

THE
SONG OF LANCASTER,
KENTUCKY.

TO THE
STATESMEN, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS OF
GARRARD COUNTY.

BY
EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS,

MAY, 1874.

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NOTE.



THE writer of the following little history has presumed to borrow the peculiar style of versification from Longfellow's celebrated Song of Hiawatha.

She has carefully examined the records within reach for the facts of her story. Should important omissions occur, it will be due to the meagerness of existing evidence.

May events so dear to hearts now at rest forever, be perpetuated in the memory of the present generation.

EUGENIA D. POTTS.

LANCASTER, *May, 1874.*

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THE SONG OF LANCASTER.

CANTO I.

PRIMEVAL DAYS.

HEAR a song of ancient story,
Of a city on a hillside,
Of the valleys all about it,
Of the forest and the wildwood,
Of the deer that stalked within it,
And the birds that flew above it,
And the wolves and bears around it,
Sole possessors and retainers
Of the silent territory.
Hear the song of its high mountains
Of its gushing rills and streamlets,
Of its leaping, rolling rivers,
Of the meadows still and lonely,
Of the groves all solitary,
Of the land of cunning fables.
Should you ask me of this city,
With its legends and its stories,

With its tales of peace and plenty,
With its tales of Indian warfare,
With its nights and days of watching,
With the camp-fires all a-gleaming,
And the white man's deadly peril,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'T is the city of Lancaster,
In the county we call Garrard,
In the State of old Kentucky,
In America, the nation
On the continent Northwestern,
Found by Christopher Columbus.
Once a tangled, gloomy woodland,
With the music of its rivers,
As they wound along the grasses,
With the singing of its birdlings,
As they flew among the maples,
With the hissing of its reptiles,
Crawling o'er the sylvan meadows,
With the growling of its wild beasts,
Lurking in the dells and caverns.
Angels gazed with pleasure on it,
On this Eden habitation,
On this work so calm and lovely ;
On the moonlit, velvet carpet,
Where the fairies held their revels,
On the broad expanse of verdure,
With the sunbeams slanting o'er it,

On the rugged mountain eyrie,
Where the eagle reared her nestlings,
On the tiny brooks that trickled
Down the glens so cool and shaded.
Green and fresh the ferns and mosses,
Clinging close to rock and crevice,
Pure and bright the silver waters,
Dancing o'er the shelving limestone.
Angels saw and angels praised it,
For the gracious Spirit made it,
"Very good" the Spirit called it.
Happy valley! Peaceful shadows!
Glorious sunlight of an epoch,
Which the latter days can know not!
For the stride of man's progression
Desecrates these pristine beauties,
Bends these gorgeous land-scape beauties,
To his purposes of profit.

And the cycle brought its changes,
As the moons were waxing, waning.
The still tract of virgin woodland,
Was invaded by the demon
That the sweet primeval ages
Soon were destined to encounter,
The remorseless Indian demon,
The bold red man of the forest.
Then the wigwam and the peace-pipe

Sent aloft the smoke of welcome,
Welcome to the roving brothers,
To the tribes that wandered restless,
To the sachem and the chieftain,
To the warrior and the maiden.
I have said the tribes invaded
The sweet haunts of Nature's children,
Of her birds and beasts and reptiles,
Of her rivers, rills, and streamlets,
Of her trees and flowers and grasses,
Yet the song of peace continued.
Peaceful still, yet no more silent ;
For where man, with human passion,
Dwells in all this wide creation,
Strife is ever slumb'ring, waiting,
Waiting for the magic touchstone,
For the trouble he is born to,
" Trouble, as the sparks fly upward."
So there rose a reign of terror,
Of dismay and cruel bloodshed,
When the white man came among them,
The all-potent, dreaded pale-face,
He, another bold invader,
An usurper of the woodland.
When he came with might and fury,
And the hatchet was uplifted,
When the war-cry sounded louder,
And the wigwam smoked in ashes,

And the peace-pipe fell forever,
From the lips all stiff and gory ;
And the sachem and the chieftain,
And the warrior and the maiden,
Fled for safety from the woodland,
Roaming restless, ever moving,
To the land of deer and bison,
To the rolling, grassy prairies,
To the distant unknown regions,
To the placid, broad Pacific,
To the setting of the sunlight.



CANTO II.

1769-1796.

PIONEERS.

IN the days my Muse is singing,
In the days of early settlers
On the "dark and bloody ground," there
Came a pioneer so famous
For his greatness and his goodness,
For his sterling sense of honor,
For his frame of strength and vigor,
For his nature, bold and hardy,
And his spirit, firm and steady,
That the annals of the nation,
The proud archives of the country,
Shout his name in stirring pæans,
Blazon forth his fame and glory,
From the rising to the setting
Of the sun he loved to follow.
Many days and nights he wandered
O'er the turf of good old Garrard,
Now in sight, perchance in hearing,
Of the birds and beasts and reptiles,

Roaming wild and roaming lonely,
In the groves of fair Lancaster.
Now in sight, perchance in hearing
Of the melancholy plover,
Of the bluebird's thrilling whistle,
Of the redbird's gentle chirping,
Of the blackbird's noisy chatter,
Of the whippoorwill's soft pleading,
And the ringdove's tender cooing.
All these sounds, I trow, were welcome,
To the pioneer hunter,
Daniel Boone, the practiced hunter.
On the plains and hills I'm singing,
He has pitched his tent at nightfall,
And has laid him down to slumber,
With his deerskin wrapped about him,
With his household gathered 'round him.
And the creatures of the woodland,
The dumb creatures of the forest,
At the noisy crack and flashing
Of his trusty, timeworn rifle,
Fell, the prey of man's dominion,
Formed his frugal fare and feasting.
All about the plains and hilltops,
Are his faded, sacred landmarks.
Let them linger, ever linger,
Faithful witnesses of honor ;
For the hunter sleeps forever,

Daniel Boone, the sturdy hunter,
Daniel Boone, the early settler,
Sleeps beneath the waving bluegrass,
Sleeps among the hills of Benson,
On the river side at Frankfort.

Other pioneers came hither,
Other white men sought the woodland,
When the red man fled to westward,
From the scenes so fierce and gory,
Where the tomahawk uplifted
Wrought such strife and havoc deadly.
And once more the axe is lifted,
And the monarchs of the forest,
Of the forest bought with bloodshed,
Fell with echoes loud and startling,
'Mid the lonely hills and valleys.
And the white man built a city,
In the woodland once so peaceful,
In the woodland once so warlike,
Built a fair and goodly city,
'T was the city of Lancaster.
Yes, a stranger travelled westward,
From the land of trade and commerce,
Of William Penn and "loving brothers,"
And the stranger's name was Paulding.
With his compass, chain, and log-book,
He marked out this modest city,

On the pattern of his birthplace,
And they christened it Lancaster.
And the county was called Garrard,
For the governor and statesman,
For James Garrard of Kentucky.
Seventeen hundred six and ninety
Saw the corner-stone implanted.

And the cycle brought its changes,
As the moons were waxing, waning.
Paved streets and handsome houses,
Busy shops and tradesmen's houses,
Office, inn, and people's houses,
Cottage white and mansion costly,
Structures high and structures lowly,
Marked the once secluded valley,
Graced the once sequestered hillside.
By and by the streets were fashioned
From the model of McAdam,
And adorned the youthful city.
Richmond, Mulberry, and Paulding,
Danville, Lexington, and Water,
Stanford, Campbell, and Crab Orchard,
Were the windings of the city.
And the noisy hum of traffic,
And the roll of cart and carriage,
Told of barter and of bargain,
Told of human gains and losses,

Scared away the beasts and birdlings,
Locked and dammed and bridged the rivers,
Chained the rolling streams and rivers.
Schools were opened, where the people
Learned to read and write and cipher.
Coaches linked the growing city
With the busy world around it.
Youths and maidens joined in wedlock,
Parents knelt at family altars,
Children gambled in the playgrounds,
Cats and dogs and cows and horses,
Swine and animals of burden,
Followed man, the master spirit,
And supplied domestic comfort.
Lawyers, doctors, merchants, traders,
Preachers, artisans, and idlers,
From afar and near flocked hither ;
And the "continental coppers"
Were in speedy circulation.
Spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting,
Filled the women's dextrous fingers,
And the homespun and the linsey
Were the choice and boasted fabrics,
Furnished strong and useful garments,
In the day of early settlers.
Social gatherings were frequent,
'Round log fires and tallow candles,
And the quaint old invitations

To some public house or "tavern,"
Call a smile to faces modern ;
"Come and join a square cotillon
At the hour of four precisely," —
Was the custom of the city,
Of the sensible young city.
Sights and sounds all strange and novel,
Filled the wood with unknown echoes ;
Man, the civilized, wrought changes,
And the olden landmarks vanished.



CANTO III.

1796-1812.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

MORE than threescore years are buried
With the ages long departed,
In the annals of Lancaster,
Of the city I am singing,
Since the place of law and justice,
Since the venerable forum,
The first court-house was erected.
Seventeen hundred eight and ninety,
Reads the record of the city.
Logs adorned its sides and summit,
Logs without and logs within it,
Building fashioned all so lowly,
That 't was deemed unfit to linger
On its public, broad arena,
In the center of the township.
Down it fell one day thereafter,
(In eighteen hundred and eleven,
Of the ever moving cycle,)
And a nobler and a better,

Made of brick and stone and mortar,
Reared its ghostly head among us,
Reared its high and white cupola,
With its bell and towering belfry,
Clanging far and clanging nearer,
Tolling loud and tolling softly,
Ringing forth the day's proceedings.
Strangers, coming to the region
Of the city quaintly outlined,
Of its square, right-angle outlines,
Saw from hill-tops in the distance,
Saw from valleys and from lowlands,
This great pile of architecture,
In the central broad arena,
In the middle of the township.
Fence of stone with iron railing,
By and by extended round it,
Blooming locusts brown and lofty
Cast their cooling shadows o'er it.
On its rostrum men of power
Oft declaimed to judge and jury ;
At its bar were earnest pleadings
For the erring and the guilty.
In its halls were panoramas,
Lectures, shows, and exhibitions,
All the public entertainments,
All the tragic and the comic,
All the festivals and music,

All the city's merry-making.
'Round and 'round the gorgeous structure,
(Gorgeous in that generation,)
Stood in rows the public houses,
Primitive and unpretending ;
But their tenants knew no others,
They were simple, frugal tenants,
They were happy in their folly.

The year eighteen hundred, fifteen,
(Just beyond my canto's limits,)
Saw the good work of improvement,
Still progressing, moving forward,
Still advancing, ever onward.
In the suburbs of the city,
Rose a noted house of worship,
Large and generous in model,
Called Republican and holy,
Called Old Church in eras later,
Where all Christian sects might gather,
Save the Catholics, named Roman,
And the curious Shaking Quakers.
These might not be met as fellows,
By the followers of Jesus ;
These were aliens from the sheepfold.
All around the sacred building,
Slept the dead, both high and lowly,
(For death came into the city,)

All around the sacred building,
Tombs and slabs of stone and granite,
Marked the resting of the sainted,
Marked the resting of the wicked,
Of the infant and the aged,
Of the slave and of the master,
Of the mourned, the loved departed.
And the Sabbath bells came pealing,
In sweet echoes on the breezes,
As the willing feet went weekly
To the worship of Jehovah.

Nearer to the stirring places,
Near the thoroughfare of business,
In the active, growing city
I am chanting now in measures,
Was erected in this era,
In its earliest beginning,
Yet another famous building,
The Academy of Garrard.
Pile revered in ancient glory,
Pile renowned in modern story,
Ever honored Alma Mater
Of distinguished men and women.
Here the noble cause of learning
First received the great momentum
That has sent it rolling downward,
In the hands of willing helpers,

To the ages of the present.
Here on walls of polished plaster,
Were inscribed in myriad numbers,
Names of unforgotten heroes,
Names of genius and of talent,
Names beloved in social circles,
Names renowned on fields of battle,
Honored names in senate chamber.
And the sacred pile was cherished,
By each absent son and daughter.
Many years beyond this period,
(Well I ken the oft told story,)
On a sunny day in autumn,
When the leaves were "sere and yellow,"
When the woods were melancholy,
There were little children clustered
In this notable old school-room ;
There were little children striving,
For the prize-book and the medal,
Children conning words in triumph,
Down the line of b-a-baker,
Children frowning o'er the problems
Of the higher rules and text-books,
When a shadow crossed the doorway,
And there followed it, a stranger.
Then the children quickly started,
At the bidding of the teacher,
And in attitude of homage,

Gravely gazed upon the stranger.
On his venerable person,
On his hair all white and silvered,
On his brow all seamed and furrowed,
On his countenance so noble,
Gazed with looks of silent wonder.
He surveyed the group with pleasure,
He beheld them with emotion ;
And his heart was touched within him,
All his spirit stirred within him,
At their prompt, respectful greeting,
At their attitude of welcome.
Turning then to front the teacher,
He said, " Madam, I am weary,
I am travel-worn and dusty,
I have wanderèd long and restless,
I have come from distant regions,
To behold this treasured school-house,
See again its wall all penciled,
With the names I well remember,
With the deeds of my school-fellows ;
To review once more the playground,
Where my boyhood's days were merry ;
Jackman's Cave, the pond, the meadow,
And the spring at Captain Baker's ;
All these places I have trodden,
Where we played and where we skated,
Where we loved and where we quarreled,

Where we shouted joyous laughter,
Where we fought our little battles :
All these haunts of cloud and sunshine
Are so bright on mem'ry's pages."
Then he paused and looked about him,
But alas ! the walls were covered,
Covered o'er with paper hangings,
Of the style so new and modern,
And the names were lost forever,
To the eyes of eager mortals,
To the gaze of wand'ring schoolmates.
Yet their impress e'er must linger,
Linger on till time shall sever
All the links this earth hath given,
All the tender links of feeling.
Alexander Bruce, the stranger,
Feasted well his eyes so faithful,
On the scenes long since familiar,
On the playground of his childhood.
He was one of many others,
Who have swelled the honored columns.
He returned with heart o'erflowing,
To the spot he fondly cherished,
And with pleasurable sadness
He now gazed upon the changes.
Change was wrought on all about him,
Change was wrought on all within him,
Yet the walls beloved were standing,

'Mid the wreck of worlds beyond them,
Bearing witness to her children,
Standing monuments of witness.
And John Bruce, the great mechanic,
Was the brother of the stranger ;
Was another noted scion
Of this noble house of learning.
To his genius of invention
Is the river world indebted
For the cutting of the sawyers,
Of the treach'rous snags and sawyers,
That were wont to plunge the steamer,
Boldly ploughing through the waters,
Into labyrinths of danger.

Long the line of brave descendants,
Long the line of mental giants,
From this aged Alma Mater,
From this crumbling hall of science,
The Academy of Garrard.



CANTO IV.

1812-1820.

SOLDIERS.

BUT the changing cycle moved on,
With the waxing, waning moonlight.

'T was when European nations
Fell to quarreling and fighting
Over maritime dissensions,
That James Madison, the ruler
Of this glorious republic,
Felt the tread of foreign despots
On his loved and native country,
On the soil of peace and freedom,
And was driven to defend it.
For, these strange marauding parties
Ventured far from their dominion,
From their rightful sphere of labor,
From their proper place of warfare.
When a public proclamation
Called the people to the conflict,
Called the brave and hardy people

To unfurl the starry banner,
Mighty men of valor rose up,
At the cry, "To arms! To battle!"
For the seaports of the Union
Were blockaded by Great Britain,
By our alien mother country,
By the hostile British Islands.
Many battles, hot and bloody,
Many sieges and repulses,
Many victories and losses,
Stained the youthful nation's annals.
First at Queenstown, an engagement,
Then at Frenchtown on the Raisin;
Fights at York and Sackett's Harbor,
At Fort George and Chancey Island,
And at Williamsburg, Fort Erie,
Plattsburg, Bladensburg, Bridgewater,
And at Baltimore, the city
Lying eastward in the Union.
From eighteen twelve, to eighteen sixteen,
Troops were going forth to battle.
Then the final blow was given,
In the country stretching southward,
In the fair Louisiana,
In the land of sugar-planting,
Which the nation's gold had purchased,
In the sum of fifteen millions,
From the French in eighteen hundred.

And the New Orleans ship harbor,
On the yellow Mississippi,
Rolling swift its turbid waters,
To the distant, mighty ocean,
Was blockaded by the English,
By Lord Packenham, the leader
Of the brave and valiant English.
Andrew Jackson led the columns
Of Columbia, the Union ;
And the enemy were routed,
In the South, were whipped and routed.
Thus the troubles terminated,
And the mighty men of valor,
Who had answered to the roll-call,
Who had joined the military,
Laid aside the sword and musket,
Put away the cap and feather,
And returned to ways of quiet,
To the quiet of the hearthstone.
There were generals and captains,
In the army and the navy,
There were colonels, there were majors,
There were officers and soldiers ;
Men who went from farm and fireside,
Men who went from shop and ploughshare.
All the States rose up in answer
To the martial proclamation.
There were Pike and Brown and Chandler,

Boyd, Macomb, and Scott and Winder,
Dudley, Harrison, and Hampton,
Miller, Wilkinson, and Bainbridge,
Hull and Perry, Jones, Decatur —
All these names adorn the record,
Mark the record of the contest.
And brave men from good old Garrard
Rallied to their country's standard,
And with spirits firm and steady,
Cheerful smiles and hearts undaunted,
Ready for the fitful changes,
Fortune's wheel was turning for them,
They put on their trusty armor,
And went forth to win or perish,
Went from Lancaster, Kentucky.
Captain Faulkner led to battle
Men and arms from Garrard county :
And the muster-roll is headed,
"Mounted Volunteer Militia,
Rendezvoused at Newport Barracks,
August, eighteen hundred thirteen."
Men who number nine and sixty,
In the stained and dusty archives,
Men who travelled near one hundred
Five and twenty miles to Newport.
Stephen Richardson, Lieutenant,
Meets us first upon the roll-call,
Isaac Renfro, next as Ensign,

Samuel Smith, and William Dunkard,
 A. McQuea, and William Poor,
 Rank as Sergeants next in order,
 Then J. Nicholson, D. Perkins,
 B. F. Smith, and William Truelove,
 Are the Corporals, four in number ;
 For the Privates, see appendix,
 In the chorus of my ditty.
 Their commander's martial title,
 Rose to General from Captain,
 When the famous State militia
 Held its reign in all the counties.
 And 't was thus with many others,
 Of these veteran commanders.

William Woods enrolled a column
 Of the warriors of Garrard ;
 " Mounted Volunteer Militia,
 Seventh Regiment," — its title.
 First is Thomas Brown, Lieutenant,
 Then is Arthur Progg, Lieutenant,
 Then comes Edward Beck as Ensign ;
 J—n Smith and W. Talbot,
 Are the first and second Sergeants ;
 Sergeants third and fourth then follow,
 Samuel Scott, S. Long, in order.
 Joseph Brady and James Lackey,
 J—s Brunt and C—s Silvers,

Are the Corporals, four in number.
Forty Privates are recorded,
At the closing of my cantos.

Other soldiers went from Garrard,
Other citizens enlisted,
Of whose names no record lingers,
Save the register of mem'ry.
General William Jennings figured
In the battle on the Raisin ;
And the soldier, Robert Elkin,
And our well-remembered Buford,
Are among the names familiar,
To the vet'rans of the city.
Michael Salter was Drum-major,
In the country's earlier struggle ;
Was our one surviving scion,
Of the famous Revolution.
When their knell of death was sounded,
When they one by one went from us,
They were buried with the honors
Of the military calling ;
They were followed to their resting
By the requiem fife of wailing,
By the muffled drum of sorrow,
By the solemn tramp of mourners,
By the fun'ral march of soldiers.
We are rearing brilliant guide-posts,
To the brave men of this era ;

We are pointing to their actions,
With indelible mementos.
Thus may generations rescue
Sleeping heroes from oblivion ;
May no recreant prove wanting,
In a sacred trust of homage.
Let the archives of the city,
The proud city of Lancaster,
Still perpetuate her warriors,
Still preserve her men of valor.
They are resting on their laurels,
In an everlasting quiet ;
They have passed the rolling river,
To the armed hosts of heaven ;
They have joined another Captain,
While we linger in the rearguard.
Yet their deeds are all emblazoned,
In the hearts they left behind them,
Hearts that gratefully award them
Tributes that shall never perish.
Fare ye well, ye gallant soldiers,
Who have fought our country's battles ;
Whether soon or whether later,
Whether north or whether southern,
Whether east or west or foreign,
Ye have fought them well and bravely
In the ever changing cycle.
Bear, ye echoes, to our patriots,
Waft, ye breezes, our sad parting.

CANTO V.

1820-1833.

STATESMEN.

WE are looking down the vista,
Of two scores of years departed,
We are searching ancient data,
For the story of the decade —
For the fourth decade recorded,
In the annals of Lancaster.
Peace and quiet leave no footprints
On the true historian's pages,
'T is in action we remember
The career of our forefathers.
In the chapters now unfolded,
Rare memorials await us ;
Of the principal achievements,
And the men who made them famous,
Some have floated down unto us,
Some shall live forever with us.
Borne along the stream of fortune,
Carried downward through the driftwood,
Come the names of learned statesmen,

Come the lives of men of genius,
Who were offsprings of the city,
The young city on the hillside.
Men who served the state and county,
In the schools of jurisprudence,
In the halls of Legislature,
In the House and Senate Chamber,
On the bench and legal rostrum.
There are records of their sayings,
In the books that crowd upon us ;
There are fragments of their writings
In this distant generation ;
There are volumes of their wisdom,
There are codes of law and practice,
Doctrines pure and bold and upright,
Which have made their names undying.

Standing first upon the columns,
Proudly distancing all rivals,
Is the veteran and jurist,
Is George Robertson, Chief Justice
Of the high court of Kentucky.
Born 'mid pioneer hardships,
Reared in schools of self-denial,
All his native force and vigor,
All his diplomatic talent,
From his youth to failing manhood,
Grew to giant strength and prowess,

Till he ably represented
Every gift the people tendered,
Till the honors of his era
Crowded thick and fast upon him.
Early sent away to Congress;
He became a rising member ;
Soon his voice rang forth as Chairman
Of the famous Land Committee.
He was foremost on committees,
For improving territory ;
For extending roads and railways,
All throughout the western nation ;
For constructing modes of travel,
For uprooting mineral treasures,
For internal State improvement.
Sounded forth his clarion dicta,
In wise forms of litigation :
The Missouri Bill on Slav'ry,
Called the Compromise Restriction,
The Dred Scott and Home Law contest,
In the wrangles and debatings
Of the " Old Court " and the " New Court,"
All discussions of importance,
Themes of grave and weighty import,
All the mighty law decisions,
Found his tongue a bold defender,
Found his pen a busy helper.
All his aims in legal science,

Tended to the vindication,
Tended to maintain the standard
Of the country's Constitution.
He was author, speaker, pleader,
Wrote the noted "Manifesto,"
Wrote a score of learned essays,
Was the founder of the movement
Giving every man a refuge,
Giving poor and homeless laborers,
Peace and comfort at the fireside.
Ere his mighty frame was stricken
By the doom of pain and weakness,
He was offered many stations,
Full of public trust and glory ;
He was proffered many titles
Of distinction and of honor.
Some he served with zeal unflagging,
Some he wore with conscious merit.
Others still, he waived with firmness,
Others still, he put behind him.
In eighteen hundred eight and twenty
He declined the nomination
For the Governor of Kentucky ;
And the post of Secretary
Of the State, he soon vacated,
To pursue more arduous duties.
Chief among rejected honors,
Were, the governor's dominion

Of Arkansas Territory,
And the trust of foreign missions,
At Peru and at Colombia ;
And a place among the jurists
Of the land's Supreme Tribunal,
Of the great judicial body,
At the nation's seat of power.
All along his pilgrim journey,
Are the thickly-showered laurels.
Now his days on earth are numbered,
As the sands are gently dropping —
— Fourscore years and four their telling —
Now his mighty brain is resting,
From the pressure of life's burdens,
May his end be as the twilight
Of a day replete with blessings ;
May he fall asleep in Jesus,
With the Father's welcome plaudit,
“ Thou hast been a faithful servant,
Enter into joys of heaven.”¹

On the soil of Garrard county,
Lived another famous jurist,
Lived John Boyle, another member
Of the Lancaster triumvir,
Of the Letcher, Boyle, and Owsley —

¹ Judge Robertson died at his residence in Lexington in July,
1874

Triune band of legal heroes.
Born at Castle Woods, Virginia,
Seventeen hundred four and seventy
By and by he journeyed westward,
Settling near to Whitley's Station,
And in seventeen hundred eighty,
Emigrated thence to Garrard,
Where the sun went down upon him,
On his brilliant life of labor,
In eighteen hundred five and thirty.
Educated in the English,
In the Greek and in the Latin,
Taught the strict routine of science,
By the Rev'rend Samuel Finley,
He selected as his mission,
'Mid his striving fellow-creatures,
The career of the lawyer ;
And for sixteen years and over,
Stood among the highest jurists,
Was Chief Justice of Kentucky.
He declined a marked preferment,
In the ranks of politicians,
Choosing avenues of labor
Nearer home and happier duties,
Nearer scenes of calm retirement.
His decisions when Chief Justice
Meet the eyes of his successors,
Furnish precept and example,

State Reports, in fifteen volumes,
Give the purity and firmness
Of a day when vice and bribery,
Pettifogging and corruption,
Strategy and self-promotion,
Clouded not the patriot's vision.

Our renowned Judge William Owsley,
Representative and jurist,
Lawyer, legislator, ruler,
Has a record full of glory,
From his youth to his departure
From the stage of human striving.
Boyle and Mills and Owsley, colleagues,
With George Robertson, associate,
In the "Old Court" revolution,
Which endangered brave Kentucky
With dark anarchy and ruin,
Steered the state-craft o'er the breakers,
Stood unshaken 'mid the billows,
Saved the honored Constitution
From fierce partisans and wranglers.
Owsley's firm administration,
From the bench and bar judicial,
In the governor's chair of power,
Comes in heraldry unsullied,
On the banner of the contest,
Of the pen and diction contest,

Mightier than the sword of battle.
He reduced the annual bugbear,
The state debt, so long amassing,
And devoted all his efforts
To the Commonwealth's advantage.
In eighteen hundred two and sixty,
He laid down his useful manhood,
In the dust of lasting greatness,
At his home in Boyle county.
Long his psalm of life be chanted,
Long his earnest work remembered,
Long the sand retain his footprints,
Dust of dust, to earth returning.

R. P. Letcher was a lawyer,
In his native county, Garrard,
In the city of Lancaster,
Till the year of eighteen forty,
When he rose up by election
To the Governor's high office.
Advocate and bold defender
Of the popular Whig party,
He was prominent in Congress,
In Kentucky Legislature,
Ruled the district of Arkansas,
Went to Mexico in office,
Served at home and foreign stations.
Full of genial, pleasant humor,
Anecdote and social temper,

He left many mourning comrades,
When he ended all his labors
At his residence in Frankfort,
Eighteen hundred one and sixty.

William Jordan Graves, another
Of our citizens illustrious,
Is entitled to position,
In my melody of heroes.
He was lawyer by profession,
Went from Louisville to Congress,
And was actor in a drama,
As romantic as 't was gloomy.
Mr. Cilley from New England,
Challenged Webb to mortal combat,
Webb, the editor, to fight him,
To atone for printed libel.
Webb declined the doubtful honor
Of becoming human target,
And on Mr. Graves, his second,
Fell the duty of the duel.
His antagonist, a marksman
Of accomplished skill and practice,
Yielding up the choice of weapons,
Whether pistol, dirk, or sabre,
Graves, a novice in the science,
Promptly risked his chance for living,
On the tried Kentucky rifle.

H. A. Wise of old Virginia,
Was the other chosen second,
Formed a member of the party,
Met at dawn in mortal combat.
Cilley fell at Graves's first fire,
The old rifle did its duty ;
And a fellow-man lay rendering
Up the penalty of rashness.
George D. Prentice of the " Journal,"
Louisville editor and punster,
Called the tragical encounter
Very Grave, un Wise, and Cilley.
All the city on the hillside
Was in sympathy united,
And extended cordial welcome
To her wand'ring son and hero,
When he came among his people,
Eighteen hundred nine and thirty.
At the Mason House a dinner
Was prepared to do him honor,
All his comrades will remember
How they met to do him homage.
In eighteen hundred forty-seven,
When the soldiers of the city
Came from Mexico in safety,
Came among us with rejoicing,
A grand barbecue was given
In the wood of Gabriel Salter,

Mr. Graves, the chosen speaker,
On the glorious occasion.

Samuel McKee, the elder,
Was thro' many years distinguished
For his services as statesman,
Was conspicuous in office,
Was a gifted, brilliant member
Of a family of statesmen,
Of a family of soldiers,
Of superior men of talent.
One of Buena Vista's heroes,
Lying 'neath the sod at Frankfort,
'Neath the battle shaft of marble,
On Kentucky river's margin,
Was a son of this great lawyer, —
Colonel William R. McKee, a
Gallant sacrifice to courage.

A. A. Burton's name now meets us,
On the roll of public servants,
He, a living illustration
Of the might of patient progress.
With a mind of varied talent,
With a keen perceptive power,
With true pride and high ambition,
He endowed his human storehouse,
He provided ample weapons

For the world's unsafe arena,
For "the bivouac" of fortune.
He was lawyer, Police Judge, and
In Dacotah Territory
Was appointed Judge and ruler.
In Lincoln's administration,
Was assigned a foreign mission,
At Colombia Republic ;
And was sent as Secretary
Of the recent expedition
To the shores of San Domingo.

Other leading men among us,
Have been tendered foreign duty,
Have declined the proffered honors,
Have been popular home magnates.
These celebrities we number
With the country's highest talent ;
They, with lesser lights, illumined
Our ambition's broad horizon ;
These and they, our master spirits,
Our auspicious hillside leaders,
Offspring of the young Lancaster,
Hers by birth or by adoption.
Strong the cord of native friendship,
Firm the bond of common birthright,
Binding close the city's children,
Linking all her sons together.

Waning moons have well attested,
Moving cycles, borne the triumphs
Of her statesmen and her rulers,
Of her public men and heroes.
Her municipal directors,
Her trustees and regulators,
Her attorneys and her judges.
Her executive comptrollers,
Her ambassadors, electors,
And her delegates intrusted,
Her mechanics and inventors,—
All her thinkers and her actors,
Join in fellowship untarnished,
Stand united in distinction.



SUPPLEMENT TO CANTO V. 1875.

MISCELLANEOUS DATES.

FROM stray fragments and traditions,
From authenticated pages,
From all evidence existing,
We transcribe the names of brothers
Who have served our state and county
In divergent fields of labor ;
Who have lent their minds and bodies.
To the profit of their fellows.
Stubborn facts and dates and figures,
Chime not smoothly in my measure,
Straggling history makes angles,
Which do sharply turn my canto —
Which transform my major canto
Into strains of minor music.
Yet the story must be perfect,
Of the city on the hillside ;
Still the awkward miscellany
Must awake my bard to chanting
All the song of fair Lancaster.
'T was in seventeen hundred eighty,
That there came from old Virginia

To the west, a gifted preacher,
Lewis Craig, a Baptist preacher,
Who became a valiant champion
Of that church in Garrard county.
Gilbert's Creek, his chosen station,
Was the scene of great revivals,
And his voice proclaimed the Gospel,
Till its tones were hushed forever.

In seventeen hundred nine and ninety,
Nathan Hall, a Presbyterian,
Came to labor for the Master,
In this section of Kentucky.

Nathan Rice was born in Garrard,
A strict follower of Calvin,
In his doctrines of religion ;
Was a zealous, constant worker,
In the vineyard of salvation,
In the field of controversy,
As debater and reviewer,
Both as pastor and as author,
Labored hard and labored steady.
The debate on modes of baptism,
Sprinkling, pouring, or immersion,
Held with Alexander Campbell,
Caused unlimited excitement
All throughout the Christian churches,

Made a stir and nine days' wonder,
Throughout all denominations.
Universalism doctrine,
And the justice of slaveholding,
Formed two other grave discussions
In the great divine's career.
Dr. Rice is still devoting
His enfeebled voice and gesture
To the Gospel proclamation ;
Furrowed brow and locks of silver
Give the glory of religion,
In a portrait true and tender,
Speaking fluent words and holy,
Telling still the " old, old story."
Every prominent position,
In the gift of flock or pastor,
Has been his to grace and honor,
In the field of Christian labor.

J. L. McKee, D. D., proclaimer
Of the Gospel revelation,
Gathers penitents unnumbered
To the mercy-seat of Jesus,
Gathers multitudes of brothers,
In the strait way of salvation.
Earnest, eloquent and faithful,
Heart and mind and will are ready,
Ready by devoted study,

Ready by Divine assistance,
By the milk of human kindness,
By the grace of gentle warning,
For evangelizing sinners,
For converting souls from error.
Holding Presbyterian tenets,
Orthodox in Scotland's canons,
He proclaims a dying Saviour,
Points a crucified Redeemer,
Urges love among all brethren,
As his rule of faith and practice,
As his bulwark of dependence,
As the channel of redemption
For rebellious, wayward mortals.
Gifted orator and teacher,
Chastened learner and disciple,
May his thrilling exhortations,
May his zealous admonitions,
Long resound in old Kentucky,
Long reëcho in Lancaster.

STATISTICS.

SENATORS.

From eighteen four, to eighteen hundred
Four and seventy, were statesmen
Sent to represent Lancaster,

In the senate of Kentucky.
 First, in eighteen four, James Thompson,
 Eighteen six, came William Bledsoe,
 Eighteen nine, was Thomas Buford,
 Then in eighteen twelve, John Faulkner,
 Eighteen thirty-two W. Owsley,
 Samuel Lusk, in four and thirty,
 In fifty-nine, George Denny, Senior.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In the House the hillside city
 Was in numbers represented
 From among the early settlers,
 To the present generation.
 Thomas Kennedy, elected,
 Seventeen hundred nine and ninety,
 Then John Boyle in eighteen hundred,
 Eighteen one, came Henry Pawling,
 Eighteen two, was Stephen Perkins,
 Next, in eighteen three, James Thompson,
 Eighteen five, came Abner Baker,
 Eighteen six, came Thomas Buford,
 Samuel McKee in eighteen nine, and
 William Owsley, eighteen eleven :
 Then in eighteen twelve, John Yantis,
 Eighteen thirteen, Samuel Johnson,
 Eighteen fourteen, Robert Letcher,
 Eighteen fifteen, came James Spillman,

Eighteen twenty-one Ben. Mason,
Then George Robertson, in eighteen
Two and twenty, was elected.
Twenty-seven, R. McConnell.
Eighteen hundred eight and twenty
Simeon Anderson next followed,
Nine and twenty, Tyree Harris,
One and thirty, Jesse Yantis,
Eighteen thirty-two, John Jennings,
Alex. Sneed, in three and thirty,
Eighteen thirty-five, George Mason,
A. G. Daniel, nine and thirty,
George R. McKee, in one and forty,
Jennings Price, in three and forty,
Forty-four, went Gabriel Salter,
Eighteen forty-five, W. Mason,
Horace Smith, in forty-seven,
Forty-eight, La Fayette Dunlap,
John B. Arnold, eighteen fifty,
Fifty-four, George W. Dunlap,
Joshua Dunn, in five and fifty,
William Woods, in fifty-seven,
Fifty-nine, went Joshua Burdett,
Alex. Lusk, in one and sixty,
Sixty-three, went John K. Faulkner,
Sixty-five, went Daniel Murphy,
William J. Lusk, in sixty-seven,
Seventy-one, went William Sellers.
Reelected, three and seventy.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

First, John Boyle was sent to Congress,
 From eighteen three to eighteen nine ; then
 Samuel McKee, to eighteen seventeen ;
 Then George Robertson, till twenty ;
 R. P. Letcher next, from twenty
 To eighteen hundred three and thirty.
 From thirty-nine to eighteen forty,
 Simeon H. Anderson was chosen ;
 From sixty-one to three and sixty,
 George W. Dunlap served the session,
 Called to quell the civil troubles,
 By pacific intervention.

JUDGES.

John Boyle and William Owsley,
 And George Robertson, were Judges
 Of the Appellate Court at Frankfort.
 Samuel Lusk, George R. McKee, and
 Samuel McKee, and Mike H. Owsley,
 Form the list of Circuit Judges
 Of the Eighth Judicial District.
 County Judges, five in number ;
 James H. Letcher, first in order,
 Nicholas Sandifer, the second,
 Third, James Patterson elected,
 Fourthly, comes George Denny, Junior,

Last is William McKee Duncan.

Police Judges are as follows :

First, T. Gresham heads the list, then
Hugh McKee and Allan Burton,
James McKee and Louis Phillips,
R. Grinnan and W. M. Duncan.
George Denny, Junior, M. H. Owsley,
Served as Commonwealth's Attorney.

CLERKS.

William A. Bridges, Benjamin Letcher,
A. R. McKee, and W. J. Landram,
W. D. Hopper, E. D. Kennedy,
John K. Faulkner, now in office,
Are the Circuit Court Recorders.
County clerks were Benjamin Letcher,
A. McKee, and W. B. Mason,
James H. Smith, and W. J. Landram,
J. W. West and W. H. Wherritt.

POSTS OF HONOR.

Of our Territorial Judges,—
R. P. Letcher, in Arkansas,
A. A. Burton, in Dacotah.
Foreign Missions,— R. P. Letcher,
Went to Mexico in office ;
A. A. Burton, to Colombia,
R. C. Anderson, Colombia,

And to Panama in service.
A. R. McKee, to Panama, was
Sent as Consul for a season.

MEMBERS OF BAR.

1820-1875.

S. McKee and R. P. Letcher,
George Robertson, M. V. Grant, and
James McCoy, and W. G. Mullins,
S. H. Anderson, John Boyle, and
W. Mattingly, John McMillan,
Thomas Chilton, and Charles Talbott,
Samuel Lusk, and W. P. Bryant,
Jesse Woodruff, John G. Totten,
R. D. Lusk, and S. T. Mason,
George W. Dunlap, A. A. Burton,
Alex. Robertson, H. Bruce, and
Levi Blanton, Lewis Landram,
W. Kincaid, and Alex. Aldridge,
A. G. Stephenson, B. F. Graham,
Bascom Brown, and Dudley Denton,
L. B. Cox, J. Smith, Joshua Burdett,
Alex. Lusk, and Thomas Wilbur,
M. L. Rice, and George F. Burdett,
Horace Smith, and L. F. Dunlap,
W. C. Samuel, Charles E. Bowman,
A. R. McKee, and W. J. Landram,

Samuel McKee, and T. McQuery,
George R. McKee, and W. B. Mason,
S. T. Corn, and Phil. P. Barbour,
R. McKee and W. D. Hopper,
James A. Anderson, W. J. Lusk, and
Theodore Bailey, and George Hatch, and
R. M. Bradley, B. F. Burdett,
W. O. Bradley, H. T. Noel,
Harrison Wilds, and M. H. Owsley,
W. M. Duncan, William Herndon,
R. L. Tomlinson, Matt. Walton,
George Denny, Junior, H. C. Kauffman.

PHYSICIANS.

J. V. Gill, and R. McConnell,
A. Edmonson, B. F. Rhoton,
William Gill, and Benjamin Mason,
George B. Mason, L. M. Buford,
Joseph Smith, and W. A. Downton,
J. P. Burton, B. F. Duncan,
J. S. Pierce, and W. H. Pettus,
Alex. Hann, and Lewis Mullins,
Anthony Hunn, and Samuel Letcher,
David Bell, and Harvey Baker,
Jennings Price and Abner Baker,
L. B. Hudson, Jos. P. Letcher,
William Cooke, and Hartford Peters,
Charley Fox, and Houston Jackman,

O. P. Hill, and William Jennings,
Thomas Craig, John Craig, George Givens,
Johnson Price, and M. D. Logan,
Edward Cooke, and S. L. Burdett,
William Bush, and William Huffman,
Lastly, Dr. H. C. Herring,
Are the city's Esculapians.

We have merchants and mechanics,
Who supply the world of commerce,
We have artisans, and farmers,
Who are thriving, noble workers,
Men whose names are as the legions,
As they toil in honest labor.
We have literary talent,
We have preachers and professors,
We have poets and musicians,
Gallant sons and blooming daughters ;
We have statesmen, we have soldiers,
In the halls and in the battles ;
Even out upon the ocean,
Has the city's fame extended ;
In the navy as the army,
Have her offspring been promoted ;
Every path may claim her children,
Every sphere in life, a fol'wer,
Every scroll of fame, a column.
Cicero Price became a seaman,

Went to cruise upon the waters,
Rose to Commodore in service,
And sustained his proud position,
Through the shifts of fickle fortune.
Let each heart enshrine a volume
Of our honest, upright brothers ;
Let the story of Lancaster,
Brush aside the dust and ashes,
Clear away the clogs and brake-wheels,
Come forth as the sun at noonday,
With her hearts and hands unsullied,
With her banner folds untarnished.

CANTO VI.

1833.

CHOLERA.

WE have sung the hillside city
In the wilds of old Kentucky,
In the fruitful, blue-grass region,
In its central rich location.
We have sung its days of beauty,
From the hands of the Creator ;
Of its innocence and quiet,
Ere the foot of man had pressed it ;
We have sung its days of progress
Since the first rude cot was fashioned ;
We have sung its days of pleasure
'Mid its households and its people ;
We have sung its days of profit
In the gain of cents and dollars ;
Days of rustic simple manners,
Days of industry and labor,
Days of glory and of triumph,
Days of pride and exultation.
Now, there came a fatal era,
When the busy hum of traffic

Filled no more the stirring places ;
When the noisy roll of carriage
Ceased to sound along the pavements,
And the death cart's slow procession
Told of woe and desolation,
Told of pestilence and danger,
Told of cottages all empty,
And of mansions grim and silent,
Of the hearthstones all deserted,
All the happy, quiet hearthstones.
In this sad and fearful era,
In the year of eighteen hundred
Three and thirty, came a despot,
More oppressive in his power
Than the hosts of foreign armies,
More insatiate in his passion
Than the simoon of the desert.
Came a despot whose invasion
Struck the heart all dumb with terror,
Drove the people, panic-stricken,
From the homes so neat and tasteful,
From the places dear and sacred,
To the refuge of the country,
To the refuge of the mountain,
To the refuge of the valley, —
Anywhere for life and safety
From the grim, pursuing monster.
'T was the cholera of Asia,

Laying hands upon the city.
'Twas this skeleton so ghastly,
With its breath of foul miasma,
With its desolating vengeance,
With its greedy, fatal cravings,
Laying hands upon the city.
And the dooméd victims yielded
To the swift-distilling poison ;
White and black and high and lowly,
Fell beneath the sweeping scythe-blade.
On the air was borne the crying
Of the hurrying, the fleeing,
Through the air the sad lamenting
Of the helpless and deserted,
Cries of anguish and of terror,
Wails of suff'ring and despairing.
Some brave souls remained in peril,
'Mid this notable hegira ;
Some remained with Spartan courage,
And the enemy confronted ;
Some fell, martyrs in the struggle,
When their task of love was ended.
B. F. Duncan, kind physician !
Stood his post a valiant soldier,
Never faltered, never wavered,
While his duty lay before him ;
Stood forth bold for his profession,
Stood forth friend and nurse and doctor.

But his skill and his devotion
Could not terminate the death-list,
Could but palliate the anguish,
Could but soothe the dying victim.
Mournful sights were his to witness
In the lone, deserted village ;
Painful scenes he long remembered,
In the still, plague-stricken city.
From the news sheets of the era,
The " Kentuckian " or the " Journal,"
(Early chronicles established
In the city of Lancaster),
We may glean the sad statistics,
Glean the names of some who suffered,
Suffered death from the invader,
From the cholera Asiatic.
May the list awake a tear-drop
At the sounds once so familiar.
William Cooke and A. McDaniel,
D. McKee and William Pollard,
Seymour Gice and Mrs. Woodruff,
Thomas Pratt and Charles S. Bledsoe,
Doctor William Gill, E. Sartain,
Robert Gill and James G. Tillett,
Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Gresham,
Then Ray Smith and Mrs. Tillett,
Mrs. Anderson, J. Aldridge,
Mary Crooke and J. Vanmeter,

Nancy Bland and Joseph Evans,
Miss E. Gill and Daniel Bledsoe,
Mr. Parks and Mrs. Jennings,
Mrs. Parks and Patience Wilmot,
J. V. Gill and Mrs. Aldridge,
Mrs. George and David Sutton,
Patience Crow and Mrs. Reynolds,
Mary Robertson, John Bryant,
Mrs. Dunn, James Pope then follow.
Next come Mrs. Pratt, John Poilard,
E. McKee and Ruth A. Evans,
Frederick Hutchison, Ben. Letcher,
G. W. Thompson, Mary Woodruff,
S. S. Wilmot, William Lillard,
Joseph Woodruff and "two strangers,"
Lastly, Alexander Collier,
And "five children," are recorded.
Sixteen days the grim destroyer
Scourged our city on the hillside,
The sad city of Lancaster.
And the dead, one hundred sixteen,
White and black, were laid to slumber,
Laid to rest from toil forever,
In the old, neglected graveyard.)
It was not so old in those days ;
Flowers bloomed upon the hillocks,
Blossoms waved among the grasses ;
Now, sweet flowers of remembrance,

Live among the few survivors
Of that sleeping generation ;
Live with those whose hearts are faithful
To the victims of the death-knell,
Of the fatal epidemic
Of eighteen hundred three and thirty.

And the changing cycle moved on,
As the moons were waxing, waning.

Turn we now from pictures ghastly,
For the hand of God is lightened ;
Sing no longer mournful dirges,
For the earth is glad and merry ;
Let the requiems rest silent
In the lull of deep thanksgiving,
For the wrath of heaven is lifted,
Lifted from the rescued city.
Gone, the sound of rolling death-cart,
Hushed, the ringing, tolling belfry,
Still, the bier and gloomy shovel,
Still, the idle, listless sexton.
Other days of anxious watching
Followed, one or two years later ;
Days when fierce, destructive fevers
Darkened many homes with mourning.¹

¹ What was known as the Lancaster fever prevailed in 1835. A fatal fever also visited Lancaster in 1836, caused by the grading of the public square. Dr. Luther Buford discovered the origin of the malaria and wrote a thesis upon the subject.

Yet the citizens are happy
In this season of glad respite ;
Now the people of the township
Open wide the doors of welcome
To the long-abandoned firesides ;
Open now the shop and office
To the artisan and student ;
Active now the hands long folded
From the busy round of labor,
And the fields of grain and verdure
Wave once more beneath the sunlight.
Fields of corn and wheat and barley,
Fields of oats and rye and clover,
Fields of hemp and of tobacco,
All the products and the grasses
Spring again to life and beauty.
Let us sing no more lamenting
For the boon of life is granted,
Swell the choral hallelujah
To the Giver of all blessings,
To the Guardian of our fortunes,
The great Healer of diseases,
Our Preserver from disaster,
Our Physician and our Father,
The beneficent Jehovah,
Who hath stayed the scourge's power,
Who hath stilled the epidemic
Of eighteen hundred three and thirty.

CANTO VII.

* * * 1838.

MILITIA.

'T WAS a custom of the nation,
Of this grand united nation,
In the days I now am chanting,
Eighteen hundred eight and thirty,
That the military people
In the towns and in the cities,
In the villages and counties,
Should parade in drills and musters,
With the drum and fife to lead them ;
Should at stated times and seasons
Herald forth their martial columns ;
Should, with powder and with flint-lock,
Learn to battle and to conquer,
Learn the tactics of the army.
Brigade drills, battalion musters,
And an annual encampment,
Took in officers and soldiers,
Men of strong and wiry muscle,
Men from twenty-one and upwards,

To the age of five and forty.
'T was in eighteen twenty-seven
That John Jennings was commander
Of the élite Light Horse Company.
Captain Travis Dodd succeeded,
And along the years that follow,
To the Sabine Volunteers, in
Eighteen hundred six and thirty,
Captain John A. Price, commander,
There were other noted heroes.
But the incident my canto
Now attunes to hum'rous mention,
Had its birth one fair October,
Eighteen hundred eight and thirty.
Colonel William Stein commanded
The renowned Cornstalk Militia,
Of the county of old Garrard,
Near the city of Lancaster.
None but officers might join them,
Colonels, Majors, and Lieutenants,
Captains, Corporals, and Sergeants ;
Only officers were mustered,
In the regimental phalanx.
Stein was large and he was burly,
Was among the "sons of Anak,"
Made a Captain by Dame Nature,
In his giant-sized proportions,
Made a Colonel by his merits,

By his lofty aspirations.
But the county-seat of Garrard,
The ambitious, inland city,
Sent a popular petition,
To the capital at Frankfort,
To the legislative rulers,
For an Act incorporating
Their militia into Guardsmen.
And forthwith their prayer was granted,
Quickly granted by the rulers.
See them now, the dashing Guardsmen,
With their youthful men all mustered,
With their uniform so dainty,
With white pants and true-blue jackets,
With their bayonets and muskets,
All their jaunty sails and rigging !
By and by their martial exploits,
By and by their bold pretensions,
Won a challenge from the Cornstalks,
The redoubtable militia,
From the band of Regimentals,
Now encamped upon the river,
From the fearless giant Colonel,
To appear in his dominions.
John A. Flack, the warlike Captain
Of the brave and youthful Guardsmen,
Was not then within the city,
Was not then at post of duty ;

And his men were in disorder,
Were all scattered in confusion.
But they soon began to rally,
On one fair October evening,
Rally 'round their platoon leaders,
Ready to accept the challenge.
Of their number was a stranger,
An adopted son of Garrard,
Who was light and lithe of person,
Who was full of life and vigor,
Who had visited the city,
The good city of Lancaster ;
Who had joined her sports and pastimes,
Eager for the hour's amusement,
Ever foremost in adventure ;
And the stranger's name was Dunlap,
And his home was in Lafayette.
He was one of twenty-seven,
Who advanced on the Militia,
At the silent hour of midnight ;
Who attacked the Regimentals,
Near the bridge across Dix River,
In the county we call Lincoln ;
Who invaded the dominions
Of the annual encampment,
On the fair October evening,
Eighteen hundred eight and thirty.
Sweetly rest the noble Cornstalks,

On their arms are calmly sleeping,
Resting on their arms by moonlight,
Resting, ignorant of danger.
Bright the ever-shifting heavens,
Dark the trees and woodland shadows,
'Round the band of Regimentals,
Near the river-bridge of Lincoln.
Gently came the night besiegers,
Softly marched the twenty-seven,
When a sharp, out-standing picket
Sounded forth the note of warning,
With his damp and rusty weapon,
Blazoned forth the call of danger,
With the snapping of his musket.
Quick the camp is in commotion.
"To arms!" "To arms!" shout the Militia,
The surprised and sleepy Cornstalks.
And the men run hither, thither
In a search for the assailants,
When a noise of tramping horses,
Through the river-bridge, attracts them.
'T was a feint arranged beforehand,
To delude the Regimentals,
And they dashed on to the outskirts,
Dashed the wild, bewildered Cornstalks,
In a wayward false direction.
The young Guards meanwhile crept onward,
Softly crept to camp behind them :

Four platoons of jolly Guardsmen,
March and counter-march upon them,
Fire blank cartridges among them,
Lighting up the woods around them ;
Thrust the bayonets dull before them,
March and counter-march in order,
Fire and load again the flintlocks,
Till the woodland fairly blazes.
In one of these illuminations,
Dunlap saw the foe approaching,
Coming 'round to flank the columns
Of the bold midnight invaders.
Then he ordered forth his platoon,
To cut off the brave Militia,
To arrest the flanking Cornstalks,
When pell-mell fell all together,
In the hard-contested battle.
But the weak, outnumbered Guardsmen,
— Some among the twenty-seven —
Soon were caught and held in capture,
Soon were dragged within the circle
Of the annual encampment.
All the others scampered swiftly,
Scampered off in each direction,
Struggling, seeking to escape them,
Fleeing from the Regimentals.
Dunlap found himself confronted
By a single Lincoln Cornstalk,

(Dr. Huffman, a "Militia,")
Who essayed at once to take him.
Hand-to-hand in duel comic,
They careered with flintlocks rusty,
They embraced with bayonets blunted,
Dunlap all the while retreating,
Huffman all the while pursuing,
Till a wide ravine arrested,
Stopped their wild, ferocious progress.
Not for long the pause, however ;
Dunlap, lithe of limb and active,
Sprang across the yawning chasm,
Huffman, chasing, fell within it,
Rolling down the steep embankment.
Then young Dunlap, still escaping,
Running from his checked pursuer,
Saw before him in the pathway
Another hand-to-hand encounter.
It was Stein, the burly Colonel
Of the conquering Militia ;
It was Stein disarming Paddy,
Irish Paddy of the Guardsmen ;
Stein disarming Surgeon Buford,
Of the Lancaster Battalion.
Lucky moment for the Guardsmen,
All their men were lost but fourteen,
Fourteen men of twenty-seven ;
But the man that sent the challenge,

The bold Colonel of the Cornstalks,
Was divided from his soldiers,
Was a helpless prey before them.
Taking in the situation,
Gaining courage with good fortune,
Dunlap plunged at once to aid them,
Aid the surgeon and the private,
And when three to one in number,
To arrest the burly Colonel.
Then they clinched and fell and struggled,
Then they fought and rolled and rallied,
And arose but ne'er released him,
Till the man that sent the challenge
Was compelled to cry surrender.
"I surrender, *but don't duck me,*"
Pleaded hard the gallant Colonel.
And the victors, showing mercy,
Gathered up the scattered Guardsmen,
Fourteen men of twenty-seven,
And proceeded home in triumph,
Took their captive to the city,
To the slumb'ring, quiet city,
To Lancaster on the hillside.
But the scattered Guards, returning
Through the river-bridge at midnight,
Scared and startled Dunlap's posse,
At the moment of their vict'ry,
Scared and startled Stein's besiegers,

Till they fled across the fences,
Till they dared not bear their captive
O'er the dangerous moonlit highway.
On and on the captors wandered,
Wandered over brush and briars,
Stumbling on through creeks and by-ways,
Climbing hills and wading gullies,
Sometimes running, sometimes halting,
Till the men were all exhausted,
All but Dunlap and his captive.
Paddy fell out by the wayside,
Buford lagged behind to nurse him ;
Some lay down beside their muskets,
Giving up the vain exertion ;
Some were nerved to struggle onward,
Eager to proclaim the tidings ;
But the pris'ner tried to tire them,
In the deviating pathways,
In the windings of the by-ways,
He endeavored to elude them,
Till his giant-sized proportions
Yielded to the boyish runners,
Till his strategy and ruses
Were outwitted by the youngsters.
And the fair October morning
Was just peeping o'er the hill-tops
Of victorious Lancaster,
When the tramp of full two hundred

Broke upon the early watches ;
When two hundred men, exultant,
Started forth in marching columns,
With the drum and fife resounding,
Started forth to meet the victors.
(For, a captured Guard, escaping
From the annual encampment,
From the heedless Regimentals,
Near the bridge in Lincoln county,
Had proceeded to the city,
While the moonlight yet was waning,
Had aroused the sleeping townsmen
With the herald of the vict'ry.)
And the troops went out to meet them,
Went to meet the Guards returning,
Eight alone of twenty-seven.
And the doorways of the city,
All the windows of the city,
Sounded forth huzzas and shoutings,
While the handkerchiefs were waving,
Flags-of-truce, their white unfurling.
Nearer came the weary Guardsmen,
Hatless, spurless, weary Guardsmen,
With white pants, alas ! all muddy ;
Torn and soiled the true-blue jackets,
Scratched and worn the hands and faces.
But the great crest-fallen captive,
Was in plight both sad and comic !

With his red bandana nightcap
Wound about his head so lordly,
With his armless sleeping-jacket
Hanging on his martial figure,
He was borne aloft in triumph,
To the court-house of the city,
To the central public building,
In the middle of the city.
Then they honored him with feasting,
Served him well with cheering viands,
And they clad his martial figure
In a military outfit.
Golden crests upon the shoulders,
Gilded buttons down the vestings,
Brand-new hat and boots all shining,
Spotless coat and handsome trappings, —
These they gave the fallen hero,
Gave the helpless, conquered Colonel.
And upon a dashing charger,
On a fine dun horse of Proctor's,
He was given back his freedom,
He was sent to the encampment,
Near the river-bridge of Lincoln ;
Was exchanged for all the captives
That the Guards had left in durance.
But he gave the man that took him,
Then and there, a martial title,
“ For I cannot brook surrender

To a lower rank than Colonel."
So he called him Colonel Dunlap,
Called the stranger from Lafayette,
Called the foster-son of Garrard.
Colonel Dunlap, comes the title,
From that day unto the present ;
In the private social circle,
In the halls of Legislature,
In the higher halls of Congress,
At the bar and at the fireside,
Comes the title to the present.

Thus was ended the great " Battle
Of the Bridge " across Dix River,
Where the corps of jolly Guardsmen
Captured Stein, the burly Colonel
Of the brave Cornstalk Militia,
Of the dainty Regimentals,
On the fair October midnight,
Eighteen hundred eight and thirty.¹

¹ W. S. Miller, Jr., was made Captain of the " Mulligan Guards," a company of Militia, in 1874.

CANTO IX.

1838-1847.

MEXICAN WAR.

STILL the moons are waxing, waning,
O'er the city of Lancaster ;
Still the ever-moving cycle
Bears her swiftly on its pinions.
'T was the year of eighteen hundred
One and forty when the Christians
Of the sect called Presbyterian,
Built themselves a house of worship,
Built themselves a sanctuary,
On the street that leads to southward,
From the entrance to the city.
Thus was made the first partition,
From the venerable mother,
From the church within the suburbs,
Called Republican and holy,
Where the sects were wont to gather,
In the willing, weekly worship.
And the pastors and the preachers,
Served the flock in health and sickness,

Served the flock in death and marriage,
Served them well in home and pulpit.
And the doctors and the lawyers,
All the households and the tradesmen,
Still pursued their avocations,
Still enjoyed their social pleasures,
Still advanced in arts and learning,
In the peaceful Christian city.
But a great financial crisis
O'er the people was impending ;
A depression in all traffic
Drew the citizens together,
Brought about excited meetings,
To discuss important measures,
For relief amid the pressure ;
To originate devices
For averting present danger.
All along this stirring epoch
There was incident and action ;
There were interests of public
And of private weight and import ;
Varied causes and occasions
Kept the people in commotion.
The Militia drills and musters
Still diverted men and boys ;
And the quaint, unique processions,
Called " Log Cabin," ruled the hour.
Eighteen hundred four and forty,

Brought the fierce election canvass
For the presidential office ;
Democrat and Whig opponents,
In the race for fame and power.
Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen
Proudly bore the great Whig banner,
James K. Polk and George M. Dallas,
Were the Democratic champions.
And the voters of Lancaster,
All the voters of the county,
Met together in the masses,
Met to celebrate the contest ;
Barbecues and basket dinners,
Gathered orators and hearers,
Gathered women, men, and children,
All together in the masses.
In the wood of Isaac Myers
Politicians were assembled ;
In this ample, shaded woodland
Was a glorious celebration,
Hempstalk flag-poles bore the colors,
High o'er wagon, coach, and horseman ;
All the people congregated
To do homage to th' occasion.
Doctors Craig and Cross were speakers,
Also Caperton of Richmond.
Grand this gala day of feasting,
Loud the triumph and rejoicing.

But the Whigs were sore defeated,
Vain their festal acclamations.

Now a heavy cloud of sorrow
Overshadows fair Lancaster,
Shadows all the hillside city,
In the swift-revolving cycle.
When the great and vexing question
(See the hist'ry of the ccuntry)
Of the Texas annexation
Called for volunteers to aid her,
Called the Union to assist her,
In her daring revolution,
In her independent parting
From the rule of Santa Anna,
Then the city on the hillside,
Sent up wails of grief and mourning,
For the farewells to the brothers,
To the sons and gallant soldiers,
Who took up their line of marching,
For the distant, unknown countries.
On the sunny fourth of June, in
Eighteen hundred six and forty,
They led out their willing chargers,
They arrayed in mounted columns,
Down the streets that lead to northward,
From the entrance to the city.
And the mothers and the sisters,

All along the sidewalks weeping,
Waved adieux and sighs heart-rending,
To the precious forms and faces,
To the buoyant, untried soldiers,
Moving on in martial phalanx
To the Mexicana struggles,
To the fights in foreign places,
To the fatal Buena Vista.
Some alas! were gone forever,
When the bending road concealed them,
Some were hid till time eternal,
From the strained gaze that sought them.
I append the list in measures,
In the numbers of my canto ;
Sing the names of sons and brothers,
Whose dear lives were put in peril.

Johnson Price, the chosen captain,
A renowned Militia hero,
Serving well his post of honor,
Was, in after days of freedom,
In eighteen hundred nine and forty,
Sent, a delegate from Garrard,
Sent to represent the county,
In the noted State Convention,
In the council of the rulers,
Met to change the Constitution.
Then out in the land to westward,

In the land of California,
He adorned his grave profession,
Was a healer of diseases,
Till the Master called him homeward,
In this distant land of strangers.
L. F. Dunlap, First Lieutenant,
Was elected by the people,
Eighteen hundred eight and forty,
To the Frankfort legislature ;
Then away in California,
Where he served with judge and jury,
In the lawyer's hard vocation,
Where again he was elected
To the legislative body,
He was stricken in his vigor,
In the flush and prime of manhood,
In his youthful life of promise,
By a fearful epidemic ;
Fell a victim to his friendship,
Fell beside the sick and dying.
And Lieutenant George F. Sartain
Cast his future lot in Texas.
Left the soil he represented
In the Mexicana battles.
S. McKee went out First Sergeant,
And returned among his people,
Filling prominent positions,
In the long years coming after

Horace Smith, the Second Sergeant,
Also served his native city
In the halls of Legislature,
In eighteen hundred forty-seven ;
Then removed to California,
Where he practiced jurisprudence,
Was the Mayor of Sacramento,
And he died some years thereafter,
In this thriving western city.
Then the reading of the record
Of the list resumes as follows : —
George Montgomery, John Sellers —
Third and fourth in rank as Sergeants,
V. B. Smith and A. R. Harris,
Were the Corporals, first and second ;
Then Third Corporal, William Jennings,
Of whose name is future mention,
In the nation's civil struggle,
Fifteen years beyond this era.
And G. Smiley, fourth in order,
Went as Corporal among them.
Private William Jennings Landram,
Was promoted to First Sergeant,
And in coming years of trial
Climbed the scroll of fame still higher.
And James Hutchison was buried
'Neath the southern gulf's deep waters ;
Homeward bound, his mortal body

Found a sailor's final resting.
B. F. Graham, first a private,
Soon arose to Quartermaster,
Was assailed and killed on duty,
By the Mexican marauders ;
Fell, defending army stores,
In the wagon-train advancing
From the marshes of Comargo.
Branson Wearren met his death stroke,
On the field of Buena Vista ;
Found a soldier's mausoleum,
In the smoke and blood of battle.
Some were carried off by illness,
Some returned to die still later ;
Others lived to serve their country,
In a sadder, fiercer conflict ;
Others still, resumed the quiet
Of their own domestic circle.
Eight and seventy names are written
On the muster roll of striplings.
For the remnant, see Appendix
Of the volunteering column,
Of the valiant sons and brothers,
Of the saved and of the fated,
Of the lost and of the rescued,
Who left home the sunny morning,
In the month of June, so eager
For the clash of steel and armor,
With the fighting Mexicana.

Fare ye well, ye gallant soldiers,
Who have fought our country's battles ;
Whether soon or whether later,
Whether north or whether southern,
Whether east or west or foreign,
Ye have fought them well and bravely,
In the ever-changing cycle ;
Bear, ye echoes, to our patriots,
Waft, ye breezes, our sad parting.

CANTO IX.

1847-1861.

PROGRESS.

NOW we come to architecture,
In the annals of the city ;
Now the spirit of improvement
Makes a giant-stride among us,
Opens wide her money-coffers,
In the growing, hillside city.
On the westward street, called Danville,
Rose an institute of learning,
Rose the Franklin Female College,
Soon the pride of all the region.
And within its classic chambers
Have the children of the county
Gone to school in many hundreds ;
Have in hundreds learned to grapple
With the mysteries of science.
Num'rous teachers have united
In the duty of instructing,
Teachers from the distant sections,
Teachers from among our people.

Music, English, French and Latin,
Morals, manners, Calisthenics,
Healthful sports and games and pastimes,
Useful precepts, laws and lessons,
All were taught within this building,
Which the Odd Fellows erected
In eighteen hundred forty-seven.
Far and wide the ranks are scattered,
Strange their destiny and varied,
Yet the tie of love and duty,
Binds the teacher to the pupil,
Binds the pupil to the teacher,
Wheresoe'er their footsteps wander,
Wheresoe'er their fate may lead them.
May they ever fondly cherish
All the dear associations,
All the lessons of ambition,
Taught and gained at Franklin College,
Taught within its classic chambers.¹

In eighteen hundred eight and forty,
Was a novel institution,
Introduced within the city ;
A society established,
By an act of corporation.
And they called themselves, " The Hunters

¹ George W. Dunlap, Jr., purchased this Institute in 1874,
and established a graded school for young ladies.

Of Nimrod." Oswald Von Koenig,
Scion of a Saxon family,
Introduced this curious Order ;
And the Lancaster Sanhedrim
Numbered six in solemn council,
Hill, Kinnaird and Cope and Burton,
Sandifer, McKee — the Council —
Were the city's chartered members.
Afterwards the German stranger,
Met his death in tragic manner,
Dashed his body from a window,
In the flourishing Falls City :
And the accident was mournéd,
Was lamented by the Hunters.
They deposited their leader,
In the Cave Hill cemetery,
And the stone that marks th' enclosure,
Was the gift of A. A. Burton,
One among the chartered members.

Here the chronicle reminds us
Of the noble art of printing,
Now revived within the city,
Now engrossing all her readers.
And the news sheets are before us,
With their timeworn local items,
With their cunning jests and humor,
With their antique advertisements,

With their long-forgotten pages.
The "Republican" and "Argus"
Have the earliest existence,
In this era of advancement ;
Then the famous "Garrard Banner"
Floats upon the world of letters.

And again the public buildings
Rise and multiply about us.
On the eastward street, called Richmond,
Was a Baptist Church erected.
Still another sect divided
From the Old Church congregation,
In eighteen hundred one and fifty.
In the next year of the cycle,
Eighteen hundred two and fifty,
The Reformers built another,
On the southern street called Stanford.
And the thriving, stirring city,
Boasts her dwellings and her churches,
Her Deposit-Bank and cash-box,
Her commercial business houses ;
Spreads abroad her lawful limits,
Widens out her corporation,
Swells the list of tax and tariff,
By her handsome architecture.
And the energetic people
Cling to rustic ways no longer,

Learn conventional exactions,
Tread the labyrinths of fashion,
Con the magazines and modistes.
And no quaint old invitation
To the jolly square cotillon,
Now regales the hour of pleasure :
But, a dance at nine this evening,
Or a hop, or social gath'ring,
At the new hall, called the Sontag,
Where quadrille, or waltz, or Lancers,
Marked with grace the "light fantastic."
And the Categordian Maskers,
With the Callithumpian Minstrels,
Held high carnival among us,
Formed a Mysticke Crewe of Comus.
All the sewing-bees and quiltings,
Apple-parings, and corn-huskings,
Barbecues and basket meetings,
Chicken-fights, and swift foot-races,
Even singing-schools, were banished
To the primitive old fogies.
Tallow candles were supplanted,
By the lamp and spermaceti,
Linsey woolsey, jeans and cotton,
Long suspended from the weaving,
Changed to silk and print and muslin,
Changed to cassimere and broadcloth.
Now the seamstress plied her sewing,

With machine and modern patterns ;
Now the drudge of toil domestic,
Sought out many new inventions,
Soon rejoiced in work made easy,
By the labor saving structures.
And the turnpikes of the county,
Echoed loud to wheels revolving :
All the rude, unsightly landmarks,
Were now graded and remodeled,
Were McAdamized and hardened.
Now the bridle and the saddle
Rose to harness and coach-trappings ;
Now the rider and pedestrian
Took an airing in the carriage.
Sledges darted by in winter,
When the snows were firm and steady,
When the white and shining crystals
Covered road and wood and meadow.
There were speeches and mass-meetings,
When elections stirred the people,
Anniversary orations
Of the nation's independence.
In the springtime came the circus ;
Summer time, school exhibitions ;
Fairs and pleasure trips in autumn,
Rare festivities in winter.
And sometimes there were dissensions,
In this era of my story.

One disastrous feud was raging,
In the year of eighteen fifty,
And continued with great venom,
Through two years or more of bloodshed.
Yet the spirit of improvement
Tarried not for man's caprices.
Duties, taxes, trade, and commerce,
Public gala days and triumphs,
Dances, weddings, and storm-parties,
Floral festivals and music,
Or the promenading concert,
Lent a pleasing variation.
Or a serenade by moonlight,
Or a picnic, or band-meeting,
(It was Landram's skillful "Saxhorn,")
Or the famed association,
Called the Literary Circle,
Where was wit, and sense, and humor,
Where were readers and were critics,
Where were essays and selections,
In the style of choice belles-lettres.
And the weekly local paper,
In the year of fifty-seven,
Tells the story of the changes,
Tells the story of the pleasures,
Notes the firmer grasp of fashion,
Notes the new, intruding customs.
'T is the "Sentinel" presiding

O'er the city's daily doings,
The " American Sentinel " watching
All the curious innovations.
And the interesting columns
Show contributors in numbers, —
Many writers of the city
Furnished items and productions.
Roscius, Citizen, and Alma,
Ida, Claude, and Regulator,
Many signatures unnoted,
Many noms de plume forgotten,
Filled the sheet with spicy reading,
With discussion, fact, and fancy,
Prose and poetry and fiction,
Rhyme and riddle and acrostic,
All the sorrows and the blessings,
All misfortunes and successes,
All the city's daily doings.

And the moons were waxing, waning,
As the cycle brought its changes.

CANTO X.

1861-1865.

CIVIL WAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred one and sixty,
Rolls its direful weight upon us ;
Now the horoscope of nations,
Opens wide its omens to us.
In the mystic stars of fortune,
Of the western constellation,
Of the grand, united countries,
On the continent of freedom,
The astrologer now gazes
On a weird and crimson shadow.
Stars of fixed and cruel brightness,
Stars of fitful gleam and shining,
Stars of strange and faint illuming,
Reads the national magician ;
Stripes of gory hue adorning,
All the mammoth constellation ;
Stripes extending down the shadow
Of the shifting, warning picture.
What broad stream pursues its flowing,

Through the fateful, dark camera ?
What bedews the starry emblem,
With the startling shade of crimson ?
'T is, alas ! the fearful shadow,
Of contention and of vengeance ;
'T is the strife of human passion,
In the hapless land of freedom ;
'T is the clash of angry foemen,
Steel to steel in fierce encounter ;
'T is the symbol of a struggle,
In the brave, aspiring nation.
Not the tramp of foreign armies,
On the soil we bought with bloodshed,
Not the aid to captive strangers,
In the distant, unknown countries ;
But the war at home and fireside,
The assault of friend and brother,
The array of kith and kindred,
In one grand, domestic quarrel.
And the soldiers went in legions,
Went in tens and tens of thousands,
Swarmed upon the fields of battle,
Crowded tent and camp and barrack.
And the city of Lancaster,
Ever foremost in her duty,
Gave her mite of men and warriors
To the ranks and to the hardships,
Gave her fighting men to suffer

In the civil war that deluged
All this mighty West Republic
In eighteen hundred one and sixty.

First we note the conquering armies,
With their brave, victorious leaders,
Who enlisted in the service,
From the county of old Garrard.
General Landram was promoted,
In the rising scale of glory,
From the easier gradations,
To the topmost roll of honor.
Born within the hillside city,
Architect of his own fortunes,
Native industry and talent
Led him up to high position.
Poet, pensman, and musician,
Writer, editor, and lawyer,
Social leader and controller
Of the city's hours of leisure,
He put by these modest duties,
To adorn the post of soldier ;
He ascended as commander,
In the conquering Union armies.
His command — "Nineteenth Kentucky,"
Of the Infantry — the footmen,
Was the charge at first entrusted,
Numbered eighty men from Garrard

Of the officers and privates,
Company H. begins the roll-call.
Morgan Evans, first a Captain,
Was promoted soon to "Major,"
And was killed when bravely fighting,
Fell before the Vicksburg trenches,
Fell in May (the twenty-second)
Eighteen hundred three and sixty ;
And his body lies distinguished,
By a shaft of pure white marble,
In the quiet cemetery
Of his native hillside city.
Here the "Blue" and "Grey" are resting,
'Neath "the laurel" and "the lily,"
"Love and tears" the one, adorning,
"Tears and love" the other, mourning.
Captain Alexander Logan,
Lives to chronicle his story.
First Lieutenant T. A. Elkin,
On the staff of Colonel Landram,
Drilled a band of Zouave urchins,
In the lance munition tactics,
Ere he joined the army proper,
Ready for its earnest duties.
By promotion he was Captain
Of the Cavalry — the horsemen,
And survived a soldier's perils,
Made a creditable record.

Stephen Hedger,¹ First Lieutenant,
Was advanced from rank of Second.
Now the Sergeants, nine in number,
Are the chief among subalterns ;
Joseph Vaughn, and John H. Bussing,
James D. Price, and A. M. Bishop,
A. Kincead and Henry Innis,²
Wilson Duggins, John L. Connor,²
And Hugh Burns, the last recorded.
Then nine Corporals are written
On the fresh and modern record ;
John C. Vaughn, and George S. Pollard,
Thomas Alverson, James Chumbley,
William Rigsby, and James Griffey,
Gideon Duncan, James H. Dismukes,²
Lastly, Alexander Duggins.
For the fifty-eight remaining
In the ranks, vide Appendix.
The great Mississippi Valley
Was their theatre of action.
At the city of New Orleans,
Eighteen hundred five and sixty,
Colonel Landram was commissioned,
Brigadier Commanding General.
When the armistice was sounded,

¹ Stephen Hedger, while Postmaster at Lancaster in 1874,
was shot and killed by Ebenezer Best.

² Dead.

When the hero, Lee, surrendered,
And the companies disbanded,
At the trumpet proclamation,
Then the city on the hillside,
Summoned home her noble chieftains,
Once again to routine quiet.

Colonel Faulkner was a leader
In the conquering Union army,
Was the only son descended,
From his military father,
Who led forth his men to battle,
In the war of eighteen thirteen.
In the chronicle before us,
We read, "Colonel John K. Faulkner,"
Of command "Nineteenth Kentucky,"
Of the Cavalry — the horsemen.
First comes Captain Robert Collier ;
Then is Captain Joseph Thornton,
First Lieutenant W. M. Kerby,
First Lieutenant E. H. Walker ;
James L. Baird, and Thomas Dunn, are
Next in order as Lieutenants.
Sergeants six in number follow
In the company's statistics ;
Curtis Pierce, and James M. Rothwell,
J. M. Carpenter, S. Rothwell,
John McQuery, P. H. Fletcher ;

Then the Corporals, eight in number :
Robert Baugh, and James T. Dollens,
A. T. Conn, and James D. Adams,
J. H. Anderson, James Perkins,
G. W. Dollens, A. J. Hammock
John F. Kennedy, the farrier,
And James Sims, the company's saddler.
See the Privates, forty-seven,
In Appendix of my ditty.

Of the first Kentucky Cavalry,
Company G had two commanders,
First, was Captain Thornton Hackley,
Then came Captain Irvine Burton.
William Carpenter, First Lieutenant,
Second Lieutenant, Henry Robson,
Second Lieutenant, Daniel Murphy,
Sergeants : James F. Spratt, T. Wherritt,
Eugene Miller, W. B. Saddler,
J. H. Kennedy, James Ross, and
A. M. Saddler, William Sherod.
Corporals : John L. Pond, R. Hukle,
Joseph Hicks, and Miles M. Chandler,
John E. Wright, and Hiram Roberts,
James O. Lynn, and Robert Rainey,
John T. Brooks, the ninth in number.
Fifty-seven private soldiers,
Filled the columns. (See Appendix.)

General Lovell H. Rousseau¹ was
Yet another gallant warrior,
Of whose glittering escutcheon,
All the city's pride is boastful ;
Lawyer, politician, soldier,
He in Congress represented
Louisville and all the district,
And won military prowess,
In the nation's civil combats.

Colonel William Hoskins glories
In unsullied reputation,
Both as citizen and soldier,
Both as friend and as companion.
Served the Union in its struggle,
Served his county's legislature ;
Is a genial, polished courtier,
Ever welcome at the fireside,
Ever welcome in all circles.
Whether lifting up his voice in
Measures for the public welfare,
Whether shouldering the bayonet,
For the bloody field of battle,
Whether drawing strains of music,
From the violin's sweet echoes,
Colonel Hoskins wins a greeting,
Claims a welcome in all circles.

¹ Deceased.

Major M. H. Owsley, leader
In "the Cavalry" of Kentucky,
Was advanced from rank of Captain
In eighteen hundred one and sixty.
Since those times of manly trial,
He has step by step ascended,
From the youthful lawyer's office,
Up the grade of politicians,
To the bench of legal power.
A. G. Daniel, Junior, Captain
Of the Home Guard nightly patrol,
Served the Government thereafter,
In responsible positions.
W. A. Yantis ranked Lieutenant,
Led the military music
On the march of Wolford's cavalry.
R. L. Cochran was Lieutenant,
Also, R. Leslie McMurtry,
Officers from brave Lancaster,
In the army of the Union.
Other men perchance from Garrard,
From the inland hillside city,
Took up arms to save the Union,
Fought the desperate seceders.
Far and near the slogan sounded,
Long and loud the fatal summons,
Till around each fireside lonely,
Soon a "vacant chair" was standing ;

Till the only free retainers
Were the women and the children ;
Till the crippled and the aged
Were the guardians of the homesteads.

.
How the shadows of the picture
Darken o'er the southern landscape !
How the " Lost Cause " sheds a gloaming
On the erst illumed horizon !
All about the stricken region
Hangs the doom of vanquished power ;
All throughout the conquered country
Sounds the knell of fruitless bloodshed.
Mothers mourn their slaughtered first-born,
Wives lament their martyred husbands,
Sisters guard the worn grey jackets,
Maidens prize the blood-stained tresses.
Farmers, planters, cultivators —
All the men of thrift and profit,
Grieve above the desolation,
Deep bewail the fruits so bitter.
Furrows in the soil may ripen,
With a renovated harvest ;
Furrows in the heart are open,
With a ceaseless, arid planting.
Wind and rain and shower and sunshine,
Soon give back the laborer's treasure ;
None of nature's sweet restorers,

Bring alas! the mourner's idols.
From the North were foreign legions,
Swarming on to bayonet charges ;
From the South the fostered nurselings
Of the native born American.
Every drop of blood a rending
Of the ties of pure affection ;
Every pillowed head a token
Of "Somebody's Darling," stricken ;
Every "Picket Guard" on duty,
Joined in dreams an absent "Mary,"
Every hospital and barrack,
Held the hope of some fond household.

Captain Matthew David Logan,
Major and Lieutenant-colonel,
Long a citizen of Garrard,
Long a practicing physician,
Led a band of Southern-Rights-men
To the troubled land of Dixie ;
Bore the "Bonnie Blue Flag" above him,
Held the Stars and Bars unfurling.
Forest, Breckinridge, and Morgan,
Gallant gentlemen and soldiers,
Were his comrades in the struggle,
Were his mighty fellow-suff'ers.
His career through countless hardships,
His successes and his losses,

His adventures without number,
Culminating in the northern prisons,
At Fort Delaware, Columbus,
Morris Island, Fort Pulaski, —
All these woes and hopes defeated,
Left their gloomy impress on him,
Added years of bitter pining.
May the dove of peace brood over
Every blighting grief and trial,
May all past despair and anguish
Hold abeyance till the Judgment.
The Confederates were rallied,
Oft in haste and stealth and darkness.
All the archives of their columns
Are obscure, or lost forever.
See Appendix, for the gathering
Of the names that float about us,
Whether officers or privates ;
Let the blanks be duly pardoned.
H. D. Brown,¹ was First Lieutenant
Of command of Captain Logan ;
J. T. McQuery was Lieutenant ;
James McMurray was a Sergeant,
And the Sergeant, Joseph Arnold,
Was promoted while in service.
Sergeant D. A. King is numbered
With the officers belonging

¹ Dead.

To the gallant Third Kentucky,
Of the Cavalry — the horsemen.
Other names are linked together
In my song's replete Appendix.

Captain Michael Salter mustered
Company E — the Third Kentucky,
With Lieutenant L. B. Hudson,
Fellow-officer and leader ;
Samuel Curd, the Orderly Sergeant.
Captain Salter's fearless spirit,
His bold exploits and his daring,
Led him into bonds and capture,
Till he languished long in prison,
At the Johnson's Island stronghold.

James and William Jennings, brothers,
Natives of remote Lancaster,
Skillful surgeons by profession,
Cast their fortunes in the balance,
In the trembling Southern balance.
One survived the toil and peril,
One was sacrificed to rapine.
On the scattered army records
Of the "Dixie Boys" of Garrard,
Captain H. Clay Myers is written,
And Captain Jack W. Adams :
Also S. F. McKee, another

Scion of a race of soldiers,
Claims a place within my canto,
In the "grey" and "faded" columns.
Major Baxter Smith was foremost,
In events of risk and danger,
Was a son of brave Lancaster,
Served the South in many battles.
Morgan's men were soon recruited,
By Confederates¹ from Garrard ;
History furnishes already,
Stormy raids and dashing charges,
Led within the fruitful borders
Of Kentucky's fair dominion.
Thrilling incidents unnumbered,
Mark the story of the struggle,
Mark the hideous distortion
Of the nation's sunny temper,
Tell the sad and fatal meaning
Of this Cain and Abel quarrel,
When the slain in myriad numbers,
Filled the "furrows" in "God's Acre."
When the "seed" of Death's "rude plow-
share"
Yielded bounteous "human harvests."
Each forgot the sacred lesson,
Thou art still thy brother's keeper ;
Each essayed in vain to smother

¹ See Appendix.

In the ground the cries of bloodshed,
Family feuds are wounds that fester,
Home dissensions breed sore anguish,
Yet the love that binds the members,
Spreads the mantle of forgiveness ;
And from every wound that severs
Parent stems and sturdy branches,
Springs a shoot of vital growing,
Flows a blessed balm of healing.
Thus may North and South uniting,
Soothe the pangs of heartstrings broken,
Leave the fierce and flaming fires,
In the crucible to smoulder.
Let the ashes crumble, crumble,
To the dust of buried vengeance.
Let no moon wax o'er Lancaster,
But may shed her beams in gladness ;
Let no moon wane o'er the city,
But illumes with love and pardon.

CANTO XI.

1865-1874.

CHANGE.

NOW the civil war is ended,
Now the strife by arms is over ;
And the city's star of fortune
Beams with undiminished glory :
All her brilliant constellation
Wears new rays of future promise,
All her plans for peace and progress
Move to swifter execution.
In eighteen hundred three and sixty,
Of the late, eventful cycle,
Was laid out a modern city
Of the dead among the grasses ;
Was enclosed a cemetery,
On a green and graceful summit,
At the city's southeast section,
On the street we call Crab Orchard.
Shrubs and flowers lead the stranger
To invade the sacred precinct,
Clust'ring evergreens invite him

To behold the sad environs.
Gleaming shafts of purest marble,
Greet the eye of friend and mourner,
Costly slabs of stone and granite,
Wearing strange device and fashion,
Lie amid the urns and vases,
Lie among the shells and mosses :
Tell of forms long since departed,
Tell of loved ones safely resting,
Tell of fresh turned earth and sodding,
Of green wreaths and floral tributes,
Kindly tributes of affection.
And the ancient trodden graveyard,
Of the city's early ages,
Lingers on with sunken tomb-stones,
Lingers on with gray inscriptions,
Lingers yet with moss and ivy,
Winding close their clinging tendrils,
Lingers now a small enclosure,
In the suburbs of Lancaster.

In eighteen hundred sixty-seven,
Fell the second central court-house,
In the middle of the city ;
Fell the tall and stately locusts,
With their grateful, cooling shadows,
Fell the ruined iron railing,
Once so rich and ornamental.

And a grand, imposing structure,
At the open southwest corner,
Now extends its costly apex
Far above the churches' steeples,
Reaches forth its white cupola,
High into the azure ether.
And the central, broad arena,
Of the square, right-angle outlines,
Has been leveled to the surface
Of the streets and roads around it,
Bears no pile of architecture,¹
To be seen afar and nearer,
To be seen from hill and valley,
By the traveler wand'ring hither.
On the summit of the tower,
Of the octagon bell-tower,
Of this new and gorgeous building,
With its porticos and stairways,
With its halls and council chambers,
Is a high observatory,
Whence is viewed the distant landscape,
Whence is seen the rural beauties
Of this land of agriculture.
Near this pinnacle so lofty,
Is the ever-warning town-clock,

¹ A brick engine-house was erected on the square in 1875, to shelter the new Champion Fire Extinguisher, called the "Undine."

Is the pendulum vibrating,
To diurnal revolutions,
Is the fire-alarm resounding,
Over hill and dale and meadow,
Is the heavy bell sonorous,
With events of varied import.

It was in this year of changes,
Eighteen hundred sixty-seven,
That a fearful conflagration,
Tore away a block of buildings,
At the city's southeast corner ;
Razed an ancient block to ashes,
On a wintry Saturday evening,
On a night of snow and tempest,
In the month of February.
Soon a handsome row replaced it,
Soon the enterprising people
Cleared the débris and the rubbish,
Cleared away the silent ruins,
And rebuilt the last possessions.
Silent? Aye, but speaking ever
Of events and actors vanished,
In the history of Lancaster.
Of the offices and store-rooms,
Of the dwellings and the households,
Of affairs of public moment,
Of the hidden and domestic,

Of the groups of Mystic Brothers,
Of the Masons and Odd-Fellows,
Of ye ancient Sons of Temperance,
All the secrets of the bygone,
Speaking from the smoking ruins.
So there rose another structure,
Phoenix-like, upon the ashes,
Where the merchants and the tradesmen,
Can pursue their avocations.
And the store-rooms are surmounted,
By a Hall of spacious model,
Where the city's merry-makers,
Find an evening's recreation,
Where the weary men of business,
Often seek an hour's diversion ;
Where the order of Good Templars,
Held their rites and ceremonies,
Where the skating-rink and concert,
Where the festival and supper,
Where the theatre and lecture,
And the dancing-school and tableau,
— All the public entertainments,
Have beguiled the times of leisure.

Eighteen hundred nine and sixty,
Came the hissing locomotive,
Came the train of rumbling coaches,
Dashing through the quiet city ;

Came the smoking iron monster,
Of the " Louisville and Nashville,"
Sounded loud the shrill steam-whistle
Of the railroad " On to Richmond."
And the Old Church walls so sacred,
Fell beneath the stormy cargo,
Our Republican ancestress
Bent her hoary head in shrinking ;
All the rank and mouldy ruins
Fell before the thund'ring onset.
Never more the timeworn benches
Shall reëcho words of wisdom ;
Never more the brick and plaster
Shall have grace from text and precept,
Ne'er alas ! her slumb'ring children
Give her earthly praise and homage.
Gone forever, church and pastor,
Gone, all gone, her saints' communion,
Dust to dust the crumbling mortar,
Earth to earth the human body,
Air of air the ghostly phantoms,
Heav'n of heav'ns the final meeting.

.
In this section, once a wildwood,
Now are clustered many buildings ;
Now hotels, depots, and warerooms,
Tell of industry and labor ;
Now the loud mill-whistle pierces

Through the fogs of early morning,
Now the neat and tasteful cottage
Takes the place of tree and grapevine,
And a porter's lodge adorning,
Guards the modern cemetery,
Guards the modern double entrance,
To the home of sleeping loved ones.
All about this busy section,
Are the signs of swift progression ;
Swift progression towards profit,
In the thrift of living workmen,
Swift advance to time eternal,
In the fast increasing graveyard.
In this year the game of Base-ball,
Occupied the young athletics,
Occupied maturer players,
Gave the city's "men of muscle,"
Daily rounds of fun and frolic.
And the ball and bat and score-book,
Answered oft a neighbor's challenge,
Won the palm in match and test games,
Won the victor's crown of laurel.

Eighteen hundred one and seventy
Brought a company of soldiers
To protect the hillside city
From the dreaded Klan of Kuklux ;
From this band of masking lynchers,

Who defied the legal councils,
Who withdrew the reins of power
From the tardy, lenient, rulers,
Who dealt quick and fearful justice,
To all hapless state offenders.
And the law-abiding people
Called the U. S. A. to aid them ;
To disband the Regulators,
With their penalties mysterious,
To respite their guilty culprits,
From deserved but lawless peril.
And the garrison enlivens,
With its neat and healthful barracks,
With its drum and fife and bugle,
With its tents and lofty flagstaff,
With its officers and soldiers.
Colonel Rose was first to answer
The petition for assistance ;
Then the "Fourth" sent troops to guard us
(The Fourth Infantry, C company.)
Captain Edwin Coates commanding,
Bubb and Robinson, Lieutenants,
With the Surgeon S. T. Weirrick,
Spent two years within our circles,
Winning friends while firm on duty.
Wolfe and Galbraith then succeeded,
For a few months of probation.
Colonel Fletcher, Major Barber,

And Lieutenant Will. McFarland,
Doctor S. L. Smith, the surgeon,
Now control the troops among us,
Now preserve the law and order.

Eighteen seventy-three was saddened,
By another fire disaster,¹
Which consumed the new Bank building,
Burned the late established "National,"
On the fated Southeast corner,
Of the chastened hillside city.
And two handsome halls were numbered
With the property that suffered,
With the storeroom of the merchant,
The lamented H. S. Burnam ;
And the Masons and Odd-Fellows,
Once again sustain misfortune,
Once again construct new temples,
For the gath'ring of the mystic.
On the fifteenth day of August,
Came the dreaded epidemic,
Came the poisonous contagion,
Came the cholera's gaunt spectre,
Spreading woe and desolation,
Ever bringing fell destruction.

¹ One year later a Hook and Ladder company was organized, with George W. Dunlap Jr., as Captain, and W. H. Wherritt and Theodore Currey as Lieutenants.

Forty deaths were soon recorded,
Forty homes in sable shroudings,
All the bells were ringing "softly,"
For the crêpe was "on the door."
A devoted band of nurses,
Led by William H. Kinnaird, were
Ready night and day to succor,
Ready to confront the danger,
Ready with true Christian courage,
To invoke a balm in Gilead,
To console ill-fated brothers.

Eighteen hundred, four and seventy
Finds the city of Lancaster,
In praiseworthy competition
With the spirit of the present.
Still the waxing, waning moonlight,
Sees her changing with the cycle.
Now the light'ning wires unite her
With the world in speedy transit ;
The "Kentucky News" informs her,
Of the moving scenes about her,
Links her name with sister cities,
In the tie of common welfare,
Wafts her praises to the public,
Casts her errors on the waters.
Her rejoicings and enjoyments,
Scarce know pause or diminution,

And the Cornet Band musicians,
(J. P. Sandifer, the leader),
Serve the city's gala seasons,
Furnish melody in numbers.
All along the panorama
Of her shiftings and adventures,
Are peculiar memoranda,
Dotting, here and there, the margin.
Now the "Red Stars" have a meeting,
With their weird, uncanny customs ;
Now the "Knights of Pythias" cluster
'Round a shrine of secret magic ;
Now the "Eastern Star" is dawning,
With its cabalistic mottoes ;
Now the "Julipeans" revel
'Neath the awnings on the greensward,
With their mighty dignitaries,
With Sockdologers, Sapsuckers,
With their Knockemstiffs, Lawgivers,
With their Orators and Wise-Men,
With their visitors and laymen —
All their corps of jolly members
'Neath the cooling, woodland shelter.
Strange societies and groupings,
Hidden wonders and dark missions,
Items fanciful and puzzling,
Dot the margin hither, thither,
Of the shifting panorama.

Change and progress rule the city,
Tearing loose her timeworn moorings ;
Now Excelsior, the watchword,
Leads her prow forever onward ;
Now her streets are all encumbered
With the architect's essentials ;
Now the rubbish from the burning,
From the third great fire that swept her,
On the first evening in April,
Gathers in the northwest corner ;
And this row of ancient houses,
Numbered with the things of yore,
Soon will rise again to greet us,
Soon resound with plane and trowel.
All the city's luckless harbors
Shall revive with added grandeur ;¹
Now her handsome jail and court-house,
Her new halls and spacious churches,
Her improved suburban dwellings,
And her central, model buildings,
All betray the stride of fortune,
All betray the march of knowledge ;
And the crumbling hall of science,
The Academy of Garrard,
Wears a modern dress and fashion,
On the old-revered foundation ;

¹ A new Deposit Bank building was erected during the summer of 1874.

New red brick and glossy mouldings
Now invite th' aspiring student ;
No more ancient hallowed landmarks,
Linger now to move the tear-drop ;
Yet a classic aura gathers,
All about the hidden ruins.
Shades of Cæsar and of Virgil,
Shades of Webster and of Murray,
Manes of ye classic worthies,
Gather ever o'er the ruins.

CANTO XII.

1874.

PAX VOBISCUM.

NIGH a hundred years are buried,
In the endless sweep of ages,
Nigh a total centenary
Hangs its harp upon the willow,
Since the rude log-cabin era,
When the city on the hillside
Was preëmpted by the stranger,
By the stranger surnamed Paulding ;
Since the pioneer council
Came to " Watty " Dunn's old spring, and
Met in caucus and selected
A foundation for their court-house :
Chose a green and ample clearing
Near the well-known Wallace cross-roads.
Here alone in " God's first temples,"
Here with nature's wild communing,
Henry Clay, a youthful trav'ler
Through the wilderness, surprised them ;
Found the little band assembled,

Paused, and shared their noonday luncheon.
Thus beheld Kentucky's hero,
The domain of future triumphs,
Thus his eyes beheld the section,
Destined soon to make him famous.
And the pioneer council,
All unconscious of his greatness,
Bade their stranger guest a welcome
To the tangled, gloomy woodland,
Bade him break the loaf of faring,
Bade him eat the salt of friendship.
Then they pointed out the clearing,
Where the building should be fashioned,
Thus the ground was consecrated,
In the statesman's august presence ;
Thus a halo of true glory
Hung about the rude log court-house.
'T was the first judicial movement
In the city of Lancaster,
'T was an impetus that prompted
The erecting many houses,
'T was the gath'ring of a people,
A community of workers.
Could the story of each household,
In the city on the hillside,
Be translated for my canto.
For the ditty I am singing,
Many a wail of grief and sorrow,

Many a sigh of hope defeated,
Many a smile of sweet fruition,
Schemes for profit and for pleasure,
Plans of varied speculation,
Schemes and plans of thought and action,
Would unfold their pages to us,
Would reveal their secrets to us.
Could the history unwritten,
Of each hearth and home be given,
Then I trow, the world of fiction,
With its brilliant, stirring pages,
With its "marvelous traditions,"
With its plots and strange dénouements,
With its tragedies unnumbered,
And its comedies prolific —
Well I trow this world of fiction,
Would be "light and airy nothings,"
In the scale of real pictures,
By the light of life so earnest,
Of the suffering and doing,
Of the daring and enduring,
We should find imparted to us.
Could we lift the mystic curtain,
From the holiest of holies,
From the sacred, inner temple
Of each soul's unseen communion,
We should gather, we should garner,
Many lessons full of profit,

Lessons long and full of wisdom.
We should see the struggling victim
In the toils of the ensnarer ;
See the troubled spirit writhing
'Neath the lashings of detraction ;
See the burdened nature groaning
'Mid the polished shafts of envy ;
See the sinner's cunning malice,
In the act of human torture ;
See the Christian's anxious fightings,
Foes without, and fears within him.
All these lessons we should garner
From each spirit's veiled communion.
Change is written on the landscape,
Change is speaking from the hearthstone,
All the work of sure mutation,
Lays its impress on the city.
Could the earliest explorer
Of this Eden habitation,
Tread once more the waving blue grass,
'Mid her rivers, rills, and streamlets,
Not the aged Rip Van Winkle,
Oped his eyes in greater wonder,
Not the sleeper and the dreamer,
E'er beheld in more amazement.
Then the shaded, quiet woodland,
Was the home of untamed creatures ;
Now the solitudes are teeming

With mankind and man's inventions ;
Then the wolf, and bear, and panther,
Held their orgies in the caverns ;
Now the silent grottoes foster
Only Nature's radiant jewels ;
Then the rattle-snake's quick poison
Nerved its fangs to fierce encounter ;
Now the bruised head lies harmless
'Neath the heel of the seed of woman ;
Then the canebrake and the thicket
Harbored noxious weeds and vipers ;
Now the undergrowth has vanished,
'Mid the golden sheaves of harvest ;
Now the trees have laid their foliage,
In the dust of human footsteps,
Now the forest trees have fallen,
At the bidding of the woodman.
Oak and chestnut, hickory, walnut,
Poplar, sycamore, and locust,
Beech and elm and pine and cedar,
Laurel, holly, ash and maple —
All the trees have bent their growing
To the husbandman's caprices.
All the beasts have fled to westward ;
All the reptiles skulk in hiding ;
All the rivers and the brooklets
Have subdued their wild, free rolling.
Ancient mounds and Aztec relics,

Mural signs and hieroglyphics,
Toltec remnants and weird mummies,
All the arts and queer devices
Of a prehistoric people,
Have entombed their sylvan phantoms,
In an everlasting Lethe.
Now the woods and plains are surveys,
Of distinctive tracts and precincts,
Now the wide, primeval limits
Bound neat villages and districts.
There are Bryantsville and Fitchport,
Buckeye, Logan Town and Tyro,
Duncan Town and Buena Vista,
Hyattville, Paint Lick, and Lowell,
Clustered round the mother city,
The fair city on the hillside ;
Clustered 'mid the charming bowers
Of the Garrard county woodlands.
Now the wild flower's timid blooming
Colors distant fields and by-ways,
And the city's rare exotics,
In the crystal greenhouse, flourish ;
Rose and lily and camelia,
Tulip, fuschia, and verbena,
Rear their gorgeous tints to gladden
Many a sweet domestic picture.
All the knotted thorns and briers,
Serve in close-cut garden hedges ;

All the grapevine swings are curling
Over tasteful, latticed arbors.
Apples, pears, and plums, and peaches,
Herbs and blossoms, fruits and berries,
Swell the trade of horticulture,
Birds and fowls and flesh and fishes,
Now supply the city's market.
Houses, homes of care and culture,
Public buildings grand and costly,
Deckings rural and artistic,
All the mart and traffic symbols,
Mark the once entangled wildwood,
Deck the erst embowered valley.
Nature views her splendid ruins,
In a garb of man's creation ;
Smooths her rugged frowns and wrinkles,
'Neath the mask of modern pruning ;
Draws her cloven foot in hiding,
Under skirts of art so simple ;
Buries all her savage spirit,
In the graces of refinement ;
Merges wilderness and mountain,
In the sea of cultivation.
And her name, no longer rustic,
Bears the soubriquet, Lancaster.
'T is our birthplace, dear and sacred,
In the heart of old Kentucky,
'T is the pride of Garrard county,

Fairest city of the hillside.
May she never know misfortune,
While the moons are waxing, waning,
May her blessings ever linger,
As the cycle brings its changes.
May the strife of human passions,
May all riots and dissensions,
May disease and flood and fire,
Lift their baleful shadows from her.
Let her children cling unto her,
'Mid the wreck of mind and matter :
Be her sons' and daughters' motto,
Stand, united ; fall, divided.
God protect thee, fair Lancaster —
Cherished city, *pax vobiscum*.

FINIS.

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

WAR OF 1812.

LIST OF PRIVATES IN CAPTAIN JOHN FAULKNER'S COMMAND
OF MOUNTED VOLUNTEER MILITIA, IN AUGUST, 1813. (See
page 23.)

J—S ANDERSON, James Ashley,
Then John Ball, and William Bledsoe,
J—s Ball, and Jerry Blalock,
Aleck Boyle, and Henry Baker,
Thomas Clarke, and Martin Baker,
Rufus Carpenter, R. Curtis,
Samuel Gill, and Francis Dunkard,
William Hughes, and J—s Comely,
Isaac Holmes, John Frame, James Denny,
Henry Hews, and Moses Hubbard,
Edward Holmes, and Samuel Hogan,
Samuel Kennedy, James Hogan,
John Kincaid, and J—h Harris,
James Mershon, and Philip Hogan,
Moses Moore, and Samuel Jackman,
William Nicholson, John Hidrick,
Posey Price, and Stephen Letcher,
William Poe, and Roland Letcher,
Ennis Quinn, and Thomas Lanford,
Andrew Reid, and Edward Lethal,

Jacob Robinson, John Letcher,
 William Ward, and Luther Mayfield,
 C—s Smith, and R. McConnell,
 James Shackelford, James McGarvin,
 Robert Smith, and William Nelson,
 Z—h Smith, and Ebsworth Owsley,
 Ozias Williams, and G. Oatman,
 Henry Williams, and John Preston,
 Humphrey Sutton, and John Pollard,
 Hugh M. Ross, and J.—s Weldon,
 J—n Schuyler, and John Woolley,
 J—s Russell, and John Simpson,
 Lastly, Isaac Peckleheimer.

LIST OF PRIVATES IN CAPTAIN WILLIAM WOODS' COMPANY OF
 KENTUCKY MOUNTED VOLUNTEER MILITIA, SEVENTH REGI-
 MENT. (See page 24.)

David Blankenship, John Williams,
 Joseph Sprowl, and Joshua Martin,
 James Williams, Sr., and Charles Reynolds,
 Alexander Sprowl, John Ellis,
 Henry Smith, and Edward Nichols,
 Joseph Coffee, and John Northcutt,
 William Progg, and C—s Pointer,
 William Irvin, and James Trotter,
 Moses Embry, and James Williams,
 John McDowell, and James Connor,
 R. L. Pearl, and William Thresher,
 D. L. Myers, and John Irwin,
 William Campbell, and Cage Grimsley,
 Nicholas Owens, and James Russell,
 Beverly Clayton, and John Davis,

R. L. Matthews, Joseph Connor,
Robert Appleby, Joshua Grider,
William Stockton, Jonathan Taylor,
John Calhoun, and Charles H. Flower.

MEXICAN WAR.

LIST OF PRIVATES IN CAPTAIN JOHNSON PRICE'S COMPANY OF
GARRARD VOLUNTEERS, JUNE, 1846. (See page 78.)

W. O. Lawless, and L. Henson,
Oliver Yates,* and James G. Smiley,
John J. Miller,* William Evans,
John D. Miller,* Joseph Murphy,*
George H. Miller, William Herndon,
Robert White, and James F. Miller,
Thomas Blackerby,* James Lawless,
Horatio Arnold,* S. G. Evans,*
T. J. Vaughan,* and Andrew Harlan,
James Mershon, and Mason Logan,
Thomas Shipley,* and Charles Southern,
Ben Mershon,* and James B. Thornton,*
John T. Grooms,* and Robert Collier,
Richard Bruce,* and Daniel Banton,*
J—s Brown,* and O. O. Banton,
James M. Ford, and Jesse Batner,*
Jackson Holmes, and John H. Cleaveland.
William Forbes,* and J. Huffman,
Jesse May,* and H. B. Terrill,*
John Arbuckle,* and James Suel,*
William Robinson,* George Turner,
Then, George Baird,* Horatio Owens,*

* Dead.

Patrick Williamson, A. Arnold,
 Next, George Robinson, H. Duggins,
 William Perkins, D. C. Alspaugh,*
 Sidney Hall, and Stephen Teater,*
 Thomas Conn,* and S. H. Renfro,
 Thompson Yates, and Joseph Harmon,*
 Joseph Scott,* and C. Smithpeters,*
 Hamilton Huffman, and James Hardin,
 And the last is Warren Lamaster.

CIVIL WAR.

LIST OF PRIVATES IN COMPANY H, NINETEENTH REGIMENT
 KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, COMMANDED BY COL.
 WILLIAM J. LANDRAM, 1862. (See page 92.)

Richard Anderson, James Stegar,
 Jeremiah Carpenter, James Sherrer,
 Henry Edgington, John Kerby,†
 Henry Grimes, and James Fitzimmons,
 Next, John Jones, and Daniel Sweeney,
 J. Kincaid, and John Forgaty,
 George Lamar, and Daniel Johnson,
 Harvey Merriman, George Copeland,*
 Henry Middleton, James Mochbee,
 John O'Keefe, Horatio Wilson,
 Tilford Rutherford, John Dismukes,
 William Wells, and L. J. Hammonds,*
 Then, George Forbes, and Thomas Norton,*
 Henry Hurt, and Charles H. Owsley,*
 Samuel Prim, and Edward Renfro,*
 Abram Blackerby,* John Renfro,

* Dead.

† Killed at Vicksburg.

Hugh Frizell,* and A. M. Renfro,
 Harvey Smith,* and A. J. Wilson,*
 Dennis Fox,† and W. H. Brady,*
 Next, John Hurt,† and Jesse Chartreen,
 Daniel Gaddis, Senior, Junior,
 Daniel Duggins, and B. Stroxdal,*
 Jennings Duggins, Walter Eason,
 Benjamin Holtzclaw, Milton Finley,
 William Madden, Albert Preston,
 Thomas Pumphrey, David Preston,
 Elijah Pumphrey, William Preston,
 Nicholas Tobin, Patrick Ryan,
 Joseph Williams, Michael Carroll.

LIST OF PRIVATES IN COLONEL JOHN K. FAULKNER'S COM-
 MAND, COMPANY H, NINETEENTH KENTUCKY FEDERAL CAV-
 ALRY. (See page 94.)

John F. Baird, and Nelson Harmon,
 Simeon Henderson, John Hardin,
 Daniel Holman, and James Baker,
 Ancel George, and William Johnson,
 Jordan Holmes, James Church, George Lawson,
 Wesley King, and Thomas Foley,
 Allen Haggard, Joseph Baker,
 Benjamin Baker, Moses Lawson,
 Horatio Marksbury, James Graham,
 J. H. Ray, and Isaac Pointer,
 William Short, and Mason Pointer,
 Joseph Baird,† and William Runyan,
 Willis Pierce,* and Harvey Warren,
 Andrew Adams,* and George Simpson,

* Dead.

† Killed.

Samuel Hall,* and Squire Wheeler,
 James D. Nave, and George M. Kerby,*
 Enoch Lunsford,* James D. Fletcher,
 George A. Brown, and Campbell Shiplet,†
 John Mulair, Elijah Simpson,
 William Baker, and John Ryan,
 William Scarbro,* William Warren,*
 James M. Temple,* Daniel Herring,
 Last, James Welsh, and Isaac Renfro.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS IN CAPTAIN THORNTON HACKLEY'S COM-
 MAND, COMPANY G, FIRST KENTUCKY FEDERAL CAVALRY.
 (See page 94.)

James O'Lynn, James Kern, B. Merrill,
 Thomas Adkinson, John Asher,
 Thomas Austin, John H. Burton,
 Aleck Bland, Moreau B. Bruner,
 Thomas Blake, and William Cooley,
 John A. Dunn, and L. M. Elliott,
 Alexander Hicks, Charles Cummings,
 Thomas Hughes, and Gabriel Greenleaf,
 Absalom Jeffries, and James Hammock,
 John Mahar, and William Layton,
 Alexander Ross, Charles Simpson,
 Joseph Vaughn, and Daniel Miller,
 W. M. Vaughn, and Thomas Murphy,
 James B. Wall, and Edward Saddler,
 James P. Speake, and Michael Purcell,
 W. A. Stotts, and Sidney Tudor,
 Joseph Kennedy, John Purcell,
 William Hart, and D. R. Totten,

* Dead.

John M. Anderson, A. Vincent,
 William Sherod, and J. Harvey,
 James F. Williamson, John Roberts,
 Samuel Fitch, John Hart, M. Teater,
 C. S. Bland, James Ball, R. Elkin,
 C. S. Buzd, and William Broaddus,
 Thomas Austin, and John Campbell,
 Thomas Doolin, Hebsom Layer,
 Sidney Murphy, Marion Warren,
 Humphrey Best, and Samuel Blackerly,

COMPANY I., THIRD KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE CAVALRY, COM-
 MANDÉ BY CAPTAIN M. D. LOGAN. (See page 99.)

Oliver King, Joe Higganbotham,†
 Samuel Brown, John Higginbotham,
 William Middleton, A. Doty,*
 Simon Engleman,* Ross Comely,
 Thomas Kennedy, John Farris,
 Samuel Engleman, S. O'Bannon,†
 John Stormes, John Brown, John Byers,
 J. W. Brown, and T. L. Harris,
 R. McGrath, and Robert Daniel,
 R. L. Denton, Isaac Myers,
 Francis Curtis, R. C. Farris,
 Carroll Jennings, and Jack Thurman.

GARRARD MEN IN COLONEL GRIGSBY'S REGIMENT.

Doctor William Pettus, Surgeon,
 George S. Brown, and F. G. Peacock,
 Thomas Simpson, and John Salter,

* Dead.

† Killed.

J. A. Doty, and Mack. Adams,
 C. L. Grimes, D. Rodney Adams,
 John E. Smith, and J. A. Doty,
 Joseph Pettus, and John Alford,†
 William Grimes, and Archie Denny,
 Thomas Richards, O. P. Herring,
 Then Green Brown, and Richard Alford,
 William Embry,* William Baughman.

COMPANY E, THIRD KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE CAVALRY,
 MICHAEL SALTER, CAPTAIN. (See page 100.)

A. R. Pendleton, Jack Stagner,
 Clayton Anderson, John Merritt,
 Benjamin Ford, and T. M. Arnold,
 Jacob Brown, and C. A. Finley,
 Aleck Ray, and A. R. Harris,
 William Terrill, and John Mitchell,
 William Dismukes and James Thornton,*
 James H. Jennings,† Louis Sutfield,*
 Thomas Jennings,† W. H. Beazley,
 Benjamin Jennings, Stirling Willis,
 Gabriel Jennings, Alford Givens,
 Russell Jennings, Michael Elkin,
 Arabia Jennings, H. C. Buford,
 Thompson Denton,* Jennings Burton,
 James W. Adams, and George Bettis,
 A. B. Arnold, and John Beazley,
 Butler Hudson, John G. Doty,
 Jones L. Adams, and John Arnold,
 Thomas Leavell, and John Royston,
 Jesse Royston, and John Gardner.*

* Dead.

† Killed.

A LIST OF GARRARD COUNTY CONFEDERATES WHO JOINED
COMMANDS ELSEWHERE.. (See page 101.)

J. L. Robinson, Jos. Burnside,
D. H. Arnold, Benjamin Tracy,
W. G. Dunn, and James McQuery,
W. McQuery, and Rush Elkin,
Bowen Jones, John Jones, James Hyatt,
James Jones, John Smith, and H. C. Thornton,
Anderson Jones, John Pierce, James Comely.
Benjamin Lear, and W. Campbell,
Robert Wall, S. King, John Patton,
H. T. Noel, and I. Curtis,
A. Montgomery, B. Mullins,
R. R. Noel, W. Owsley.
Dudley Akin, C. C. Miller.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

The publication of the Song of Lancaster has been delayed eighteen months in order to obtain the names of the Garrard County Confederate soldiers. The author advertised extensively with this view, and one hundred and twenty-seven names have been procured. She hopes the list is complete.