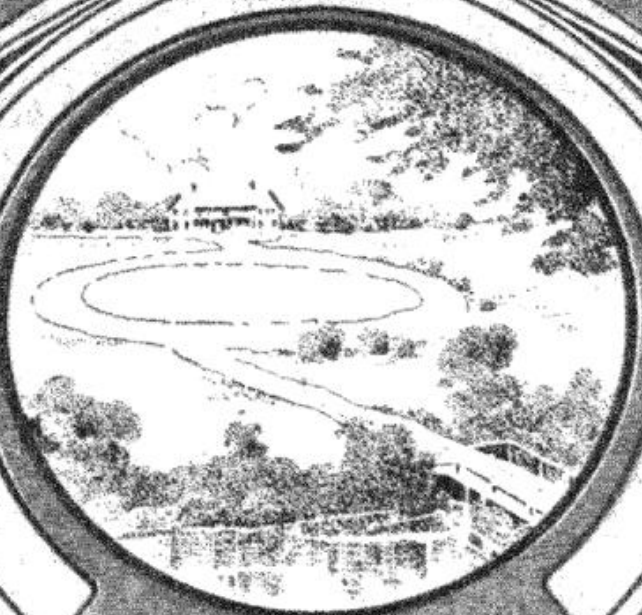
KENTUCKY
THE BEAUTIFUL



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KENTUCKY THE BEAUTIFUL

By

R. E. HUGHES

and

C. C. OUSLEY

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TRAPPIST MONKS AND THEIR PECULIAR AND INTERESTING MONASTERY AT GETHSEMANE.

ORTY-EIGHT miles out from Louisville—a pleasant run over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad—is Gethsemane station, the "getting-off place" for visitors to the home of the most remarkable monastic community in the world, Gethsemane Abbey. The abbatial buildings, colleges, schools, mills, shrines and the abbey itself, cluster in as beautiful a bit of landscape as can be found the length and breadth of the commonwealth. Here is the home of one of the two orders of Trappist Monks on this side the Atlantic. The other is near Dubuque, Iowa.

Before penetrating the supposed mysteries that surround this community, however, the tourist should go prepared with a bit of history. The romantic, imaginary and the unreal have been allowed such freedom in dealing with this unique order that it is a positive relief to turn to authoritative sources and review the true history. The Abbey of Notre Dame de la Maison de la Trappe was founded about 1140 A. D., by Botron, Count of Perche, at Soligny la Trappe, department of Orne, Normandy. It was a reform of the Benedictine Order of the fifth century and to-day the Trappists follow the rule of St. Benedict in its primitive rigor. The monastery's name grew from its location in a vale near Soligny called "The Trap," because there was a single entrance through the rugged hills that enclosed the gorge.

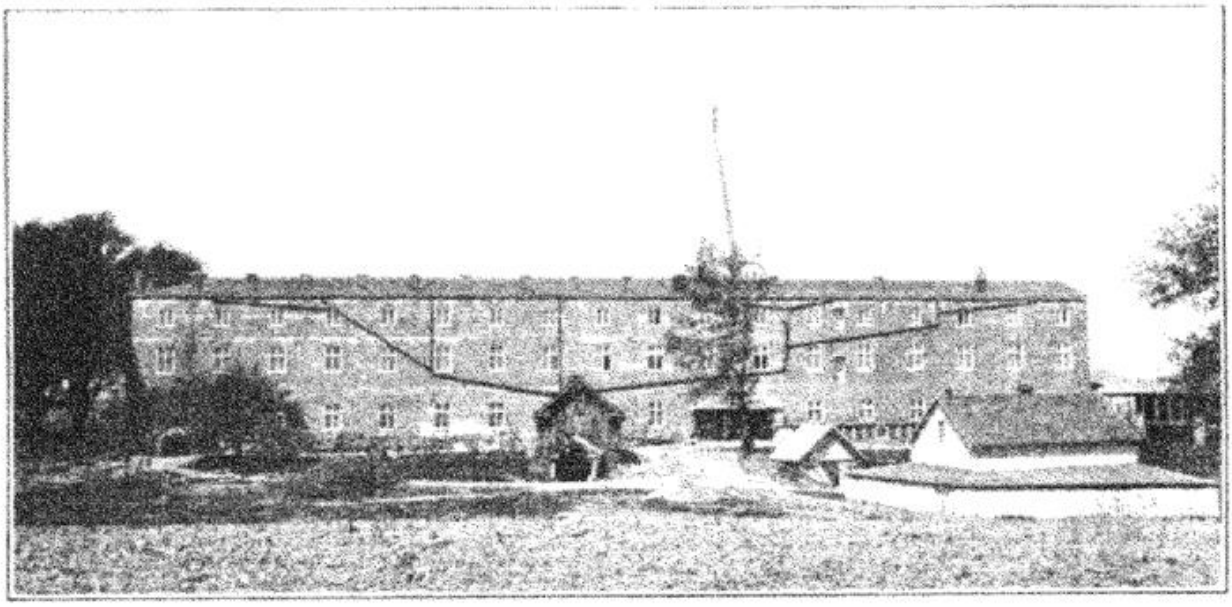
Brief history of famous Order

A few years later the abbey became a dependency of the

Cistercian Order. Time wrought destructive changes and the rigor of the ancient order relaxed. The wars between France and England also exercised a deleterious influence on La Trappe and many times was the abbey pillaged.

A reformer came in Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rance, a wealthy Norman nobleman of Paris, who, after a wild and reckless youth, entered the monastery. The ancient discipline

Abbey of Gethsemane, the only Trappist Monastery in the United States.



was not only restored by him but its austerity was increased. De Rance from the time of his entry into the order in 1662 became as devout as he had previously been dissipated. He it was who introduced among the monks the vows of silence and obedience and he instituted the custom observed until a few brief years ago of the Trappists greeting each other with the salutation, "*Memento Mortis*" (remember death).

Arrival of the French Monks

The stormy political history of France played with varying effects on the Trappist Order, but it was the revolutionary year of 1848 that resulted in the marching out from the gates of St. Melleray,

near Nantes, of a solemn company of silent men bound for a new home on the Western Continent. The party embarked at Havre. One Trappist died and was buried at sea during the stormy voyage of thirty-two days to New Orleans. The monks ascended the Mississippi and Ohio and landed at Portland, now a part of Louisville. With a cross in the lead, they marched on foot to their future monastery, then a wooden structure that had formerly been occupied as an academy by the Sisters of Loretto. They arrived at Gethsemane December 20, 1848.

The stillness and peacefulness that pervade the monastery seem to spread to the surrounding atmosphere and impress the visitor on his approach. The great three-story brick building, the abbey, with its surrounding stone wall, rises above the trees and the reflected rays of the sun come streaming from the great golden cross. Perchance on approach late in the day one may hear the music of the vesper bells. From the abbey gates to the porter's lodge an avenue 500 feet long leads through four rows of magnificent English elms.

On the way from the porter's lodge to the monastery proper the visitor is led through a beautiful garden, in the center of which is a statue of the Virgin Mary, mounted on a rustic hillock, and on the frame-work surrounding the wooden benches that line the divided path is the inscription in Latin, "Hail Sweet Virgin Mary."

Twenty-four rooms in the monastery are set aside for guests. Each room is named after a saint. Often, indeed much of the time, this side of the monastery is full of visitors who come for a week or so of quiet retreat. Hospitality is enjoined and the plain but bounteous fare is served in a neat dining-room that is marked by that cleanliness characteristic of every nook and corner of Gethsemane.

The refectory, or monks' dining-hall, is located on the south side of the abbey. Trappists eat only that they may live. Long wooden tables are lined by benches on which the somber cowled men sit and eat their frugal meal once a day. A tin plate, tin cup and wooden spoon are allotted each monk. The Trappists eat no meat. In a room adjoining the dining-hall is a confessional for the brethren, above which is suspended the wooden cross that was brought from France in 1848.

Above these rooms is the dormitory. This is a long room partitioned into cells, in each of which is a bunk of boards covered with a straw pallet. A woolen coverlet protects from the rigors of cold. The poor monk stretches his weary body on this hard bed without the luxury of disrobing.

Near at hand to the dormitory and dining-hall building are the church, an imposing cruciform edifice 210 feet in length, the infirmary, the apothecary and the library, the latter stocked with hundreds of rare old volumes in Latin, Spanish, French and English. Newspapers and worldly books are never read, save on rare occasions by the Superior or by his orders.

Grave ever open for a tenant

Opening from a side door of the abbey comes the graveyard and recreation grounds, the most lugubrious place imaginable and one of the intensely interesting features of Gethsemane. Over eighty mounds coated with ivy mark the resting places of the departed Trappists. Rude crosses in wood stood at the heads of these mounds until recent years when more enduring crosses of iron have been substituted, though in several instances the old wooden crosses are yet to be seen. Beside the grave of the monk who departed last is a grave begun but not finished. When the next monk dies this grave will be excavated and after the burial another will be started, destined for the next holy man called hence. When a burial

takes place a brother monk descends into the grave and in his arms receives the body of the Trappist. The virgin soil is tenderly placed upon the cowl. No coffin ever encloses the body.

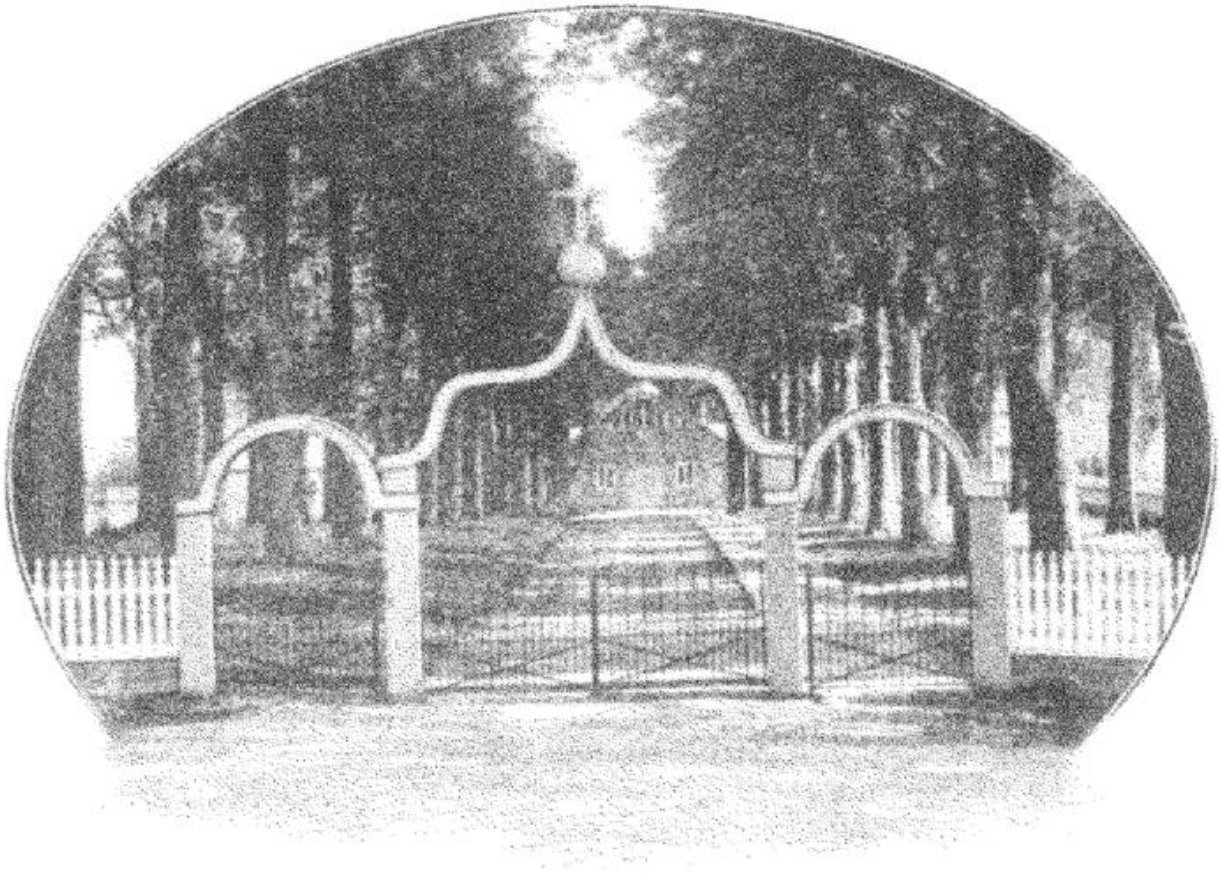
Generally speaking, ladies are never admitted to the monastery. Exceptions to the rule are made in two instances, in favor of the wife of the Governor of Kentucky and the wife of the President of the United States. And even these "first ladies" are denied the privilege of setting foot on certain more sacred and secluded portions of the place. And still another noteworthy exception to the rule has at some time occurred, for in the grewsome cemetery where the wooden and iron crosses mark row after row of the monks who have returned to dust there is a modest marble tombstone marking the last sleeping place of a woman. In the public burying ground that

Gethsemane—Burial Ground of the Monks.

may be easily reached during a visit to Gethsemane will be found the grave of a sister of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy.

The day of the Trappist ordinarily begins at 2.00 a. m. In winter the monks retire at seven and in summer at eight

Gethsemane—English Elm Avenue.



o'clock. An hour at midday is allowed for a nap in the latter season. From the hour of rising to that of retiring the time is spent in devotion and manual labor, with a brief respite for reading and rest and the simple meal that sustains the peculiar existence of the Trappists.

Gethsemane—Statue of Virgin Mary.

KENTUCKY THE BEAUTIFUL

THE SPOT THAT GAVE THE INSPIRATION TO STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER FOR HIS SONG "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

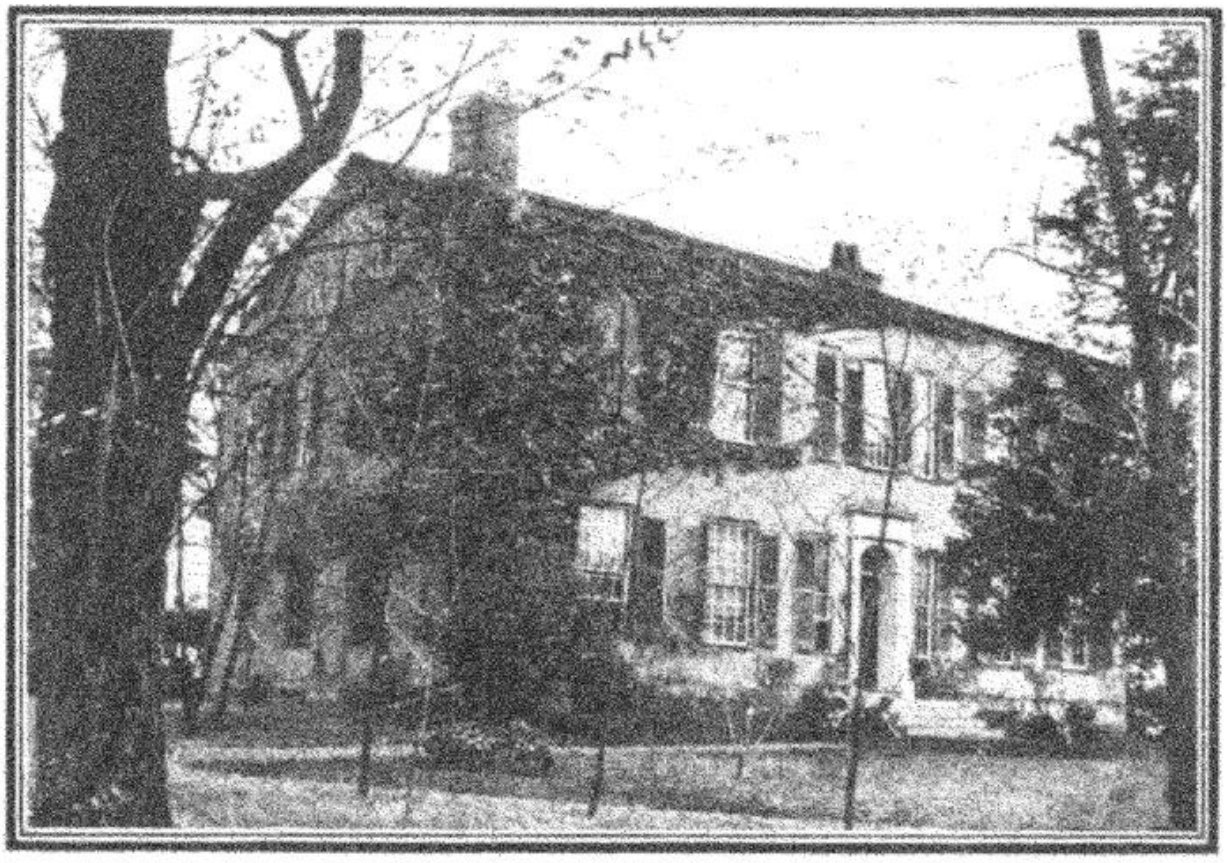
THERE are more enduring monuments than granite, and Stephen Collins Foster has one. His world-renowned "My Old Kentucky Home," the most beautiful of his many compositions, will live as long as the State he honored with the name has a surviving son or daughter. Foster was not a Kentuckian, but his ancestry were Southern. This put him in touch with the plantation life existing below the Mason-Dixon line, enabling him to give to the world his "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," etc., but "My Old Kentucky Home" came from his musical nature while he was on a summer's sojourn at a typical residence in the Bluegrass State. The house from which he derived the thoughts embodied in the song still stands. It is known as "Federal Hill," the residing place for almost a century of the Rowan family, and is within the city limits of Bardstown, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. It was there that Judge John Rowan, a Congressman, United States Senator and learned jurist lived for many years; there that Hon. John Rowan, Jr., endowed also with rare intellect and who held high official position, lived until his death, since which his widow, once a lady of great beauty and popularity and who even in her old age retains much of these splendid gifts, has resided at the historic mansion.

It was late in the '50s, only five or six years before his death, that Foster, then in bad health, came to Kentucky

from his Pennsylvania home, at the urgent solicitation of the Rowans, to pay "Federal Hill" an extended visit. This stay, as Foster often said, was one of the most pleasant periods of his life. Surrounded by all that was beautiful, it was easy for the man who had given expression to so many soul-stirring melodies to compose his tribute to the mansion of the Blue Grass. It is doubtless possible that Foster wrote the three verses of "My Old Kentucky Home" in quite as many days, and gave a fitting musical expression to the words employed as rapidly as his pencil dropped the lines. He was inspired alike by the beautiful sunshine of the mornings and the yellow moonlight of the nights that fell upon "Federal

Health Was Sought; Fame Was Found

Federal Hill, residence of Judge Rowan, where Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home."



Hill," by the waving golden grain, the hush of the corn, the negroes in the field, the lazy little darkies in the cabins, and finally by the warblings of the mocking-bird, the thrush's mellow song and the fife-like notes of the Kentucky Cardinal, given fame by James Lane Allen.

EXILED KING OF FRENCH LIVED IN A HOUSE STILL STANDING AT BARDSTOWN.

THE identical house in which that famous king of the French, Louis Phillippe, passed the years of his exile in America is to be seen to this day at Bardstown. The old house stands on a cross street in the center of the little city, less than a five-minute walk from the Louisville & Nashville Railroad station. The Bourbon king, forced to flee over the seas, feared for his life to remain in one of the cities of the East, and at the invitation of a Kentuckian came over the mountains and spent the days of his exile in the village that was at that time the life of the West.

Ruins of the house in which Louis Phillippe taught a class in French.

The house was a two-story log structure and the same walls now stand that sheltered the king, though the

external appearance of the house has been changed by weather-boarding. It was here that King Louis Phillippe boarded while he taught a French class in the then flourishing St. Joseph's College, where Bishop Flaget, whose acquaintance —made in Europe—had broadened into a warm friendship with the king, gave the latter a position. Children of pioneers relate to this day the tales told them by their fathers of how the exiled monarch sat beneath the trees in front of the old house after the day's lessons were over and chatted with his neighbors. Many, too, are the stories handed down of the manner in which this royal visitor participated in the festivities of the old Bayne Tavern—the foundation of which still stands—a famous hostelry at the beginning of the last century, and of the king's pleasure in dancing with the Kentucky beauties, as famous then as now.

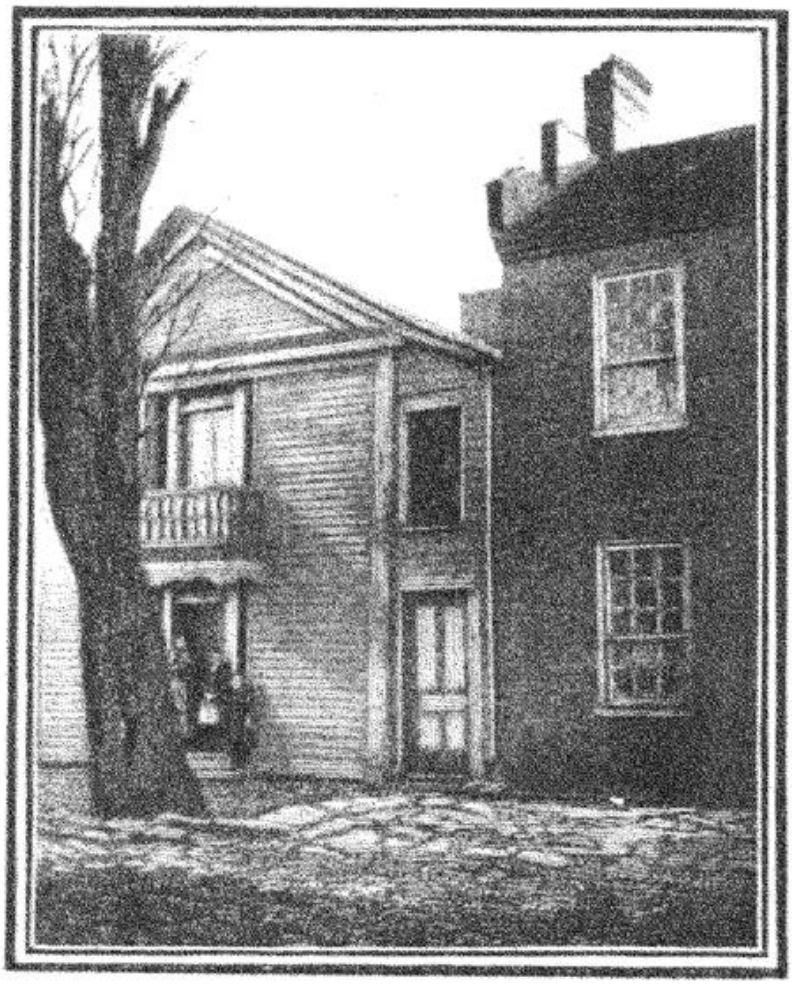
Phillippe Danced with Kentucky Belles

First Cathedral West of the Alleghenies

Louis Phillippe appreciated the hospitality of his Kentucky friends, and many of them were handsomely remembered when the monarch was restored to his title. The bell in St. Joseph's Church was presented to the good bishop on Phillippe's return to France and the beautiful-toned instrument still hangs in the tower of St. Joseph's Church at Bardstown. The bell was recast in 1887 out of the metal originally sent across the Atlantic. This historic church, the first cathedral west of the Allegheny Mountains, contains one of the rarest and costliest paintings in existence—an altar-piece valued at

$100,000. It is twenty-one feet high by twelve feet wide, and was painted by the famous Antwerp artist, Van Bri. It also was presented to Bishop Flaget by King Louis Phillippe.

Where King Louis Phillippe boarded during his exile.



LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

PLACE WHERE HARRIET BEECHER STOWE GOT THE CHARACTERS FOR HER FAMOUS WAR-PRODUCING SLAVE EPIC.

PERHAPS the most interesting character in Kentucky, from a historical point of view, is Norman Kennedy Argo of Paint Lick, Garrard County. A half day's ride on the Louisville & Nashville brings one to this hamlet, with its store, roller-mill and blacksmith's shop. A small depot for freight and passenger purposes combined is the first thing that meets the eye of the traveler; the second is a diminutive creature as black as the proverbial ace of spades, standing well back on the platform. Approached and asked his name, he will straighten up as far as three feet nine inches of stature and sixty pounds of weight will permit and answer in a voice that seems to come from his heels, it is of such depth, "I'se old Norman; I knowed Uncle Tom; what's yer name?"

A Playmate of Uncle Tom

Norman, like most of the other inhabitants of the village, meets every train. Engaging him in conversation will elicit the story of his life in a darkey dialect, peculiar to the ante-bellum black man of the South, a dialect now as rare as rag-time song and minstrel joke imitations are base. He tells a stranger in the first breath that he knew "Uncle Tom" because he thinks it will be the next question he will have to answer, an intuition justified by many years' contact with those who have heard of his career and seek affirmation at his hands. Norman is the sole survivor of the 101 slaves left by General Thomas

Kennedy, who lived near Paint Lick, at his death. One hundred were willed to the old general's son, Thomas Kennedy, Jr., while Norman, one of the house-boys, was given to Robert Argo, hence the name he now bears—Norman Kennedy Argo. It was General Kennedy who owned the chief characters of Mrs. Stowe's immortal novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it is through old Norman's acquaintance with them that any importance attaches to him, if the fact that he is over a hundred years old and has lived in three centuries is not considered.

A Playmate of Uncle Tom.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Stowe opens her book by referring to Paint Lick as "a quiet little town." That was over fifty years ago and it has grown very little since. This to the contrary, however, no place with a hundred times its growth can boast of the many things that have combined to make it well known. No sight-seeing trip through Kentucky is complete without including it in the itinerary. It was in the Paint Lick neighborhood that Stephen A. Burchard, whose "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" speech in '84 probably defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency; Rev. Geo. O. Barnes,

the noted "Mountain Evangelist," and Hon. R. M. Bradley, the father of the first Republican governor of Kentucky, were born. There, too, first saw the light of day Nathan Hall and Nathan Rice, far-famed divines, and Commodore Cicero Price, whose daughter Lillian, now Lady Beresford of England, was Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. Paint Lick is also the home of the best known fox hunters of America, the Walker brothers, who entertain annually in chases for a week the redoubtable Jack Chinn, of race-track and State capital fame.

It was certainly fitting that Mrs. Stowe should have located the originals of her novel in this modest little town, for it is east by only eighteen miles of the first Union recruiting station south of the Ohio River—Camp Dick Robinson, over the destinies of which once presided such noted Federal generals as Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, Thomas, Sherman, Nelson, Landram, Fry and Woolford, during the war which followed the publication of the book. By even a shorter distance to the west may be found Berea College, the first and doubtless only school ever established in the South for the co-education of the races. It lies not far, too, from "White Hall," the world-renowned home of Gen. Cassius Marcellus Clay, Sr., the fiercest abolitionist of them all and ex-minister to Russia. It is within a twelve hours' run also of the birth-places of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. Thus did the authoress have good ground upon which to find her characters and build her story.

Rich Field for Such Labors

Lewis George Clark, the prototype of George Harris, the most prominent person in the novel, was owned by General Kennedy, who was Garrard County's first representative in the General Assembly of Kentucky, the county's wealthiest citizen and a large dealer in race horses and negroes. Old

Norman says he remembers Clark well and that he slept and worked with him quite frequently. When young, Clark was a weaver, knitter and sewer and cooked well. Because of these accomplishments he was not sent to the field during General Kennedy's life, and Norman being house-boy got intimately acquainted with Mrs. Stowe's hero. Young Tom Kennedy did not long survive his father and Clark was about to be put up for sale with the other negroes when he determined to gain his liberty, whatever the cost. He informed Norman of his plans, which included a bleaching process from the mulatto that he was to a tolerably fair-skinned white man. Norman says Clark immediately began to wear gloves and a big hat to his work and in a few months, true to his declaration, escaped by stealing a mule and going north. His wife, Margie, the "Eliza" of the novel, was left behind, but soon ran off to Louisville. Here is where old Norman explodes the strongest part of the story, the description of Eliza's (or Margie's) flight across the drifting ice from the Kentucky shore to Ohio and freedom. Old Norman says Margie secreted herself in the Falls City until Clark's return from the Buckeye State, whither he had gone after leaving Paint Lick, when she joined him and the two sped up the Ohio River on a steamboat for Cincinnati. Eliza was an octoroon won by General Kennedy on a horse race in Indian Territory.

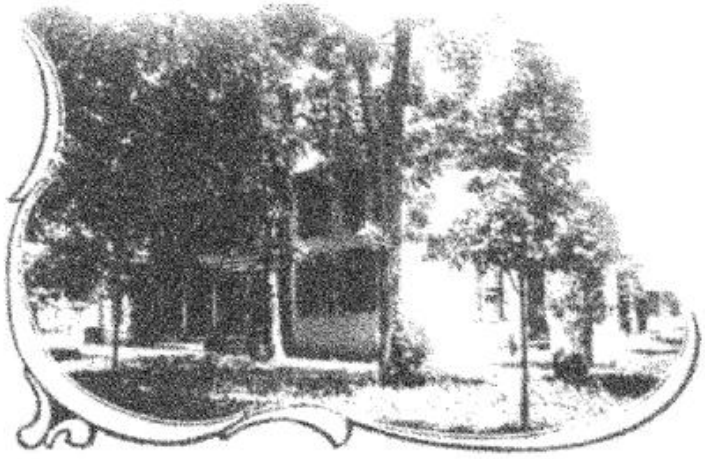
Kennedy Homestead, where lived the slaves who figured in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Old Norman denies the allegation that General Kennedy was cruel to his slaves. It is said that the "Uncle Tom" of the story was not the sensitive, persecuted darkey of Mrs. Stowe's romance, but a lazy, trifling, "no-'count nigger," of whom the woods in that locality used to be full, and that his exodus from the neighborhood was hailed with delight by even his own race.

Little Eva didn't go to the Angels

The little Eva of the novel never died, but is now a grandmother and has for a son-in-law one of the leading Democrats of Kentucky.

Camp Dick Robinson, first Union recruiting station south of Mason-Dixon Line.

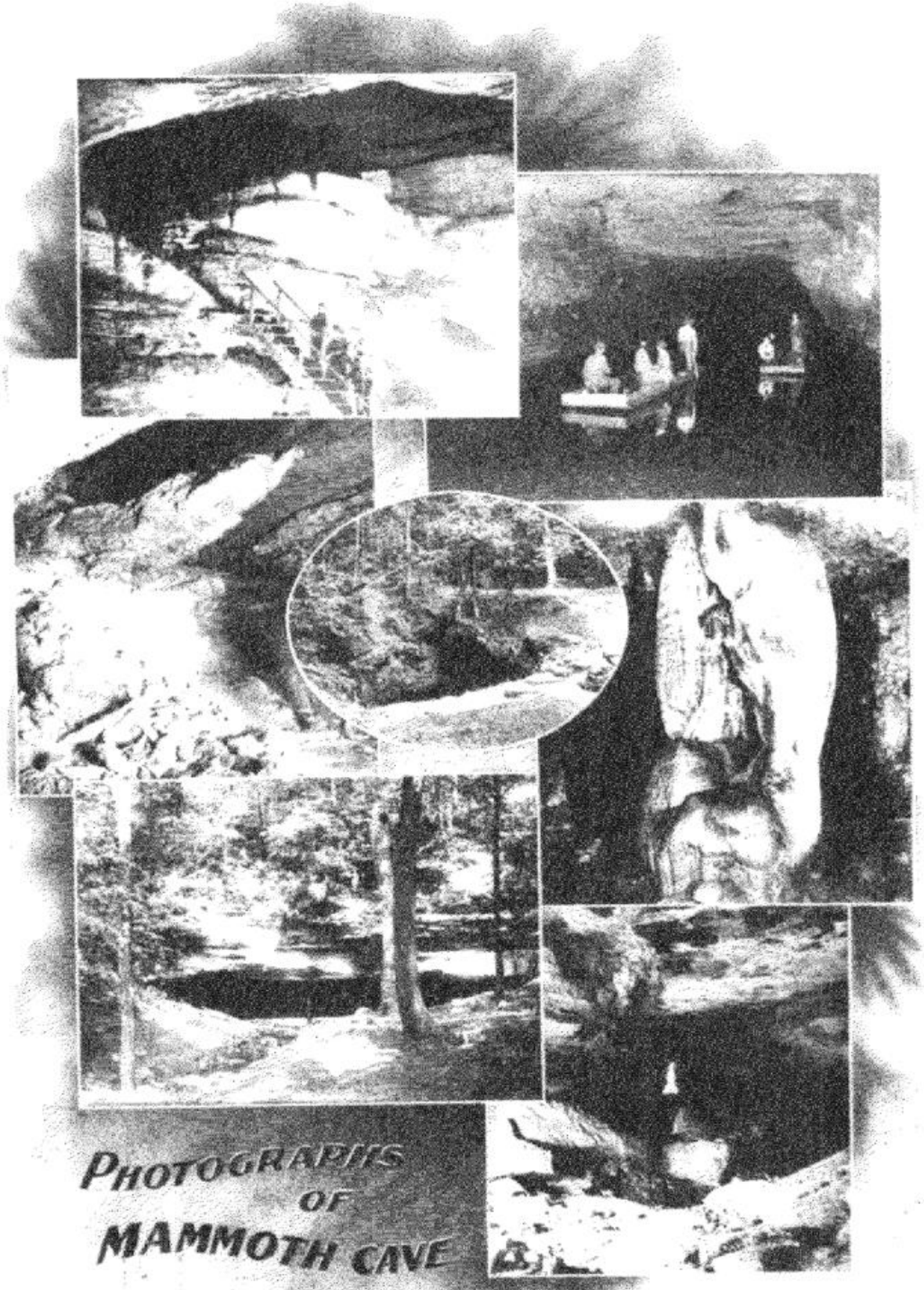


MAMMOTH CAVE, NUMBERED AMONG THE GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF THE WORLD.

MAMMOTH CAVE, the greatest subterranean wonder in the world, is one of 500 known caverns undermining Edmonson County, Ky. Almost from the time of the discovery of the cave in 1809, by a hunter who pursued a wounded bear into the mouth of the great recess, the place has been the mecca of tourist and scientist. And in this day of easy travel the trip from Louisville to this marvelous labyrinth of tunnels is the merest incident. The cave is about ninety-five miles out from the metropolis of the commonwealth and a delightful ride of scarcely three and a half hours over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, supplemented by a few minutes' journey up a peculiar little mountain railway from Glasgow Junction, places the tourist at Cave Hotel. The fingerprints of almost a century are left on this quaint hostelry that shelters the stranger during his stay in the cave region.

Wonders are encountered by the visitor almost from the moment he steps on the picturesque, winding path leading from the hotel to the cave entrance. The path suddenly stops in a gully marked by a black hole at the bottom opening into the side of the mountain. If the visitor's arrival should happen on a hot afternoon or evening in August he will experience the delight of an instantaneous change from a torrid climate of something like 90 degress to the pleasant air of an October afternoon. The current of air rushing from the mouth of the cave is responsible for this change. The

"Breathing" of the Great Cavern.


PHOTOGRAPHS
OF
MAMMOTH CAVE

atmospheric stream flows with force sufficient to at once dry the perspiration from the brow and momentarily chill the flesh. It is popularly described as the "breath" of the cave, the cool air constantly rushing out in summer and the heavy cold air continually flowing in in winter.

Passing through the narrow gate that opens into the hallway of this marvelous and mystic mansion built by nature's master architect, water, the visitor has before him in the neighborhood of 200 miles of underground avenues, stately chambers, tortuous passages, stairways, inclines, halls and domes. The regulation courses or "routes" mapped out by the guides are such that each moment brings with it its particular wonder.

The first stop is made at the Rotunda, a magnificent cavern whose limestone ceiling vaults some fifty feet above. Here are to be found the rude leaching vats, log pipes and frame work used by the early miners to secure the lime nitrate so important in the manufacture of saltpetre. The identical objects seen here played their silent but nevertheless effectual part in tiding the then infant nation over the perilous sea of 1812.

Giant's Coffin in the Pathway

To the right of the Rotunda extends Audubon Avenue, named after the great naturalist. This treasure-laden passage leads to Olive's Bower, which contains the most beautiful stalactites to be found in the entire cave. Off to the left of the Rotunda one strikes the Main Cave, almost as wide as a city street and fully fifty feet high. Turning aside from the Main Cave for a moment before the Rotunda has been left many rods behind, the visitor may find himself walking through Gothic Avenue, inspecting numerous grottoes and alcoves, examining the snow-white eyeless crustaceans in the Cooling Tub, casting a pebble into the Lake of

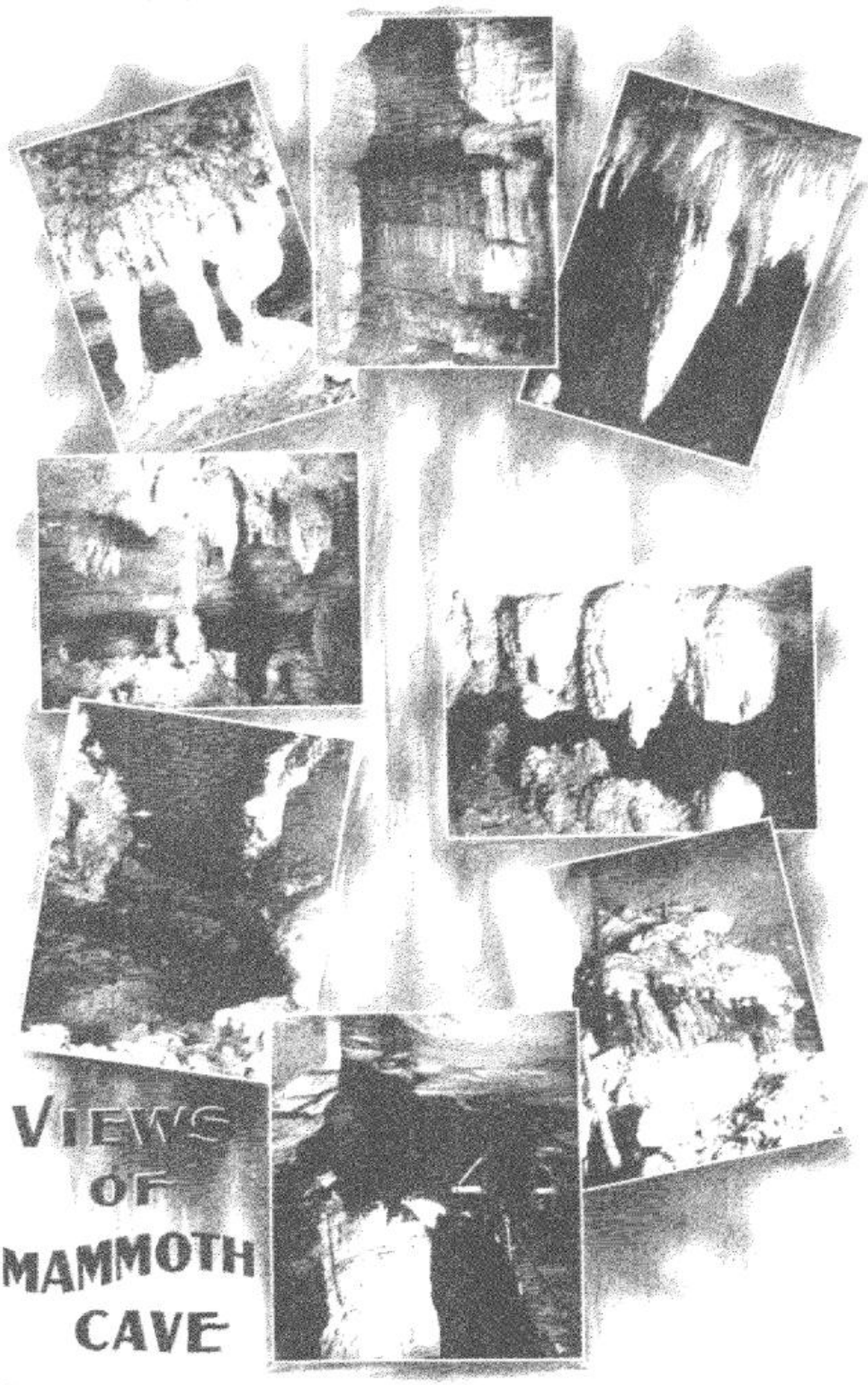
Purity and winding up at the odd little water-fall and its attendant beauties in Annette's Dome.

The way is retraced and on again entering the Main Cave the guide leads his guest directly to one of the most remarkable sights in the cave, the Giant's Coffin. This is a colossal rock of limestone formation, plucked in some prehistoric moment from the wall of the cavern and set down at the side of the pathway. The huge rock is estimated to weigh 2,000 tons, is forty-five feet long, varies from twelve to fifteen feet in width and has an almost uniform height of eighteen feet. It is appropriately named from its remarkable resemblance to an enormous burial casket.

A little further along the Acute Angle is reached, where the avenue turns with a suddenness seldom witnessed on a surface stream of water—for it is supposed this is the river-bed of a former underground torrent—and then the visitor pauses at the famous Star Chamber, a name nearly as common as that of Mammoth Cave itself. Here truly is a sight of a lifetime. Probably nowhere else in the world will the tourist be able to secure so thorough an impression of the meaning of an utter absence of light. The peculiar, flickering little cave lamps have in a measure penetrated the shadows, but in the Star Chamber the guest is to be treated to a new sensation.

The guide collects all lamps and retraces his steps, leaving his guests alone in a spacious hall with a high, flat ceiling. He soon loses himself to view and the dim reflection of the lamps he carries is to be seen on the ceiling. In this faint light far overhead the spots or "stars" of a thousand gypsum crystals stand out against a background of manganese dioxide, giving an excellent imitation of a portion of the "Milky Way" seen in the inky blackness of a misty sky.

And then the guide shouts a warning to his guests, the


VIEWS
OF
MAMMOTH
CAVE

receding footsteps of the pilot in this sea of darkness are again heard, and, presto!—all light is gone. The senses of the visitor are appalled by the terrifying intensity of the indescribable blackness and he is left in hopelessness and awe until the guide makes his welcome reappearance. Brief cave description will have accomplished its purpose in the mind of the reader if it persuades him to make a personal inspection of these ever-recurring wonders. There are five tiers or "stories" to Mammoth Cave, and when the lowest is reached and all is in readiness for an embarkation on the wonderful Echo River, the visitor is about 270 feet beneath the surface of the earth.

Five "Stories" in this Nature's Mansion

This stream located amid such weird surroundings is navigable to the three rude boats that ply its surface during the dry season for a distance of something over half a mile. The "river" has its source in darkness and empties into the black unknown. The well-nigh perfect acoustic properties of the walls rising out of and arching Echo River have been often described. In places the smooth arch draws down to within less than three feet of the surface of the water and the mariner must stoop in his seat. The "river" has a maximum width of forty or fifty feet and its greatest depth is believed to be about thirty-five feet. The natural sounding-board formed by the solid rock twisted into hundreds of nooks and inlets returns the faintest noise or note in a myriad of echoes. In the cool, dark waters are often found marvelous, whitish fish and crawfish that Nature has kindly deprived of eyes because of their utter uselessness in such a place.

Mere mention can here be made of a few of the many other wonders shown by the guide on even the briefest cave journey. Mammoth Dome, about 150 feet from floor to

vaulted roof, is one of the striking glories of the cavern. Its almost perpendicular walls are relieved by gigantic columns rich in sculpture that the hand of man might imitate but not excel. Often these walls suggest that they might have served as models for the sculptors of the interiors of the ancient Egyptian pyramids.

The Bottomless Pit is another glorious cavern which, despite its name, has been fathomed. This was first crossed where now there is a tiny bridge by the elder Bishop, guide and explorer, on a cedar sapling. The Cataracts, the Bacon Chamber, Lover's Leap, Standing Rocks, the Arm Chair, the Cork Screw, the Bridal Altar—where half a dozen weddings have occurred—River Styx, Martha Washington's Statue and a double score of other interesting features found in this land of darkness get their names from imaginations keenly descriptive, and are shown to the ordinary cave visitor.

And lastly, attention may be called to the Water Clock that tells the time for the traveler as he is about to leave this region of sublimities. On the outward journey, when the Rotunda is not far ahead, at the guide's command there is a pause, a stillness follows and presently is heard from up in the depths of a Stygian recess in the walls above a monotonous, slow, regular tick-tick-tick, the never-changing dropping of water from the tip of an unseen stalactite to a hidden pool many feet below, patiently telling off the centuries and simply but forcibly describing how the glories lately beheld have been created by the "hand" of water.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

BLUEGRASS REGION, RIGHTLY ENTITLED TO THE CREDIT OF BEING A GARDEN SPOT.

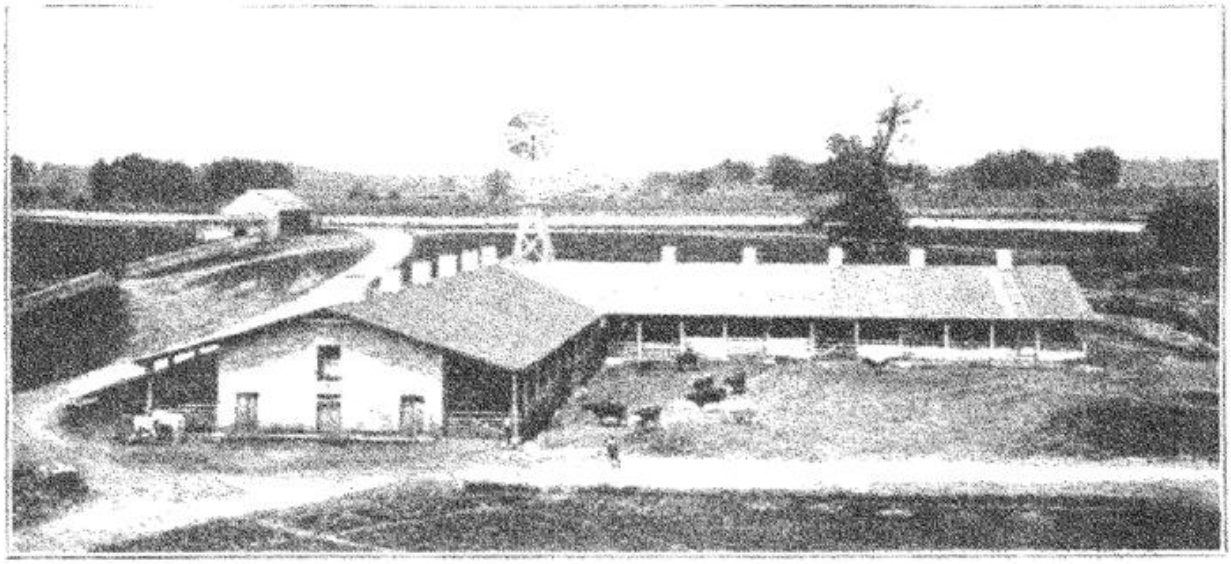
A GLOBE trotter who had climbed the dizzy heights of Mont Blanc and plucked the edelweiss from its seclusion, had raved over the glories of the Rhine, had admired with a feeling of awe the gorgeous grandeur of the canons of the Rockies, who, in fact, "had seen it all," declared after passing through that great central region of the Commonwealth from which Kentucky gets its undying name of the Bluegrass State, that in all his journeys he had not until then experienced that calm, restful sensation inspired by the feeling that at last he had come into a land which it seemed as though the Creator had made first as the habitation of man. The stranger who makes a tour of this delightful region when nature is in her gayest attire returns to the workaday outside world with the impression of having stepped from, say, another planet, where life is lived for true living's sake, where the songs of the birds are sweetest, the sunshine the brightest, the dew the purest.

With Louisville as the starting point, a stranger will find it well worth the day he devotes to a "run through the Bluegrass." The tracks of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad soon enter the western border of this famous territory after leaving the Falls City and they strike through the heart of the most interesting section of a region that covers an area of approximately 10,000 square miles near the geographical center of the State. Seated in a palatial observation car, the tourist goes whirling through great plains of thickly-set,

Origin of Name Not Hard to Find

waving grass, the breezes gently playing with the ripening heads and causing the sunbeams to glance off in a reflection of color tinted a hazy blue, from which the name of the region is derived—then darts into the sylvan shades of a little forest and out across the stone bridge arching a lily-studded stream that loses itself in a winding silver thread in the azure distance and then goes clattering over the "switch

Woodburn Farm, where lived the famous racer, Lexington.



frog" that announces his approach to a sleepy village or a county seat.

Mansions of the typical ante-bellum style—great flat sides, high windows, broad chimneys and front verandas reaching from the foundation level almost to a plane with the eaves—and modern palaces, built in most cases by wealthy gentlemen from the East, seem to nearly alternate, so closely does the region fill the requirements of being both of the old and the new. Prominent among examples of the latter class may be mentioned the palatial "place" of Mr. August Belmont, the princely "Woodburn Farm," and that glorious

homelike habitation known as "The Meadows," probably distinguished abroad best by the fact of its being the birthplace of the famous "Lexington." These places are in the immediate neighborhood of Lexington, the "capital of the Bluegrass." If the visitor follows what may be termed the beaten paths of travel he will be sure to visit this noble little city so rich in historic treasures and so simply yet exquisitely adorned by both man and nature.

A short drive beyond the corporation limits of the city places the stranger into almost immediate close acquaintanceship with those beauties he discerned on his fleeting trip behind the steed of steel. The typical Kentucky gentleman greets him to his hospitable home. He realizes the magnitude of the modern "Bluegrass" stock farm with its great stable kept with the tidiness of a Dutch housewife's kitchen. That, to the Kentuckian above all others, noblest creation beneath man, the horse, is verily seen in its own home. Great herds of sleek cattle and sleepy sheep are seen on the blue-tinted fields. The visitor looks over broad acres of waving grain and well-tilled valleys of two other American products peculiarly Kentuckian — tobacco and hemp. Nor, if the stranger be of an artistic turn of mind, can he help noting how the divisions between the wooded hillside and the bluegrass pasture, the hemp field and the little park with its private "practice track," are marked by stone fences here and there prettily clad in the green robe of the wild ivy.

Kentucky Julep a Thing Worth Knowing

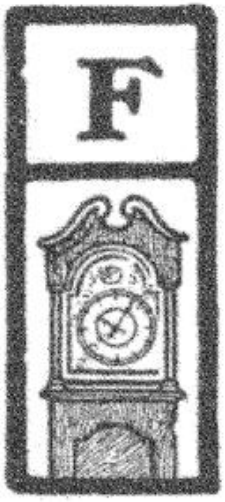
And let the jovial tourist not hasten back to his train until he learns something. His genial host will be a most entertaining instructor. As he nears the house of the warm-hearted man he is certain to detect the delightful fragrance of the mint bed. Let him watch his instructor closely from

the moment he collects a handful of the emerald, pungent herb until the lesson has its pleasant ending. A bit of sugar and a bottle of Bourbon mark the next succeeding steps in the lesson. A plain toddy, such as the Northerner himself knows how to make when the wind blows cold and the germs of the grip are running at large, is prepared. (Bourbon is an essential in this libatory kindergarten.) Next the toddy is poured into a thin silver cup, crushed ice is added and the mixture stirred until a hoary frost appears on the exterior of the vessel. Then the instructor tucks into the cup a few sprays of the fresh mint, uncrushed, the foliage casting its delightful fragrance directly into the guest's nostrils as he realizes the completion of the lecture and sips the elixir of a genuine Kentucky julep.

When the stranger bids adieu to his host he feels that he is parting from a friend he has known from his youth. Indeed, he has enjoyed one of the real attractions of the "Bluegrass," the acquaintance of a thorough Kentucky gentleman at home. The journey by rail is renewed to Paris, that quaint city on the eastern border of the famous region; or to Richmond, at the southern extremity and in the center of the district where fox hunting, the sport of noblemen and of Kentuckians, is so keenly enjoyed, or to some other one of the score of interesting places in the "Bluegrass." And when he returns to Louisville he, too, like the globe trotter, will feel he has just traversed the garden spot of creation.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

KENTUCKY'S FIRST RACE TRACK—THE STATE'S FIRST BRICK HOUSE—FIRST BABE OF THE BLUEGRASS.



FROM the car window of an L. & N. train—just as the engineer on the locomotive sounds the whistle for Crab Orchard—115 miles from Louisville, on the Knoxville branch—may be seen the site of the first circular race track laid off in the Bluegrass State. It is immediately in front of the Wm. Whitley home, the original brick house of Kentucky, and is cut exactly half in two by the Louisville & Nashville's roadbed. It dates from the '80s of the eighteenth century and was used for many years, but abandoned long before the steel rails of this great artery of travel so ingloriously marred its foundation. Whitley was one of the most distinguished of those early pioneers whose adventurous exploits have shed a coloring of romance over the history of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." On a trip to Virginia to secure material with which to finish his residence, then the most palatial west of the Allegheny Mountains, he bought a race horse and returned to Kentucky with him. Christening the new home "Sportsman Hill," he celebrated the event by giving a barbecue and inviting fellow-settlers and their families from all over the State. The invitations, sent by heavily armed couriers, told of the "course" where speed was an "open sesame" to its pleasures and consequently many visitors brought along their best horses. The sport was fast and furious and these barbecues, which were repeated annually, were always largely attended. A few years before this, in 1775, there had

The Iron Horse Desecrates a Sacred Spot

been a little racing at Shallowford Station, on the Harrodsburg pike, leading from Boonesboro, the first fort on Kentucky soil. It, however, made no pretentions to being a track, as the horses were run only on a straight road, so the claims

Sportsman's Hill, the first brick house and place of birth of first white child in the State.

of priority by "Sportsman Hill" are not challenged by the Shallowford "track." This was in a year when in the Kentucky wilderness there were only roving bands of Indians, and a very small number of white men and women; when there was yet not even a horse-trail into the woods from Virginia. As an evidence of the earliness of the period it is only necessary to relate that an enthusiastic member of the

"Daniel Boone Jockey Club" was shot by an Indian hid in the edge of the cane-brake, while pulling up his horse at the end of the track after a warmly ridden trial quarter. Though regretting the tragic death of their companion, it did not cool the ardor of those more fortunate in escaping the red man's bullet, and the sport was continued. At this time there were in all Kentucky probably fifteen men who meant to be permanent settlers. Nevertheless a kind of territorial legislature met in Boonesboro, in the open air, and passed nine laws, one of which was "An Act for Preserving the Breed of Horses." This gave the horse one-ninth of the attention of Kentucky's Magna Charta.

Twenty years from the time "Sportsman Hill" had its first exhibitions of speed, horse racing had spread to all the settled points in Kentucky and the man or boy without a thoroughbred was looked upon with a certain amount of distrust by his neighbors. From this it will be seen that the Kentuckian of today comes naturally by his sporting blood. Wm. Whitley had followed Boone to Kentucky, coming from Virginia with his cousin, George Rogers Clark, the founder of Louisville. Their path through the terrible wilds was the solitary buffalo trail. Whitley joined the intrepid Daniel at Boonesboro and there the first white child born in the present boundaries of Kentucky came to bless the union of Wm. Whitley and Esther Fuller, consummated a few years before in the Old Dominion. While the child, a pretty little girl, who was named Levisa—after the first name given to the Kentucky River—was yet very young, the proud father selected the site of his home and made preparations for the erection of the brick house, the first to be built in the wilderness, since called Kentucky. From Virginia he got the workmen and tools. The window panes, too, were

The Home of Kentucky's First Born

brought from the old State on pack-saddles along the route that Boone had only a few years before traversed alone. Whitley's wealth consisted mainly of large tracts of land which he had taken up, consequently his workmen were paid in real estate, a large farm going to one for the woodwork on the house and another for the brick furnished and masonry done. A third fine farm was given for the whisky the men drank while at their labors. As is shown in the cut every feature of the building exhibits the predominating idea of security and protection, the windows being seven feet from the ground to prevent the Indians from shooting those inside. The house has been continuously occupied since its completion.

Granddaughter of Col. Whitley, and the gun that killed Tecumseh.

This palace of the wilderness served as a place for receiving the treacherous savage on missions of treaty and peace and it was here that Col. Whitley also welcomed and entertained his distinguished fellow pioneers, Boone, Clark, McDowell, Harrod and Logan. Though very old when the war of 1812 broke out, Whitley was among the first to enlist. He was killed at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1814, but not until his trusty rifle had sent on its way the bullet which made Tecumseh, the renowned Indian chief, bite the dust, a feat that has been popularly credited to Col. R. M. Johnson. Collins, in his history of Kentucky, thought by many to be the most accurate, after devoting several pages to the controversy over who fired the shot which slew the great warrior,

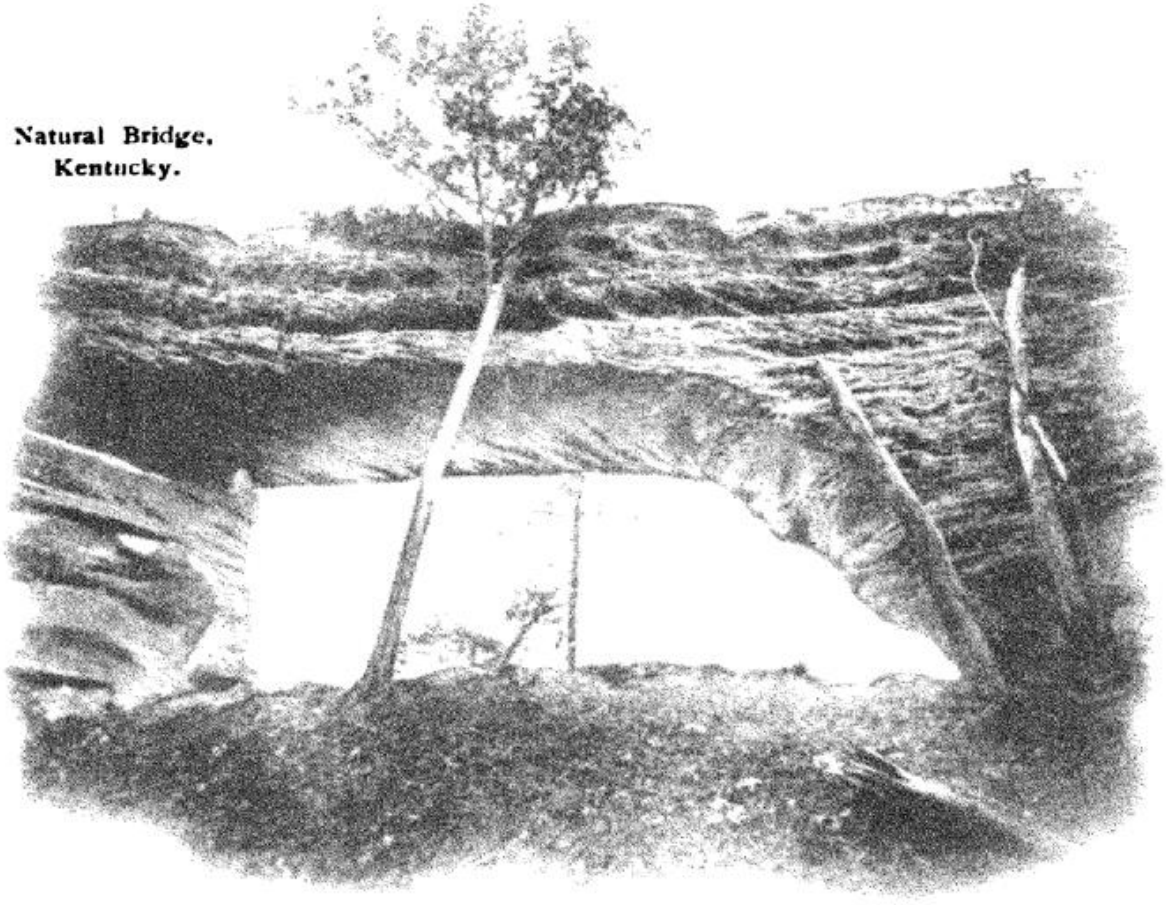
says: "In our view, it is conclusive that Col. Johnson did not kill Tecumseh, but that Col. Whitley probably did kill him." There are many other records which prove beyond doubt that the honor is due the old Indian fighter whose child was the first white born of Kentucky and who built the State's first brick house. The gun with which he did the shooting is still in the possession of descendants who live at Crab Orchard. Until her death a year or two ago it was owned by Mrs. Sallie Higgins, a granddaughter of Col. Whitley, and in the picture accompanying she is shown holding the old rifle for which she had refused large sums of money by a Louisville historical society.

GRAYSON COUNTY'S NATURAL BRIDGE, TWO MYSTERIOUS STREAMS AND WATERFALL.

ATURE in her liberal and oftentimes peculiar endowment of Kentucky has placed three natural bridges within the State. The most remarkable of these is in Grayson County and is easily reached by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and its connections. Natural Bridge spans a small stream called Little Caney. The bridge is 196 feet high, 219 feet in the span, twelve feet wide and five feet thick in the center of the arch. It is level on top. A natural stairway leads from the top of the wonder to the bottom of the rugged ravine below. The celebrated Natural Bridge of Virginia is claimed by many to be less

picturesque than this one, being only ninety feet in the span.

Two peculiar streams are found in the vicinity of the bridge. One of these is called Big Sinkey and the other Little Sinkey. They emerge from the ground as goodly streams, flow a distance of about two miles and suddenly and mysteriously disappear. Two miles below the bridge is a pretty waterfall 200 feet high. There are numerous interesting caves in the vicinity.



Natural Bridge, Kentucky.

ORIGINAL OLD BOURBON DISTILLERY—MODERN PLANTS OF THE STATE—THROUGH THE MOONSHINERS' COUNTRY.

HERE'S to the health of John Ritchie." If such a toast should be offered anywhere in Louisville during a national gathering the crowd would think the one who held the glass aloft had suddenly gone wrong and would discourteously gulp down their half-fingers of old Bourbon before wondering aloud, "Who in thunder is Ritchie?"

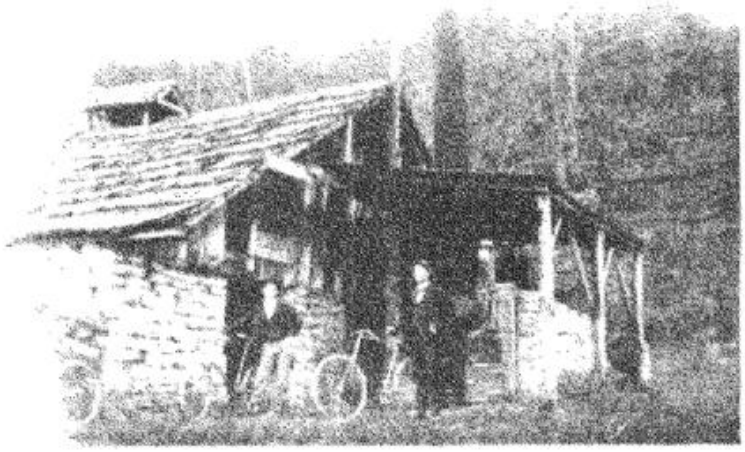
The drink they had just taken could have answered the question. John Ritchie was the first distiller of that whisky which has made Kentucky famous. Near Bardstown, a two hours' ride on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad from Louisville, are yet to be seen the ruins of this primitive plant, the original sour-mash house of the Bluegrass State, or, for that matter, of America.

It was in the early days of the last century that Ritchie, a native of Scotland, built this distillery and made the first gallon of old Bourbon. This little still-house was eighteen feet square, with puncheon floor. In this structure the meal was scalded and put through the necessary fermentation, after which the beer was carried over to the still in buckets and the process of distillation completed. The old furnace on which stood the copper worm still stands, the only monument to Ritchie's memory. The water used by this pioneer whisky-maker came from a never-failing spring of ice-cold water near the distillery. By the process used by Ritchie he could only get a yield of one gallon of whisky to each

Sack of Corn Legal Tender for Whisky

bushel of grain mashed, whereas now something like five gallons of "red eye" is extracted from every bushel. Ritchie, however, made enough "pure hand-made sour-mash" to enable him to take a trip to Memphis and New Orleans by boat once a year. He would load a flatboat with that portion of his annual production, not already disposed of to the neighbors, who generally got their spirits by taking a sack of corn to the still and returning with a gallon jug of "smiles," and would float it to the Ohio and thence down it and the Mississippi to destination, where a ready market awaited the old Bourbon of Kentucky. Thus began the State's reputation for whisky.

First Distillery in Kentucky.



Mighty Oaks from Acorns Have Grown

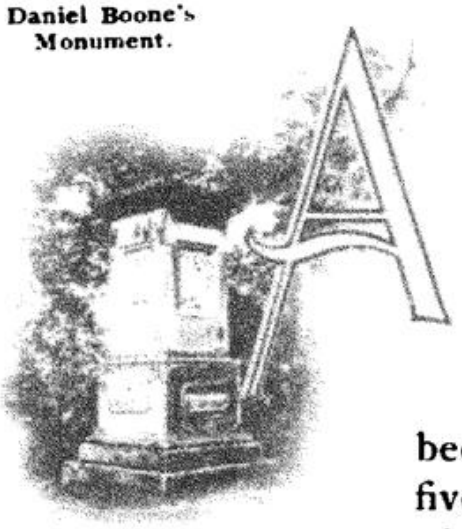
Coming back to Bardstown Junction and taking another branch of the Louisville & Nashville, also leading south, the sight-seer may have the pleasure of viewing from the rear of an observation car many worthy successors of Ritchie's modest little plant, distilleries where hundreds of barrels daily instead of tens of gallons weekly, is the yield; where the sides of the long tall warehouses fairly bulge out because of the thousands of casks stored therein; where rare odors of mellow spirits seeking to be freed from their oaken prisons are wafted on the breezes to the eagerly-gazing passengers. A stop-over at one of these modern plants will prove a revelation to those never

inside a big distillery. Where Ritchie found time to do all the work around his little house and hoe his garden on the side, there are now employed hundreds of hands—many on mash floors, several in the beer rooms, others at the still, more in the warehouses and receiving tanks, a few at the furnaces and tens and twenties slopping cattle and hogs in the pens. It is a common thing in Kentucky—these immense whisky plants. There are many that make one hundred barrels of from forty-seven to fifty gallons each per day, and not a few have stored within the warehouses adjoining from 50,000 to 100,000 barrels, ranging in age from one year to eight, as the government, which collects $1.10 internal revenue tax on every gallon "freed," forces whisky out of bond at the expiration of the latter period.

A few more hours aboard the same train from which the visitor saw the big distilleries will carry him beyond the ken of Uncle Sam, beyond the counties where the government has supervision of the liquor-making, far into the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, the home and abode of the moonshiner; from the legitimate to the illicit distillation of the fluid that intoxicates, from the amber-colored juice of the corn to that product of the copper worm that could pass as water but for its smell. The Louisville & Nashville cannot promise to show the man who is satisfying a longing desire to behold every phase of Kentucky life, the location of a 'shiner still. However obliging a train crew may be it knows, not only from newspaper reports but from experience, that hunting for such places is not "healthy," and will be forced to ask the traveler with a curiosity to join a revenue posse if he wants to get a glimpse of the secluded spots and have his head shot off for his pains.

From "Red Dog" to "White Pup"

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-KENTUCKY—HISTORIC CAPITAL OF THE STATE—THE DANIEL BOONE MONUMENT.



Daniel Boone's Monument.

AMIDST a country remarkable for its picturesque scenery, on the banks of a river whose towering cliffs are unequaled for imposing effects in America, the Highlands of the Hudson not excepted, stands the historic capital of Kentucky. Frankfort was a town before the great bluegrass county of Virginia became a State, having been laid out in 1787, five years after which the seat of government of the new commonwealth was established there. It has been the scene of enough stirring events to fill many volumes. Within the territory that now embraces the city was fought one of the earliest Indian battles of the Dark and Bloody Ground. In it Stephen Frank was killed and from this incident the capital doubtless got its name. In 1862 it was occupied for a month by the army of General Bragg, of the Confederacy. Two years ago the Goebel-Taylor contest for the gubernatorial chair brought the town again into prominence. Minus its politics Frankfort is as quiet as the smallest country village, but with politics out Frankfort would be like Hamlet played with the melancholy Dane missing.

Five Years Older than the State

The present capitol is perhaps the oldest statehouse in the Union, when date of statehood is considered. It was the third built for the purpose and was erected in 1827, the two former ones having

burned down. At that period it was considered a large and handsome structure. It was built of polished Kentucky marble, with a portico in front supported by six columns of the Ionic order. The marble was taken from the bed of the Kentucky River. It is a peculiar, smooth-textured, dove-colored limestone, with disseminated specks and veins of white calcareous spar.

Historic Capitol of Kentucky.

The stairways under the vault of the dome have been the admiration and wonder of architects of the Old World as well as of American visitors. They might be termed twin flights of steps. Separating at a broad base in the rotunda of the capitol each winds around a side, hugging the wall until they reunite at the top, a keystone locking the two, which make the entire ascent without any other

support than that the stonemason gave in fitting them together. The senate and representative halls are in the second story and are only reached by these stairs. Both are ornamented with handsome portraits—some full length life size—of men dear to the hearts of Kentuckians—Gen. William Henry Harrison, Henry Clay, Isaac Shelby, Gen. George Washington, Gen. Lafayette and Daniel Boone.

The public grounds embrace an area of four or five acres and are studded with a variety of handsome shrubs and forest trees. However, the most interesting thing on the grounds is a section of the first railroad—several rails and ties—built in the West, and the second in the United States. This railway was operated early in the '30s, soon after the old Baltimore & Ohio proved a success. For a greater part of the distance between Frankfort and Lexington the same roadbed is now used by the Louisville & Nashville.

The Second Railroad of America

In front of the state-house is a fountain, furnished with water from the Cedar Cove spring, two miles away. This is the spring which supplied the first water-works in Kentucky, Richard Throckmorton in 1804 laying wooden pipes from it to the town and penitentiary, both of which were provided by the natural flow of the water.

The governor's mansion is the newest public building at the capital, the one of great historic interest, which had sheltered every State executive for nearly a hundred years, having burned in February, 1899. The Louisville & Nashville trains run immediately in front of the state-house grounds and as the speed is reduced to a minimum at this point a splendid view of the capitol may be had from a car window.

The Capital Hotel is another historic building of Frankfort. It is modeled after the first permanent state-house,

erected in 1793 and which burned in 1813. This hostelry is the headquarters of all politicians centered at Frankfort during the sessions of the General Assembly and it has had many United States senators elected at caucuses within its rooms before the final vote taken the following day. The

Noted Capital Hotel, Frankfort.

old county court house, where have been tried many of the State's most famous murder cases, is among the other buildings of the town with an interesting past. The State arsenal and penitentiary always attract visitors.

On the site of the house where Aaron Burr, during a stay in Frankfort, planned some of the details of his conspiracy to make of the South and Mexico an empire, now stands a handsome mansion, but the associations of the old spot cling to it, as the structure torn down was the first temporary

state-house, in which the first sermon in Frankfort was preached.

A stop-over at Frankfort would not be complete without a visit to the old cemetery, where lie the remains of many Kentuckians who distinguished themselves in public affairs.

Primeval Patriarchs' Sepulchre

It is at the very top of the steepest hill that overlooks the Capital City. Far down below flows the Kentucky River, a veritable winding ribbon of water. Tall beeches skirt the edge of the cliff and here stands a monument eight feet high by three feet square and without ornament, on a spot as beautiful as nature and art combined can make it. This marks the grave of Daniel Boone, the most unique character of American pioneer life. The wife of the sturdy backwoodsman rests beside him. The monument is on a stone base a foot high, the only inscriptions being "Daniel Boone" and "Rebecca Boone," on either side. There are four bas-reliefs, representing various scenes in the life of Boone in the wilds of Kentucky. One shows Mrs. Boone milking a cow, another, Boone killing an Indian and still another he with his son.

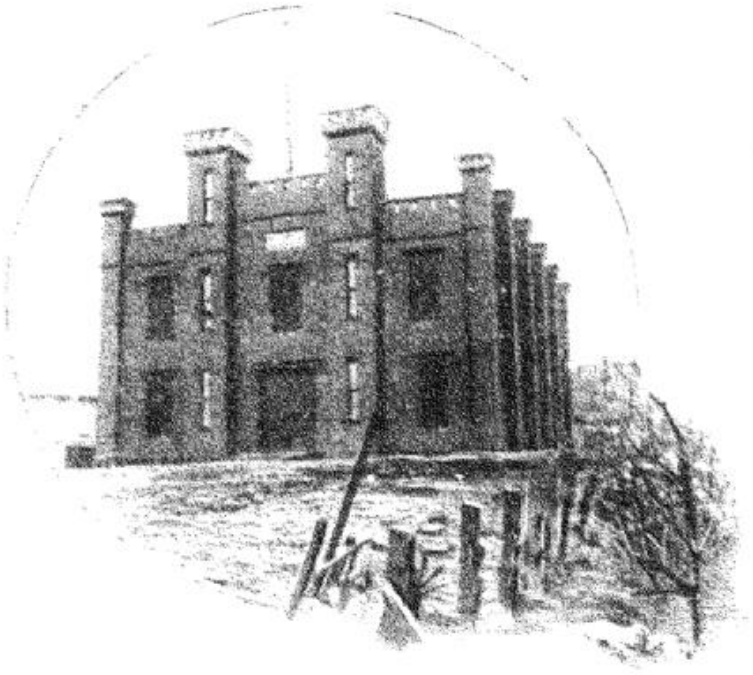
The monument is in good condition but for the desecration of it by curiosity seekers. Like many other historical objects it has suffered. It has been chipped so that in many places the raised letters of Boone's name have lost their form. The bas-reliefs have not escaped. The cow has lost her horns and a leg. Mrs. Boone's head is gone and even Boone himself has been scalped by some latter-day savages. The tomahawk of the Indian has also disappeared, as have several of the feathers from the costume of the red man.

Daniel Boone was the most successful explorer Kentucky ever had. Its early history and his at that time are one and the same, inseparable. It is probable that some day a much

taller shaft will mark the last resting-place of all that was mortal of this intrepid Indian fighter who blazed the way of civilization west of Virginia.

The State monument to those Kentuckians who fell in the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war is also located in this cemetery. It is of white Italian marble. Here, too, is where several governors and other officers are buried.

The Old Arsenal, Frankfort.



ASHLAND, THE HOME OF CLAY—HIS LOVED RETREAT FROM PUBLIC LIFE—SPOT WHERE HE FOUND PLEASURE.

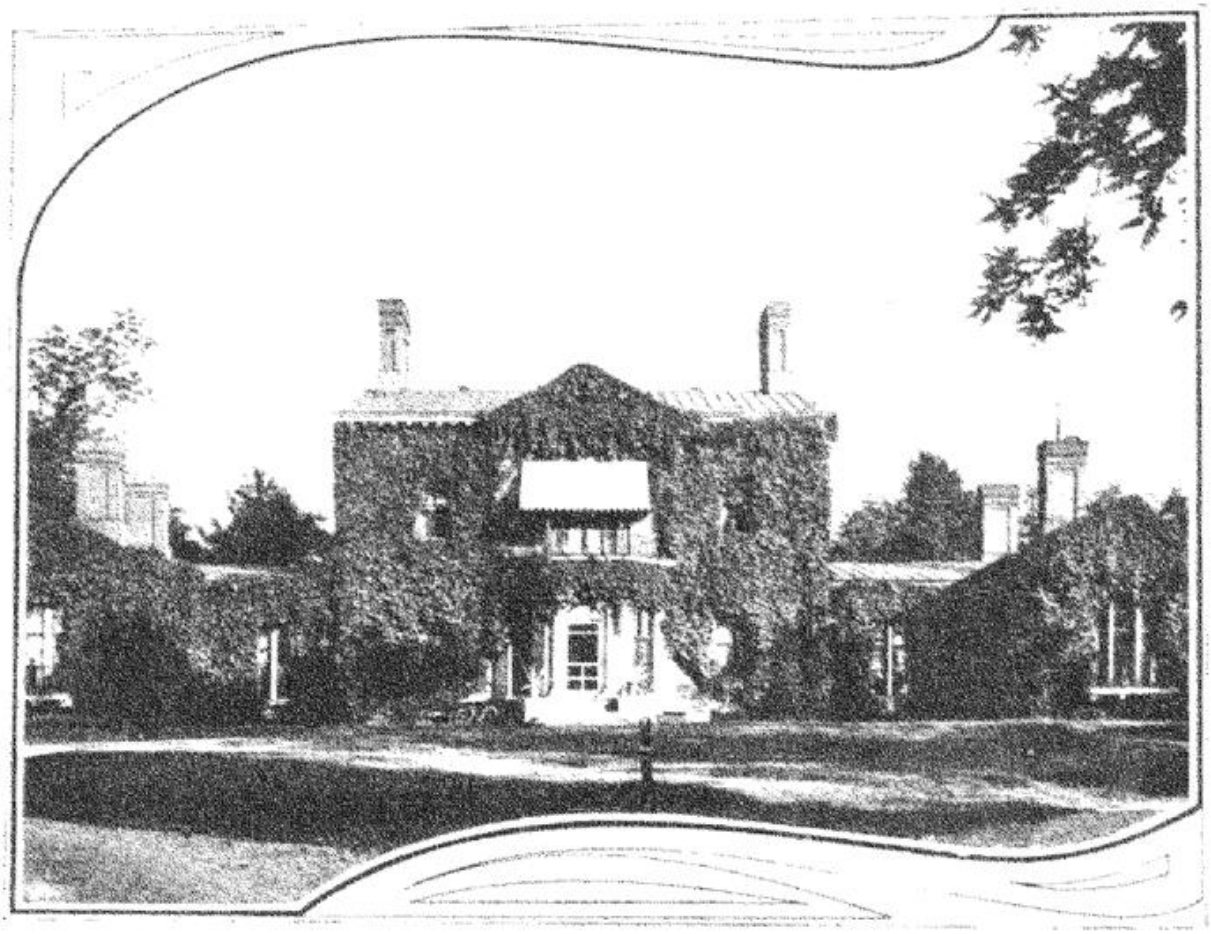
N ideal country place is "Ashland," the home of Henry Clay, and of deep interest not only for its having been the residence of America's greatest orator for half a century, but because as a stock farm it has few equals in the State noted for its famous studs. Nature was lavish with the charms she gave to this, one of the most historic spots around Lexington. Great trees, true monarchs of the maiden forest, still stand, silent sentinels, guarding the driveway to the house, living monuments to the dark days of Kentucky, when the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" left his Virginia home for the land of promise beyond the Cumberlands—the mountains and the river. Where the woodman's ax has fallen at all it has only been to leave fertile fields that now are blue with seas of waving grass or broad acres that now are green with undulating grain crops.

Where Greatness Found a Quiet Abode

Mr. Clay loved the forum not more than did he the hearthstone, and Ashland was his conception of home. In it his ideal of luxury, elegance and convenience was realized. Skilled workmen, as artistically as could be done, made modern the primitive creation. The grounds were laid out according to ideas brought by the Great Commoner from abroad, whither he went for a brief time as his country's representative at Ghent. It has been truly said that the farm comes nearer being a model English rural place than any other in Kentucky or the South. The house was one in which the suggestions

of both husband and wife combined to make it all that could be desired. Mr. Clay in 1799 had married Lucretia Hart, the eighteen year old daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart. She was the fair mistress of Ashland and dispensed there an elegant hospitality.

Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay.



The Horse was and is yet King

Large roomy stables were built that Mr. Clay might the better satisfy his love of the horse. His success in raising and developing this class of fine stock once made him confess to a friend that he believed he had missed his calling when he entered politics. The pride of the farm were thoroughbred and Arabian horses and it was one of the statesman's proudest moments when

showing to his guests, be they distinguished or humble, these fine equine specimens. Indeed it is believed that Mr. Clay intended that Ashland, though a great retreat for the man who preferred being right to president, should be a breeding establishment. In any event from the time it was laid out up to the present, with the exception of the few years when owned by the Kentucky University, it has been used as such. It was here that Mambrino Chief, founder of the great family of trotters bearing his name, while owned by James B. Clay, son of the illustrious Kentuckian, passed his most successful days. It was here that Don Manuel, the celebrated jack, shipped from France in 1835 by Henry Clay, Jr., originated a class of mules that always found a ready market. It was here that until his death a year ago, Major H. C. McDowell, grandson-in-law of Mr. Clay, maintained the place's reputation with a collection of stallions and brood mares that will make live for many years the glory of the nation's greatest legislator. And it is here now that Mr. T. C. McDowell, great-grandson of Mr. Clay, continues the work of his father. Major McDowell was a gentleman of the truest Southern type, and peculiarly fitted because of his attainments to be the successor of the first owner of Ashland. He purchased the noted piece of property about eighteen years ago and found no excuse for lethargy in the historic traditions and inspiring memories that hover around the farm; therefore the visitor of today will see in Ashland a country place run according to the latest and most approved methods, the son having taken up with pride the work the father so recently left off when called to the great beyond.

The State's Memory of a Statesman

In the beautiful cemetery at Lexington, where now reposes all that was mortal of Henry Clay, rises a noble monument—a fit testimonial to his greatness and worth—that may be seen

from the window of a Louisville & Nashville train as it approaches the city on its run from Louisville. It is 120 feet high, of magnesian limestone of Kentucky, resembling the famed Caen stone of Normandy. The monument consists of a stereobate, pedestal base, shaft and capital, the whole surmounted by a statue of the statesman. The stereobate or subbase is twenty feet high and forty square, in Egyptian style, plain and massive, having an appropriate cornice of very simple character throughout its whole circuit, broken on each side around a projecting facade in the same style but of more elaborate finish. In the center of the southern face is an entrance to a vaulted chamber, of dimensions 12 by 24 feet and 16 high in the center, lighted from above by heavy plate glass fixed in bronze frames in such a manner as to be unseen without. The chamber is of polished marble of Kentucky, appropriately finished as a receptacle for sarcophagi. Above the subbase is the pedestal of the column, divided horizontally into two members, each with its base and cornice. The lower one is 8½ feet in height, the upper 14. Above the pedestal rises the shaft, which with base and capital is 69 feet high. It is built solid, the lower diameter being 6 feet 8 inches and the upper 5 feet 10 inches. The shaft, instead of the ordinary twenty-four flutes, with their intermediate fillets, is composed of a cluster of thirteen spears (one for each of the original thirteen States) the heads of which are of bronze, interlaced and grouped with corn leaves and national emblems. On the abacus of the capital rests an acroter of bronze, of a parabolic contour, and formed of ash and ivy leaves, serving as a pedestal to the statue.

HELM PLACE, HOME OF GOVERNOR HELM, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

THIS was the homestead of Governor John L. Helm. It is a little over a mile from Elizabethtown, in Hardin County, Ky. The land on which it is located was patented to Thomas Helm, Governor Helm's grandfather, by the State of Virginia, in 1780. The title has been in Thomas Helm and some of his descendants ever since, and is now in John L. Helm, Jr., whose home it is.

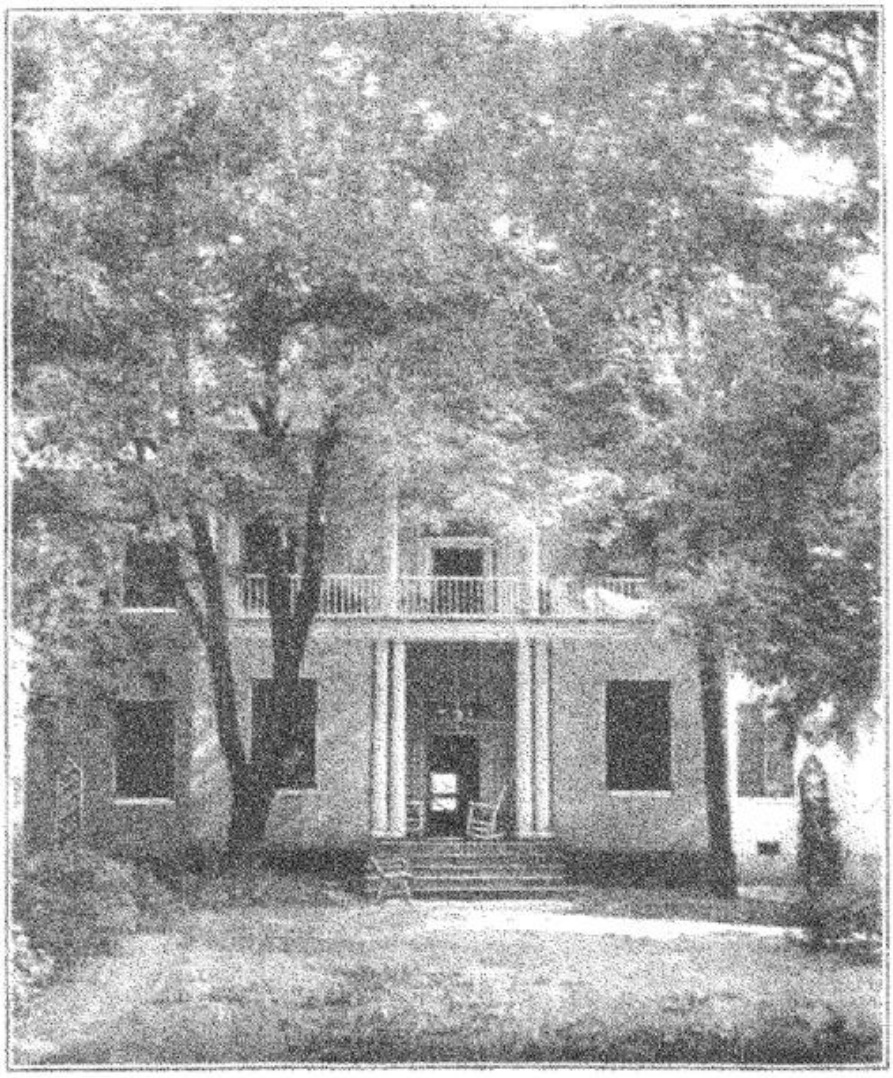
Governor Helm was the second president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company and was the president at the time the line was completed through to Nashville. John L. Helm, Jr., is at present one of the directors of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

This home was never owned by any other person than a Helm. When first settled a fort was built about where the house now stands, and it was called Helm station until after the railroad was built, when the name was changed to Helm Place in order that it might not be confused with the railroad station.

John L. Helm was born in Hardin County, Ky., the fourth day of July, 1802. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky in August, 1848, on the ticket with John J. Crittenden, who was elected governor. Governor Crittenden was appointed Attorney General of the United States by President Taylor and resigned the office of governor, whereupon John L. Helm became the acting governor of

the State and held the office until the expiration of his term, one year of which was cut off by the constitution of 1849-50. In 1867 he was elected governor of the State but only lived a few days after his inauguration.

Helm Place.



CUMBERLAND GAP, ATTRACTIVE BOTH FOR PICTURESQUENESS AND FOR HISTORIC INTEREST.

IT is seldom a stranger visits the historic little city of Bardstown—thirty-nine miles out from Louisville on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad—without asking to be shown the grave of John Fitch, the man who is said to have first applied steam power to navigation. The last resting-place of the inventor is located in the pioneer cemetery behind the county jail, almost in the center of the little city. For nearly a century the grave went unmarked, but an authentic record of its location was kept at the court house along with Fitch's will. An appropriate stone now shows the spot where the dust of the genius lies. Just outside the town, and only a short walk from the railroad station, is the creek with the identical pool in which Fitch floated his first models.

Grave of Genius Went Long Unmarked.

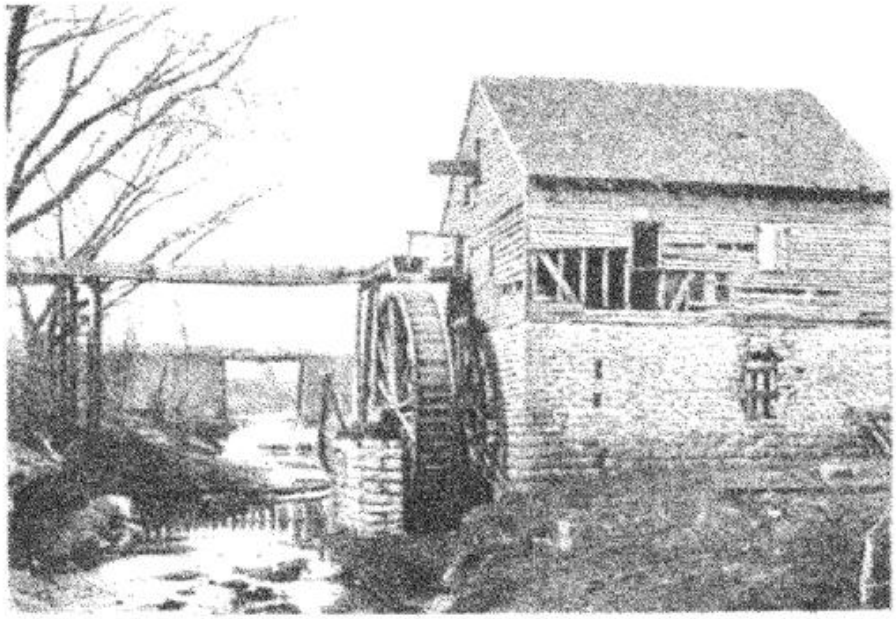
John Fitch was born in Windsor, Conn., in 1743, of destitute parents. He came to Kentucky when he was not yet thirty years old and engaged with Daniel Boone in Indian fighting. Fitch was captured by the red-skins and taken to Detroit, from whence he managed to escape and a short time later turned up at a small town in Pennsylvania, following his trade of a silversmith.

After years of toil and experiment, Fitch produced a steamboat and took thirty of his friends on it from Philadelphia to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles. It required three hours and ten minutes to make the trip. On the return journey the boiler was over-taxed, a joint broke and his friends lost con-

fidence in the inventor. He sailed for Europe, remaining there for two years, or until 1788.

When Fitch returned to this country he went to Bardstown again and remained there until his death, which occurred, according to well authenticated stories, by suicide. During the last years of his life he toiled on his inventions and made his experiments on the little stream still to be seen. Robert Fulton is said to have visited him at Bardstown. The old house in which the inventor worked is still standing on a back street of the Nelson County capital. Death ended the career of this broken-hearted genius in 1798.

Pool where John Fitch floated his steamboat models; first ever made.

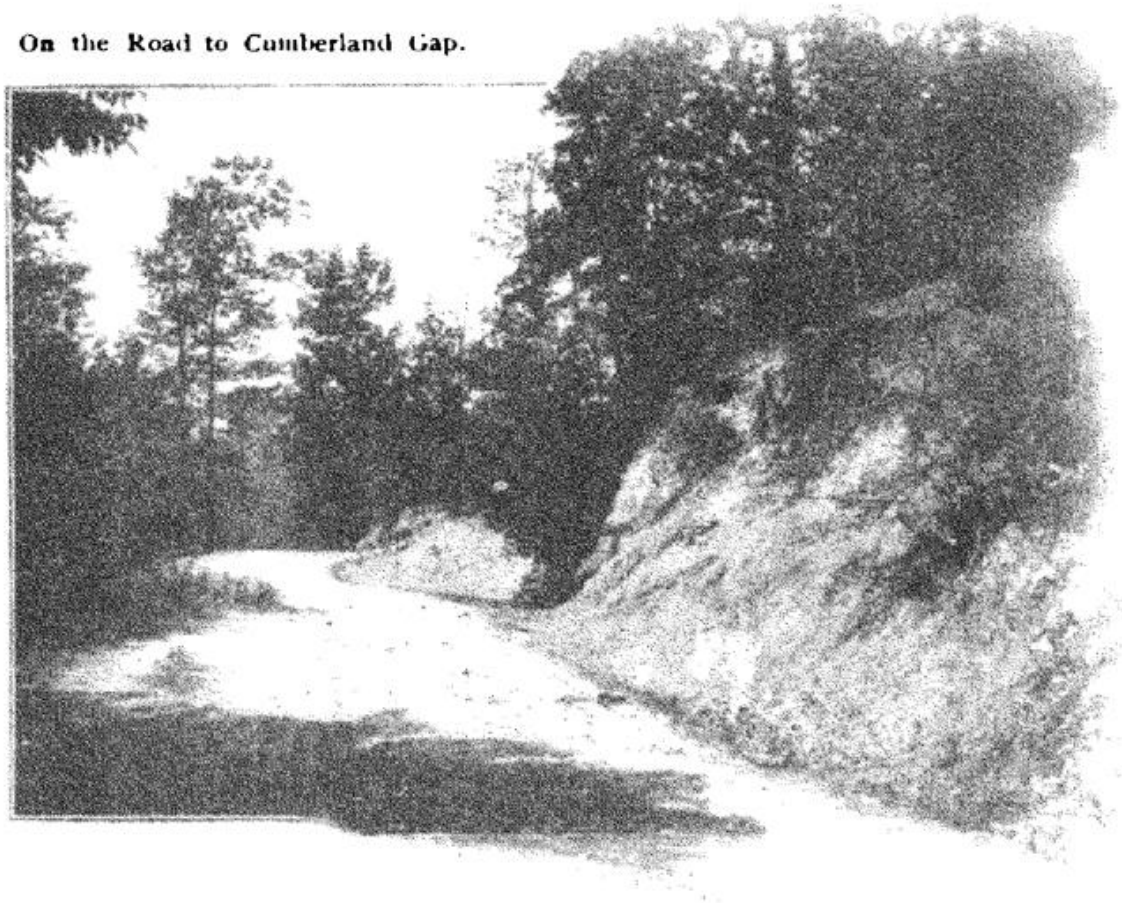


A single night's ride out from Louisville over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad carries one into the pure air and amidst the beautiful scenery of the Cumberland Mountains. The richest pearl in this scenic jewel box is Cumberland Gap.

This carries a twofold attraction for the tourist of being as delightful, cool and fascinating a resort as is to be found in the great middle section of the country and the historic distinction of being the point through which eastern and central interior regions of Kentucky were first entered and explored by white men.

There is happily just enough of the "modern conveniences" about the location to make it possible to feast for a few days on the grandeur of the mountain scenery without being compelled to undergo the hardships of a pioneer existence

On the Road to Cumberland Gap.



and still the evidences and blessings of civilization are concentrated enough to not in the least mar the excitement of a plunge into the primeval surroundings. A great, roomy,

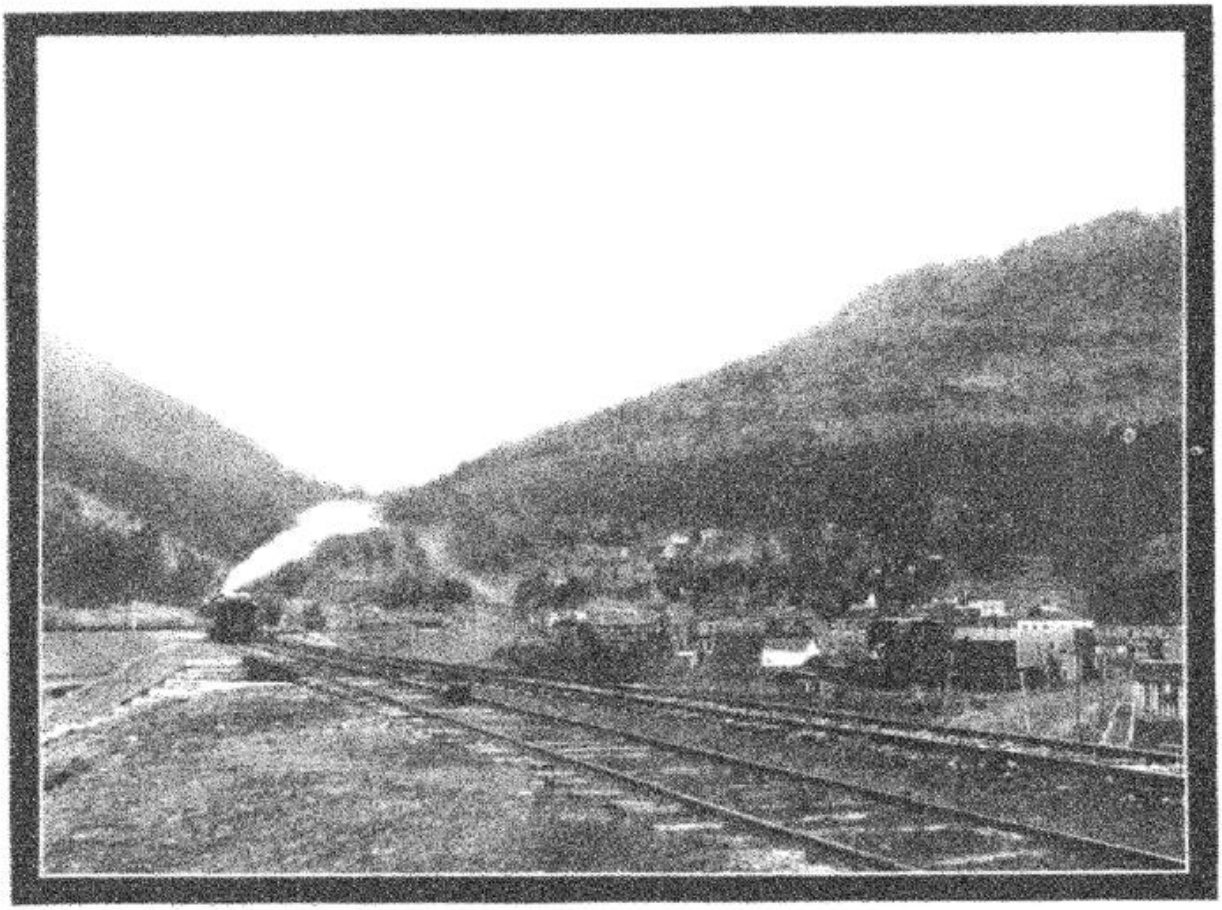
modern hotel can be found at Middlesborough, the metropolis of Cumberland Gap. Here is a town now recuperating from, and progressing steadily in the face of a "boom" of a few years ago when building lots sold at $489 per front foot.

Along the Lake. Middlesborough.

It is an easy matter to find something of interest for each hour of the day. Within a mile of the mountain city is a lake as pure as crystal where the fishing is said to be unrivaled. The antiquity seeker will find entertainment in a mound in the large bottom at Cumberland Ford. This mound is 100 feet in circumference and twelve or fifteen feet high. Excavations in it have revealed bones and curiosities, evidently of a prehistoric race. King Solomon's Cave, a cavern of wondrous beauty, is also to be found here. It bears the distinction of being the only large cave in the world lighted by electricity.

In the year 1750 a small party of Virginians led by Dr. Thomas Walker came through Cumberland Gap, and these are the first white men known to have visited eastern or interior Kentucky. Nineteen years later, 1769, Daniel Boone,

The Gap—Tennessee Side.



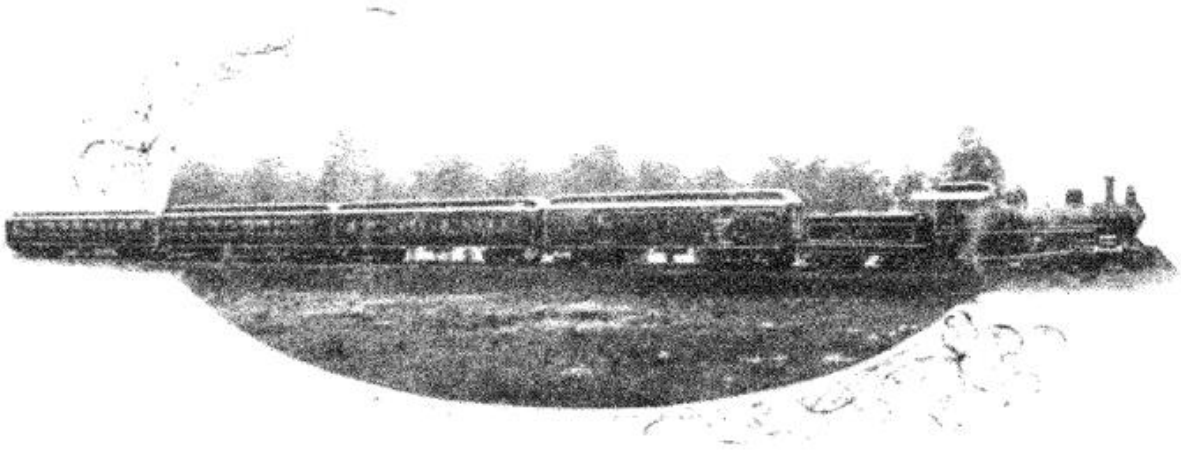
that pioneer hunter and patriot, crossed through the same mountain pass into the country that in later years credited so much of its greatness to him. Cumberland Gap is the lowest defile in the Cumberland range of mountains, and during the Civil War was an almost continual bone of contention between the armies of the North and South. Here may be seen the "Wilderness" road over which the distinguished Boone himself traveled on his initial journey into the then unknown country of the bluegrass.

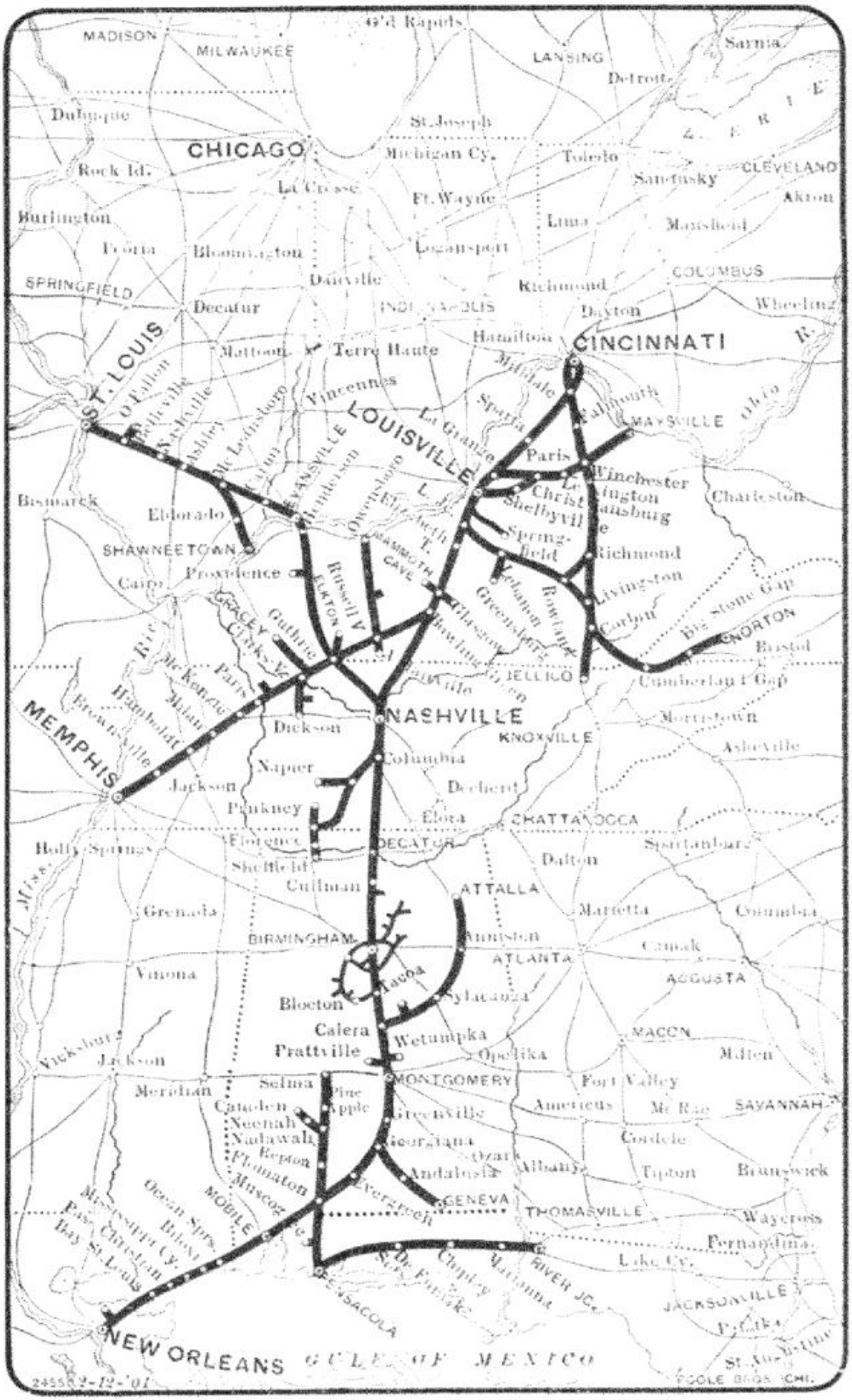
Another peculiarity of Cumberland Gap is its proximity to the junction of the three states—Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee. An easy walk from his hotel, and the visitor may place himself with the exertion of a few paces first under

The Old Mill, Cumberland Gap.

the jurisdiction of one, then of another and again of a third governor. Here is also to be found probably the most unique tract of territory in the United States, a bit of land called "Hell's Half Acre," that seems to be not included in the survey of any one of the three states. Lee Turner's "blind tiger" has long been a distinguishing object here, a liquor emporium where the proprietor pays a federal revenue tax only and who may slip his bar across the room from one State to another.

The mountain grandeur is a fitting covering for the abundant mineral wealth of the locality. An almost inexhaustible supply of coal has been discovered beneath the mountains. Iron ore is likewise found in great quantities. John Swift's famous silver mine has been located in the Log Mountain, not far from Cumberland Gap. Here the earth yielded fabulous sums to the notorious North Carolina counterfeiter (1761-69), who was finally arrested at the instigation of his neighbors. He was tried and acquitted on proof that the spurious money he produced was pure silver, instead of the usual government alloy.





MAP OF LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

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C. B. COMPTON,
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LOUISVILLE KY.

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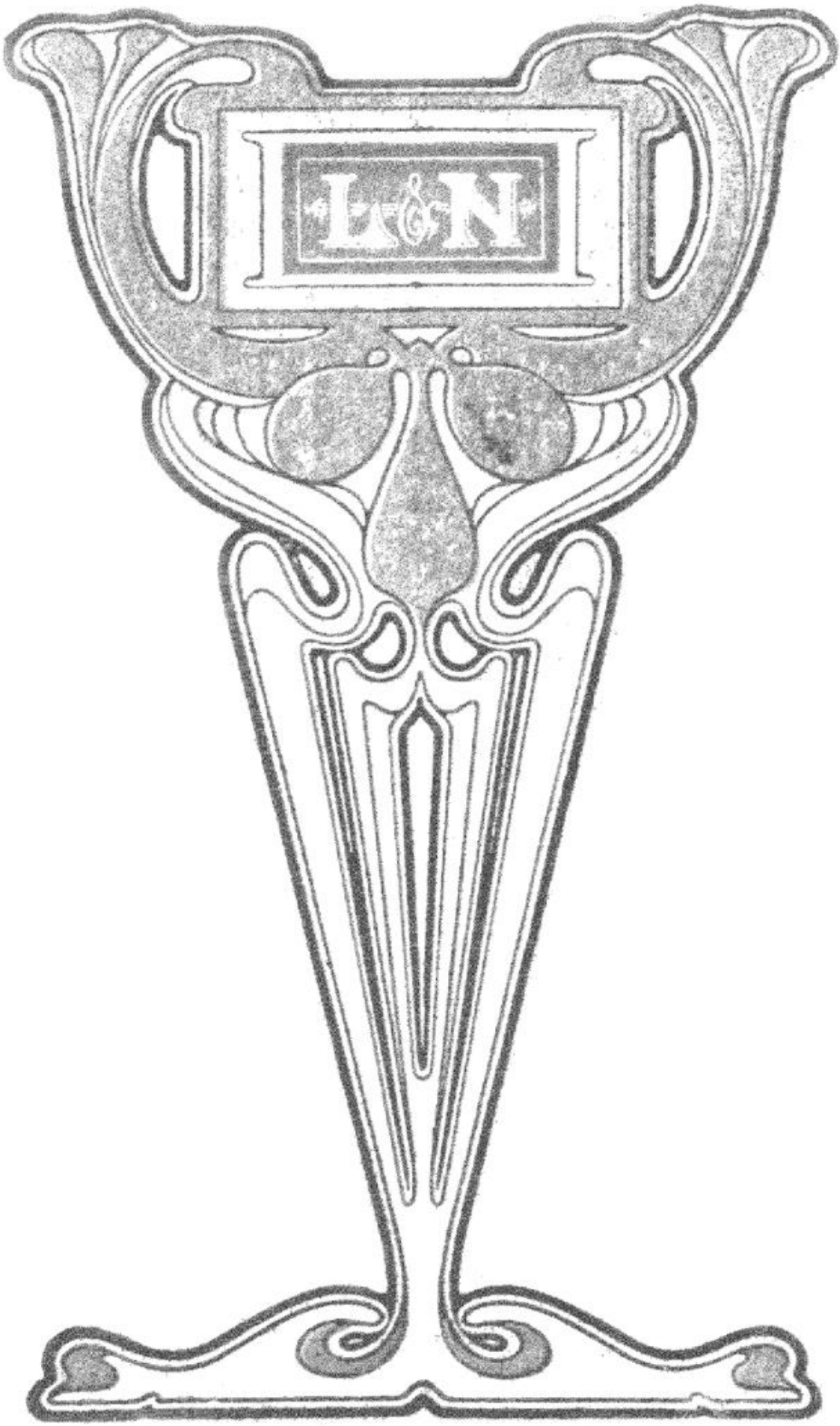
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