, each crawling up as close as he could find shelter behind some stump, tree or fence. An irregular fire began, the whites, who were better covered, having slightly the advantage, but neither side suffering much. This lasted for several hours, until early in the afternoon a party from Lexington suddenly appeared and tried to force its way into the fort.

The runners who slipped out of the fort at the first alarm went straight to Lexington. There they found

that the men had just started out to cut off the retreat of the marauding savages who were ravaging south of the Kentucky. Following their trail they speedily overtook the troops, and told of the attack on Bryan's. Instantly forty men under Major Levi Todd countermarched to the rescue. Being ignorant of the strength of the Indians they did not wait for the others, but pushed boldly forward, seventeen being mounted and the others on foot.

The road from Lexington to Bryan's for the last few hundred yards lay beside a field of growing corn taller than a man. Some of the Indians were lying in this field when they were surprised by the sudden appearance of the rescuers, and promptly fired on them. Levi Todd and the horesmen, who were marching in advance, struck spurs into their steeds, and galloping hard through the dust and smoke reached the fort in safety. The footmen were quickly forced to retreat toward Lexington; but the Indians were too surprised by the unlooked-for approach to follow, and they escaped with the loss of one man killed and three wounded.

That night the Indians tried to burn the fort, shooting flaming arrows onto the roofs of the cabins and rushing up to the wooden wall with lighted torches. But they were beaten off at each attempt. When day broke they realized that it was hopeless to make any further effort, though they still kept up a desultory fire on the fort's defenders; they had killed most of the cattle and pigs, and some of the horses, and had driven away the rest.

Girty, who was among the assailants, as a last shift, tried to get the garrison to surrender, assuring them that the Indians were hourly expecting reinforcements, including the artillery brought against Ruddle's and Martin's stations two years previously;

and that if forced to batter down the walls no quarter would be given to any one. Among the fort's defenders was young Aaron Reynolds, the man whose profanity formerly roused Captain Patterson's ire; and he now undertook to be spokesman for the rest. Springing into sight he answered Girty in the tone of rough banter so dear to the backwoodsmen, telling the renegade that he knew him well, and despised him; that the men in the fort feared neither cannon nor reinforcements, and, if need be, could drive Girty's tawny followers back from the walls with switches; and he ended by assuring him that the whites, too, were expecting help, for the country was roused, and if the renegade and his followers dared to linger where they were for another twenty-four hours, their scalps would surely be sun-dried on the roofs of the cabins.

The Indians knew well that the riflemen were mustering at all the neighboring forts; and as soon as their effort to treat failed, they withdrew during the forenoon of the 17th. They were angry and sullen at their discomfiture. Five of their number had been killed and three wounded. Among the children within its walls during the siege there was one, the youngest, a Kentucky-born baby, named Richard Johnson; over thirty years later he led the Kentucky mounted riflemen at the victory of the Thames, when they killed not only the great Indian chief Tecumseh, but also, it is said, the implacable renegade Simon Girty himself, then in extreme old age.

Extract of a letter from Captain Caldwell, dated at Wakitamiki, August 26, 1782, giving British account:

When I last had the pleasure of writing you, I expected to have struck at Wheeling as I was on my march for that

place, but was overtaken by a Messenger from the Shawnees, who informed me that the Enemy was on their march for their country, which obliged me to turn their way, and to my great mortification found the alarm false & that it was owing to a Gondals coming up to the mouth of Licking Creek, and landing some men upon the south side of the Ohio which when the Indians saw supposed it must be Clark. It would have been a lucky circumstance if they had come on, as I had eleven hundred Indians on the ground, and three hundred within a day's march of me. When the Report was contradicted They mostly left us, many of them had left their towns no way equipped for war, as they expected as well as myself to fight in a few days, notwithstanding I was determined to pay the Enemy a visit with as many Indians as would follow me: accordingly I crossed the Ohio with three hundred Indians and Rangers and marched for Bryants Station on Kentucky, and surrounded the fort the 15th in the morning, & tried to draw 'em out by sending up a small party to try to take a prisoner and shew themselves, but the Indians were in too great a hurry and the whole shewed too soon—I then saw it was in vain to wait any longer and so drew nigh the fort, burnt three Houses which are part of the Fort but the wind being contrary prevented it having the desired effect. Killed upwards of 300 Hogs, 150 head of Cattle, and a number of Sheep, took a number of Horses, pull'd up and destroyed their potatoes, cut down a great deal of their corn, burn't their hemp and did other considerable damage—by the Indians exposing themselves too much we had 5 Killed and 2 Wounded.

By the summer of 1790 the raids of the Indians had become unbearable. Fresh robberies and murders were committed every day in Kentucky, or along the Wabash and Ohio. Writing to the Secretary of War, a prominent Kentuckian, well knowing all the facts, estimated that during the seven years which had elapsed since the close of the Revolutionary War the Indians had slain fifteen hundred people in Kentucky itself, or on the immigrant routes leading thither, and had stolen twenty thousand horses, besides destroying immense quantities of other prop-

erty. The Federal generals were also urgent in asserting the folly of carrying on a merely defensive war against such foes. All the efforts of the Federal authorities to make treaties with the Indians and persuade them to be peaceful had failed. The Indians themselves had renewed hostilities, and the different tribes had one by one joined in the war, behaving with a treachery only equalled by their ferocity. With great reluctance the National Government concluded that an effort to chastise the hostile savages could no longer be delayed; and those on the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes, and on the Wabash, whose guilt had been peculiarly heinous, were singled out as the objects of attack.

The expedition against the Wabash towns was led by the Federal commander at Vincennes, Major Hamtranck. No resistance was encountered; and after burning a few villages of bark huts and destroying some corn he returned to Vincennes.

The main expedition was that against the Miami Indians, and was led by General Harmar himself. It was arranged that there should be a nucleus of regular troops, but that the force should consist mainly of militia from Kentucky and Pennsylvania, the former furnishing twice as many as the latter. The troops were to gather on the 15th of September at Fort Washington, on the north bank of the Ohio, a day's journey down-stream from Limestone.

Nevertheless, the net result was a mortifying failure. In all, the regulars had lost 75 men killed and 3 wounded, while of the militia 28 had been wounded and 108 had been killed or were missing. The march back was very dreary; and the militia became nearly ungovernable, so that at one time Harmar reduced them to order only by threatening to fire on them with the artillery.

The loss of all their provisions and dwellings exposed the Miami tribes to severe suffering and want during the following winter; and they had also lost many of their warriors. But the blow was only severe enough to anger and unite them, not to cripple or crush them. All the other western tribes made common cause with them. They banded together and warred openly; and their vengeful forays increased in number, so that the suffering of the settlers was great. Along the Ohio people lived in hourly dread of the tomahawk and scalping knife; the attacks fell unceasingly on all the settlements from Marietta to Louisville.

The West had grown with astonishing rapidity during the seven years following the close of the Revolutionary war. In 1790 there were in Kentucky nearly seventy-four thousand, and in the Southwest Territory nearly thirty-six thousand souls.

The conduct of the Americans in the years which closed with Wayne's treaty did not shine very brightly; but the conduct of the British was black, indeed. On the Northwestern frontier they behaved in a way which can scarcely be too harshly stigmatized. This does not apply to the British civil and military officers at the Lake posts; for they were merely doing their duty as they saw it, and were fronting their foes bravely, while with loyal zeal they strove to carry out what they understood to be the policy of their superiors. The ultimate responsibility rested with their superiors, the Crown's high advisers, and the King and Parliament they represented. Their treatment both of the Indians, whom they professed to protect, and of the Americans, with whom they professed to be friendly, forms one of the darkest pages in the annals of the British in America. Yet they have been much less severely blamed for

their behavior in this matter, than for more excusable offences. American historians, for example, usually condemn them without stint because in 1814 the army of Ross and Cockburn burned and looted the public buildings of Washington; but by rights they should keep all their condemnation for their own country, so far as the taking of Washington is concerned; for the sin of burning a few public buildings is as nothing compared with the cowardly infamy of which the politicians of the stripe of Jefferson and Madison, and the people whom they represented, were guilty in not making ready by sea and land to protect their capital and in not exacting full revenge for its destruction.

The count against the British on the Northwestern frontier is, not that they insisted on their rights, but that they were guilty of treachery to both friend and foe. The success of the British was incompatible with the good of mankind in general, and of the English-speaking races in particular; for they strove to prop up savagery, and to bar the westward march of the settler-folk whose destiny it was to make ready the continent for civilization. But the British cannot be seriously blamed because they failed to see this. Their fault lay in their aiding and encouraging savages in a warfare which was necessarily horrible; and still more in their repeated breaches of faith. The horror and the treachery were the inevitable outcome of the policy on which they had embarked; it can never be otherwise when a civilized government endeavors to use, as allies in war, savages whose acts it cannot control and for whose welfare it has no real concern.

Doubtless the statesmen who shaped the policy of Great Britain never deliberately intended to

break faith, and never fully realized the awful nature of the Indian warfare for which they were in part responsible; they thought very little of the matter at all in the years which saw the beginning of their stupendous struggle with France. But the acts of their obscure agents on the far interior frontier were rendered necessary and inevitable by their policy. To encourage the Indians to hold their own against the Americans, and to keep back the settlers, meant to encourage a war of savagery against the border vanguard of white civilization; and such a war was sure to teem with fearful deeds. Moreover, where the interests of the British crown were so manifold it was idle to expect that the Crown's advisers would treat as of much weight the welfare of the scarcely known tribes whom their agents had urged to enter a contest which was hopeless except for British assistance. The British statesmen were engaged in gigantic schemes of warfare and diplomacy; and to them the Indians and the frontiersmen alike were pawns on a great chessboard, to be sacrificed whenever necessary. When the British authorities deemed it likely that there would be war with America, the tribes were incited to take up the hatchet; when there seemed a chance of peace with America the deeds of the tribes were disowned; and peace was finally assured by a cynical abandonment of their red allies. In short, the British, while professing peace with the Americans, treacherously incited the Indians to war against them; and, when it suited their own interests, they treacherously abandoned their Indian allies to the impending ruin.

Most important of all, the slavery question, which afterward rived in sunder the men west of the Alleghanies as it rived it asunder those east of them, was of small importance in the early years. West of the

Alleghanies slaves were still to be found almost everywhere, while almost everywhere there were also frequent and open expressions of slavery. The Southerners still rather disliked slavery, while the Northerners did not as yet feel any very violent antagonism to it. In the Indiana Territory there were hundreds of slaves, the property of the old French inhabitants and of the American settlers who had come there prior to 1787; and the majority of the population of this Territory actually wished to reintroduce slavery, and repeatedly petitioned Congress to be allowed the reintroduction. Congress, with equal patriotism and wisdom, always refused the petition; but it was not until the new century was well under way that the anti-slavery element obtained control in Indiana and Illinois. Even in Ohio there was a considerable party which favored the introduction of slavery, and though the majority was against this, the people had small sympathy with the negroes, and passed very severe laws against the introduction of free blacks into the State, and even against those already in residence therein. On the other hand, when Kentucky's first constitutional convention sat, a resolute effort was made to abolish slavery within the State, and this effort was only defeated after a hard struggle and a close vote. To their honor be it said that all of the clergymen—three Baptists, one Methodist, one Dutch Reformed, and one Presbyterian—who were members of the constitutional convention, voted in favor of the abolition of slavery. In Tennessee no such effort was made, but the leaders of thought did not hesitate to express their horror of slavery and their desire that it might be abolished. There was no sharp difference between the attitudes of the Northwestern and the Southwestern States toward slavery.

North and South alike, the ways of life were substantially the same; though there were differences, of course, and these differences tended to become accentuated. Thus, in the Mississippi Territory the planters, in the closing years of the century, began to turn their attention to cotton instead of devoting themselves to the crops of their brethren farther north; and cotton soon became their staple product. But as yet the typical settler everywhere was a man of the axe and rifle, the small pioneer farmer who lived by himself, with his wife and his swarming children, on a big tract of wooded land, perhaps three or four hundred acres in extent. Of this three or four hundred acres he rarely cleared more than eight or ten; and these were cleared imperfectly. On this clearing he tilled the soil, and there he lived in his rough log house with but one room, or at most two and a loft.

The man of the Western waters was essentially a man who dwelt alone in the midst of the forest on his rude little farm, and who eked out his living by hunting. Game still abounded everywhere, save in the immediate neighborhood of the towns; so that many of the inhabitants lived almost exclusively by hunting and fishing, and, with their return to the pursuits of savagery, adopted not a little of the savage idleness and thriftlessness. Bear, deer, and turkey were staple foods. Elk had ceased to be common, though they hung on here and there in out of the way localities for many years; and by the close of the century the herds of bison had been driven west of the Mississippi. Smaller forms of wild life swarmed. Gray squirrels existed in such incredible numbers that they caused very serious damage to the crops, and at one time the Kentucky Legislature passed a bill imposing upon every male over sixteen

years of age the duty of killing a certain number of squirrels and crows every year. The settlers possessed horses and horned cattle, but only a few sheep, which were not fitted to fight for their own existence in the woods, as the stock had to. On the other hand, slab-sided, long-legged hogs were the most plentiful of domestic animals, ranging in great, half-wild droves through the forest.

All observers were struck by the intense fondness of the frontiersmen for the woods and for a restless, lonely life. They pushed independence to an extreme; they did not wish to work for others or to rent land from others. Each was himself a small landed proprietor, who cleared only the ground that he could himself cultivate. Workmen were scarce and labor dear. It was almost impossible to get men fit to work as mill hands, or to do high-class labor in forges even by importing them from Pennsylvania or Maryland. Even in the few towns the inhabitants preferred that their children should follow agriculture rather than become handicraftsmen; and skilled workmen such as carpenters and smiths made a great deal of money, so much so that they could live a week on one day's wage.

The Westerners were a farmer folk who lived on the clearings their own hands had made in the great woods, and who owned the land they tilled. Towns were few and small. At the end of the century there were some four hundred thousand people in the West; yet the largest town was Lexington, which contained less than three thousand people. Lexington was a neatly built little burg, with fine houses and good stores. The leading people lived well and possessed much cultivation. Louisville and Nashville were each about half its size. In Nashville, of the one hundred and twenty houses but eight

were of brick, and most of them were merely log huts. Cincinnati was a poor little village. Cleveland consisted of but two or three log cabins, at a time when there were already a thousand settlers in its neighborhood on the Connecticut Reserve, scattered out on their farms.

Kentucky had grown so in population, possessing over two hundred thousand inhabitants, that she had begun to resemble an Eastern State. When, in 1796, Benjamin Logan, the representative of the old wood-choppers and Indian fighters, ran for governor and was beaten, it was evident that Kentucky had passed out of the mere pioneer days. It was more than a mere coincidence that in the following year Henry Clay should have taken up his residence in Lexington. It showed that the State was already attracting to live within her borders men like those who were fitted for social and political leadership in Virginia.

Though the typical inhabitant of Kentucky was still the small frontier farmer, the class of well-to-do gentry had already attained good proportions. Elsewhere throughout the West, in Tennessee, and even here and there in Ohio and the Territories of Indiana and Mississippi, there were to be found occasional houses that were well built and well furnished, and surrounded by pleasant grounds, fairly well kept; houses to which the owners had brought their stores of silver, and linen and heavy, old-fashioned furniture from their homes in the Eastern States. But by far the greatest number of these fine houses, and the largest class of gentry to dwell in them, were in Kentucky. Not only were Lexington and Louisville important towns, but Danville, the first capital of Kentucky, also possessed importance, and, indeed, had been the first of the Western towns to

develop an active and distinctive social and political life. It was in Danville that, in the years immediately preceding Kentucky's admission as a State, the Political Club met. The membership of this club included many of the leaders of Kentucky's intellectual life, and the records of its debates show the keenness with which they watched the course of social and political development not only in Kentucky but in the United States. They were men of good intelligence and trained minds, and their meetings and debates undoubtedly had a stimulating effect upon Kentucky life, though they were tainted, as were a very large number of the leading men of the same stamp elsewhere throughout the country, and with the doctrinaire political notions common among those who followed the French political theorists of the day.

Of the gentry many were lawyers, and the law led naturally to political life; but even among the gentry the typical man was still emphatically the big landowner. The leaders of Kentucky life were men who owned large estates, on which they lived in their great roomy houses.

In many ways the life of the Kentuckians was almost like that of the Virginia gentry, though it had peculiar features of its own. Judged by Puritan standards, it seemed free enough; and it is rather curious to find Virginia fathers anxious to send their sons out to Kentucky so that they could get away from what they termed "the constant round of dissipation, the scenes of idleness, which boys are perpetually engaged in" in Virginia. One Virginia gentleman of note, in writing to a prominent Kentuckian to whom he wished to send his son, dwelt upon his desire to get him away from a place where boys of his age spent most of the time galloping wherever they wished, mounted on blooded horses. Kentucky

hardly seemed a place to which a parent would send a son if he wished him to avoid the temptations of horseflesh; but this particular Virginian at least tried to provide against this, as he informed his correspondent that he should send his son out to Kentucky mounted on an "indifferent nag," which was to be used only as a means of locomotion for the journey, and was then immediately to be sold.

The gentry strove hard to secure a good education for their children, and in Kentucky, as in Tennessee, made every effort to bring about the building of academies where their boys and girls could be well taught. If this was not possible, they strove to find some teacher capable of taking a class to which he could teach Latin and mathematics; a teacher who should also "prepare his pupils for becoming useful members of society and patriotic citizens." Where possible the leading families sent their sons to some Eastern college, Princeton being naturally the favorite institution of learning with people who dwelt in communities where the Presbyterians took the lead in social standing and cultivation.

The whole West owes an immense debt to the hard-working frontier preachers, sometimes Presbyterian, generally Methodist or Baptist, who so gladly gave their lives to their labors and who struggled with such fiery zeal for the moral well-being of the communities to which they penetrated. Wherever there was a group of log cabins, thither some Methodist circuit-rider made his way or there some Baptist preacher took up his abode. Their prejudices and narrow dislikes, their raw vanity and sullen distrust of all who were better schooled than they, count for little when weighed against their intense earnestness and heroic self-sacrifice. They proved their truth by their endeavor. They yielded scores of martyrs,

nameless and unknown men who perished at the hands of the savages, or by sickness or in flood or storm. They had to face no little danger from the white inhabitants themselves. In some of the communities most of the men might heartily support them, but in others where the vicious and lawless elements were in control, they were in constant danger of mobs. The godless and lawless people hated the religious with a bitter hatred, and gathered in great crowds to break up their meetings. On the other hand, those who had experienced religion were no believers in the doctrine of non-resistance. At the core, they were thoroughly healthy men, and they fought as valiantly against the powers of evil in matters physical as in matters moral. Some of the successful frontier preachers were men of weak frame, whose intensity of conviction and fervor of religious belief supplied the lack of bodily powers; but as a rule the preacher who did most was a stalwart man, as strong in body as in faith. One of the continually recurring incidents in the biographies of the famous frontier preachers is that of some particularly hardened sinner who was never converted until, tempted to assault the preacher of the Word, he was soundly thrashed by the latter and his eyes thereby rudely opened through his sense of physical shortcoming to an appreciation of his moral iniquity.

A distinctive type of character was developed west of the Alleghanies, and for the first generations the typical representatives of this Western type were to be found in Kentucky and Tennessee.

CHAPTER XIII

KENTUCKY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

BY CHAMP CLARK

General William Tecumseh Sherman once said, "War is hell!" Those who lived in the Border States during our civil war and who are old enough to remember the tragic events of that bloody but heroic epoch in our annals will with one accord indorse his idea, if not his sulphurous language.

It was easy to be a Union man in Massachusetts. It was not profitable to be anything else. It was easy to be a Confederate in South Carolina. It was not safe to be anything else. But in Kentucky, Missouri, and the other Border States, it was perilous to be the one thing or the other. Indeed, it was dangerous to be neither and to sit on the fence.

I was a child when Sumter was fired on, living in Washington County, Kentucky. I remember an old fellow from whom the Union raiders took one horse and the Confederate raiders another. So when a third party of soldiers met him in the road and inquired whether he were a Union man or a rebel, being dubious as to their army affiliations, he answered diplomatically, "I am neither one nor the other and very little of that," and thereby lost his third and last horse to Confederates disguised in blue uniforms.

The Kentuckians are a peculiar people—the most hospitable, the most emotional, the kindest hearted under the sun; but they are born warriors. A genuine son of "the Dark and Bloody Ground" is in his normal condition only when fighting. It seems to me that somebody must have sown that rich land

with dragon's teeth in the early days. To use a sentence indigenous to the soil, "A Kentuckian will fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself." So the war was his golden opportunity. He went to death as to a festival. Nearly every able-bodied man in the State—and a great many not able-bodied—not only of military age, but of any age, young enough or old enough to squeeze in, took up arms on one side or the other and sometimes on both.

Neighbor against neighbor, father against son, brother against brother, slave against master, and frequently wife against husband; the fierce contention entered even into theology, rent congregations in twain, severed the ties of blood, and blotted out the friendships of a life time.

Men who were born and reared on adjoining farms, who had attended the same schools, played games, courted the same girls, danced in the same sets, belonged to the same lodges, and worshiped in the same churches, suddenly went gunning for each other as remorselessly as red Indians—only they had a clearer vision and a surer aim. From the mouth of the Big Sandy to the mouth of the Tennessee, there was not a square mile in which some awful act of violence did not take place.

Kentucky has always been celebrated for and cursed by its bloody feuds—feuds which cause the Italian vendetta to appear a holiday performance in comparison. Of course the war was the evening-up time, and many a man became a violent Unionist because the ancient enemies of his house were Southern sympathizers, and vice versa. Some of them could have given pointers to Fra Diavolo himself.

As all the evil passions of men were aroused and all restraints of propriety as well as all fear of law were removed, every latent tendency toward crime

was warmed into life. The land swarmed with cut-throats, robbers, thieves, firebugs, and malefactors of every degree and kind, who preyed upon the old, the infirm, the helpless, and committed thousands of brutal and heinous crimes—in the name of the Union or the Southern Confederacy.

I witnessed only one battle during the civil war. A line in Gen. Basil W. Duke's entertaining book, "*Morgan's Cavalry*," is all that is vouchsafed to it in the literature of the war; but surely it was the most astounding martial caper ever cut since Nimrod invented the military art, and it fully illustrates the Kentuckian's inherent and ineradicable love of fighting.

I saw seven home guards charge the whole of Morgan's Cavalry—the very flower of Kentucky chivalry. I was working as a farm-hand for one John Call, who was the proud owner of several fine horses of the famous "copper-bottom" breed. Morgan had, perhaps, as good an eye for a "saddler" as was ever set in a human head, and during those troublous days his mind was sadly mixed up on the meum and tuum when it came to equines—a remark applicable to many others besides Morgan, on both sides at that.

Call, hearing that Morgan was coming, and knowing his penchant for the noblest of quadrupeds, ordered me to mount "in hot haste" and "take the horses to the woods." Just as I had climbed upon a magnificent chestnut sorrel, fit for a king's charger, and was rounding up the others, I looked up, and in the level rays of the setting summer sun saw Morgan's cavalry in "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" riding up the broad gravel road on the backbone of a long, high ridge, half a mile to the south. Fascinated by the glittering array,

boylike, I forgot Call and the peril of the horses and watched the gay cavalcade.

Suddenly I saw seven horsemen emerge from the little village of Mackville and ride furiously down the turnpike to within easy pistol range of the Confederates and open fire. I could hear the crack of the revolvers and see the flash and smoke, and when Morgan's advance guard fell back on the main body, I observed that one riderless horse went back with them and that only six home guards rode back to Mackville in lieu of the seven who had ridden forth to battle.

Morgan's command halted, deployed in battle line, and rode slowly up the hill, while I rode a great deal faster to the woods.

The home guards had shot one man out of his saddle and captured him, and Morgan had captured one of them. Next morning the home guards, from their forest fastness, sent in a flag of truce and regularly negotiated an exchange of prisoners according to the rules in such cases made and provided. Of course Morgan would have paid no attention to the seven men, but he supposed that even his own native Kentucky never nurtured seven dare-devils so reckless as to do a thing like that unless they had an army back of them.

I have often thought of that matchless deed of daring, and can say in the language of the Frenchman who witnessed the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but not war."

Years afterward one of the seven was sending his children to school to me. After I became well acquainted with him, one day I said to him, "Gibson, I have always wanted to know what made you seven fellows charge Morgan." "Oh," he replied, "we were all full of fighting whiskey"—an explanation

which explained not only that fight but thousands more.

If that splendid feat of arms had been performed in New England by New Englanders, the world could scarcely contain the books which would have been written about it. It would have been chronicled in history and chanted in song as an inexhaustible theme.

It is generally assumed by the wiseacres who write the histories that in the Border States the old, wealthy, prominent slave-holding families all adhered to the Confederacy, and that only the poor, the obscure natives and the immigrants from the North stood by the old flag. This is a serious mistake. The great historic dominant family connections divided, thereby making confusion worse confounded. Prominent people wore the Confederate gray. Others just as prominent wore the Union blue.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, the great theologian, with a decided and incurable bias for politics, who presided over the Republican National Convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, was a stanch Union man. Two of his sons achieved high rank in the Confederate armies and two others in the Union armies.

His illustrious cousin, John C. Breckinridge, resigned his seat in the United States Senate to become a lieutenant-general in the Southern army, while James S. Jackson, Representative from the Green River district, resigned his seat in the House to become a brigadier in the Union army, and died a hero's death, leading his division on the hard-fought field of Perryville.

Rodger Hanson, the eloquent, became a Confederate general and fell on the field of his glory at

Stone River, while his brother won distinction on the other side as general of brigade.

John J. Crittenden—the best beloved of Kentucky statesmen—unflinchingly stood by the Union, while one of his sons wore the double stars of a Union major-general, another achieving similar rank in the Confederate army.

The Henry Clay branch of the great Clay family espoused the Confederate cause, while the Cassius M. Clay branch fought with the traditional courage of the race for the solidarity of the Union.

John Marshall Harlan—now Mr. Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court,—with a pedigree running back to the cavaliers of Jamestown,—won renown on many a bloody field, fighting under “Old Pap” Thomas—“the Rock of Chickamauga.”

In the same army were Lovell H. Rosseau, the ideal soldier and princely gentleman, and Benjamin H. Bristow, who missed the Presidency only by a scratch and through lack of organization of his forces.

I had two schoolmates, older than myself, named Dickinson, beardless boys and brothers. One of them enlisted with Morgan as a private and the other in brave old Frank Wolford’s famous First Kentucky Union Cavalry. The strange fortunes of civil war brought these brothers face to face in the great Indiana-Ohio raid,—the greatest ride ever taken since horses were first broken to bit and rein,—and when Morgan was captured, the Confederate Dickinson surrendered to his Union brother.

The only instance on record during the entire war of one field officer killing another in battle was at Mill Spring, when Gen. Speed Smith Fry, of Kentucky, a Union soldier, shot and killed General Zollicoffer, commanding a brigade of Tennessee Confed-

erates. The only parallel to this sanguinary performance in all our military annals was the killing of Tecumseh, at the battle of the river Thames, by Col. Richard M. Johnson, another Kentuckian, popularly called "Old Dick."

Ed. Porter Thompson, of Kentucky, a Confederate captain, hobbled into the battle of Murfreesboro on his crutches, and for two days fought side by side with those possessing the soundest and most stalwart legs, thereby rivaling the far-resounding feats of Charles XII of Sweden at Pultowa and Gen. Joseph Wheeler at Santiago of being carried into battle upon a stretcher.

AN ARITHMETIC CLASS

When the war began I was eleven years old and a member of a remarkable arithmetic class. I was quick in mathematics. A strolling English phrenologist, Charles R. Whittern, came into the Glenn's Creek neighborhood down in Washington County, where I then lived, and established a school. I love to think of him, and I cherish his memory most gratefully because he was the best country school-teacher that ever instructed me. If I should become rich I would erect a handsome monument to his memory. He built up a reputation for teaching arithmetic. There were three grown men in that class. I was a little chap and they made a pet of me. Two of these men led extraordinary careers "in the days that tried men's soul's" from '61 to '65. One of them, named Orville Bush Young, was thirty years old at least. When hostilities began he studied for three or four months to determine whether it was his duty to enlist in the Union Army or to go to Bacon College at Harrodsburg and prepare himself

to become a minister of the gospel in the Christian Church, vulgarly called the "Campbellite" Church. He studied the matter conscientiously. I know he did. God never made a better man. He enlisted in Company F, Capt. Frank Hill, Tenth Kentucky Infantry, commanded by Col. John Marshall Harlan, now Mr. Justice John Marshall Harlan, of the Supreme Court of the United States. That was after Morgan Rousseau and Wolford had taken out the daredevils who were determined to get in early. It was after William H. Seward's optimistic prophecy of a ninety days' picnic was exploded and when all men knew that it was to be a long and terrible war.

When Young went to Lebanon to enlist, Squire Land, whose sister-in-law Young was to marry if he survived the war, went along with him to bring the horses back. Land got drunk and when Young held up his hand to be sworn in Land held up his also and was sworn in unbeknownst to himself. When he sobered up next morning and discovered his predicament he said, "I will do anything I am ordered to except charge breastworks. That's an inhuman performance and I will not do it."

After more than two years' service they were ordered for the first time to charge breastworks—in front of Jonesburg, near Atlanta. True to his word, Land, who up to that time had made a good soldier, went as hard as he could clatter to the rear, while Young, as color-bearer, for his regiment, was the first man to place the Stars and Stripes on the Confederate breastworks. General Sherman sent for him and offered him a captaincy for that exploit, but he declined it, saying simply that he did not enter the army to get an office. Congress awarded him a gold medal. Bush Young deserves to rank with Havelock as a Christian soldier.

Another member of that arithmetic class was Isaiah Coulter—"Big Zay" as he was called, to distinguish him from others of the name. Kentucky never produced a finer physical man. He was about twenty years old, stood six feet six in his stockings, was straight as an arrow, with dark skin, magnificent black eyes, and abundant hair as black as a raven's wing. He looked like an Indian chief. I have a tender recollection of him, for he was very good to me, and a man who is good to a boy is not a bad man. He belonged to "Sue Munday's Guerrillas" as they are popularly called. He loved that species of irregular warfare. There were about fifty in his company. Whenever the Federals caught one of Sue Munday's men they hanged him.

Finally, when Quantrill was killed at Shelbyville, "Big Zay" was shot clear through the body with a Minie ball. Knowing that it was sure death if he surrendered, he made one of his men thrust a silk handkerchief through his body with a ramrod and tie knots at both ends to staunch the flow of blood. Then mounting his thoroughbred horse he rode thirty miles into Anderson County to the house of an aunt; but he died of that wound.

The third fully grown young man who was a member of that arithmetic class was Nimrod Henderson, who served four years in the Fourth Kentucky Union Infantry, and went scathless through the Red River expedition with Banks, to be nearly killed in a saw mill long after the return of peace.

Nothing can better illustrate the awful situation in Kentucky than the history of that arithmetic class.

STUMP SPEAKERS IN KENTUCKY

The first candidate for Congress that I ever saw was Aaron Harding, of Greensburg. He served

two or three terms. He was a lame man, and during a two hours' speech at Mackville I am certain that he never moved his heels two inches. I marveled then that he could stand so still and talk so long and I wonder at it yet.

The first candidate for Governor that I ever saw and heard was Col. Thos. E. Bramlette, who was elected in 1863. Judge Harlan was elected Attorney-General on the same ticket with him. They both spoke at Mackville on a fine October day in Henry Isham's sugar grove. Bramlette was a large, handsome man, the typical Kentuckian. He was about fifty years old, and wore the first pair of the sort of eye-glasses one hooks upon the nose. He was a widower and when he put on his glasses he looked the audience over and began by saying, "I hope the ladies will not think my heart as old as my eyes are"—a fine *mot*, which is all I remember of that speech.

Mr. Justice Harlan was then not quite thirty, and was in the flower of his years. He was a tall, strapping, sinewy young man, blonde as any lily, and enjoyed life to its full. His voice had great carrying power, and he made the welkin ring in that autumn day of the long ago. I was only a chunk of a boy, but I could discern that Harlan was a greater man than Bramlette, and I couldn't understand why he was not running for the high office. I propounded that query that night to my father, a man of rare sense, who, while he was never a candidate for an office in his life, was always a most enthusiastic amateur politician. In kindest way he explained to me the availability of candidates, which was my first lesson in practical politics; but I look back yet with fond regret to my lost theory of "the fittest."

Gen. John Cabell Breckinridge was the handsom-

est man I ever saw or ever expect to see. He was one of my father's Democratic idols. I, with the curiosity of a child, which enables a child to learn, once asked what sort of a man Breckinridge was. "Oh! he has a two-and-a-half-story head," was his graphic description, which was literally true. When he returned from his European exile I was a student at Kentucky University and heard him return thanks to his neighbors and friends for the enthusiastic reception which they gave him. With enraptured eyes I gazed upon that majestic form and with eager ears drank in his eloquence. One sentence out of that speech I shall never forget. In talking of himself, his past and future, he said, "Politically, I am an extinct volcano!" In very truth he had

"The front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
A stature like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill.
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

CHAPTER XIV

KENTUCKY, HER HISTORY AND HER PEOPLE

BY REUBEN T. DURRETT

For one hundred and eighty-five years after the first settlement at Jamestown, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, and during four-fifths of this long period was an unknown land. The Virginians along the Atlantic slope showed no early disposition to settle beyond the mountains that walled them in on the west. They erected their manor houses and built their tobacco barns on the rich lands of rivers that flowed from the mountains to the sea, and were content. What they had to sell the ocean would bear to foreign parts, and what they wanted to buy the same ocean would bring to their doors. There were no known inducements in the unknown lands beyond the mountains to induce them to the dangers and the hardships of a wilderness filled with wild animals and still wilder savages.

But whether the Virginians would go to the discovery of Kentucky or not, the country was so located that to remain unknown was impossible. The great Mississippi and the beautiful Ohio were upon its borders for hundreds of miles, while their tributaries penetrated thousands of miles within. Upon these rivers hunters and traders and adventurers were to paddle their canoes in spite of dangers, and the fair land of Kentucky could not indefinitely escape their eyes.

VIEW OF PRIMEVAL KENTUCKY

From the summit of the Appalachian Mountains on the east, declivities lead down two thousand feet

to a plateau that gracefully undulates for five hundred miles to the margins of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers on the west. Descending through deep cut channels from their mountain springs, the Sandy, the Licking, the Kentucky, the Salt, the Green, and the Cumberland rivers roll their navigable waters for hundreds of miles through soil as exuberant as the famous delta of the Nile. Over an area that millions might inhabit, of mountain and hill and plain and valley, stands a dark forest of oak and beech and ash and hickory and walnut and cherry and maple and sycamore and linden and cedar and pine, with lofty poplars towering above like hoary sentinels of the centuries that have marked their growth. Here and there, where the trees of the forest cast not their shadow, the cane and the clover and the rye and the blue-grass cover the soil like emerald isles in the forest seas. Toward the sunset, between the Salt and the Green rivers, spreads out for miles a treeless land covered with a forest of herbage, on which countless buffalo and deer forever feed. The woods are full of wild animals, the rivers swarm with endless varieties of fish, and the air is darkened with flocks of birds. From out the earth burst springs whose waters, warmed by the summer's sun, whiten their channels with salt, and deep down beneath the surface are mysterious caverns cut out by subterranean streams, in which are deposited beds of saltpeter. Beneath the hills and mountains are strata of coal and beds of iron and quarries of stone, and over all hangs a bright sky tempered by genial airs. As if to add to the picturesqueness of the scene, there are numerous mounds, which were reared in the distant past by a long-ago people who had become mighty in the land and passed away without leaving a history, a tradi-

tion, or a name. On the mountain sides, the rhododendron and the *Calmia latifolia* display their charming blossoms; in the valleys, the magnolia contrasts the snow of its huge corolla with the scarlet of the delicate cardinal flower; and everywhere on the hills and plains wild flowers of infinite form and color lend enchantment to the view. It is "a land of brooks, of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills."

HOW THE PIONEERS LIVED

The first inhabitants of Kentucky, on account of the hostility of the Indians, lived in what were called forts. These structures had little in common with those massive piles of stone and earth from which thunder missiles of destruction in modern times. They were simply rows of the conventional log cabins of the day, built on four sides of a square parallelogram, which remained as a court or open space, serving as a play-ground, a muster-field, a corral for domestic animals, and a storehouse for implements. The cabins which formed the fort's walls were dwelling-houses for the people, and contained the rudest conveniences of life. The bedstead consisted of forks driven in the dirt floor, through the prongs of which poles extended to cracks in the wall, and over which buffalo skins were spread for a mattress and bear skins for a covering. The dining-table was a broad puncheon hewn smooth with an adze, and set on four legs made of sticks inserted in auger holes at the corners. The chairs were three-legged stools made in the same way, and the table furniture consisted of wooden plates, trays, noggins, bowls, and trenchers, usually turned out of buckeye. A few tin cups and pewter plates and delf cups and

saucers and two-pronged iron forks and pewter spoons were luxuries brought from the old country, and only found upon the tables of the few who could afford them. The fireplace occupied nearly one whole side of the house; the window was a hole covered with paper saturated with bear's grease, and the door an opening over which hung a buffalo skin. Near the door hung the long-barreled flint-lock rifle on the prongs of a buck's horns pinned to the wall, and from which place it was never absent except when in use.

In these confined cabins whole families occupied a single room. Here the women hackled the wild nettle, carded the buffalo wool, spun the thread, wove the cloth and made the clothes. The men wore buckskin hunting-shirts, trousers, and moccasins, and the women linsey gowns in winter and linen in summer. If there was a broadcloth coat or a calico dress, it came from the old settlements, and was only worn on rare occasions.

Such a life had its pains, but it also had its pleasures. Of evenings and rainy days, the fiddle was heard, and the merry old Virginia reel danced by both young and old. A marriage, that sometimes united a boy of sixteen to a girl of fourteen, was an occasion of great merriment, and brought out the whole fort. When an itinerant preacher came along, and favored them with a sermon two or three hours in length, it was also a great occasion. A young man had some difficulty in making his sweetheart understand all he had to say in a small room filled by her parents and brothers and sisters, but on essential points it was easy to remove the discussion to the open space. The shooting-match, the foot-race, wrestling, jumping, boxing, and, it may be added, fighting, afforded amusement in the open

space, and blindfolded and hide-and-seek, and quiltings, knittings, and candy-pullings made the little cabins merry on many occasions. The corn-field and the vegetable garden were cultivated within range of the rifles of the fort, and sentinels were on guard while the work was being done.

HOW THE INDIANS RETARDED THE SETTLEMENTS

The great obstacles to the rapid population of the country were the Indians. They lurked in the woods and confined the settlers to the forts. They did not occupy the soil, but lived to the north and the south and the west, and kept Kentucky for a hunting-ground. They crossed the Ohio in small parties, and, like thieves in the night, crept stealthily upon their victims and shot them down or tomahawked them unawares. More people were killed in this desultory way than in regular battles. In 1790 Judge Innes wrote to the Secretary of War that during the seven years he had lived in Kentucky the Indians had killed one thousand five hundred souls, stolen twenty thousand horses, and carried off property to the value of fifteen thousand pounds sterling. If to this fearful number we add all the deaths previous to 1783 and subsequent to 1790, the time covered by Judge Innes's estimate, in battle and by murder, we shall have a terrible summary. Not less than three thousand six hundred men, women and children fell at the hands of the savages in Kentucky before the final victory over them by General Wayne in 1794. It may be doubted whether the Indians would not have been less formidable if they had lived in Kentucky. They would then have been exterminated by the pioneers, instead of being crippled in their raids and left to recover and return.

PIONEER WOMEN

Among all the sufferers at the hands of the Indians, none bore heavier sorrows and received less credit for them than the pioneer women. Boone and Kenton and other heroes, as they deserved, figured largely in history and biography. But who has heard of the many brave women who have resisted or succumbed to the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savages? While their husbands fired from the loop-holes of the forts upon the besieging enemy, their wives molded the bullets with which their guns were loaded. They guarded the forts while the men were fighting the Indians or hunting the game. When death took a pioneer from his toils, it was the women who wrapped him in his coarse shroud and laid him in his rough coffin and wetted his obscure grave with their tears. They were the doctors of the times, and while their remedies for wounds and diseases seem strange to modern science, yet their catnip tea and soothing herbs and elder salve were thought to work wonderful cures in their day. From their home in the old settlements they brought religious feelings, and when the itinerant preacher turned the hour-glass for the second or third time and still went on with his mighty lungs and voice, the women never grew weary of him, but heard the words of the good man to the end, and remembered them. Collectively and individually, they showed a courage on trying occasions of which men might well be proud.

When the cabins of Jesse and Hosea Cook, near Frankfort, were taken by the Indians and both the Cooks killed, their brave widows showed a courage which has few parallels in the whole course of human action. The Indians, having failed to force the strong door which shut them out from the two

women and their children, made attempts to burn the house. They ascended to the roof and repeatedly applied the torch, which was extinguished by the women, first with water, while it lasted, then with broken eggs, and finally with the blood-saturated clothing of their dead husbands lying on the floor.

Finally, and to the great relief of long vexed and sorely tried humanity, the tenth and last convention met at Danville, April 2, 1792, and in accordance with the resolutions of the previous convention and the act of Virginia of December 18, 1789, authorizing the separation, and the act of Congress of February 4, 1791, admitting Kentucky into the Union, to take effect June 1, 1792, proceeded to make a constitution for the new State. Samuel McDowell, who had been the president of all the preceding conventions, except two, was made the president, and Thomas Todd, who had been the clerk of all the others, was made the clerk of this. Five members appeared from each of the nine counties then in the State, making the whole number of delegates forty-five.

There were six ministers of the gospel in this convention, the convention that framed the constitution, and when the vote was taken upon the pro-slavery clause every one of them voted against it. They were Revs. John Bailey, Benedict Swope, Charles Kavenaugh, George Smith, James Crawford, and James Garrard. Another minister, David Rice, had been elected to the convention, but resigned before any of the principles of the constitution came to vote. He was, however, succeeded by Harry Innes, who voted against the pro-slavery clause, just as Minister Rice would have voted if he had been there.

The constitution made by these men has long since ceased to be binding. It nevertheless has a historic

interest, because it was the fundamental law with which our commonwealth began its life. Its author, George Nicholas, from his associations with the makers of the Constitution of the United States, gave it a decidedly Federal cast. Our Governor and our Senators were trammelled with the cumbrous machinery of electors, and it gave to the Court of Appeals original jurisdiction in land suits; but with all its faults, our constitution of 1792 was a vast improvement upon many of its written and unwritten contemporaries. It placed all religions upon an equal footing. It forbade commerce in slaves, and provided for their emancipation by the legislature. It secured the freedom of the press. It gave to all free men the right to vote without property qualifications. It mitigated the horrors of imprisonment for debt. It made all citizens equal before the law. It lodged in the people all primal and ultimate sovereignty, and opened the great highway of progress to all men alike.

CONDITION OF KENTUCKY WHEN SHE BEGAN STATEHOOD

The condition of Kentucky when it first became an independent State was very different from what we now see it. With the exception of the spots of cleared land around the villages and forts, and the few houses outside of them, the whole country was covered by the original forest, in which lurked Indians and bears and wolves and panthers and wildcats. All land travel was over dirt roads, full of dust in the summer and deep in mud in the winter. One of these roads led from Cumberland Gap through Crab Orchard, Danville, Bardstown, and Bullitt's Lick to Louisville. Another crossed the Big Sandy at the forks, and leading through Morgan's and Strode's

stations to Lexington, passed on through Frankfort and Drennon's Lick to Louisville. A third led from Maysville by the Lower Blue Lick and Paris to Lexington; a fourth from the mouth of the Licking to Lexington, and a fifth from Middle Tennessee to Danville. These main roads were passed over by all persons either coming into the State or going out from it. Cross-roads connecting with the main roads at various points formed the lines of internal and neighborhood communication. Some of them followed lines originally marked out by the buffalo, time out of mind before, and were broad enough for highways of commerce; but most of them were mere traces and bridle paths, which no one but a woodsman or acquaintance could follow. Across the streams were no bridges, and people passed them at shallow places called fords, or in rude flatboats or canoes used for ferries. The travel and trade upon the rivers were in canoes and flatboats, and barges and keels propelled by oars or sails. Only a few meadows or pastures had yet been prepared, but over broad areas were natural meadows, while cane brakes and wild clover fields and patches of pea vine and swards of blue-grass of natural growth were everywhere to be seen.

A hundred thousand inhabitants were scattered over the nine counties* into which the original Kentucky County had been divided, and most of them were still dwelling in villages and forts. The Indians were yet in the land, and life was not safe outside of fortified places. Only the year before the

*These nine counties were: Jefferson, Fayette, and Lincoln, the three counties into which Kentucky County had been subdivided in 1780; Nelson, formed out of Jefferson in 1784; Bourbon, out of Fayette in 1785; Mercer and Madison, out of Lincoln in 1785; Mason, out of Bourbon in 1788; and Woodford, out of Fayette in 1788.

savages had rallied in such strength as to surprise the army of General St. Clair and crush it with such slaughter as had not occurred since Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela, or Todd's at Blue Licks. While the new government was being inaugurated, a large party of them entered the State, and almost in the shadow of the house in which the first legislature met, murdered citizens and stole property. Even as late as March 10, 1795, a number of citizens of Louisville and Jefferson County bound themselves by written contract to pay the sum set opposite their names for Indian scalps within their vicinity.*

On the farms that had been opened near the forts the rudest kind of agriculture prevailed. The farmer broke up his ground with the wooden mold-board plow, and planted his corn and sowed his wheat with his hand. The grain was cut with a reap hook or cradle, and beaten out with the flail or by the feet of horses ridden over the straw with the heads on laid in a circle for this purpose. His flour was sifted through a coarse linen cloth, and his grain ground in the hand mill or beaten in the mortar. A few horse-mills and water-mills were in the country, but they were not generally used or accessible. His crop was cultivated with the hoe, and his carpenter's work done with the axe, the adze, and the auger. His flax was spun on the small wheel, his wool on the large wheel, and both woven on the hand-loom.

The buffalo and the deer were growing scarce, and the farmer was raising domestic animals for food. His cattle and sheep, however, were what are known as scrubs, and his horses of an inferior breed. His vegetable garden consisted of little more than cabbages, pumpkins, turnips, beets, and peas. His cows

* Original contract signed by the parties in the possession of R. T. Durrett.

fed upon the cane, and gave rich and well-flavored milk, which, with the butter and curds and cheese which were made of it, were about the best food put upon the table. Whatever the table afforded, however, was generously given to every comer, no matter at what hour he arrived, nor whence he came. Abundance of fish came from the streams, the woods afforded squirrels and opossums, and the fields rabbits and quails.

The peach was about the only domestic fruit that was abundant, the apple tree not yet being old enough for full bearing. Wild fruits, however, were abundant. The persimmon, the grape, the papaw, the mulberry, the haw, the May apple, the blackberry, the wild strawberry and the wild goose plum were gathered and eaten by all, and so were the walnut, the hickory nut, and the chestnut. Brandy was distilled from the peach and wine fermented from the grape and beer from the persimmon, but as early as 1783 whiskey had been distilled from corn, and that was now in use either as mint julep or as grog or toddy. Those who could afford it had Madeira wine and Jamaica rum on their table, but the common drink was whiskey.

The most important mechanics in the country were the blacksmiths, the carpenters, and the wheelwrights. They made pretty much everything that was made with such simple tools as the saw, the file, the jack-plane, the draw-knife, the axe, the adze, the auger, and the hammer. They were not particular about sticking to their trades, but each did what of the work of the other he could and something of what belonged to neither. They managed among them to make guns and furniture and implements, that belonged to the trade of neither, and so altogether they met the wants of the community.

There was one printing establishment, and that was in the log cabin of John Bradford, at Lexington, whence was issued once a week the *Kentucky Gazette*, which was begun August 11, 1787, on a half sheet of coarse paper nineteen inches long and ten wide. The paper was printed on a hand press, and it required a whole day's hard work to run off an edition of five hundred. Not a book had yet been printed in the State, and not a pamphlet beyond the dignity of Bradford's Almanac. Only a few books had been brought into the State, and they were unequally distributed. Such as they were, the religious character predominated, and more copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were to be seen than any other books. It is necessary to add, however, that some of our pioneers had upon their shelves the works of Paine, Rousseau, and Voltaire.

There were schools in log houses in the stations and villages, and Transylvania Seminary was open at Lexington. But little beyond Dilworth's Spelling-book and Horton's Arithmetic was attempted at these schools; but in Transylvania Seminary, and such select schools as Craig's at Georgetown, and Priestley's at Bardstown, and Fry's in Mercer, and Finley's in Madison County, quite a high order of education for a new country might be obtained.

The Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Catholics, the Methodists, and the Episcopalians were the leading religious denominations, and of these the Baptists were the most numerous. A Baptist church had left Spottsylvania County, Virginia, and come to Kentucky in a body, singing and praying and preaching and preserving church government through a wilderness of five hundred miles. No church edifice had

yet arisen beyond the architecture of the log cabin. Most of the preaching was done in private houses or in the forts, but the rarity of the sermons made all denominations glad to hear one several hours in length, whether they agreed with its doctrines or not.

The medical profession had not reached the high grade to which McDowell and Brashear and their successors afterward bore it, but such men as Frederick Ridgley were doing noble practice in Lexington and other parts of the State. Some of them made vain attempts to run out disease with the flow of blood from open veins, and used calomel until it produced a worse malady than the one attempted to be removed; but their blood letting and mercury dosing were then the style. The doctor carried his drug-store in his saddle-bags, and compounded and put up his own prescriptions. He rode by day and by night, in sunshine and in storm, over a wide extent of country and earned the fees he got, which were often paid in corn and meat and vegetables.

No pioneer State ever presented a stronger bar than Kentucky. The lawyers of 1792 were men most of whom had been ruined by the Revolutionary war, and who had come to Kentucky to provide for themselves and families. Some of them, like George Nicholas, Harry Innes, George Muter, William Murray, Christopher Greenup, and James Hughes, had made fame in their native State, and the terribly intricate land titles they had to deal with made their legal learning acute, incisive and profound. He who familiarizes himself with the legal questions settled in the cases reported in Hughes and Hardin, and Snead and Bibb will not fail to conclude that the pioneer bar in Kentucky has had but few superiors in any land.

There were no post-offices and no mail carriers. Letters had to be borne from place to place by private hands, and John Bradford had to provide carriers for his *Kentucky Gazette*. Almost every one who came into the State or went out of it, or went from one place to another within it, was the bearer of one or more letters.

Travel had not yet reached the refinement of the stage coach. People went from place to place on horseback or afoot; and it was not unusual for the women of 1792 to ride a dozen or more miles on horseback, or to walk half as far to pay a social visit.

In the principal towns and stations there were stores, in each of which all the articles sold were jumbled together. Nails and calico, axes and broadcloth, delf-ware and silks, furniture and bonnets, lumber and hats, sugar and medicine, whiskey and books were sold over the same counter. The women of the country brought in their linen and linsey and jeans, and bartered them in the stores for tea and coffee and such other articles as they could not make at home; but the stores sold few things that could be produced at home by the husband or the wife.

Males and females generally dressed in garments made of linen, linsey, or jeans woven at home. A few who could afford it wore broadcloths, silks, prints, calamancoes, durants, tammies, shalloons, or ratinels procured from the stores, and paid for them with tobacco and beef and pork and corn.

But little money was in circulation, and barter was the almost universal medium of exchange. The Spanish dollar was about the only silver known, and this was cut with a hammer and chisel into halves and quarters and bits and picayunes for the convenience of change. Some old trappers who wanted sil-

ver for their beaver skins complained that the dollar was sometimes cut into five or six quarters.

A few first-class farmers like Isaac Shelby had blooded horses and fine cattle and sheep and hogs on their farms, but they were exceptions. The long-snouted hog of the woods, the shabby cattle of the mountains, the Barbary sheep, and the ponies the Indians loved to steal were the kind usually found upon the farms. Game roosters for fighting were found in many places where all else were scrubs, and sometimes a fine race-horse imported from Virginia was seen among the miserable hacks.

WHAT A CENTURY HAS ACCOMPLISHED

Such was the condition of Kentucky when she began her career as an independent State one hundred years ago, and three hundred years after the discovery of Columbus. The beginning of her statehood on the third centennial anniversary of the discovery of America is a coincidence that it is not likely her sons will ever forget. Through all time to come the two events will move along the same pathway of centuries, separated only by the difference of time between the discovery of the one and the independence of the other.

Standing as we do at the favored terminus of a hundred years of marvelous progress, our glad eyes rest upon the evidences of advancement in our own State that could not have been anticipated by the wisest. Could Clark and Shelby arise from their hallowed graves to-day and look upon their country, they would know it not. The same blue sky, with its bright sun by day and its pale moon by night, is above us. The same broad land, with its rich soil and navigable rivers, is beneath us. The same healthful climate wraps us around and imparts its enlivening

summer breezes and its chastening winter winds. All else, how changed!

The great forest which cast its dark shadow upon the land has passed away, and with it the wild beasts and wilder savages that infested it. In its stead we behold immense fields of grain and pastures of grass, sporting with the consenting breezes like ocean waves toying with the passing winds. Vast areas of denuded forest now covered with growing hemp and tobacco remind us of the trying days when the haughty Spaniard, fortified upon the shores of the Mississippi, shut out our products from the markets of the world. The roads first marked out by the sagacious buffalo, and afterward adopted by the pioneer, with their summer's dust and their winter's mud, have given place to macadam thoroughfares and to railroads on which the iron horse, unconscious of the burden of a thousand steeds behind him, bounds over hills, darts through mountains, springs across rivers, and speeds along plains with the velocity of the eagle's flight. From our matchless rivers have disappeared the pirogue, the canoe, the keel, and the barge propelled by sluggish oars and sails, and in their places we have those leviathans of omnipotent steam which glide along with their immeasurable cargoes as if the opposing winds and currents were but toys to allure them to their play. The broad prairies and the evergreen canebrakes, on which the buffalo and the deer grew fat for the food of man, are seen no more, and in their places the meadows of timothy and the pastures of blue-grass are the Eden of the Durhams and the Holsteins, of the Southdowns and the Cotswolds. Orchards and vineyards and gardens and nurseries surround happy mansions on the hills and in the valleys and along the plains where the wild roots grew. The whole

face of the country has been changed as if touched by the magician's wand, and the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose.

Two millions of inhabitants are spread over the one hundred and twenty counties into which the State has been divided, showing an average increase of nineteen thousand souls for every year of the century closed in 1892. It is an intelligent, industrious, and progressive population, engaged in most of the commendable pursuits of civilization. They have opened agricultural and grazing and mineral lands, and erected manufactories, the surplus products of which go to enrich the markets of the world. They have built cities in different parts of the land, a single one of which has double the population and many times the wealth of the entire State when its independence began.

While reaching this increase of population, they have made mistakes in legislation, as all civilized peoples have done in every age and clime. They blundered in finance, in 1818, when they created forty independent banks, and turned them loose to prey on the community with their paper capital of nearly \$8,000,000. They were quick to discover their error, and at the end of two years repealed the charters of these moneyless institutions. They have since established two hundred and fifty banks worthy to bear the name, which now meet the wants of the community with their solid capital of \$35,000,000. They blundered in 1820, when they began their wild acts of relief, whose follies fed upon their own foolishness until they brought on that conflict between the old Court of Appeals and the new, which shook the commonwealth to its center. Experience again brought them wisdom, and they repealed the act establishing the new court, and left the people to

pay the debts they had contracted instead of looking to unconstitutional laws to avoid them. They blundered in internal improvements until they found the State staggering under a load of debts, with little of valuable works to show for the money they had cost; and they blundered in the passage of ill-digested laws, to be quickly repealed; but with all their follies of legislation, the wisdom of their acts was greatly in the ascendant.

They have three times renewed their first organic law, and each time made advances along the line of enlightened progress. The constitution of 1799 did away with the federal features of that of 1792, and brought the people nearer to the agents who were to administer their government. The constitution of 1850 improved upon that of 1799 in the interest of the people by making almost all offices elective, and by opening wider the various avenues of progress. This was the first of our organic laws which looked to the education of the people, and it began the great work of setting apart forever in the cause of popular education the million of dollars obtained from the United States, with its increase from other sources. The educational fund was, at that time, more than \$1,300,000, and recently it has been increased by another \$600,000 from the United States, which, with other accumulations, will swell the school fund to \$2,300,000 at this date. It was under this constitution, also, that the old and meaningless forms of pleading, inherited from rude ages, were abolished, and codes of practice established in their stead. The last constitution, of 1891, has departed widely from the beaten track of its predecessors and made radical changes, the wisdom or the folly of which time alone can determine. The makers seem to have honestly struggled to meet the wants of the

advanced and progressive people, and it remains to be seen whether the changed and ever-varying conditions of our citizens have been sufficiently provided for in this instrument.

In the interest of broad humanity, they passed the act of 1798, repealing the bloody code inherited from the mother country, which made our people liable to be hanged for no less than one hundred and sixty-five enumerated crimes. We can hardly realize that as late as 1798 Kentuckians were subject to the death penalty of the law for larceny, perjury, forgery, arson, obtaining money under false pretenses, etc. They were a little slow and stealthy in doing so, but they repealed that disgraceful law by which a man was punished at the whipping-post, by omitting this degrading penalty from the revised statutes of 1870. They have established asylums for the insane, and schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb, and retreats for the aged and homes for the poor. Even their prisons are no longer those sickening dungeons which came down from the dark ages, but decent homes of confinement where mercy guards the victims and humanity allures them to reform. Like prudent heirs who have not squandered the estate bequeathed by their ancestors, they have not diminished the magnificent territory they obtained from Virginia, but have enlarged it. In the southwestern corner of the State they acquired from the Chickasaw Indians, in 1819, seven millions of acres, out of which the flourishing counties of McCracken, Ballard, Marshall, Carlisle, Calloway, Graves, Hickman, and Fulton have been made. With a moral courage that never shrank from the candid expression of opinions on important subjects, they gave to their country the resolutions of 1798-9 as the embodiment of the doctrine of States' rights.

These celebrated resolutions have shaped the political faith of leading parties ever since, and they seem destined to exert an undiminished influence for all time to come.

The farmer has laid aside the rude and clumsy helps to his industry, and now uses implements which almost do his work for him. He opens his land and puts in his crop and cultivates it and gathers and prepares it for market by machinery that leaves him little to do with his hands. The mechanic who was a maker and mender of all kinds of things has become a specialist, and now we have an expert for every different occupation. The house that was built by the carpenter of 1792 now requires the services of the cabinetmaker, the joiner, the plumber, the plasterer, the glazier, the painter, the mason, the turner, the upholsterer, and a dozen others, with an architect to direct the little army. Those great civilizers of the world, the newspaper and the printing-press, have advanced step by step in progressive improvements until they have almost reached perfection. There are newspapers in almost every village in the State, numbering something like three hundred in all, and turning out at a single issue seven hundred and fifty thousand impressions. There are printing presses, like the great Hoe of the *Courier-Journal*, with almost human intelligence, that print and fold twenty-five thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The first book printed in the State was issued from the hand-press of Maxwell & Gooch, at Lexington, in 1793. It required long and weary months of labor to get out a small edition of this little volume of ninety-six octavo pages. Such a book could now be sent out in a large edition from one of our principal publishing houses in a single week.

All over our broad land free schools have been es-

tablished, in which the children of all citizens may acquire a good business education. If they would then extend their studies, there are private schools everywhere in which the higher branches of learning may be pursued; and if they would yet go farther, there are colleges at Danville and Richmond and Lexington and Georgetown and Bardstown or St. Mary's, in which a finished education may be obtained. There are medical schools and law schools and theological schools and schools of art and science and design and mechanics, in which almost every branch of human knowledge is open to the student. There are public libraries and association libraries and special libraries and private libraries, where the best books of all ages and countries are stored. Most of the leading religions of the times are represented, and with all of them combined in the interest of human souls, there is scarcely a nook or corner in which prayer and song and preaching may not be heard. Many of the church edifices of our cities are fine specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and the tendency is to make these structures yet more worthy of the sacred office to which they are devoted. In every part of the State post-offices have been established, and in the leading cities letters and packages are delivered at the doors of those to whom they are addressed. More rapid than mail carriers in the transmission of news and knowledge there are telegraph wires throughout the State, over which electricity flashes messages regardless of time and space; and there are telephone wires over which the human voice, in conversational tones, is heard at distances where the thunders would be silent. That mysterious energy which thunders in the storm-cloud and gilds the darkness of the night with the glow of the midday sun has been made to move machinery with

a velocity hitherto unknown, and to dispel the shadows of the night. Passenger cars propelled by its invisible might glide along the thoroughfares of our cities, and provisions are being made to make it the motive power of locomotives to draw immense trains of cars over the lines of the railroads extending over our vast country. We call this subtle agency electricity, and assign to it possibilities for the future as great as its mysteries are now and have been in the past. Steam engines have been placed in every position in which power is required. They ride on our railroads, they float on our rivers, they whirl in our factories, they know not weariness, nor require rest. By day and by night, in sunshine and in cloud, they cease not their mighty efforts. They perform the work which the entire population of the State could not do without them, and exist among us as two millions of constant unwearying toilers.

Our people live in houses that differ from those of the last century as the palace of the prince differs from the hovel of the peasant. In the Croghan house at Locust Grove, and the Clark house at Mulberry Hill, both of which have come down to us from the last century, we have specimens of the best styles of the houses erected by our forefathers when they thought it safe to leave the forts and dwell in the open country. The Croghan is a square house built of brick, one story high, with two rooms on each side of a broad hall, while the Clark is a parallelogram, built of hewed logs two stories high, with one room above and one below on each side of the hall.

The style of the buildings that followed these pioneer structures was the basement house with steps leading to the floor above the ground, and finally this was followed by what now prevails in a strange mix-

ture of the Gothic castle, the Italian villa, and the Elizabethan cottage with the Virginian mansion. A few who prefer comfort to display yet build the old manor houses with large rooms and broad halls, inclosed by plain but solid walls. The gas that lights and heats these houses, the furnaces that warm them, the water that flows through them, the photographs that hang on the walls, the machine-made furniture that adorns the rooms, the mattresses of hair, the comforts of down, the porcelain, the glass, the gilded knives and forks and spoons, the plated ware, and, in fact, nearly all the articles of luxury or comfort are the work of the century which has just closed. It may be added that new kinds of meats, drinks, vegetables and fruits are now placed upon the table for breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper at hours that would not have been tolerated by the pioneers.

We have bored into the deep-seated rocks of the earth, and penetrated great reservoirs of natural gas held down for untold ages by arches of anticlinal axes, and laid long lines of iron pipes to conduct it to our homes and our factories. Its smokeless light and its dirtless heat are as great improvements upon the coal fire and artificial gas light of our times as these were upon the wood fire and the tallow candle of our ancestors.

We have had no dearth of historians to record these advances of our country and people, there having been no fewer than eighteen of them from Filson, in 1784, to Smith, in 1889; and yet there is room for one more to leave unsaid much that has been said, and to say much that has been left unsaid, and to say what is to be said in a different style. We naturally incline to good opinions for John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky, in honor of whom our club has been named, but all prejudice

aside, when we take into consideration the little history the new State had to be written in 1784, and allow for the superior deserts of his map of Kentucky and life of Boone, we must candidly say that the merits of his history have not been surpassed by those of any since written.

MILITARY CHARACTER

With a bravery worthy of the chivalrous race from which they sprang, Kentuckians fought the Indian at home until his war-whoop no longer rang in the forest and his scalping-knife no longer gleamed at the cabin door. They followed him to Chilli-cothe and to Pickaway, to the Maumee and to the Tennessee, to his mountain fastnesses and to his forest retreats, until, in 1794, at the Fallen Timbers, they dealt him that fatal and crushing blow from which he never sufficiently recovered to return to his favorite fighting- and hunting-grounds. Nor was their bravery of that narrow kind which risks life for self alone. They fought under Harrison at Tippecanoe and on the Thames, under Jackson at New Orleans, under Houston in Texas, and under Taylor and Scott in Mexico; and on every field they won a name that their descendants are proud to claim as a part of their glorious inheritance. And alas! when cruel fate decreed that their own country must suffer the horrors of civil war, and that they must meet their brothers and friends upon the field of battle, they shrank not from the duty to which conscience called. They sent to the Union Army eighty thousand of their brave sons, and to the Confederate Army half as many more, making the largest number in proportion to population contributed by any State to the civil war. They laid down their lives

on many a well-fought field under their Confederate leaders, Johnston and Breckinridge and Preston and Buckner and Morgan and Duke and Marshall, and they fought not less nobly under Union commanders.

DISTINGUISHED KENTUCKIANS

All along the line of the century which closes its circle to-day, Kentuckians have made enviable names at home and abroad. Were we to attempt to enumerate them on this occasion, the day would pass and the coming night envelop us in its darkness before the list could be completed. We rejoice that among the first of philanthropists, her gifted son, John Breckinridge, drafted the law of 1798 which did away with the death penalty for all crimes except murder; that her learned lawyers, Harry Toulmin and James Blair, led the way of modern codes when they issued their review of the criminal law in 1804; that her ingenious inventors, John Fitch and James Rumsey, had mastered the principles of the steam-boat in 1787; and that Thomas H. Barlow invented the Planetarium and made a model of the first locomotive in 1826. They point with pride to their distinguished surgeons, Walter Brashear, who, in 1806, first amputated the thigh at the hip joint, and Ephraim McDowell, who became the father of ovariectomy in 1809. Two Presidents of the United States and four Vice-Presidents first saw the light in Kentucky homes, and another of her favored sons was Chief Executive of the Confederate States. They have been United States cabinet officers and justices and speakers and ministers abroad, and have filled the highest ranks in the army and navy. They have been the governors, the lieutenant-governors, the legislators, and the judges of sister States. Such

statesmen as Clay and Crittenden, such orators as Meniffee and Marshall, such journalists as Prentice and Penn, such poets as O'Hara and Cosby, such artists as Jouett and Hart, have made fame for themselves and their State which bore their names to every portion of the civilized world. I refrain from allusions to the distinguished living, though the effort at suppression is hard, knowing as I do that any enumerating of them would require more time than can be given on this occasion.

THE FUTURE

We may not presume to peer into the dark unknown and attempt to foretell what is to come; but the data of the past and the present are suggestive of the future. None of us now present can hope to witness another Kentucky centenary. All of us will be laid to rest with the occupants of our cities of the dead before this day can make its return. Even those who shall then be here will not, probably, see our population increased by such a ratio as accompanied the years of the century just closed. Half a dozen or more millions may then be here engaged in the different pursuits of life. They will not abandon the municipalities, nor those blue-grass lands perennially enriched by the decaying limestone on which they rest; but a new center of population and industry and wealth will be then found in our mineral regions. The coal and iron underlying twelve thousand square miles of mountainous country that the pioneers deemed of no practical use, will give to these lands a value beyond that of the blue-grass fields. The coal will be lifted from its bed of ages, and sent abroad to warm the people and move the machinery of the world. The iron will be mined and

welded into bands to unite the nations of the earth. Railroads will rush through the mountain valleys, and furnaces and factories will glow along their lines. A hardy population of miners will build their cottages upon the hillsides and mountain slopes, and the rugged country will be changed from a wilderness to a region of picturesque beauty. The mountaineers thus brought in contact with enlightening industries, and in full view of the glories of the advancing world around them, may cease those vendettas which have disgraced humanity, and become an industrious, thriving, and progressive people. With half a dozen millions of inhabitants farming upon our blue-grass plains, and mining in our mountains, and grazing stock upon our hills, and manufacturing in our cities, and cultivating the arts and the sciences everywhere, Kentuckians of the century to come may rejoice in the blessings of a country as far in advance of ours as the one we enjoy is beyond that of the pioneers.

The frowning mountains and the rugged hills
Will yield to plastic art; and, to the hum
Of wheels and the ring of anvils, uncounted
Joyous tongues will swell Industry's chorus
Until the earth, the waters, and the air
Resound with the harmonies of progress.

Onward, still onward and forever, will
Be the watchword until millions of feet
Threading the byways of spreading commerce
And myriads of hands manipulating
The useful arts have made the wilderness
Of the everlasting, rock-ribbed mountains
To blossom as the rose.

When that glorious time shall come, we who close the first and open the second century of our Statehood to-day will not be forgotten by those who may participate in the second centenary; but we may be remembered as a happy people on an emerald isle in

the midst of the river of centuries, whose joyous voices resounding through the ages and mingling with those on the shore of 1792 and with those on the shore of 1992 will unite them into one grand harmony of kindred sounds.

CHAPTER XV

THE HOME-COMING

There is no question that love of home is one of the great influences that tends to make good citizens. A tenderness pervades the heart when memories of the old home come upon one, and this love is one of the noblest sentiments within the human breast. It is an influence that extends throughout one's life, and the more noble the nature, the more intense it is, and it grows with the years. As age creeps upon one the mind turns to scenes of childhood, and in the dying hour home scenes come vividly before the mind, and the last recollections of life are recollections of mother, father, and of the joys of childhood in the old home. Every one who loves the race, every one who loves his country should encourage this feeling in the young, for it will make better and happier citizens, and make them strive to have homes like father and mother had for them. Without home influences Christianity would fail to accomplish its purposes; and it may be said—no home, no church; no church, no religious influences, no upbuilding of the race; no good citizenship, no patriotism.

The first commandment with promise is "Honor thy father and mother," and this ought to be the first lesson taught to children, and it can be taught best at the mother's knee. The noblest influences that enter into life have their beginning in the early days of happy childhood in the well-regulated home. Many great men in the hour of death go back in memory to home and mother and the caresses they

received in childhood. It has been said that President Garfield before he passed away seemed to go back to his childhood, and that he wanted his mother to rock him to sleep with the little song that she used to sing when he was a child. One can readily believe that this is true, from his conduct the day he was inaugurated President of the United States. Surrounded by many of the great men of his own country and of foreign countries, in the midst of splendor, as soon as he had taken the oath of office he turned tenderly to his old mother, who was sitting behind him, and kissed her with the affection of a little child. He remembered how the tired hands of his mother had toiled to give him what advantages she could, and how she had sacrificed every comfort for him; and though she was old and plain, he was not ashamed of her, and that very act of affection endeared him to the hearts of all good people. Few men who have had good homes and mothers have become criminals; and those who stand in the sacred desk cannot do better service than to help parents build and keep Christian homes; and the faithful teacher should teach, next to the fear of God, obedience and love to parents.

One of the most marked characteristics of Kentucky life was the inculcation of love for home and respect for parents. The sanctity of the home was guarded carefully and no one dared encroach upon it; although there were exceptions, this was the general rule. The man would die to protect his home and the purity of his family.

According to the census there are nearly 600,000 native Kentuckians dwelling in other States, Territories, and countries. The great majority of them are engaged in social and domestic pursuits, and have been home-builders, but a large number have be-

come very prominent in public and social life as teachers, ministers of the gospel, and representatives of this country in foreign lands. Yet it would be hard to find a genuine Kentuckian, wherever he may be, and whatever his employment, who has not the spirit that he inherited from his old home State. It has been universally accepted truth, "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian." Not only those who left their old homes in the commonwealth, but those who have remained in their Kentucky homes, follow with keen delight their kinsmen and fellow-citizens. They are with them in their labors and they rejoice in their successes. There is no spirit of jealousy; the more successful a Kentuckian becomes, the more he is loved and honored by his native State.

One of the most beautiful and inspiring events that has occurred in this country was the home gathering of Kentucky people in Louisville in June, 1906. Such a gathering perhaps has never been seen in this country. The home people's longing for a return of those who had gone out from the Commonwealth resulted in a plan to bring as many back as possible. It was a plan beautiful in conception and it was worthily carried out. The Governor of the State went through the formality of issuing a proclamation for the children of the old State to come back home for a visit, to renew old acquaintances, and to test the hospitality of their State, to see whether it had degenerated in this time of commercial selfishness. It was a beautiful proclamation, and in the course of it Governor Beckham said:

"Wherever you have wandered, into whatever land or clime you may have gone to take up your abode, you are now, by parental authority, summoned back to the dear old State that gave birth to your fathers. The old dinner-horn, that in days of

yore told you of the approaching meal, has been taken down from the wall, and there issues from its sonorous and hospitable mouth a trumpet call reaching the remotest corners of the earth and breathing into the ear of every home-loving Kentuckian the magical and irresistible appeal that he drop all else and forthwith begin his pilgrimage back to his native heath. A joyous welcome awaits you."

The whole proclamation is beautiful and happy in its expression. The time appointed for the home-coming was from June 13 to June 17, and it is just and proper to say that the suggestion that such a home-coming be held was made by a daughter of Kentucky living in Denver, Colorado, Miss Louise Lee Hardin. The very name suggests Kentucky blood of the purest strain. She was received with the most distinguished honor and was presented with a beautiful gold medal. Rev. Dr. Carter Helm Jones, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church, on behalf of the Commercial Club, made the following address, and presented the medal to Miss Hardin:

"Governor Beckham and Fellow-Kentuckians:

" 'The sun shines bright' in our warm Kentucky hearts. I would like to ask the Kentuckians present what would become of us if we did not have suggestions from our women—not that we are likely to be permanently without them, what to do with them sometimes is the question; and yet how could we live without them? I rejoice that Kentucky has never been an Eveless Eden, but women's eyes have always been the stars for our night; her smiles have always made our radiant mornings; her sacramental touch has divinized our daily toil; and her love has given the meridian glory to our day. Of course, it was a woman's suggestion that we should have this home-

coming. Why not? We men are prone to act upon the cold intellectual impulse of the head, but our women walk to the music of heart throbs, and this great occasion is the answer to the question as to whether sentiment has yielded to the march of crass industrial commercialism. So it was that many months ago a daughter of Kentucky, moved by a heavenly vision, stretched out her fingers until she touched the heart-harp of a thousand strings, and evoked music that was heard around the world. Music that had power to freight itself with light and love and sound—the gleam of the hearth-fire, the fragrance of the old rose and honeysuckle, the song of birds, the prattle of children, the rhythm of running brooks, the breath of summers whispering in the blue-grass. Yes, a music insistent enough to hush the dissonance of all the world's grind and sordid craft and sweet enough to woo envying angels from the very heavenly ramparts. For I believe, if we could see and hear the unseen, for us the all above would pulse with vibrant pinions while

“‘ * * * * Those Angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.’

“And so, in behalf of the great Commercial Club of our imperial city, representing the best city in all this world, I come to decorate you, Miss Hardin. I greet you as one of our sisters worthy to stand among those

“‘The Knightliest of the Knightly race
That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.’

* * * * *

“And now, fair Kentuckian, speech that would like to have been ‘silvern’ has faltered into failure.

Let it, thus, give way to 'golden silence' which shall bear our beautiful and lasting message. May I call you, dropping for the nonce the conventional prefix, Louise Lee Hardin? We shall 'miss' you when you are gone. Louise, linking you with universal womanhood, Lee with immortality of fame, and Hardin with the unique glory of your own Kentucky. Precede us always, Miss Hardin, along your radiant way, and in the sweet bye-and-bye come graciously to meet us and show us the way to the New Kentucky Home—the 'House not made with hands.' "

The home-comers met in the beautiful city of Louisville, and what a revelation it was to many of them to see the improvement of that city! Some had seen it more than fifty years ago when it was merely a quiet little hospitable city. I remember it well as it was in the fifties, and the impression that it made on me at that time is vividly before me now. The first great surprise was the Ohio River, the first river beside the Kentucky that I had ever seen. I remember that it looked greater to me then than the ocean has looked to me since, and I could not understand how people could get over such a vast body of water. And standing there I saw a steamer coming over, and on the side was written *John Shallcross*, which I thought was simply a motto that meant he would sure make the trip, which he did to my joy and surprise. There was really not much to Louisville then, but what there was was good. There was a superior class of people, as hospitable as they were in my old county, Shelby. The old Louisville hotel was my stopping-place, and I have found very few better hotels since. We went there sure of good treatment, and when we married we carried our brides there, and we were treated as Kentuckians

want to be treated. Main Street had then some very good buildings, and I remember we had some old friends in the grocery business named King; and Morton & Griswold published the old almanac, which I would rather have to-day, without a number missing, than the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Kentuckians love good old Louisville and the city was prepared in spirit and ability to take care of the vast crowds that came to the old home gathering. There was scarcely a Kentuckian that wasn't proud of the city. It has beautiful homes, it has metropolitan stores, fine churches, and schools, a population of more than 300,000, ten great railroads; it has medical schools, law schools, and perhaps the best theological seminary in the world. It has splendid river transportation, reaching thirty-three navigable rivers; a waterway to the Gulf of Mexico, \$100,000,000 invested in manufactories, the richest banks in the South, surrounded by the richest known agricultural section; it has as good hotel accommodations as can be found in the country, and, without further enumeration, it has almost everything desirable.

This beautiful city was opened to the home-comers. They were welcomed in every way, by the Governor, the Mayor, and then by the President of the Commercial Club, perhaps one of the most active commercial clubs in the country. Every man and woman who came into Louisville, so far as we know, felt that everything good in the city was open to him or her, the hospitality was unbounded. All classes of Kentuckians were represented in that gathering; the old became young again; and as a solid old soul said, "Nobody in Louisville seemed stuck-up." The greatest men in the nation were there, and there was a joyous feeling of equality manifested by all. It

would take a book to record the names of those who came from all parts of the world to join in this gathering. Every State and Territory in the Union has Kentuckians in it, and there is scarcely a country known to mankind but what you will find Kentuckians in that country. In a measure the great Southwest has been built up principally through Kentucky influence, and whatever was the political or religious sentiment of the people there, they were one people in spirit—they were Kentuckians. There was something almost pathetic in the gathering, many old people making the pilgrimage back to the old home place.

It would be a pleasure to mention by name many of them, people I have known almost all my life; but one that comes to me first was one of the purest and best men I ever knew, Preston H. Leslie. He was eighty-eight years old, and he came all the way from Helena, Montana, to mingle with his old-time friends. He served Kentucky well, having been in the State Senate for eight years, and Governor of the State from 1871 to 1875; he was Governor of Montana, he was United States Attorney for the District of Montana, and during his entire life has always been an earnest Christian. He came back, and in the course of the few remarks that he made, with tears streaming down his face, he said, "I am glad once more to look upon the dear old commonwealth."

Three of Missouri's former governors were there—the able, capable and indomitable David R. Francis, the brilliant William Stone, now United States Senator, and the cultured and handsome Thos. T. Crittenden, perhaps, all things considered, the best-bred Kentuckian, descended from one of the most distinguished families of the Union. Our own Tom L. Johnson, almost holding a life tenure on the

mayoralty of Cleveland, and our Carter Harrison, so long Mayor of Chicago, are numbered, too, among the sons of Kentucky. Among her distinguished sons there are now in Congress five United States Senators, and one, General Bell, is well known as the Chief of Staff of the United States Army. One of Kentucky's most brilliant and distinguished men, Judge Wm. Lindsay, of New York, made one of the finest addresses that was heard during the gathering, and another of her sons, Adlai E. Stevenson, was there almost in the enjoyment of youthful happiness. But it is useless to try to name them all, for her noble sons are found everywhere.

There were many amusing things told at the home-coming. One old man came from Missouri to Kentucky with a wheel-barrow, and made the trip all right, too. One old Kentucky woman, Mrs. Nevin, who left the State fifty-six years ago and went to California, came back in her special car, being a woman of very large means, who, it is said, never has less than \$100,000 in gold in her strong box in her safety vault. When she reached the Ohio River she shouted, "Glory Hallelujah!" with tears of joy running down her cheeks, and nearly every one in the party was affected. When asked about the trip, she said, "I don't like to talk too much, or rather, I am afraid to talk. I was put in jail once for talking too much, and kept there for twelve days for shouting 'Hurrah for Jefferson Davis!' When I reached this old river I could not help crying. I am seventy years old, and looking back I can say I never knew a sorrow in my old Kentucky home."

It is said that there never were so many tears shed on one occasion as were shed when the people assembled in that home-coming. Old memories stirred their hearts, and in conversation they went back to

the old times, and lived over old scenes, and it did them good and made them better people. Old people went back in memory to their homes of childhood; they looked in upon their old cabin where they were born, they saw again the better homes their parents provided for them and in which those parents died; they wandered in the grand old forests; they went to the little streams where they caught their first fish and where they learned to swim; they went gathering nuts and papaws in the woods, into the old orchards to visit the favorite apple tree; they remembered the names of the horses, cows and dogs; they went to the graveyards where their dead were buried, to the old church where they first heard sacred song and prayer, to the little log schoolhouse where they learned their letters; they remembered their first sweethearts, and then the lonely, lonely years when they went out from their old Kentucky home to make their way in the world. They remembered everything—everything. Oh, those thousand sacred memories that come crowding into the heart, how much they have to do with our lives as we daily toil along, helping to build up the kind of country that Kentuckians are taught to love!

Wednesday, June 13th, was reception and welcome day. The address of welcome by Honorable Henry Watterson is a gem of beauty and ought to be preserved. In order to do this I gladly give it a place in this book, and do so with his full approbation. In closing a recent letter to me, Mr. Watterson said, "I acknowledge your very kind letter and thank you for it. I shall be very greatly honored if you see fit to use anything of mine which you can lay hands upon." The *Courier-Journal* has furnished me full copies of the entire proceedings and given me authority to use anything I desire. And the time will surely

come when Kentuckians, in justice to themselves, will see that the whole proceedings of the home-coming and all the addresses, with many of the most prominent names, shall be put where they will be preserved in the archives of the State.

I give the address of Mr. Watterson in full.

“ ‘Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian.’ From the cradle to the grave, the arms of the mother-land, stretched forth in mother-love—the bosom of the mother-land, immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection, warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice of the mother-land, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of Heavenly music—summon the errant to the roof-tree’s shade and bid the wanderer home. What wanderer yet was ever loath to come? Whether upon the heights of fortune and fame, or down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair, the true Kentuckian, seeing the shining eyes and hearing the mother call, sends back the answering refrain—

“ ‘Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee.’

“Kentucky! Old Kentucky! The very name has had a charm, has wrought a spell, has made a melody all of its own; has woven on its sylvan loom a glory quite apart from the glory of Virginia, Kentucky’s mother, and the glory of Tennessee, Kentucky’s sister. It has bloomed in all hearts where manhood and womanhood hold the right of way. The drama of the ages, told in pulse-beats, finds here an interlude which Fiction vainly emulates and History may not o’erleap. Not as the Greek, seeking Promethian fire and oracles of Delphos, nor as the Roman filled with the joy of living and the lust of conquest; not as the Viking, springing to the call of wind and wave, nor

as the Latin, dazzled by the glitter of gold, mad with the thirst for glory; neither as the Britain and the Teuton, eager for mastership on land and sea, the Kentuckian, whom we, in filial homage, salute progenitor. He was as none of these. Big in bone and strong of voice—the full-grown man prefigured by the psalmist—never the ocean mirrored his fancies, nor the snow-clad peaks that reach the skies inspired; but the mystery of strange lands, the savagery of Nature and the song of the greenwood tree.

“The star that shone above him and led him on was love of liberty, the beacon of his dreams, the light of the fireside. He cut a clearing in the wildwood and called it ‘home.’ He read not romance, he made it; nor poetry, he lived it; his the forest epic, the Illiad of the canebrake, the Odyssey of the frontier, the unconscious prose-poem of the rifle and the camp, the blockhouse and the plow, the Holy Bible and the old field school.

“Happy the man who has sat in childhood upon a well-loved grandsire’s knee, awed by the telling of the wondrous tale; how even as the Dardanae followed Aeneas, the Virginians followed Boone; the route from Troy to Tiber not wearier, nor flanked by greater hazard, than that betwixt the shores of the Chesapeake and the Falls of the Ohio; the mountains standing, gorgon-like, across the pathless way, as if, defending each defile, to hold inviolate some-dread, forbidden secret; the weird wastes of wilderness beyond; the fordless stream; the yawning chasm; the gleam of the tomahawk and the hiss of the serpent; yet ever onward, spite of the haunting voice of the elements, stripped for the death-struggle with man, spite of the silence and the solitude of reluctant Nature, like some fawn-eyed maiden, resisting his rude intrusion; ever onward; before him the

promised land of the hunter's vision; in his soul the grace of God, the fear of hell and the love of Virginia!

"God bless Virginia! Heaven smile upon her as she prepares to celebrate with fitting rite three centuries of majestic achievement, the star-crown upon her brow, the distaff in her hand, nor spot, nor blur to dim the radiance of her shield!

"They came, the Virginians, in their home-spun in quest of homes; their warrant their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that 'it needs a hundred men to make a fortress, but only a woman can make a home'—for they were quick to go back for their women; their wives and their sweethearts; our grandmothers, who stood by their side beautiful and dauntless, to load their fowling-pieces, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on to battle, singing their simple requiem over the dead at Boonesborough and bringing water from the spring at Bryan's Station, heart-broken only when the news came back from the River Rasin.

"I am here to welcome you in the name of all the people of this lovely city, in the name of all the people of this renowned commonwealth, to welcome you as kith and kin, but you will not expect me, I am sure, to add thereto more than the merest outline of the history of Kentucky as it is known to each and every one of you, from the time when the pathfinders, under the lead of Harrod and Henderson, of Boone and Kenton, blazed their way through the forest, and the heroes led by Logan and Shelby, by Scott and Clark, rescued the land from the savage, to the hour which smiles upon us here this day; a history resplendent with illustrious names and deeds; separating itself into three great epochs and many episodes and ad-

ventures in woodcraft and warcraft and statecraft: the period of the Clays, the Breckinridges and the Crittendens, with its sublime struggle to preserve the Union of the States as it had come down to them from the Revolution, with always the Marshalls and the Wickliffes, the Boyles and the Rowans, the Johnsons and the Browns, the Adairs, the Deshas, and the McDowells, somewhere at the fore—"Old Ben Hardin" having a niche all to himself—none of them greater than he; the period of the war of sections, when even the Clays, the Crittendens, and the Breckinridges were divided, when for a season the skies were hung in sable and all was dark as night, the very sacrifices that had gone before seeming to have been made in vain, the 'dark and bloody ground' of barbaric fancy come into actual being through the passions and mistakes of Christian men; and, finally, the period after the war of sections, when the precept 'once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian,' was met by the answering voice, 'blood is thicker than water,' and the Goodloes, the Ballards, and the Speeds, the Harlans, the Frys, and the Murrays, clasped their hands across the breach and made short shrift of the work of Reconstruction with the Buckners, the Prestons, and the Dukes. Thus is it that here at least the perplexed grandchild cannot distinguish between the grizzled grandfather who wore the blue and the grizzled grandfather who wore the gray.

"Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the North and Jefferson Davis to the South, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflict—in point of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger per centum of the population than has ever been furnished in time of war by any modern State—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud,

was first to know the battle was ended and to draw together in reunited brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend the knee, for the fatal volley, who uttered the key-note of his race, 'A Kentuckian always faces his enemy and kneels only to his God.' It was another Kentuckian, the gallant Holman, who, undaunted by the dread decimation, the cruel death-by-lot, having drawn a white bean for himself, brushed his friend aside and drew another in his stead. Ah, yes; we have our humors along with our heroics, and laugh anon at ourselves, and our mischaps and our jokes; but we are nowise a bloody-minded people; the rather a sentimental, hospitable, kindly people, caring perhaps too much for the picturesque and too little for consequences. Though our jests be sometimes rough, they are robust and clean. We are a provincial people and we rejoice in our provincialism. We have always piqued ourselves upon doing our love-making and our law-making, as we do our plowing, in a straight furrow; and yet it is true that Kentucky never encountered darker days than came upon us when the worst that can befall a commonwealth seemed passed and gone. The stubborn war between the Old Court party and the New Court party was bitter enough; but it was not so implacable as the strife which strangely began with the discussion of an honest difference of opinion touching a purely economic question, of National, not State, policy. Can there be one living Kentuckian who does not look back with horror and amazement upon the passions and incidents of those evil days?

"General Grant once said to me, 'You Kentuckians

are a clannish set. Whilst I was in the White House, if a Kentuckian happened to get in harm's way, or wanted an office, the Kentucky contingent began to pour in; in case he was a Republican, the Democrats said he was a perfect gentleman, in case a Democrat, the Republicans said the same thing; can it be that you are all perfect gentlemen?' With unblushing candor I told him that we were, that we fought our battles, as we washed our linen, at home; but that outside, when trouble came, it was Kentucky against the universe. Mr. Tilden said of a lad in the blue-grass country who had fallen from a second-story window upon a stone paving without a hurt and had run away to his play, that it furnished conclusive proof that 'he was destined for a great career in Kentucky politics.' Let me frankly confess that, peace-maker though I am, and at once the most amiable and placable of men, there have been times when I, even I, half wanted to go down to the cross-roads 'and swear at the court.' That was when things did not swing to suit me. That was when the majority appeared to think they knew more than I did. We grow so used to blessings that we heed them not and look beyond. Yet, when trouble or danger assails us, or humiliation, or sorrow—or, when leagues, oceans, continents lie between ourselves and the vanished land from whose sacred lintels ambition has lured us, or duty torn—and the familiar scenes rise up before us—how small these frictions seem, how small they are, and how they perish from us!

"I have stood upon the margin of a distant sea and watched the ships go by, envious that their prows were westward bent. I have marked the glad waves dancing to the setting sun, heartsick with thoughts of home. And thus wistful, yearning, ready to take my dearest enemy by the hand and forgive him, yea,

to sop gravy with him out of the selfsame dish, these words of the vagabond poet, whose sins the Recording Angel long ago blotted out of his book, have come to me and sung to me and cheered me even as a mother's lullaby:

“In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these rural scenes to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Among the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last.’

“Home! There may be words as sweet, words as tender, words more resonant and high, but, within our language round, is there one word so all-embracing as that simple word ‘home’? Home, ‘be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home,’—the old Kentucky home; the home of your fathers, and of mine; of innocent childhood, of happy boyhood, of budding manhood; when all the world seemed bright and fair, and hearts were full and strong; when life was a fairy-tale, and the wind, as it breathed upon the honeysuckle about the door, whispered naught but of love and fame; and glory strode the sunbeams; and there was no such music as the low of cattle, the whir of the spinning-wheel, the call of the dinner-horn, and the creaking of the barnyard gate. Home—

“Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So take the fond heart
From its home by the hearth,
’Twill sing of the loved ones
To the ends of the earth.’

"For it's 'home, home, home,' sighs the exile on the beach, and it's 'home, home, home,' cries the hunter from the hills and the hero from the wars—

"'Hame to my ain countree,'

always home, whether it be tears or trophies we bring; whether we come with laurels crowned, or bent with anguish and sorrow and failure, having none other shelter in the wide, wide world beside, the prodigal along with the victor—often in his dreams, yet always in his hope—turns him home!

"You, too, friends and brothers—Kentuckians each and every one—you, too, home again; this your castle, Kentucky's flag, not wholly hid beneath the folds of the Nation's, above it; this your cottage, Kentucky-like, the latchstring upon the outer side; but, whether castle or cottage, an altar and a shrine for faithful hearts and hallowed memories. Be sure from yonder skies they look down upon us this day; the immortal ones who built this Commonwealth, and left it consecrate, a rich inheritance and high responsibility to you and me; who, like the father of Daniel Webster, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve their country and raise their children to a condition better than their own. In God's name, and in Kentucky's name, I bid you something more than welcome; I bid you know and feel, and carry yourselves, as if you knew and felt that you are no longer dreaming that this is actually God's country, your native soil, that, standing knee-deep in blue-grass, you stand full-length in all our homes and all our hearts."

Thursday, June 14, was Stephen Collins Foster day, in honor of a man whom Kentuckians loved and honored. A monument was unveiled to his memory,

amid one of the most inspiring and solemn scenes, and when the monument was unveiled the audience broke forth singing "My Old Kentucky Home," Foster's great song. It is a song that has gone around the world; you hear it in Paris, in Berlin, and in South America, and in foreign lands it is one of the most familiar of American songs. It is one of the ties that binds the sentiment of the Old World with the New; it brings up most hallowed scenes and thoughts of dear ones that never will be seen again. Why should not Kentuckians love it? While "My Old Kentucky Home" appeals especially to Kentuckians, it is a song for all America. Foster was endowed with peculiarly tender gifts; he could touch chords that it seemed no other man could touch. Among some of his songs are "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Nellie was a Lady," "Old Uncle Ned," "Willie, We Have Missed You," and "Old Folks at Home"—

"Way down upon de Suwanee river,
Far, far away,
Dat's where dis daky's heart am ever,
Dat's whar de old folks stay."

The *Courier-Journal* says, "Foster was not only the greatest song-writer America has produced, but one of the greatest the world has ever known."

The Honorable Mr. Stevenson made an eloquent address, which I give in full. Mr. Stevenson said:

"Fellow-citizens:

"Fifty years and more ago I became a resident of the magnificent State stretching northward from the Ohio to the Wisconsin line and to the great inland sea. A Kentuckian born, I have kept the faith, and at your invitation return to bear some humble part in the ceremonies of this hour. The announcement

that Kentucky had set apart a 'Home-coming Week,' that the latchstring was out and a glad welcome awaiting touched the hearts of all the sons and daughters of the grand old commonwealth.

"'Once in grace—always in grace.'

'Once a Kentuckian—always a Kentuckian.' For wherever on this green earth the footsteps of her children may have wandered—all roads, at some time, lead back to the old home; to the hearthstone around which cling the tender memories of childhood; to the little mounds where sleep the ashes of ancestral dead.

"The earnest desire to meet and mingle again with those whose ancestors, with ours, endured the hardships and dangers of frontier life—whose fortitude and wisdom made sure and steadfast the foundations of a splendid State—has been realized, and from beyond the Mississippi and the Ohio, at your cordial bidding, we are to-day in our ancestral home.

"The home-coming to which you have invited us is without a parallel. The kindly words that have been spoken, the cordial grasp of the hand, the hospitality extended, all give assurance in the largest measure that we are welcome.

"No place so fitting for this home-coming could have been selected as this splendid city. We rejoice with you in its prosperity; we share with you its glory. Grandly situated upon the banks of the beautiful river 'whose waters flow unvexed to the gulf,' itself the mart of a mighty commerce; its railroads holding it in sure touch with the remotest parts of the continent, the home of a people that knows no superior in all that constitutes the loftiest civilization—truly, all that our eyes behold this day is but the

earnest of the grander day yet to dawn upon this magnificent city.

"The hours are waning, and the unparalleled occasion that convened this vast assemblage will soon pass into history; but henceforth, for aye, Louisville—the emporium of our noble commonwealth—will live in our memories with the home-coming of Kentuckians, with that welcome that springs only from the heart, with a hospitality that knew no bounds, with the renewal of friendships that neither distance nor time could dissolve.

"It has been said that no one can ever get away from his ancestors. It is equally true that he can never get wholly away from the old home. To her sons, Kentucky skies were ever the brightest, her daughters the fairest, her orators the most eloquent.

"Illinois has not been unmindful of her obligation to her sister State to the southward—separated by the Ohio, but united by ancestral ties, and the memories of common dangers. More than seventy years ago, while there yet survived within her borders heroes of the Thames, of Tippecanoe, and of 'the melancholy Raisin,' Illinois honored herself by giving to a splendid county the name of 'Jo Daviess' in enduring commemoration of her gratitude to the profound lawyer, peerless orator and warrior as knightly as ever Kentucky sent forth to meet death upon the field of battle.

"The occasion is fitting to mention an event of the deepest consequence to what was then known as 'the Illinois Country.' It was indeed an event of profound significance, and one which hastened the gathering forces which were soon to wrest from the British crown no small part of the splendid domain won from France by Wolfe's brilliant victory at Quebec.

“ ‘THE HEROIC CLARK’ ”

“While the Revolutionary war was still in progress—and its glorious ending as yet but dimly foreshadowed—Gen. George Rogers Clark planned an expedition, whose successful termination has given his name to the list of great conquerors—one declared by John Randolph worthy of mention with the campaigns of Hannibal in Italy. Bearing the commission of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, with two hundred daring followers—gathered from Harrod’s Station, the Valley of the Elkhorn, the Falls of the Ohio and other sparsely populated settlements in Kentucky—the heroic Clark crossed the Ohio and began his perilous march. After enduring hardships, the recital of which, even now, makes the heart sick, the undaunted leader and his little band reached the colonial capital—Kaskaskia—upon the banks of the upper Mississippi. The British commander and his garrison were surprised and quickly captured. The British flag was lowered and ‘the Illinois Country’ taken possession of in the name of the commonwealth whose Governor had authorized the expedition. Thus, by the far-seeing statesmanship and heroism of Clark and the endurance and courage of his little band of Kentucky riflemen—heroes all as ‘knightly as ever fought beneath a plume’—the symbol of British authority disappeared forever from the domain of Illinois, to be succeeded in the then near future by the ever-inspiring symbol of an ‘indissoluble Union of indestructible States.’ A splendid county in Illinois will hand down to future ages the illustrious name of Clark, while the record of his glorious achievements—and that of his equally heroic comrades—are among our enduring historic treasures.

“In the beautiful cemetery near the capital city

of this commonwealth—where sleep so many of her illustrious dead—stands a monument unique and imposing, erected by a grateful people to the heroes who fell upon the bloody field of Buena Vista. Inscribed upon that monument with the names of McKee and of Clay is that of an illustrious Illinoisan—a Kentuckian by birth—the peerless soldier, John J. Hardin. It was of these and their comrades, in death as in life, your own poet wrote the inspiring lines inscribed to-day upon a hundred monuments:

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread.”

“With such memories as a heritage, is it strange that your call has been obeyed, and that so many Illinoisans are your guests at this wondrous home-coming?

“And, my fellow-citizens, what a glorious history—how inspiring to its youth—that of this grand old State! There are those yet living whose good fortune it was to have known its ‘builders’—the men who set up its public defences; the men under whose auspices Kentucky became a State in the Federal Union—and little more than a century ago entered upon its marvelous career. Out of the stirring incidents here occurring might be garnered the very warp and woof of the romances of history. The annals of the old commonwealth teem with incidents of perilous adventure—are resplendent with deeds of noble self-sacrifice. Upon braver men, nobler and more devoted women than those by whose toil and sacrifice was laid deep and enduring the foundations of this commonwealth—the sun in all his course has nowhere looked down. The story of frontier life, its hardships, privations, and dangers, can never lose its pathetic interest. How the old home near the

seaboard was abandoned for a habitation in the wilderness; how the log cabin gave shelter from the winter's storm, while the rifle of the pioneer protected his loved ones from wild beast and yet wilder men. How in time—with the advancing tide of civilization—the red man burned his last wigwam and sadly turned his footsteps toward the setting sun. How magnificent cities have sprung into being, and become the marts of busy trade. How, as if by the wand of magic, the vast forests have been transformed into splendid farms—the comfortable homes of civilized men. And all this during a period extending little beyond that of a single human life. And how Kentucky—where but a handful of the boldest frontiersmen were struggling for mastery with savage foe at the time of the formation of the Federal Government—now in these early years of the twentieth century contains a population two-thirds that of our entire country when Washington was inaugurated President.

“More than all this, we glory in the fact that in the struggle for wealth and power, the claims of education, of religion, of charity have not been forgotten. Your schoolhouses, universities, churches asylums—institutions for the care and relief of the poor and the unfortunate—all bear witness to the glad fact, that the humane efforts of this people have kept even pace with material advancement and prosperity.

“As one standing, alas, ‘upon the western slope,’ let me adjure the young men of Kentucky to study thoroughly the history of their native State. It was the first after the original thirteen to effect State organization, and the second to secure admission into the Federal Union. Its pathway from the beginning has been luminous with heroic achievements. In all

that constitutes true grandeur in a people, Kentucky knows no superior among the great sisterhood of States. Let me say to you, young men of my native State, it is high privilege and high honor to be a citizen of this great republic. It is, in very truth, a government of the people, in an important sense a government standing separate and apart; its foundations the morality, the intelligence, the patriotism of the people. Never forget that citizenship in such a government carries with it high responsibility that is personal, one that you cannot evade. Study thoroughly the history of your country, how our liberties were achieved, and the benefits of stable government secured by the great compact which for more than a century—in peace and during the storm and stress of war—has held States and people in indissoluble union. And how during the great civil conflict—the most stupendous the world has ever known—human liberty through baptism of blood attained a new and grander meaning, and the Union established by our fathers was made, as we humbly trust in God, enduring for all time.

“MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF ALL SONS

“My fellow-citizens, I am honored by the invitation to speak on this, ‘the Greatest Kentucky Day,’ of the most illustrious of all the sons of this old commonwealth. Of one, a Kentuckian by birth, by adoption an Illinoisan, and at all times—in its grandest conception—an American.

“And yet, when I would speak of Abraham Lincoln, I am reminded of the embarrassment of the French orator, Bousset, when he pronounced his matchless eulogy upon the Prince of Conde. Said he, ‘When I open my lips to celebrate the immortal glory

of the Prince of Conde I find myself equally overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task. What part of the habitable globe has not heard of the wonders of his life? Everywhere they are rehearsed. His own countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger.' Of Lincoln, no words can be uttered, nor withheld, that could add to or detract from his imperishable fame. His name is the common heritage of all the people and all time.

"He was born in the same year that witnessed the retirement of Jefferson and the inauguration of Madison as President. He came from the common walks of life—from what in other countries would be called the great middle class. His early home was one of the humblest, where he was a stranger to the luxuries of life. His opportunities for education were only such as were common in the remote habitations of our western country near one century ago. In the words of my neighbor and friend, Philips, one of the most eloquent of his eulogists, 'He lived with nature and learned of her. He toiled, but his toil was never hopeless and degrading. His feet were upon the earth, but the stars shining in perennial beauty were ever above him to inspire contemplation. He heard the song of the thrush and the carol of the lark. He watched the sun in its course. He knew the dim paths of the forest, and his soul was awed by the power of the storm.'

"Under such conditions began a career that in grandeur and achievement has but a single counterpart in our history. And what a splendid commentary this upon our free institutions—upon the sublime underlying principle of popular government! How inspiring to the youth of noble aims every incident of a pathway that led from the frontier cabin

to the chief executive mansion, from the humblest station to the most exalted yet attained by man.

"In no other country than ours could such attainment have been possible for the boys whose hands were inured to toil, whose bread was eaten under the hard conditions that poverty imposes; whose only heritage was brain, integrity, lofty ambition, and indomitable purpose. Let it never be forgotten, that the man of whom I speak possessed an integrity that could know no temptation, a purity of life that was never questioned, a patriotism that no sectional lines could limit, and a fixedness of purpose in great achievement that knew no shadow of turning.

"The decade extending from our first treaty of peace with Great Britain to the inauguration of Washington has been truly denominated the critical period of our history. The eloquence of Adams and of Henry had precipitated revolution. The unfaltering courage of Washington and his comrades had secured independence, but the more difficult task of government was yet to be achieved. The hour for the constructive statesman had arrived, and James Madison and his associates—equal to the great emergency—formulated the Federal Constitution.

"No less critical was the period that bounded the active life of the man whose memory we honor today. One perilous question to national unity for near three-quarters of a century, the subject of repeated compromise by patriotic statesmen; the apple of discord producing sectional antagonism, whose shadow had darkened our national highway from the beginning—was now, for weal or woe, to find determination. Angry debate in the Senate and the forum was now hushed, and the supreme question that took hold of national life was to find enduring arbitrament in the dread tribunal of last resort.

"It was well known that in such an hour—with such tremendous issues in the balance—that a steady hand was at the helm; that a conservative statesman—one whose mission was to save, not to destroy—was in the high place of responsibility and of power. It booted little then that he was untaught of schools, unskilled in the ways of courts, but was of supreme moment that he could touch responsive chords in the great American heart. All important that his very soul yearned for the preservation of the government established through the toil and sacrifice of the generation that had gone. How hopeless the republic in that half hour, had its destiny hung upon the statecraft of Talleyrand, the eloquence of Mirabeau or the genius of Napoleon.

"THE PLAIN BRAVE MAN

"Fortunate, indeed, that the ark of our covenant was then borne by the plain, brave man of conciliatory spirit, of kind words and whose heart—as Emerson has said—'was as large as the world, but nowhere had room for the memory of a wrong.'

"Nobler words have never fallen from human lips than the closing sentences of his first inaugural, uttered in one of the pivotal days of human history—immediately upon taking the oath to 'preserve, protect and defend' his country, 'I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot's grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.'

"In the light of what we now know so well, nothing is hazarded in saying that the death of no man has been to his country so irreparable a loss—one so grievous to be borne—as that of Abraham Lincoln. When Washington died, his work was done, his life well rounded out—save one, the years allotted had been passed. Not so with Lincoln. To him a grander task was yet in waiting—one no other could so well perform. The assassin's pistol proved the veritable Pandora's box from which sprung evils untold—whose consequences have never been measured—to one-third of the States of our Union. But for his untimely death how the current of history of this, our Southland, would have been changed—and many a sad chapter remained unwritten—is no mere matter of speculation. How earnestly he desired a restored Union, and that the blessings of peace and of concord should be the common heritage of every section is known to all.

"When in the loom of time have such words been heard above the din of fierce conflict as his sublime utterances, but a brief time before his tragic death: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have born the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

"My fellow-citizens, the men who knew Abraham Lincoln, who saw him face to face, have, with few exceptions, passed the grave. Another generation is upon the busy stage. The book has forever closed upon the dread pageant of civil strife. Sectional animosities, thank God, belong now only to the past.

The mantle of peace is over our entire land and prosperity within our borders.

“The war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.’

“Through the instrumentality—in no small measure—of the man born upon your soil, the government established by our fathers, ‘untouched by the finger of time,’ has descended to us. The responsibility of its preservation and transmission rests upon the successive generations as they come and go. To-day, at this auspicious hour—sacred to the memory of Lincoln—let us, his countrymen, inspired by the sublime lessons of his wondrous life and grateful to God for all He has vouchsafed to our fathers and to us in the past, take courage and turn our faces resolutely, hopefully, trustingly to the future.

“I know of no words more fitting with which to close this humble tribute to the memory of Lincoln than those inscribed upon the monument of Moliere, ‘Nothing was wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours.’”

June 16th was Daniel Boone’s day, and a statue to the memory of the immortal hero was unveiled. And though Colonel Breckinridge Castleman and the incomparable Colonel Durrett made admirable addresses, they seemed to feel that it was impossible to do justice to the memory of the great old hero who opened up beautiful Kentucky to the people beyond the mountains. For purposes that a wise Providence seemed to have set apart this hero, he seemed to want no characteristic for success; he was in every power a perfect man for the task set before him. By instinct he seemed to know the way through the forests and he understood Indian character and

intrigue. Perhaps Kentucky, and indeed the whole Northwest, does not owe an equal measure of gratitude to any other man. It is one of the sad things that a man of such wonderful endurance, skill, and fortitude in carrying out his task was not appreciated during his lifetime, nor for a long time after. He was almost crowded out of his beloved Kentucky by land-sharks and selfish men who came in after the danger was over. He wandered off to Missouri, where he spent the declining years of his life; but it is pleasant to know that his blood flows through the veins of some of the best people living in this State. I have recently gone through a section of the State where Boone lived and died, and it seemed that I could almost feel the spirit of the grand old hero as I looked over the land where he lived, hunted, and died.

But Daniel Boone needs no encomium; words cannot portray his life and character. He stands out as one man alone; almost as marked as Columbus, the discoverer of this country. The exercises around his monument were of the most tender character. There were many of his descendants there who wept with pride over the deeds of their ancestor. Old Kentuckians, gathered there from all parts of the country, stood around and cried like children; and the younger generation had such impressions made upon them that they will always revere Daniel Boone and teach their children to honor him.

Whatever may be wanting in Kentuckians and however fierce they may be in battle or however daring in danger, they have a very strong religious instinct and respect for Christianity. When all the days appointed for the regular gathering passed over, multitudes lingered in the city to spend the Sabbath, and the home-coming week was fittingly closed on

Sunday night by religious services held in the armory and attended by 8,000 people. Most of the city churches were supplied by eminent visiting ministers; and no day, perhaps, was more enjoyed than that Sunday. The motto of the last meeting was, "Till We Meet Again," and the old song was sung so that their very souls were stirred. "Their hearts filled to the breaking point by the touching and impressive words spoken by earnest and eloquent men. While almost stricken at the thought of parting, but uplifted, thrilled, and inspired by the marked solemnity and deeply religious character of the occasion, 8,000 home-comers and their Kentucky friends streamed slowly through the great doors of the armory, with the words of the sacred song still on their lips. When the throng reached the street they still sang, and for five minutes after the great farewell meeting had heard the benediction pronounced the deeply appealing old song flowed out on the night air." The last meeting was the culmination of a remarkable week, and it is delightful to know that the pilgrims from thousands of shrines in other homes and other States brought their religion and fear of God with them. Grand old body of noble men and women! May the tender mercies of a loving God keep you and yours, and when the great Home Gathering comes may we all meet again to enjoy eternal fellowship!

May 1907

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