The Centenary of Kentucky

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE CELEBRATION BY THE

FILSON CLUB

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1892

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ADMISSION OF

KENTUCKY

As an Independent State into the Federal Union

LOUSVILLE, KY.
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The Centenary of Kentucky.

THE FILSON CLUB, at its meeting in June, 1891, determined to celebrate Wednesday, June 1, 1892, as the one hundredth anniversary of the separation of Kentucky from Virginia, and its admission into the Union as an independent state. An executive committee consisting of twelve members of the club was appointed, and to them was given full authority to arrange for such a celebration as they might think proper. This committee consisted of—

Reuben T. Durrett, . . .	Chairman.
Thomas Speed, . . .	Secretary.
E. T. Halsey, ...	On Finances.
J. Stoddard Johnston, . .	Addresses.
Richard W. Knott, . .	Toasts.
Horatio W. Bruce, . . .	Invitations.
John B. Castleman, . .	Reception.
Basil W. Duke, ...	Banquet.
Andrew Cowan, . . .	Transportation.
William H. Whitsett, . .	Correspondence.
William J. Davis, . . .	Music.
James S. Pirtle, ...	Publication.

The committee at first contemplated the building of a pioneer fort in one of the Louisville parks, and placing in it for exhibition such mementoes of the time at which Kentucky became an independent state as could be procured for this purpose by gift, loan, or purchase. It was found, however, that such an exhibition would be attended by heavier costs than it was deemed prudent to impose upon the members of the club, and it was abandoned. It was finally determined to limit the celebration to a historical address, a poem, and a banquet, at which selected toasts should be responded to by chosen speakers.

In accordance with this simple programme, a goodly number of the members of the club and of citizens who were not members assembled at Macauley's Theater, at ten o'clock in the morning. The stage was occupied by venerable citizens who had passed or approached the seventieth mile-stone in life's journey, and some of whose long lives dated back almost to the birth of the state.

Among these old citizens were Isaac R. Green (the Nestor of the band, aged ninety-three), Jas. S. Lithgow, Robt. J. Elliott, Americus Symmes, Dr. Thomas Bohannon, Dr. John Thruston, Isaac L. Hyatt, Hamilton Pope, Chas. S. Snead, Edwin Fullion, Patrick Bannon, L. D. Pearson, Frank Carter, Neville Bullitt, Rev. J. H. Heywood, Rev. E. T. Perkins, Rev. R. H. Rivers, Wm. D. Gallagher,

H. C. Caruth, Geo. W. Morris, Dr. E. A. Grant, Hon. Chas. Anderson, Theodore Brown, etc.

In front of the stage was placed Eichorn's orchestra, with music selected and arranged for the occasion. After a number of appropriate airs had been played during the assembling of the audience, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, the vice-president of the club, called upon Rev. R. H. Rivers, a descendant by the mother's side from Samuel Henderson, one of the founders of Boonsborough, to open the proceedings with prayer.

Dr. Rivers was assisted from his chair to the front of the stage, and offered the following prayer:

PRAYER OF DR. RIVERS.

"O, Lord, our Heavenly Father! we thank Thee for this privilege of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our existence as a state. We bless Thee that the Filson Club, prompted by patriotism and especially by love for the great State of Kentucky, has determined to celebrate in a proper manner this great anniversary. We thank Thee for the number of young people assembled with us on this occasion, so precious to every Kentuckian and so inviting to all Christian people. We pray that every thing may be conducted to Thy honor and glory.

We pray that the deeds of our ancestors may be so presented as to fire our hearts with the loftiest patriotism. For such ancestors, so self-denying, so devoted to the Dark and Bloody Ground, we adore Thee. For the Boones, the Calloways, the Hendersons, the Clarks, and all the rest, reaching back one hundred years, we most humbly and sincerely thank Thee. May we imitate their virtues, honor their memories, and profit by their example. Bless our great and growing state and all the other states belonging to this great Union. Bless this occasion. Be with Thy servant who shall carry us back to the historic past. May the characters presented, the deeds described, and the scenes pictured by him be a blessing to the young, a joy to the aged, and a profit to all. May the poetry written and which shall be spoken on this great occasion be full of imagination and glow with the grandest and most patriotic thoughts. We beg Thee, our Father, to hear our prayer, bless our anniversary, prosper our state, and increase the glory of this great occasion. All this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amcn."

After the opening prayer by Dr. Rivers, and "Home, Sweet Home" by the orchestra, Vice-President Johnston, in introducing Reuben T. Durrett, the president of the club, who had been chosen to make the historic address of the occasion, spoke as follows:

VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSTON'S REMARKS.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We are met to-day to commemorate the centennial of Kentucky's statehood.

"It has been well said that a people who have not the pride to cherish and preserve the record and the memory of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, will soon cease to achieve deeds worthy of commemoration by their posterity. From the earliest period in the world's history, every nation which has filled one of its pages has been animated by the laudable spirit which has brought us here, and many which have ceased to exist still live in the monuments which their national pride has left to the wonder and admiration of posterity. The Filson Club, which to-day marks this one-hundredth milestone in our state's progress, is a historical society, founded in this city in 1884, for the collection, preservation, and publication of the history of Kentucky. Though but young, it has done valuable service in the line of its purpose, having already published six monographs upon subjects of great interest touching our early history, besides accumulating much material of value to the future historian.

"To the zeal and patriotic pride of Reuben T. Durrett, the first and only president of the Filson Club, Kentucky will ever be indebted for his laborious efforts to preserve in durable form the history and traditions of the first grand epoch in the life of our beloved commonwealth. Most fitting is it that he should have been selected by the society which I have the honor to represent to sum up in succinct form the deeds which we are here to commemorate, and it is with peculiar pride that I have the honor to present him to you, and to bespeak for him your respectful attention."

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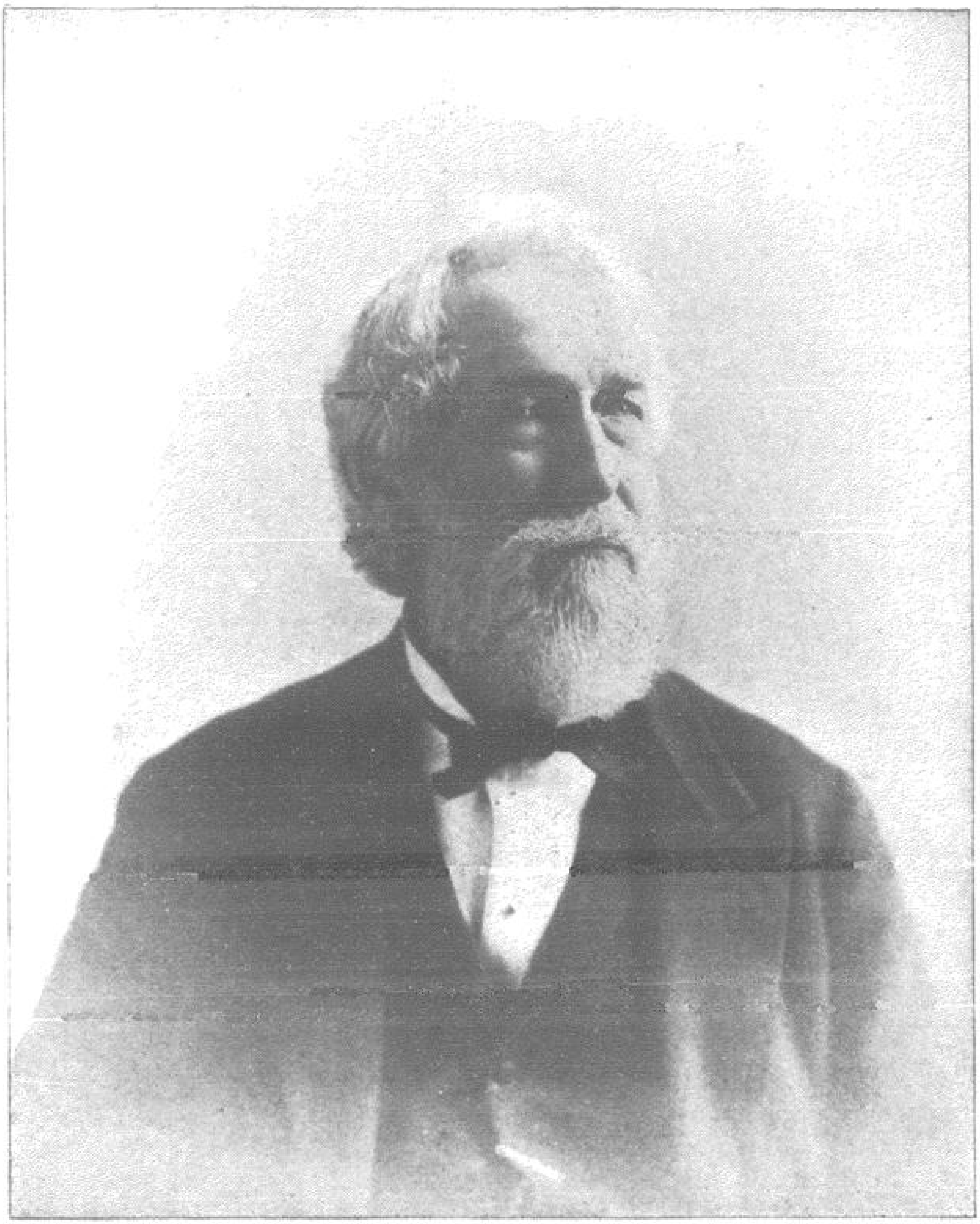

REUBEN T. DURRETT,

PRESIDENT OF THE FILSON CLUB.

PRESIDENT DURRETT'S ADDRESS.

THE STATE OF KENTUCKY: ITS DISCOVERY, SETTLEMENT, AUTONOMY, AND PROGRESS FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.

ONE hundred years ago Kentucky became an independent state, and we have assembled, under the auspices of the Filson Club, for the purpose of commemorating the event. As Kentuckians, we naturally feel that our commonwealth deserves this consideration; but there are others outside of Kentucky who should have kindred feelings. Kentucky has a history not exclusively her own, but national as well as local. She blazed the untried way by which her sister states were to advance and form that network of sovereignties stretching from the Ohio river to the Pacific ocean. Under the lead of George Rogers Clark, the greatest military man who ever commanded in the West, her brave militia * conquered that vast territory out of which have been carved the glorious States of Illinois, Indiana,

* Most of the soldiers under General Clark, when he took Kas-

Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, and that part of Minnesota on this side of the Mississippi. It was the persistence of her sons for the freedom of the Mississippi river which led to the purchase of Louisiana and the consequent opening of the doors of the Republic for extended domain. Her glorious deeds are so blended with our national history that sixty millions of freemen, wherever they may be in our broad land to-day, might well partake of our feelings while we celebrate this one hundredth anniversary of our statehood.

kaskia in 1778, were Virginians, and Kentucky was a part of Virginia. While these soldiers, in strict historic language, may not be called Kentucky militia at that date, yet many of them, though marching from parts of the country other than Kentucky, like Edward Bulger, James Brown, James Bryan, Joseph Bowman, John Boyle, Abram Chaplain, Richard Chenowith, Thomas Denton, Leonard Helm, Silas Harlan, Simon Kenton, Benjamin Lynn, Thomas Quirk, and others, had already selected lands in Kentucky for their future homes; and many others of them became citizens of Kentucky after the Illinois conquest. There were but few of Clark's volunteers when he began the Illinois campaign who were not then or did not afterward become citizens of Kentucky. Their leader, General Clark, was already a Kentuckian by acquiring lands here and making it his home, and it is not going too far to call his followers Kentuckians under such circumstances.

THE DISCOVERY OF KENTUCKY.

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

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

Two explorers of different nationalities, but in pursuit of the same wild hope of a water way across the continent to the Pacific ocean, discovered Kentucky almost at the same time. They were Captain Thomas Batts, a Virginian, of whom nothing but this discovery is known, and Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a distinguished Frenchman, whose explorations in America made him known in both hemispheres.

THE DISCOVERY OF CAPTAIN BATTS.

In 1727, Dr. Daniel Coxe published in London a description of the Province of Carolana, which had been given to Sir Robt. Heath by Charles First, in 1630. It extended from the thirty-first to the thirty-sixth degree of north latitude, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. The predecessors of Dr. Coxe are represented in this book as having made important explorations in their provinces, and the statement is made that between the years 1654 and 1664, a Colonel Wood, living at the Falls of the James river, in Virginia, had discovered different branches of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Colonel Wood could hardly have discovered different branches of the Ohio in the neighborhood of Carolana without being in Kentucky, and if this statement is true, he was probably the first white man who ever rambled through the dark forests of this country. It is possible, however, that Dr. Coxe has credited Colonel Wood with an exploration that was made by Captain Thomas Batts at a little later date. In 1671, General Abraham Wood, by the authority of Governor Berkely, sent Captain Thomas Batts with a party of explorers to the west of the Appalachian mountains in search of a river that might lead across the continent to China. The journal of their route is rendered obscure by meager descriptions and the changes of the country and the names since it was written, but it is possible that they went to the Roanoke and ascending to its headwaters, crossed over to the sources of the Kanawha, which they descended to its falls. Whether they wandered southward to the Big Sandy and crossed over into Kentucky, we can not determine from their journal; but whether they did so or not, they were in that part of Virginia of which Kentucky was a part, and their discoveries would open the way to the one as well as to the other.*

* Manuscript Journal of Captain Batts, 1671. This journal was published in the third volume of the "Documents Relative to the Colonial History of New York," page 193. I have compared this

The Discovery of La Salle.

Less doubtfully connected with the discovery of Kentucky is the name and fame of La Salle, one of the greatest explorers of the seventeenth century. He was born in the old city of Rouen in 1643, and at the age of twenty-three came to America to devote his great enthusiasm and indomitable energy to the solution of the problem of a transcontinental river running toward China. Columbus had crossed the Atlantic a century and three-quarters before with the belief that he had found India, and when this delusion had faded before the light of actual discovery, the continent of North America was still believed to contain a great river running across to the Pacific ocean. La Salle had strong hopes of finding this river, and in 1669 some Seneca Indians hastened his plans by telling him that there was a river that rose in their country and wound its way southward and westward to the distant sea. This was evidently extending the Alleghany, the Ohio, and the Mississippi into one grand river, and it so fired the imagination of Sa Salle that he at once began preparations to explore it. He

publication with my manuscript copy and found them to be essentially the same.

entered the Alleghany by a tributary near its source, and followed it and the Ohio through the wild forests on their banks until he reached the falls where Louisville now stands.* In making this long journey, he was the discoverer of Kentucky from the Big Sandy to the rapids of the Ohio, and was the first white man whose eyes looked eastward from the beautiful river to the Bluegrass land, which forms the garden spot of the state. He had

* In 1808, while digging the foundation of the Tarascon Mill in that part of Louisville known as Shipping Port, an iron ax was found under the center of a sycamore, the trunk of which was six feet in diameter, and the roots of which extended for forty feet in every direction. The ax was made by bending a flat bar of iron over a cylinder to make a hole for the handle in one end, and then welding the two sides together and hammering them to a cutting edge. It could not have been placed where it was found after the tree grew, and must, therefore, have fallen there about the time of the seed from which the tree grew over it. The annulations of the tree were counted and found to be two hundred, which, according to the then mode of computation, made the tree two hundred years old. It is known, however, that the sycamore will in some years show more than one annulation and thus indicate more than one year's growth; and if we allow one-third of these two hundred annulations to have been produced in that way, we shall have this tree to have begun its growth about the time that La Salle was at the falls. Of course, any Indian might have brought this ax from the white settlements in Canada or on the Atlantic; but so might La Salle have brought it

not reached China, nor sailed upon a river that led thereto, but he had discovered a country whose fame in after years would even extend to the Celestial Empire. He had made a discovery upon which France would found a claim to the valley of the Mississippi and contend for it against England in a mighty war that would not only involve America, but Europe as well.

there and left it when he was at the falls, probably in 1669 or 1670. The Indians who had accompanied La Salle as guides deserted him at the falls, and he was left to make his way back home alone. Under such circumstances, he would naturally divest himself of every incumbrance not absolutely necessary to his homeward journey, and might have left this ax as well as any other article. At the point where the ax was found there is a beautiful view of the rapids, and especially of that part just above Goose Island where, when the river is low, there is a cataract or perpendicular fall of eight feet, or at least there was a few years ago, before the United States began changing the channel of the river. Possibly, La Salle, standing at this point and looking north-westwardly above Goose Island, saw this fall or cataract, and spoke of it as a great fall. His words are that: "Il la suivit jusqu'a un endroit ou elle tombe de fort haut." That is to say, he followed the Ohio river until he came to a place where it fell from a great height—where there was a great fall. Possibly, La Salle, with his wonderfully observant eye, discovered that the Ohio made a fall of more than twenty feet in passing over the rapids; but the best that can be said of his calling the rapids a "tombe de fort haut" is that he used very unallowable words.

OTHER DISCOVERIES.

Other discoveries followed those of La Salle and Batts, but besides being doubtful, like that attributed to Moscoso in 1543, and to the twenty-three Spaniards in 1669, and to John Salling in 1730, they added nothing to the knowledge of the country, until toward the middle of the eighteenth century. France and England at this time seem to have simultaneously resolved to make a supreme struggle for the sovereignty of their discoveries in the Mississippi valley. Both of these great powers claimed that their titles were perfect, but neither paid the least regard to the claim of the other.

FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

The peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, left the boundaries of France and England in America as undetermined as they were when the war for the succession began. France claimed an empire in America that a king might well have coveted. From the founding of Quebec by Champlain, in 1608, she had pushed her acquisitions westwardly and southwardly for a stupendous extent of territory. She had followed the St. Lawrence to the lakes, and progressed along these inland seas until she had reached a branch of the Mississippi. In 1682, she had gone down this mighty river to its mouth, and was now claimant of all the lands in North America watered by the St. Lawrence and Mississippi and their countless tributaries. Her domain extended from the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico to the eternal ice fields of Canada, and from the crest of the Appalachian mountains on the east to the fabled Quivera on the west. In the great rivers St. Lawrence and Mississippi, she held the keys of the continent, and she was building forts along its lakes and principal rivers for the purpose of locking out the rest of the world from her possessions. There was the ominous fact, seemingly unobserved by her, that after a hundred and forty years of rule, from her first settlement at Quebec, she had not been able to seat a hundred thousand inhabitants in this boundless empire. Such a number was hardly equal to the holding of such a domain; but few as they were, they were united in their determination to hold the country, and could be made marvelously effective in defense. Gallissoniere, the governor, with his court upon the barren rock of Quebec, mimicked as well as he could the splendors of Versailles, and the inhabitants of New France knew nothing but to honor and obey his commands. Many of the Indians, moreover, were friendly to the French, and with the scalping-knives and tomakawks of numerous tribes of savages, the few French fusils that could be mustered might be many times multiplied.

EXTENT OF THE VIRGINIA COLONY.

While France was claiming this vast empire, and building forts and hiring savages to defend it, the Virginians were not unmindful of the claim they had to a part of it by their charter from King James. This charter gave them a frontage of four hundred miles on the Atlantic ocean, and all the land between a southern line drawn westwardly and a northern line drawn northwestwardly through the continent to the Pacific ocean. On these lands the French had already built and fortified Kaskaskia and Fort Chartres, and Cahokia and Vincennes and Detroit, and were preparing to build and fortify other places. They had driven the English traders away, and buried leaden plates at the mouths of the rivers along the Ohio, as evidence of their claim to the country. There was enough of the foreshadowing of war in these movements of the seemingly complaisant and cordial French, who were chasseing and bowing over the the country while really at war, to arouse the fighting cavaliers of Virginia from a slumber which two centuries of antagonistic discoveries had not been able to disturb. On that part of Virginia which sloped eastwardly from the mountains to the Atlantic were one hundred and seventy-five thousand freemen and one hundred and twenty-five thousand slaves, and of this number they thought enough could be spared to plant colonies in the Mississippi valley that would drive out the French and keep them out. It was only a question with the Virginians as to how this population was to be seated on the lands claimed by the French, and how it could be most speedily accomplished. They solved this question in their own way, according to precedents hoary with age, and decided to utilize powerful companies, to which the public lands should be given as a consideration for the speedy seating of occupants. A number of these land companies were formed, but as only two of them, the Loyal Company and the Ohio Company, are particularly connected with Kentucky history, they alone need be mentioned on this occasion.

THE LOYAL COMPANY AND THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT IN KENTUCKY.

At a meeting of the Virginia Council, July 12, 1749, the Loyal Company was authorized to enter and survey eight hundred thousand acres of the public lands of Virginia for the purpose of seating families upon them. The lands were to be located north of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina, and were to extend to the west for their quantity. The company was to begin at once to locate its lands and settle occupants upon them, and was to have four years to make its surveys and returns. Dr. Thomas Walker, one of the most learned and accomplished men of his times, was chosen by the company to locate its lands. He at once organized a company of explorers, consisting of himself and five others. None of the names of his assistants have been preserved in his journal, except Ambrose Powell, Colby Chew, and a man named Tomlinson. On the 16th of March, 1750, they began their journey toward the line which then divided Virginia from North Carolina. They went up a branch of the Roanoke and crossed over to the Holston, which they descended to its forks. They then directed their course across

Clinch and Powell rivers, and entered Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. They then went up Cumberland river, near to where the city of Barbourville now stands, and on the north-west side of the river, a little above what is now known as Swan Pond, selected the site of a house to be erected as the head-quarters of their settlement. Here a piece of land was cleared, and a log-house twelve by eight feet built, and corn and peach stones planted. The house was finished on the 25th of April, 1750, and a settlement was thus begun in the wilderness of Kentucky.* This was the first house ever built in the state by white men, with the possible exception of some cabins by the French and Indians at the mouth of the Scioto, when a great flood drove them from the lowlands on the Ohio side to the highlands on the Kentucky side of the river. It was twenty-four years

* Journal of an Exploration in the Spring of the year 1750, by Dr. Thomas Walker, of Virginia. This journal remained in manuscript until 1888, when a limited edition of it, edited by William Cabell Rives, a descendant of Dr. Walker, was published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. There is an unfortunate omission of ten days of the journal in the publication, and this omission, yet more unfortunately for Kentuckians, occurs just at the time he entered the state through Cumberland Gap. Singularly enough, I have a manuscript copy of this journal in which the same omission occurs.

before a cabin was erected at Harrodsburg or anywhere else in the state by the early settlers. Our historians have failed to mention this first settlement in Kentucky, but it was not overlooked by the geographers of its day. It was laid down upon all the maps of the country after 1750, and so continued until the beginning of the present century. No place was more conspicuous on the early maps of the country than this settlement of Walker on the Cumberland.

The Loyal Company was not fortunate in the time at which its settlement was begun. Before its land could be located and surveyed and occupied by the settlers, the French and Indian War was upon them, and delayed their undertaking until the peace of 1763. Then the king's proclamation, forbidding settlements on lands beyond the sources of rivers that entered the Atlantic ocean, delayed them for another ten years. And finally the Revolutionary War arrested this, as it did all other enterprises of the kind that were in progress when hostilities began. At the October session of the Virginia legislature, in 1778, the petition of Dr. Walker in behalf of his company was acted upon, when it was shown that the company had surveyed 201,554 acres of their grant, and left unsurveyed 598,446 acres. Of the lands surveyed, the company was allowed to complete their title to 45,390 acres only.*

THE OHIO COMPANY.

Soon after Dr. Walker, in behalf of the Loyal Company, had passed through Eastern Kentucky from south to north, he was followed by Christopher Gist,† who, in behalf of the Ohio Company, traversed Central Kentucky from west to east. The Ohio Company was authorized by the home government to select five hundred thousand acres of land on both sides of the Ohio river, for the purpose of settling families upon them. Gist was sent out by this company to select these lands, and in his explorations he entered Kentucky at the mouth of the Scioto, March 13, 1751. He made his way to the

* Journal of the House of Delegates of the Commonwealth of Virginia, October Session, 1778.

† A Journal of Christopher Gist's Journey, 1750–51. I have a manuscript copy of this journal, and also Pownall's "Topographical Description of North America," published at London in 1776, in which it appears. I have never seen it elsewhere. Gist evidently went through Kentucky with his compass, as he gives the courses and distances of his route. It differs very widely from Walker's journal in this particular, there being nothing in the journal of Walker to indicate that he had a compass with him.

Licking river, which he ascended, and then crossed the headwaters of the Kentucky river, and went out of the state where Dr. Walker had entered it. In his wanderings from west to east, he saw some of the best as well as some of the worst land. This company located two hundred thousand acres upon the Licking river, but before families could be settled upon them, the French and Indian War and the king's proclamation and the Revolutionary War arrested their enterprise, as they had that of the Loyal Company. When they finally appealed to the legislature for titles to their land, they stood before a new race of law-makers, and were shorn of the profits of their costly undertaking, as the Loyal Company had been.

While, however, neither the Loyal nor the Ohio Company had been a financial success, and neither had peopled the Mississippi valley with inhabitants to drive off and keep away the French, both had contributed to the opening of the way to the settlement of Kentucky. In behalf of their respective companies, Walker and Gist had gone beyond the forbidding mountains that frowned like an impassable wall on the west of inhabited Virginia, and had seen the inviting country beyond, that had not been seen before. They had kept journals of their routes, and could verify all that had passed before their watchful eyes. They had seen Kentucky as it came from the Creator's hands, in all its wild splendors of soil and tree and stream. And what a grand sight it was! Let us, in imagination, go back one hundred and forty-two years, and look upon Kentucky as Walker and Gist saw it, in 1750–51.

VIEW OF PRIMEVAL KENTUCKY.

From the summit of the Appalachian mountains on the east, declivities lead down two thousand feet to a plateau that gracefully undulates for five hundred miles to the margins of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers on the west. Descending through deep cut channels from their mountain springs, the Sandy, the Licking, the Kentucky, the Salt, the Green, and the Cumberland rivers roll their navigable waters for hundreds of miles through soils as exhuberant as the famous delta of the Nile. Over an area that millions might inhabit, of mountain and hill and plain and valley, stands a dark forest of oak and beech and ash and hickory and walnut and cherry and maple and sycamore and linden and cedar and pine, with lofty poplars towering above like hoary sentinels of the centuries that have marked their growth. Here and there, where the trees of the forest cast not their shadow, the cane and the clover and the rye and the bluegrass cover the soil like emerald isles in the forest seas. Toward the sunset, between the Salt and the Green rivers, spreads out for miles a treeless land covered with a forest of herbage, on which countless buffalo and deer forever feed. The woods are full of wild animals, the rivers swarm with endless varieties of fish, and the air is darkened with flocks of birds. From out the earth burst springs whose waters, warmed by the summer's sun, whiten their channels with salt, and deep down beneath the surface are mysterious caverns cut out by subterranean streams, in which are deposited beds of saltpeter. Beneath the hills and mountains are strata of coal and beds of iron and quarries of stone, and over all hangs a bright sky tempered by genial airs. As if to add to the picturesqueness of the scene, there are numerous mounds, which were reared in the distant past by a long ago people who had become mighty in the land and passed away without leaving a history, a tradition, or a name. On the mountain sides, the rhododendron and the Calmia latifolia display their charming blossoms; in the valleys, the magnolia contrasts the snow of its huge corolla with the scarlet of the delicate cardinal flower; and every-where on the hills and plains, wild flowers of infinite form and color lend enchantment to the view. It is "a land of brooks, of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills."

PRACTICAL EXPLORERS VISIT KENTUCKY.

After Walker and Gist, a new order of explorers began to visit Kentucky. They had none of the science or learning of their predecessors, but they had an eye for fine trees and rich lands and navigable rivers and abundance of game. They were a kind of hunting, trading, and roving adventurers, whose accounts of what they saw were finally destined to inaugurate the settlement of the country.

In 1766, Colonel James Smith, not long from Indian captivity, wandered through the southern part of Kentucky, and if he did not effect a settlement, he performed an early recorded surgical operation in the state by extracting from his foot a piece of cane with a pair of bullet molds. The next year, John Findley, the forerunner of Boone, was in the northern part of the state trading with the Indians, and at the same time James Harrod * and Michael Stoner were in the southern part.

* James Harrod was one of the most important of the early settlers of Kentucky. His explorations of the country were little inferior to those of Boone, and he had a kindly heart for the many woes to

At last, in 1769, Daniel Boone,* a man without a superior in that woodcraft which pursues its way through the trackless forest, and that cunning which baffles the wily savage, was in Kentucky. He wandered from place to place, and gave names to unknown objects which they were to bear for all time to come. He was a second Adam in another Eden. He gathered that knowledge of the country which led to its purchase by the Transylvania Colony, and which promoted him to positions

which the pioneers were subjected. He disappeared from the living in the great forest where he was hunting, and no one knows the time or the manner of his death. His widow believed he had been murdered by a man named Bridges, with whom he had been induced to go in search of the mystical Swift's silver mine. He disappeared from the living in 1793, but nothing definite is known of the time or the manner of his going.

* Joseph Bryant, the father-in-law of Daniel Boone, gave to Mr. McAfee an explanation worth preserving as to how the old pioneer made so many narrow escapes from the Indians. He carried in a leather bag fastened about his neck a commission in the British service, which had been given him by Lord Dunmore. Whenever he got into a tight place among the Indians, he exhibited this commission, which was proof sufficient to them that Boone was the friend of the British and the enemy of the colonists. On seeing this token, the Indians released him instead of scalping him. This anecdote is preserved by Robert B. McAfee, in his autobiography, which has never been published.

in which he made a name known to all the civilized nations of the earth.

While Boone was yet in Kentucky, a party of forty others crossed the mountains from Virginia and North Carolina, and hunted and trapped and explored until they got the name of the Long Hunters. In 1771, Simon Kenton, who was such a thwarter of the plans of the Indians as to secure from them the name of "Old Horse Steal," as the most odious epithet they could apply to him, was in the northern part of the state, looking for the cane lands of which he had heard so much. Most of these hunters and traders and explorers were men of more than average parts, and when they went back home with glowing accounts of what they had seen in Kentucky, the surveyors began to enter the state and to run off land for settlers.

SURVEYORS AND LAND OWNERS IN KENTUCKY.

In 1772, patents were issued to John Fry for lands in Lawrence and Greenup counties, said, without conclusive authority, to have been surveyed by the great Washington himself; but the surveyors whose work led to prompt and permanent settlements did not reach Kentucky until the following year.

In 1773, Captain Thomas Bullitt,* at the head of one company, and Hancock Taylor, at the head of another, were in Kentucky for the purpose of surveying lands for owners who intended to occupy them themselves, or to place others upon them. The two companies came together down the Ohio, from the mouth of the Kanawha to the mouth of the Kentucky, where they separated. On their way down the Ohio, they joined in making some surveys of lands and the laying off of several towns. They laid off a town in Lewis county, near where Vanceburg now stands; another in Bracken, at the mouth of Locust creek; and a third in Boone county, in the big bend of the Ohio, near where Francesville now stands. The Taylor Company ascended the Ken-

* Captain Thomas Bullitt, whose name is inseparably connected with the origin of the City of Louisville, was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1730. He was a gallant soldier in the French and Indian Wars, and by his skill and courage, in 1758, he saved from destruction the remnant of General Grant's army near Fort Duquesne. At the close of the French and Indian Wars, he was retained in the colonial service, and became the adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he was made adjutant-general of the Southern Department. His first service was the defeat of Lord Dunmore at the Great Bridge. He became dissatisfied with the service because of some disagreement with General Washington, and resigned. He died at his home in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1778.

tucky and made a survey where Frankfort now stands, and several in Mercer county, afterward occupied by the McAfees. The Bullitt Company went down the Ohio to the falls, where they made numerous surveys, one of which was two thousand acres for Dr. John Connolly. On this Connolly survey, Bullitt laid off a town in August, 1773, which afterward became the City of Louisville. Connolly and Campbell, who had bought of Connolly an interest in his lands at the falls, advertised lots for sale in this town at the falls in 1774, and in 1775 it was occupied by Sanders Stuart and others, sent out by the proprietors for that purpose. They also surveyed a tract of one thousand four hundred acres for John Cowan on the Ohio, above the falls, opposite Twelve-mile Island. Cowan built a house and raised corn on this land in 1774, and for these improvements secured a settlement right to four hundred acres, and a preëmption right for one thousand acres, which made his one thousand four hundred.

Upon numerous other surveys made by Bullitt in 1773, and by Taylor and Floyd and Douglas and Hite the following year, settlements began to be made as early as 1774. As evidence of the intended occupancy, log cabins were erected and corn planted as soon as this work could be done. The style of house was not elaborate and was easily built. The trunks of trees in the surrounding forest, cut from eight to sixteen feet in length and laid one above the other in a square or parallelogram, with notched corners, so as to form four walls from eight to ten feet high, covered with boards held down by poles, with a small opening for a window, a larger one for a door, and one still more ample for a fire-place, presented the conventional settler's cabin of the times. Boone built a similar house on Red river in 1769, and Bullitt erected another at the mouth of Beargrass in 1773. But the former was a hunter's lodge, and the latter a surveyor's camp, not intended for permanent occupancy.

HARRODSBURG AND THE SETTLEMENTS OF 1774.

In 1774, a town was laid out by James Harrod and the forty explorers who accompanied him, and a number of log cabins erected, which afterward became Harrodsburg. Undue importance has been given these Harrodsburg cabins of 1774. They have been claimed as proof of the first settlement in the state at this point. The truth of history, however, can hardly admit of such a conclusion. Besides being twenty-four years younger than the house built by Dr. Walker on the Cumberland in 1750, there were numerous other cabins erected in different parts of the state at the same time. Cases reported by Hughes and Hardin and Snead and Bibb in our early Court of Appeals show, upon the sworn testimony of witnesses who helped to build the houses, or saw them after they were erected, that Martin Stall built a house on the east fork of Salt river in 1774; that Thomas Quirk, William Crow, and John Crawford built cabins on Dick's river in 1774; that Isaac Taylor and Silas Harlan built houses on Salt river in 1774; that John Crow built a house near Danville in 1774; and that James Brown erected another at the same time and place. Other instances of the improvement of lands by the building of houses upon them with the view of permanent occupancy might be cited, but these are enough to show that Harrodsburg can claim no exclusive honors in this line. None of the houses, either in Harrodsburg or elsewhere, in 1774, were continuously occupied, on account of the hostility of the Indians, but all of them were built about the same time and for the same purpose, and must equally share the honor of the early settlement of the state.

THE SETTLEMENTS OF 1775.

In 1775, settlers began to come into the state with a rapidity to make up for the tardiness with which they had previously appeared. They came down the Ohio in well loaded canoes and flat-boats; they came over the mountains, through Cumberland Gap, in companies, afoot and on horseback. In March, 1775, the McAfees resumed improvements on their lands on Salt river, and James Harrod, with his company increased to fifty, returned to the cabins at Harrodsburg and the Boiling Spring. In April, 1775, Daniel Boone, with his company of twenty, reached the Kentucky river, and began the building of Boonsborough, and in a short time thereafter was joined by Richard Henderson, with his company of thirty. There were now more than one hundred and fifty immigrants in Kentucky, but not a female among them. In September, 1775, however, the wife and children of Daniel Boone reached Boonsborough, and about the same time the wife and children of Hugh McGary, Thomas Denton, and Richard Hogan arrived at Harrodsburg. There were now husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, among the settlers, and immigration continued so rapidly that at the end of ten years there were enough inhabitants to apply to Virginia for a separate government.

This rapid settlement in 1775 was greatly assisted by Richard Henderson & Co., who had taken the name of the Transylvania Colony. Not only did they bring a large number of settlers into the country, but they founded Boonsborough and fortified it for protection, and supplied not only their own people, but those of other settlements, with powder and lead and food and clothing. They attempted to establish a proprietary government in Kentucky and failed. But there was so much romance as well as reality about their undertaking, that it will always make an interesting chapter in Kentucky history, and demands our attention on this occasion.

THE TRANSYLVANIA COLONY.

On the 17th of March, 1775, this company, consisting of Richard Henderson and eight other prominent citizens,* met at Wataga, then in North Carolina but now

* The eight other gentlemen associated with Richard Henderson in this gigantic enterprise were John Luttrell, Nathaniel Hart, Thomas Hart, David Hart, Wm. Johnston, John Williams, James Hogg, and Leonard Hendly Bullock. They were all citizens of North Carolina and men of property and social positions.

in Tennessee, and took a deed from the Cherokee Indians for the greater part of the State of Kentucky. The outlines of this grant began at the mouth of the Kentucky river, and running with that stream and its northerly branch to its source, thence followed the crest of the Appalachian mountains to the source of the Cumberland river, thence down that river to the Ohio, thence up the Ohio to the beginning.* This was not such a grant as had been obtained from the kings of England for the Virginia and the Carolana colonies, but it was far beyond the domain of such modern companies as the Loyal, the Ohio, the Indiana, etc. It embraced something like

* Why Richard Henderson & Co. should have given the name of Transylvania to their colony is a mystery. Transylvania, meaning across or beyond the woods, did not indicate their colony, which was in the midst of the woods, or rather the woods themselves. The deed which the Cherokees gave them for their colony preserved the beautiful Indian name *Chenoa* for Kentucky, and why they should not have perpetuated it is strange. Had they named their colony *Chenoa*, it is possible that those who came after them would have perpetuated it, but the pedagogical name of Transylvania which they gave it perished with their enterprise, as it deserved. If they did not like the Cherokee name *Chenoa* preserved in their deed to the country, there was the name Kentucky also mentioned in the same deed, and which those who came after them adopted. Why our people, however, should have adopted the name Kentucky, and then attached to it the unpleasant

twenty millions of acres, and cost the company, according to the consideration expressed in the deed, the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling. This would equal about $50,000 of our money, and made the land cost about one-fourth of one cent per acre.

These enterprising gentlemen either forgot or disregarded the time-honored policy of Virginia not to permit private individuals to purchase lands from the Indians within her domain. As the Indians were pressed farther and farther back from the Atlantic, their lands were obtained for the colony; and as early as 1705, an act was passed by the legislature forbidding private citizens from

meaning of "dark and bloody ground," is another mystery. Kentucky is from the Iroquois word *kentake*, meaning the prairie or meadow land. The name probably originated in those treeless stretches of country between the Salt and the Green rivers, which our ancestors called barrens. The Indians in early times burnt the trees off these lands and then designated them by *kentake*, meaning the meadow or prairie lands. It is possible that the epithet "dark and bloody," was fastened to Kentucky from what was said by the Dragging Canoe to Colonel Henderson at the treaty of Wataga. This Indian chief told Henderson that the lands south of the Kentucky river were "bloody ground and would be dark and difficult to settle." This expression, however, had no reference to the name of the country, and was only used to persuade Henderson & Co. not to insist upon the purchase of Kentucky south of the Kentucky river, but to take it north of that stream.

acquiring lands from the Indians. When Virginia declared herself independent of England and made a constitution for herself in 1776, she inserted this provision: "No purchase of land shall be made of Indian natives but in behalf of the public, by authority of the General Assembly."

Before the proprietors could reach Boonsborough, the head-quarters of their colony, and take possession of their lands, Lord Dunmore issued his proclamation against them as disorderly persons who should not be allowed to hold the country they had purchased, but who should be fined and imprisoned if they persisted. As evidence of how swiftly news flew over the roadless wilderness in those early times, the deed from the Cherokees to Henderson & Co. was dated at Wataga, the 17th of March, 1775, and on the 21st of March, 1775, the proclamation at Williamsburg, in Virginia, was issued. Lord Dunmore, instead of basing his proclamation on the law of Virginia, which forbade private citizens buying lands of the Indians, based it upon the king's purpose to have all these lands surveyed in parcels of a hundred or more acres and sold at auction. The effect of this proclamation, however, whether rightly or wrongly conceived, was to array Virginia against the Transylvania Colony, and that was to seal its fate.

The proprietors notified the settlers at such points as were known to elect delegates to a convention to be held at Boonsborough, and on the 23d of May, 1775, these delegates assembled. They were: Daniel Boone, Squire Boone, William Coke, Samuel Henderson, William Moore, and Richard Calloway, from Boonsborough; Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valentine Harmond, and James Douglas, from Harrodsburg; James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, and Azariah Davis, from Boiling Spring; John Todd, Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, John Floyd,* and Samuel Wood, from St. Asaph's. They

* It is amusing to read in the Journal of Richard Henderson the suspicion which he at first entertained of John Floyd. Floyd was a deputy of Colonel Preston, surveyor of Fincastle county, and Henderson suspected that he was a spy upon the Transylvania Colony. But he soon found out by intercourse with Floyd how he had mistaken his man. Floyd was one of nature's nobles, who was above suspicion. Whatever he seemed to be, he was without disguise. Floyd afterward became the surveyor-in-chief of the Transylvania Colony, and was looked upon by Henderson as the great and candid man he was. In 1783, while going from Spring Station to Floyd's Station, on Beargrass, Floyd was shot by an Indian in ambush. He was able to get home by the help of his brother, who held him on his horse, but he died soon after reaching his fort. Had his life been spared, he would have left his impression on the infant State of Kentucky. He was remarkably well educated for his times, and had an intellect far

organized a regular Legislative Council, and elected Thomas Slaughter chairman and Matthew Jouett clerk. They then received an address from Richard Henderson, president of the company, and voted an answer with all the decorous formality of the English Parliament. They went promptly to work as a legislative body, and passed nine laws, establishing courts, regulating the militia, punishing crimes, preventing swearing and Sabbath breaking, providing for attachments, protecting the range, and improving the breed of horses. They were in session until the 27th of May, when they adjourned, to meet again the first Thursday in September following.

But they never met again. The times were not propitious for a proprietary government in this region. The settlers did not like the aristocratic appearance of the Transylvania Colony. Some of them who had been in sympathy with the proprietors in the first stages of the colony now turned against them, and joined others in a petition to the Virginia legislature to make a new county, and appoint officers for local government, with-

above the average of those around him. With his brain and energy and courage and integrity, there was no position in the country to which he might not have aspired and risen. There was no man slain by the Indians in early Kentucky whose loss was more felt and whose death was more regretted than that of Colonel John Floyd.

out regard to the existence of the colony. In 1776. Kentucky county, embracing all the lands of the colony, was established, and civil and military officers were appointed to govern the county just as if the Transylvania Colony had not existed. Finally, at the October term of the Virginia legislature, in 1778, an act was passed giving to Richard Henderson & Co. twelve and one-half square miles of the land on both sides of Green river, where it enters the Ohio, in full compensation for all claims they might have to Kentucky—not as any acknowledgment of their right to the country, but as compensation for their good offices in extinguishing the Indian title, and helping to settle the country.

How the Pioneers Lived.

The first inhabitants of Kentucky, on account of the hostility of the Indians, lived in what were called forts. These structures had little in common with those massive piles of stone and earth from which thunder missiles of destruction in modern times. They were simply rows of the conventional log cabins of the day, built on four sides of a square or parallelogram, which remained as a court or open space between them. This open space served as a play-ground, a muster field, a corral for domestic animals, and a storehouse for implements. The cabins which formed the fort's walls were dwelling-houses for the people, and contained the rudest conveniences of life. The bedstead consisted of forks driven in the dirt floor, through the prongs of which poles extended to cracks in the wall, and over which buffalo skins were spread for a mattress and bear skins for a covering. The dining-table was a broad puncheon hewn smooth with an adze, and set on four legs made of sticks inserted in auger holes at the corners. The chairs were three-legged stools made in the same way, and the table furniture consisted of wooden plates, trays, noggins, bowls, and trenchers, usually turned out of buckeye. A few tin cups and pewter plates and delf cups and saucers, and two-pronged iron forks and pewter spoons, were luxuries brought from the old country, and only found upon the tables of the few who could afford them. The fire-place occupied nearly one whole side of the house; the window was a hole covered with paper saturated with bear's grease, and the door an opening, over which hung a buffalo skin. Near the door hung the long-barreled flint-lock rifle on the prongs of a buck's horns pinned to the wall, and from which place it was never absent except when in use.

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

Such a life had its pains, but it also had its pleasures. Of evenings and rainy days, the fiddle was heard, and the merry old Virginia reel danced by both young and old. A marriage, that sometimes united a boy of sixteen to a girl of fourteen, was an occasion of great merriment, and brought out the whole fort. When an itinerant preacher came along, and favored them with a sermon two or three hours in length, it was also a great occasion. A young man had some difficulty in making his sweatheart understand all he had to say in a small room filled by her parents and brothers and sisters, but on essential points it was easy to remove the discussion to the open space. The shooting match, the foot-race, wrestling, jumping, boxing, and, it may be added, fighting, afforded amusement in the open space, and blindfold and hide-and-seek and quiltings, knittings, and candy pullings made the little cabins merry on many occasions. The corn field and the vegetable garden were cultivated within range of the rifles of the fort, and sentinels were on guard while the work was being done.

How the Indians Retarded the Settlements.

The great obstacles to the rapid population of the country were the Indians.* They lurked in the woods and confined the settlers to the forts. They did not occupy the soil, but lived to the north and the south and the west and kept Kentucky for a hunting ground. They crossed the Ohio in small parties, and, like thieves

* It is difficult to fix a time when the Indians were not hostile to the whites in Kentucky. Gist, in his journal of 1751, states that he did not go to the falls of the Ohio for fear of the Indians. Boone lost his companion, John Stewart, while exploring Kentucky in 1769, and again in 1773, while leading a number of emigrants to Kentucky, he lost a son and five of his company. Hancock Taylor, the surveyor, was killed by them in 1774, and as Boone and his party approached the site of Boonsborough in 1775, they were attacked by the Indians and several of them killed and wounded. It may be stated, therefore, that from the beginning of explorations and settlements in Kentucky, the Indians were hostile. These hostile Indians, moreover, did not live in Kentucky, but dwelt north of the Ohio and south of the Cumberland rivers. Kentucky was their hunting ground and had been time out of mind, and they showed a determination from the first

in the night, crept stealthily upon their victims and shot them down or tomahawked them unawares. More people were killed in this desultory way than in regular battles. In 1790, Judge Innes wrote to the secretary of war that during the seven years he had lived in Kentucky the Indians had killed one thousand five hundred souls, stolen twenty thousand horses, and carried off property to the value of fifteen thousand pounds sterling. If to this fearful number we add all the deaths previous to 1783 and subseqent to 1790, the time covered by Judge Innes's estimate, in battle and by murder, we shall have a terrible summary. Not less than three thousand six hundred men, women, and children fell at the hands of the savages in Kentucky before the final victory over them by General Wayne in 1794. It may be doubted whether the Indians would not have been less formidable if they had lived in Kentucky. They would then have

invasion of it by the whites to defend it. They could not understand by what right the whites could come among them and drive them from their hunting grounds and occupy them, and they resolved, like brave defenders of their country, to give up their possessions only with their lives. This contest between the whites and the Indians for Kentucky lasted for twenty years, but at last civilization and Christianity succeeded in driving barbarism and idolatry from the land. Whether they were right in doing so is another question.

been exterminated by the pioneers, instead of being crippled in their raids and left to recover and return.

PIONEER WOMEN.

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

When the daughters of Boone and Calloway were taken in their canoe on the river at Boonsborough, they fought the Indians with the paddles until overcome; and while proceeding as captives, they strewed their way with pieces of their clothing, that their trail might be followed by those they knew would speedily pursue for their rescue. On being ordered to quit this and threatened with the tomahawk if they persisted, they defied death and kept on marking their course by dropping bits of their clothing and by bending and breaking twigs on their route. The Indians, knowing that a live captive was far more valuable than a scalp, and thinking themselves too far in advance to be overtaken, permitted the girls to thus mark their course rather than kill them. It was this marking of their track which enabled Boone and his party to follow the route so rapidly as to overtake the Indians within forty miles of Boonsborough. At Bryant's Station, when it was found necessary to risk life for water, the women in a band, led by Mrs. Jemima Suggett Johnson, wife of Colonel Robt. Johnson, marched to the spring and filled their pails with water, under the muzzles of six hundred concealed Indian rifles. They successfully brought their vessels filled with water into the fort, and thus enabled the garrison to stand a siege and resist an overwhelming army of savages. When the cabins of Jesse and Hosea Cooke, near Frankfort, were taken by the Indians and both the Cookes killed, their brave widows showed a courage which has few parallels in the whole course of human action. The Indians, having failed to force the strong door which shut them out from the two women and their children, made attempts to burn the house. They ascended to the roof and repeatedly applied the torch, which was extinguished by the women, first with water, while it lasted, then with broken eggs, and finally with the blood-saturated clothing of their dead husbands lying on the floor. Not less brave were Mrs. Michael Woods and her daughter Mary in defending their cabin, near Stanford. The Indians had rushed upon the house and not given them time to bar the door before one of the savages got inside. The brave mother, however, was too quick in closing and barring the door for another to enter, and while she guarded the door and fought the outside

Indians, her daughter, with an ax, cut off the head of the Indian who had entered the house.

How the Separation of Kentucky from Virginia Was Begun and Accomplished.

But in spite of the opposition of the Indians, the settlements of Kentucky grew stronger and stronger from time to time, until at the end of the first decade, in 1784, there were people enough to apply to Virginia for an independent government. They took this course, not because of any dislike to Virginia, but on account of the inconveniences arising from their distance from the seat of government, and the intolerable condition in which the peace of 1783 had placed them. The Atlantic states were benefited by this peace, but not so with Kentucky. The Indians would not understand how Great Britain could make peace with the colonies without consulting them and without abandoning their forts, and went right on with their hostilities against Kentucky. Disposed as the Indians were to be at war, the terms of peace practically bound the Kentuckians to stand still and be tomahawked and scalped at the will of the savages.

John Filson, in his history of Kentucky, published in 1784, estimated the population of Kentucky at thirty thousand, and the map which accompanied his history showed this population to be living in fifty-two stations and eigtheen houses outside. This was not a large population nor one well located for a new state, but it was a progressive people, animated by some of the best blood that ever flowed through pioneer veins. There probably never was a pioneer state that began its career with more brains and energy and culture and courage than was to be found in Kentucky. These brave and isolated settlers had reached their present stage without outside help, and they were now resolved to free themselves from a connection with Virginia which gave them no adequate protection.

In the fall of 1784, Benjamin Logan, one of the greatest men of his times, invited some leading citizens to meet him at Danville to consult about the best means of an expedition against the southern Indians, to prevent them from making an incursion into Kentucky. This consultation disclosed the fact that there was no authority in Kentucky for such an expedition, and, in fact, none for any offensive measures against the Indians. With their eyes thus opened to their helpless condition, they resolved to lay the matter before a convention to consist of one member elected from each military district, to meet in Danville on the 27th of December, 1784. And thus began that long and tedious series of conventions for the separation of Kentucky from Virginia and erecting it into an independent state, which tried the patience and the patriotism of all concerned during a period of eight exasperating years.

THE DIFFERENT CONVENTIONS FOR INDEPENDENCE.

The first of these conventions* met at Danville on December 27, 1784, and, after settling the great principle of equal suffrage and representation according to population, recommended another convention to meet on May

* An account of the proceedings of this first convention was published in the third volume of a work entitled "Lettres D'un Cultivateur American, by St. John de Creve Coeur, Paris, 1787." The author was a Frenchman who came from New York to Kentucky in 1784, and from Louisville sent to Europe a letter containing the resolutions passed by this convention. As I have never seen these proceedings in any other publication, I here give a literal translation from the work just named:

1. Resolved, That the remote distance of this district from the government of Virginia subjects the inhabitants to a multitude of civil and political inconveniences that are every day increasing.

2. Resolved, That it be recommended to the inhabitants of this district to seriously consider if it would not be advantageous to ask

3, 1785, to consider the question of separating from Virginia and forming an independent government.

This second convention promptly resolved on independence, but instead of stopping there and waiting for Virginia to sanction the separation, they called another convention for August 14, 1785, to ratify what they had

of our national government that this district be created into a new state confederated with the other states.

3. Resolved, That it be recommended that the good inhabitants of this district choose a certain number among them to form a committee, which shall continue its sessions during the time of three months, whose object it shall be to inquire if the proposed separation be really necessary, useful, and indispensable, and to discuss the various measures and objects which shall be proposed and submitted to their judgment for the interest and advantage of the district.

4. Resolved, That all the counties in this district have an equal right to representation in the choice of their members of the convention, according to the number of inhabitants who are freeholders of the different counties.

5. Resolved, That this convention shall be composed of twenty-eight members, chosen in the following proportion, to wit: twelve for the county of Lincoln, eight for that of Fayette, and eight for that of Jefferson. They shall be chosen in the month of April next, and those of the most suitable persons in each of the said counties shall be the inspectors of the elections.

6. Resolved, That this convention shall be held at Danville, in the county of Jefferson, on the first Monday of May next. In view

done. It is possible that this cautious delay for the ratification of their work was what kept Kentucky so long out of the Union. If the convention of May, 1785, had asked Virginia to approve of separation and petitioned Congress to accept the new state, it is probable that the good work would have progressed too far to have been delayed by the campaign against the Indians the following year, with which exasperating delay and disappointments began. The convention of May, 1785, had full authority to proceed with the details of independence, and it is a great pity that it did not go right along with the work instead of calling a ratifying convention for the following August.

This third convention of August 14, 1785, resolved that a separation was proper, and after voting an address to the people and petitions to Virginia and to Congress called another convention to meet on the fourth Monday

of the fact that many matters of the greatest importance will probably be submitted to the discussion and judgment of this convention:

Resolved, That it be expressly and particularly enjoined upon the good people of the district of Kentucky to select for members representing their counties men of the highest character and possessing the most varied ability and extensive knowledge.

WILLIAM FLEMING,

President.

in September, 1786, to complete the work of separation and form a constitution. But when the fourth convention met, in September, 1786, the trouble began. So many of the members were with Clark and Logan in expeditions against the Indians that a quorum could not be obtained. The few members present met and adjourned from day to day until a quorum was present. But just at this time, the Virginia legislature's action in repealing the act giving consent to the separation was made known and the powers of the convention brought to an end. Nothing was now to be done but to begin anew, and this was done by calling another convention for September 17, 1787.

This fifth convention met and went over the beaten track of resolving on separation, addressing the people and petitioning Virginia and Congress, and called another convention for July 28, 1788, to complete its work.

This sixth convention met, and while it was in session news came from Congress that the petition of the new state had been rejected, and Kentucky was advised by that august body to so shape her course as to get into the Union under the constitution of the United States, which had then been adopted. This was a sad disappointment, but there was no help for it.

The work of separation had to begin again, and another convention was called for November 3, 1788.

This seventh convention met and resolved again on separation, and voted petitions to Congress and Virginia, and called another convention for July 20, 1789, to complete its work.

This eighth convention, it was thought, would certainly get the new state into the Union, but another disappointment was at hand. Virginia, in repeating her act consenting to separation, had changed the terms and so infringed upon the sovereignty of the new state by retaining control over some of its public lands, that Kentucky rejected the terms, and petitioned for the original act to which she had agreed for a separation. Virginia consented, but it put Kentucky back to the beginning again in her movement for independence, and another convention was called for July 26, 1790.

This ninth convention met July 26, 1790, and began at the beginning, as if no previous steps had been taken to separate Kentucky from Virginia. After determining that it was expedient to separate, according to Virginia's fourth act of consent, December 18, 1789, and voting a petition to Congress for admission into the Union, a resolution was adopted fixing June 1, 1792, as the day on which Kentucky, as an independent state, should begin. They then called another convention for April 2, 1792, to make a constitution for the new state.

THE FIRST CONSTITUTION OF KENTUCKY.

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

* I know of no correct list of the members of this convention that has ever been published. I have the original journal of the convention, kept by Thomas Todd, the clerk, but it contains no list of the names of the members. This journal does, however, contain a yea and nay vote, which supplies the best known list of the members. This vote was recorded on Wednesday, April 18, 1792, on

The members were among the most distinguished citizens of the state at that time, and among them were George Nicholas, Alexander Scott Bullitt, Benjamin Sebastian,

the question of striking from the constitution the ninth article, which was the pro-slavery clause. Those who voted for striking out the pro-slavery clause were:

Andrew Hynes,
Samuel Taylor,
Jacob Froman,
Harry Innes,
John Bailey,
Benedict Swope,
Charles Kavenaugh,
George Smith,
Robert Frier,
James Crawford,
James Garrard,
James Smith,
John McKinney,
George Lewis,
Miles W. Conway,
John Wilson. —16.

Those who voted against striking out the pro-slavery clause were:

Samuel McDowell,
Benjamin Sebastian,
John Campbell,
William King,
Matthew Walton,

James Garrard, Matthew Walton, Samuel McDowell, Benjamin Logan, Isaac Shelby, Caleb Wallace, Richard Taylor, John Campbell, and Harry Innes. The most

Joseph Hobbs,
Cuthbert Harrison,
George Nicholas,
Benjamin Logan,
Isaac Shelby,
William Montgomery,
Thomas Kennedy,
Joseph Kennedy,
Thomas Clay,
Higgason Grubbs,
Hubbard Taylor,
Thomas Lewis,
John Watkins,
Richard Young,
William Steele,
Caleb Wallace,
Robert Johnson,
John Edwards,
Benjamin Harrison,
Robert Rankin,
Thomas Warring. —26.

The other three members were: Alex. Scott Bullitt, Robert Breckinridge, and Richard Taylor, all from Jefferson county, whose votes, for some unknown reason, were not recorded in the journal.

gifted among them was George Nicholas, the learned lawyer and the profound statesman. To him, more than to any other member, belongs the honor of the first organic law of the state. He drafted the twenty-two resolutions which were first adopted by the convention, and which determined the character of the constitution. He afterward drafted the constitution itself, and was practically the author of its twelve articles and its schedule.

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

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

CONSPIRACIES IN KENTUCKY.

During the sessions of the conventions, and after their work was done, there were Spanish, French, and British intrigues in Kentucky, but the principal ones were Spanish. At the peace of 1783, Spain, with her hereditary proclivity for intriguing and intermeddling, attempted to confine the victorious colonies to the territory lying between the Appalachian mountains and the Atlantic

Ocean. France supported Spain in this intended outrage, but England was too wise to favor the scheme. She preferred that the Mississippi valley, so far as it was in dispute, should go to her former colonies, naughty as they had been in rebelling against her, and hence our western boundary was fixed in the Mississippi river. Spain having failed to have her wishes in the treaty of 1783, never abandoned the hope of gaining something by intrigue. Her emissaries worked upon Kentuckians when they went to New Orleans with their produce, and they came among them at home, first with their sinister designs covered with the gossamer of commercial relations, but at length presented with all the naked deformity of treason. They found a few adherents in such men as Wilkinson and Sebastian, who, for the pay they offered, entertained them, but there were no considerable number of Kentuckians who ever thought of any relations with Spain, beyond what would secure for them the free navigation of the Mississippi river. Spain held the territory on both sides of the Mississippi river, and with its occlusion the products of the rich lands of the Kentuckians were without a market. Tobacco and grain could not be transported over the mountains to the east, and Kentuckians, without the Mississippi as an outlet to the markets of the world, had no connection whatever with those markets. Help from their own government to procure this freedom of the great river seemed almost hopeless. The revolutionary war had not won it with its victory; the treaty of 1783 had not secured it; Congress had spent weary years of negotiation without obtaining it, and at last it was understood that it was to be bartered away by Congress for commercial privileges that might help the eastern part of the country, but would leave Kentucky without advantages. Under such trying disappointments, with the Indians scalping them for want of adequate protection from Virginia or the United States, and the only way they had to the markets of the world occluded, it would not have been strange if the people of Kentucky had entered into any compact with Spain that would have shielded them from the savages and opened the way for their commerce to the sea; even if it required separation from Virginia and the old confederation of states, and the establishing of an independent government. Before the final separation of Kentucky from Virginia many of her good citizens cherished the hope that some arrangement with Spain might be made by which the freedom of the Mississippi would be secured, but not after Kentucky became a member of the Federal Union. Thomas Power, as the agent of Spain, was here in 1795, with treasonable propositions disguised as commercial, and he was here again in 1797, with the disguise thrown off and the naked treason displayed in a proposition to furnish arms and money to help Kentucky to separate from the Union and establish an independent government. His proposals were rejected by the very men to whom they were made, and George Nicholas had the honor of drafting the rejection.

It is easy enough for us, at the distance of a century, when the United States have grown to colossal dimensions, to see how unwise and rebellious and treasonable it would have been for Kentucky to have attempted an independent government in the Mississippi valley. Kentuckians, however, did not then see these mighty United States as we now see them. When Kentucky was in her greatest troubles, the United States were bound together by a rope of sand, that might part at any moment, and there was no particular honor in being one of them. England maintained military posts on their sovereign soil for thirteen years after the peace of 1783, and they had very little of the respect of the nations of the earth. Rebellion had been the order of the day for some years, and if Kentucky had seen fit to separate from uncongenial and unprofitable companions and set up for herself, there might have been much folly in her act, and a sufficient quantity of rebellion, which was then fashionable, but not much treason. Self-protection is a stronger tie than allegiance. It is a higher law than treason.

To denounce all the eminent Kentuckians who took part in these Spanish proceedings as traitors or conspirators, is to judge the darkness of their days by the light of ours. They had obstacles to contend with which no longer exist, and we can only judge them rightly by judging them in the midst of their surroundings. They avoided the insidious wiles of Miro and Carondelet and Gardoqui on the part of Spain. They tarnished not their neutral escutcheon by following Genet to the French conquest of Spanish Louisiana. They listened not to the insidious words of England as they fell from the scheming lips of Dr. Connolly when he offered men and arms to be used against the Spaniards. They stood out against all temptations through eight dragging years and eight disappointed attempts by lawful conventions to separate from Virginia, while their only outlet to the markets of the world was barred to them by arch-conspirators; and when they had obtained the freedom of the Mississippi, they showed unmistakably that they had what they wanted, and that they had no further use for the Spaniard, the Frenchman, or the English-man. We must judge them for what they did, and not for what we are pleased to conjecture that they wanted to do, and would have done if they could. Some of our illustrious pioneers have been denounced as traitors, differing only in the degree of their treason, but whosoever reads aright their relations to their surroundings, and justly estimates the uncounted good deeds they did for their country will be apt to conclude that if there was treason in any of them, except Wilkinson and Sebastian, whose avarice exceeded their patriotism, it was of a kind to be remembered with gratitude rather than to be denounced with virulence. Such traitors would be a blessing rather than a curse to any country in which their lot might be cast.

New Government Begins.

In accordance with the provisions of the constitution, an election was held on the first Tuesday in May, 1792, at which forty representatives and forty electors were chosen.* These electors assembled on the third Tuesday

* The forty representatives elected on the first Tuesday in May were the following:

Richard Taylor, Robert Breckinridge, Benjamin Roberts,	Jefferson county.

in May, and elected Isaac Shelby governor and chose eleven senators.* By another provision of the constitution, the legislature assembled at Lexington on Monday, June 4, 1792. They met in a two-story log-house,

William Montgomery, Henry Pawling, James Davis, Jesse Cravens,	Lincoln county.
William Russell, John Hawkins, Thomas Lewis, Hubbard Taylor, James Trotter, Joseph Crockett, James McMillan, John McDowell, Robert Patterson,	Fayette county.
George Bedinger, John Waller, Charles Smith, John McKinney, James Smith,	Bourbon county.
Higgason Grubbs, Thomas Clay, John Miller,	Madison county.

* See note on page 71.

which stood on Main street, midway between Milk and Broadway. In the senate, Alexander Scott Bullitt was made speaker; Buckner Thruston, clerk; Kenneth McCoy,

Alexander D. Orr, John Wilson,	Mason county.
Samuel Taylor, John Jouett, Jacob Froman, Robert Mosby,	Mercer county.
William King, William Abell, Matthew Walton, Edmund Thomas, Joseph Hobbs, Joshua Hobbs,	Nelson county.
John Watkins, Richard Young, William Steele, John Grant,	Woodford county.

And the forty electors chosen at the same time were the following:

Alexander Scott Bullitt, Richard C. Anderson, John Campbell,	Jefferson county.
John Logan, Benjamin Logan, Isaac Shelby, Thomas Todd,	Lincoln county.

sergeant-at-arms; David Johnson, door-keeper; and John Gano, chaplain. John Bradford was made public printer; John Logan, treasurer; George Nicholas, attorney-general, and James Brown, secretary of state.

William Campbell,	
Edward Payne,	
John Martin,	
Abraham Bowman,	
Robert Todd,	Fayette county.
John Bradford,	
John Morrison,	
Gabriel Madison,	
Payton Short,	
John Edwards,	
Benjamin Harrison,	
Thomas Jones,	Bourbon county.
Andrew Hood,	
John Allen,	
William Irvine,	
Higgason Grubbs,	Madison county.
Thomas Clay,	
Robert Rankin,	Mason county.
George Stockton,	
Christopher Greenup,	
Harry Innes,	
Samuel McDowell,	Mercer county.
William Kennedy,	

Our new government, thus made up, consisted of some of the best of the good men in the state. Isaac Shelby, the governor, had more renown as a soldier than a statesman, but there was need of military talent in his position. The fame he had won at Point Pleasant and King's Mountain would stand him well in hand with the Indians, who were yet hostile in the land. Alexander Scott Bullitt, the speaker of the senate, was a man of intellect, of culture, and of legal learning, who would fill well the office of lieutenant-governor, to which his position as speaker of the senate elevated him. James Brown, the secretary of state, was a man of learning and legal ability, who afterward became a senator of the United States and a minister to France. John Bradford, the public printer, although not trained to the typographical

Walter Beall, John Caldwell, William May, Cuthbert Harrison, Adam Shepherd, James Shepherd,	Nelson county.
John Watkins, George Muter, Richard Young, Robert Johnson,	Woodford county.

art, soon mastered it, and by his sound judgment and business habits proved of great advantage to the infant state. John Logan, the treasurer, had both that sterling integrity and business capacity which fitted him to inaugurate the money department of the new state. John Gano, the chaplain of both houses, was a Baptist preacher of the old school, who had preached from stumps in the stations until every man, woman, and child in the state knew him and loved him. He was now advanced in years, but was in robust health, and still had a stentorian voice that could be heard in much larger halls than the one in which he was to officiate as chaplain. Robert Breckinridge, the speaker of the house, had long been a political leader among the pioneers.

* The eleven senators chosen by the electors were the following:

John Campbell,
Alexander Scott Bullitt,
John Logan,
Robert Todd,
Peyton Short,
John Caldwell,
William McDowell,
Thomas Kennedy,
John Allen,
Robert Johnson,
Alexander D. Orr.

In the legislature were a number of the best men of the state. Among them was James Smith, who was afterward to write one of the most fascinating of all books of Indian captivity and travel; Robert Patterson, one of the founders of Lexington, in Kentucky, and Cincinnati and Dayton, in Ohio; Richard Taylor, father of the twelfth president of the United States; John Jouett, the daring patriot who, upon his foaming charger, passed the lines of Tarleton's cavalry and bore the news of the invasion to the legislature of Virginia, then in session, in time for the members to make their escape, and Alexander D. Orr, afterward a member of Congress, occupied seats with others distinguished for those qualities which made men useful and successful in those times. No member rose supremely above the rest for natural or acquired gifts, but, taken as a whole, our first legislature was worthy to be remembered for its ability, its integrity, and its patriotism.

On Wednesday, June 6, the lower house assembled in the senate chamber to hear the governor's message. Governor Shelby appeared in person, and from the speaker's desk delivered his address.* It was short,

* The following is the full text of Governor Shelby's message as he read it to the legislature:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:— As the prosperity of our common country will depend greatly on the but recommended the establishing of a sound state credit and the bringing of land litigation to a close as matters worthy of the first consideration. The governor, having finished his brief address, retired, and the representatives returned to their chamber. The legislature

manner in which its government is put in motion, it will be particularly incumbent on you to adopt such measures as will be most likely to produce that desirable end.

"Among the means which ought to be used for that purpose, none will be found more efficacious than the establishing public and private credit on the most solid basis. The first will be obtained by a scrupulous adherence to all public engagements, the last by a speedy administration of justice. The happiness and welfare of this country depend so much on the speedy settlement of our land disputes, that I can not forbear expressing my hope that you will adopt every necessary measure to give full operation to the mode pointed out by the constitution for that purpose. It will be eminently necessary that you should pass laws regulating the future elections of members to the state legislature. The having those elections made without any kind of undue influence is an object highly worthy of legislative attention. It is also incumbent on you and your duty requires that you should as soon as possible appoint two senators to represent this state in the national senate; and pass the necessary laws to prescribe the time and measure of electing this state's proportion of members to the house of representatives. A law obliging sheriffs and other public officers to give security for the due performance of the duties of their respective offices will be essentially necessary. Your humanity, as well now went to work, and were in session from the fourth of June to the twenty-ninth. During their session they passed thirty-seven laws and six resolutions. The first act was for the establishment of an auditor's office, and the last for the payment of their own small allowance of $1.00 per day as law-makers.

as your duty, will induce you to pass laws to compel the proper treatment of slaves agreeable to the direction of the constitution.

"Gentlemen of the house of representatives, it will be your peculiar duty to point out the manner in which the public supplies shall be raised. Small as our money resources are, I flatter myself you will find them fully equal to the necessary expenditures of the government. I conceive that the honor and interest of the state require that, whatever may be the amount of these expenses, the funds for their payment should be adequate and certain. The constitution has made it your duty at the present session to cause to be chosen commissioners for the purpose of fixing the place for the permanent seat of government.

"Gentlemen of the senate and house of representatives, you may be assured of my hearty co-operation in all your measures which may have a tendency to promote the public good. The unorganized state of our government and the season of the year render every proper dispatch of the business which will come before you so much your duty that I shall forbear to add any thing on that head."

CONDITION OF KENTUCKY WHEN SHE BEGAN STATEHOOD.

The condition of Kentucky when it first became an independent state was very different from what we now see it. With the exception of the spots of cleared land around the villages and forts, and the few houses outside of them, the whole country was covered by the original forest, in which lurked Indians and bears and wolves and panthers and wildcats. All land travel was over dirt roads, full of dust in the summer, and deep in mud in the winter. One of these roads led from Cumberland Gap through Crab Orchard, Danville, Bardstown, and Bullitt's Lick to Louisville. Another crossed the Big Sandy at the forks, and leading through Morgan's and Strode's Stations to Lexington, passed on through Frankfort and Drennon's Lick to Louisville. A third led from Maysville by the Lower Blue Lick and Paris to Lexington; a fourth from the mouth of the Licking to Lexington, and a fifth from Middle Tennessee to Danville. These main roads were passed over by all persons either coming into the state or going out from it. Cross roads connecting with the main roads at various points formed the lines of internal and neighborhood communication. Some of them followed lines originally marked out by the buffalo, time out of mind before, and were broad enough for highways of commerce; but most of them were mere traces and bridal paths, which no one but a woodsman or acquaintance could follow. Across the streams were no bridges, and people passed them at shallow places called fords, or in rude flatboats or canoes used for ferries. The travel and trade upon the rivers were in canoes and flatboats, and barges and keels propelled by oars or sails. Only a few meadows or pastures had yet been prepared, but over broad areas were natural meadows, while cane brakes and wild clover fields and patches of pea vine and swards of blue grass of natural growth were every-where to be seen.

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

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

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

On the farms that had been opened near the forts, the rudest kind of agriculture prevailed. The farmer broke up his ground with the wooden mold-board plow, and planted his corn and sowed his wheat with his hand. The grain was cut with a reap hook or cradle, and beat out with the flail or by the feet of horses ridden over the straw with the heads on laid in a circle for this purpose. His flour was sifted through a coarse linen cloth, and his grain ground in the hand mill or beaten in the mortar. A few horse mills and water

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

mills were in the country, but they were not generally used or accessible. His crop was cultivated with the hoe, and his carpenter's work done with the ax, the adze, and the auger. His flax was spun on the small wheel, his wool on the large wheel, and both woven on the hand loom.

The buffalo and the deer were growing scarce, and the farmer was raising domestic animals for food. His cattle and sheep, however, were what are known as scrubs, and his horses of an inferior breed. His vegetable garden consisted of little more than cabbages, pumpkins, turnips, beets, and peas. His cows fed upon the cane, and gave rich and well flavored milk, which, with the butter and curds and cheese which were made of it, were about the best food put upon the table. Whatever the table afforded, however, was generously given to every comer, no matter at what hour he arrived, nor whence he came. Abundance of fish came from the streams, the woods afforded squirrels and opossums, and the fields rabbits and quails.

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

The most important mechanics in the country were the blacksmiths, the carpenters, and the wheelwrights. They made pretty much every thing that was made with such simple tools as the saw, the file, the jack-plane,

* In 1783, Evan Williams erected a small distillery on the river at the foot of Fifth street, in Louisville. Here he distilled whisky from corn, and the dwellers among the ponds at the falls thought his product a good medicine for chills and fever, though a very bad whisky. Williams, as a manufacturer of whisky, claimed the right to seii his product without license, but in March, 1788, he was indicted by the grand jury for this offense. In 1802, the water and slop from his distillery became so offensive to those dwelling near that his establishment was declared a nuisance. Williams was a member of the early board of trustees of Louisville, and tradition says that he never attended a meeting of the board without bringing a bottle of his whisky, and that what he brought was always drank by the members before the meeting adjourned.

the drawing-knife, the ax, the adze, the auger, and the hammer. They were not particular about sticking to their trades, but each did what of the work of the other he could and something of what belonged to neither. They managed among them to make guns* and furniture and implements, that belonged to the trade of neither, and so altogether they met the wants of the community.

There was but one printing establishment, and that was in the log cabin of John Bradford, at Lexington, whence was issued once a week the Kentucky Gazette,

* In 1782, Michael Humble, a blacksmith residing at Louisville, made a rifle for Daniel Boone, which is yet in existence. It is a long gun, almost as long as two modern rifles, and when Boone stood it up beside him with the butt on the ground, he could blow into the muzzle without stooping. The barrel bears evidence of having been hammered into its shape and then smoothed with the file. It is not likely that Humble made the barrel or the lock, but that, having procured these parts, he put them together and made the stock, and thus turned out the complete rifle. The old rifle yet shoots well, and, in the hands of an expert, will make as good shots as Boone made with it more than a hundred years ago. Boone exchanged this rifle with Captain James Patten for one of smaller caliber, because he thought its large bore was too great a waste of powder and lead. After the death of Patten, William Marshall married his widow, and from him the Boone rifle was obtained by the present owner.

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

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

The Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Catholics, the

Methodists, and the Episcopalians were the leading religious denominations, and of these the Baptists were the most numerous. A Baptist Church had left Spottsylvania county, Virginia, and come to Kentucky in a body, singing and praying and preaching and preserving church government through a wilderness of five hundred miles. No church edifice had yet arisen beyond the architecture of the log cabin. Most of the preaching was done in private houses or in the forts, but the rarity of the sermons made all denominations glad to hear one several hours in length, whether they agreed with its doctrines or not.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But little money was in circulation, and barter was the almost universal medium of exchange. The Spanish dollar was about the only silver known, and this was cut with a hammer and chisel into halves and quarters and bits and picayunes for the convenience of change. Some old trappers who wanted silver for their beaver skins, complained that the dollar was sometimes cut into five or six quarters.

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

* The pioneers brought with them from the old country a love for horse-racing and the horses to do the running. As early as 1783, a race-course known as "Haggins's Race Paths" was near Harrodsburg, and races run over it. Hugh McGary was tried and found guilty and pronounced an infamous gambler by the court for betting a mare worth twelve pounds on a race run on this course in May, 1783. In Louisville, there was a race-track along Jefferson street as early as that at Harrodsburg, and races were regularly run over it. In 1786, John Harrison brought from Virginia a race-horse which ran over this course until he beat all the *scrubs* matched against him and won all the money. Lexington, the seat of the home of the racer, did not have a running track until 1789; but lost time in starting was afterward made up in the extent to which racing was carried. In 1809, a regular jockey club was established here, which has been kept up in one form or another ever since. Some of the most famous horses in the world have moved over this track at Lexington.

WHAT A CENTURY HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

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

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

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

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

While reaching this increase of population, they have made mistakes in legislation, as all civilized peoples have done in every age and clime. They blundered in finance, in 1818, when they created forty independent banks, and turned them loose to prey on the community with their paper capital of nearly $8,000,000. They were quick to discover their error, and at the end of two years repealed the charters of these moneyless institutions. They have since established two hundred and fifty banks worthy to bear the name, which now meet the wants of the community with their solid capital of $35,000,000. They blundered in 1820, when they began their wild acts of relief, whose follies fed upon their own foolishness until they brought on that conflict between the old Court of Appeals and the new, which shook the commonwealth to its center. Experience again brought them wisdom, and they repealed the act establishing the new court, and left the people to pay the debts they had contracted instead of looking to unconstitutional laws to avoid them. They blundered in internal improvements until they found the state staggering under a load of debts, with little of valuable works to show for the money they had cost; and they blundered in the passage of ill-digested laws, to be quickly repealed; but with all their follies of legislation, the wisdom of their acts was greatly in the ascendent.

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

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

The farmer has laid aside the rude and clumsy helps to his industry, and now uses implements which almost do his work for him. He opens his land and puts in

* For some cause unknown, these counties have always been known as the Jackson Purchase. Isaac Shelby and Andrew Jackson were the commissioners on the part of the United State who signed the treaty of October 19, 1818, by which the Chickasaw Indians gave up all their lands for an annuity of $20,000 a year for fifteen years and certain other payments and bounties set forth in the treaty. There was just as much reason for calling it the Shelby as the Jackson Purchase, and indeed more, because the lands purchased were in Kentucky and Shelby was a Kentuckian. Possibly the friends of Jackson set forth this treaty as a merit in his presidential campaign in 1824, and thus fixed the name of Jackson upon the purchase to the exclusion of Shelby's.

his crop and cultivates it and gathers and prepares it for market by machinery that leaves him little to do with his hands. The mechanic who was a maker and mender of all kinds of things has become a specialist, and now we have an expert for every different occupation. The house that was built by the carpenter of 1792 now requires the services of the cabinetmaker, the joiner, the plumber, the plasterer, the glazier, the painter, the mason, the turner, the upholsterer, and a dozen others, with an architect to direct the little army. Those great civilizers of the world, the newspaper and the printing press, have advanced step by step in progressive improvements until they have almost reached perfection. There are newspapers in almost every village in the state, numbering something like three hundred in all, and turning out at a single issue seven hundred and fifty thousand impressions. There are printing presses like the great Hoe of the Courier Journal, with almost human intelligence, that print and fold twenty-five thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The first book *

* This book grew out of a religious controversy in the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, Ky. Adam Rankin, the author, was a Presbyterian minister, and wanted the Psalms of David sung in his church instead of the hymns of Watts. This question split his church—some of the members going off with Rankin singing the Psalms of

printed in the state was issued from the hand-press of Maxwell & Gooch, at Lexington, in 1793. It required long and weary months of labor to get out a small edition of this little volume of ninety-six octavo pages. Such a book could now be sent out in a large edition from one of our principal publishing houses in a single week. All over our broad land, free schools have been established, in which the children of all citizens may acquire a good business education. If they would then extend their studies, there are private schools everywhere in which the higher branches of learning may be pursued; and if they would yet go farther, there are colleges at Danville and Richmond and Lexington and Georgetown and Bardstown or St. Mary's, in which a

David, while others remained chanting the hymns of Watts. He came to Kentucky in 1784, and was of such a controversial nature that he kept things pretty lively about him. He was a man of talents and of learning, but many of his acts were those of a fanatic. He dreamed that the time had come for rebuilding Jerusalem, and set out on a journey to witness the great work. He died on the way, in Philadelphia, in 1827. Besides this first of Kentucky books, he was the author of "Dialogues Pleasant and Interesting upon the all-important Question in Church Government," Lexington, 1810. He was also the author of "A Plea for Catholic Communion," "Letters to a Brother," and several pamphlets, which had their run in his day.

finished education may be obtained. There are medical schools and law schools and theological schools and schools of art and science and design and mechanics, in which almost every branch of human knowledge is open to the student. There are public libraries and association libraries and special libraries and private libraries, where the best books of all ages and countries are stored. Most of the leading religions of the times are represented, and with all of them combined in the interest of human souls, there is scarcely a nook or corner in which prayer and song and preaching may not be heard. Many of the church edifices of our cities are fine specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and the tendency is to make these structures yet more worthy of the sacred office to which they are devoted. In every part of the state post-offices have been established, and in the leading cities letters and packages are delivered at the doors of those to whom they are addressed. More rapid than mail carriers in the transmission of news and knowledge there are telegraph wires throughout the state, over which electricity flashes messages regardless of time and space; and there are telephone wires over which the human voice, in conversational tones, is heard at distances where the thunders would be silent. That mysterious energy which thunders in the storm-cloud and gilds the darkness of the night with the glow of the midday sun, has been made to move machinery with a velocity hitherto unknown, and to dispel the shadows of the night. Passenger cars propelled by its invisible might glide along the thoroughfares of our cities, and provisions are being made to make it the motive power of locomotives to draw immense trains of cars over the lines of the railroads extending over our vast country. We call this subtle agency Electricity, and assign to it possibilities for the future as great as its mysteries are now and have been in the past. Steam engines have been placed in every position in which power is required. They ride on our railroads, they float on our rivers, they whirl in our factories, they know not weariness, nor require rest. By day and by night, in sunshine and in cloud, they cease not their mighty efforts. They perform the work which the entire population of the state could not do without them, and exist among us as two millions of constant unwearying toilers. Our people live in houses that differ from those of the last century as the palace of the prince differs from the hovel of the peasant. In the Croghan house at Locust Grove, and the Clark house at Mulberry Hill, both of which have come down to us from the last century, we have specimens of the best styles of the houses erected by our forefathers when they thought it safe to leave the forts and dwell in the open country. The Croghan is a square house built of brick, one story high, with two rooms on each side of a broad hall, while the Clark is a parallelogram, built of hewed logs two stories high, with one room above and one below on each side of the hall. The style of the buildings that followed these pioneer structures was the basement house with steps leading to the floor above the ground, and finally this was followed by what now prevails in a strange mixture of the Gothic castle, the Italian villa, and the Elizabethan cottage with the Virginian mansion. A few who prefer comfort to display yet build the old manor houses with large rooms and broad halls, inclosed by plain but solid walls. The gas that lights and heats these houses, the furnaces that warm them, the water that flows through them, the photographs that hang on the walls, the machine-made furniture that adorns the rooms, the mattresses of hair, the comforts of down, the porcelain, the glass, the gilded knives and forks and spoons, the plated ware, and, in fact, nearly all the articles of luxury or comfort are the work of the century which has just closed. It may be added that new kinds of meats, drinks, breads, vegetables and fruits are now placed upon the table for breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper at hours that would not have been tolerated by the pioneers. We have bored into the deep-seated rocks of the earth, and penetrated great reservoirs of natural gas held down for untold ages by arches of anticlinal axes, and laid long lines of iron pipes to conduct it to our homes and our factories. Its smokeless light and its dirtless heat are as great improvements upon the coal fire and artificial gas light of our times as these were upon the wood fire and the tallow candle of our ancestors. We have had no dearth of historians to record these advances of our country and people, there having been no fewer than eighteen of them from Filson, in 1784, to Smith, in 1889; and yet there is room for one more to leave unsaid much that has been said, and to say much that has been left unsaid, and to say what is to be said in a different style. We naturally incline to good opinions for John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky, in honor of whom our club has been named, but all prejudice aside, when we take into consideration the little history the new state had to be written in 1784, and allow for the superior deserts of his map of Kentucky and life of Boone, we must candidly say that the merits of his history have not been surpassed by those of any since written.

MILITARY CHARACTER.

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

DISTINGUISHED KENTUCKIANS.

All along the line of the century which closes its circle to-day, Kentuckians have made enviable names at home and abroad. Were we to attempt to enumerate them on this occasion, the day would pass and the coming night envelop us in its darkness before the list could be completed. We rejoice that among the first of philanthropists, her gifted son, John Breckinridge, drafted the law of 1798 which did away with the death penalty for all crimes except murder; that her learned lawyers, Harry Toulmin and James Blair, led the way of modern codes when they issued their review of the criminal law in 1804; that her ingenious inventors, John Fitch and James Rumsey, had mastered the principles of the steamboat in 1787; and that Thomas H. Barlow invented the Planetarium and made a model of the first locomotive in 1826. They point with pride to their distinguished surgeons, Walter Brashear, who, in 1806, first amputated the thigh at the hip joint, and Ephraim McDowell, who became the father of ovariotomy in 1809. Two presidents of the United States and four vice-presidents first saw the light in Kentucky homes, and another of her favored sons was chief executive of the Confederate States. They have been United States cabinet officers and justices and speakers and ministers abroad, and have filled the highest ranks in the army and navy. They havc been the governors, the lieutenant-governors, the legislators, and the judges of sister states. Such statesmen as Clay and Crittenden, such orators as Menifee and Marshall, such journalists as Prentice and Penn, such poets as O'Hara and Cosby, such artists as Jouett and Hart, have made fame for themselves and their state which bore their names to every portion of the civilized world. I refrain from allusions to the distinguished living, though the effort at suppression is hard, knowing as I do that any enumerating of them would require more time than can be given on this occasion.

THE FUTURE.

We may not presume to peer into the dark unknown and attempt to foretell what is to come; but the data of the past and the present are suggestive of the future. None of us now present can hope to witness another Kentucky centenary. All of us will be laid to rest with the occupants of our cities of the dead before this day can make its return. Even those who shall then be here will not, probably, see our population increased by such a ratio as accompanied the years of the century just closed. Half a dozen or more millions may then be here engaged in the different pursuits of life. They will not abandon the municipalities, nor those blue grass lands perennially enriched by the decaying limestone on which they rest; but a new center of population and industry and wealth will be then found in our mineral regions. The coal and iron underlying twelve thousand square miles of mountainous country that the pioneers deemed of no practical use, will give to these lands a value beyond that of the blue grass fields. The coal will be lifted from its bed of ages, and sent abroad to warm the people and move the machinery of the world. The iron will be mined and welded into bands to unite the nations of the earth. Railroads will rush through the mountain valleys, and furnaces and factories will glow along their lines. A hardy population of miners will build their cottages upon the hillsides and mountain slopes, and the rugged country will be changed from a wilderness to a region of picturesque beauty. The mountaineers thus brought in contact with enlightening industries, and in full view of the glories of the advancing world around them, may cease those vendettas which have disgraced humanity, and become an industrious, thriving, and progressive people. With half a dozen millions of inhabitants farming upon our blue grass plains, and mining in our mountains, and grazing stock upon our hills, and manufacturing in our cities, and cultivating the arts and the sciences every-where, Kentuckians of the century to come may rejoice in the blessings of a country as far in advance of ours as the one we enjoy is beyond that of the pioneers.

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

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

When that glorious time shall come, we who close the first and open the second century of our statehood to-day, will not be forgotten by those who may participate in the second centenary; but we may be remembered as a happy people on an emerald isle in the midst of the river of centuries, whose joyous voices resounding through the ages and mingling with those on the shore of 1792 and with those on the shore of 1992 will unite them into one grand harmony of kindred sounds.

AT the close of President Durrett's address, the orchestra played "My Old Kentucky Home." Vice-President Johnston then introduced Major Henry Stanton, who had been chosen by the club as the poet of the occasion, and in doing so spoke as follows:

VICE-PRESIDENT JOHNSTON'S REMARKS.

"Some one has said of a state or nation: 'Let me make its ballads, and I care not who makes its laws.' That the influence and province of the poet should be thus elevated over those of the legislator will strike a chord of sympathy and appreciative confirmation in the mind of Kentuckians at this trying period, when our law-makers are endeavoring to legislate for the next hundred years, can hardly be doubted by the intelligent reader of the press of the day. In recognition of this sentiment, we propose to supplement the work of the historian with the muse of poesy, and from the contemplation of constitutional and statutory law to turn to the more pleasing enjoyment of one of those ballads which are supposed to inspire a people with elevated love of country. The poet who has been selected for this honor is a Kentuckian known to you all, and needs no introduction at my hands—the poet laureate of Kentucky, Major Henry T. Stanton."

KENTUCKY.

BY H. T. STANTON.

IN yester afternoon—to count as one
A century of circuits 'round the sun
And call it but a day—just when the maze
Of dusk was falling over forest ways
To shroud them from the sight; 'ere twilight came
To fleck expanse with glints of worlds aflame,
And drop the spangles from her corslet band
Down through the drab that overspread the land,
E'er Night, that of the nadir newly born,
Rode o'er the zenith in the van of Morn,
And drove the old, and cleared the upper way,
To smooth a passage for the newer Day;
In that lost eve on which the shadow lies
And mists that intervene are slow to rise,
What scenes were here? What lines were on the face
Of this, the new day's blooming garden place?

The world looks back to find what it has lost,
Through sweeping flood, and fire, and blighting frost,
To see again the flitted things it knew,
In far, familiar ways it wandered through;

HENRY T. STANTON,

MEMBER OF THE FILSON CLUB.

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To live again the mining days of old
And from its piled debris wash other gold.
Ah, well may pause the world to wonder why
Its days are not forgotten when they die;
Why from their graves within the long ago
Some things sometimes must come without to show
To steadfast eyes that penetrate the dark,
From o'er the sea may gleam the light-house spark,
And through the mists that widely spread away
May glance the silver spears of breaking day;
But unto eyes that backward, fitful turn,
No morn shall break, no lamp at midnight burn.

In that lost eve, within this bound there stood
One in the pride of pure young maidenhood;
One poised, erect and perfect in the grace
That fits the girl-child for the grander place.
One conscious of her strain, and proud to know
How pure the tide that kept her veins aflow;
Who looked abroad and in her regal mein
Betrayed the frontage of the mother queen—
From out that closing day she sprang to life
A princess-leader in the fields of strife;
A leader by her right of royal strain—
A leader by her higher right of brain.
First born of proud Virginia, and the first
To leave the bosom she had fondly nurst,
She saw her way to gain the world's renown,
To win a kingdom, and to wear a crown;

And breaking through her mother's rugged bound
She came to build her throne on conquered ground—
And proud, and pure, and beautiful she stood,
The young Kentucky in her maidenhood.

Of what her girl-days knew before the hour
In which the swollen bud became the flower;
Of how o'er weed and thorn she proudly rose
To where the sun unlocked her petal close,
And through the cunning of his perfect art
Looked on the dew that sparkled at her heart;
Before the contrast came with growth around
That proved her princess of the primal ground,
Before the native rudeness of the place
Betrayed the fullness of her maiden grace,
If it be told in story fairly well,
Some other tongue, some other time must tell.

Shut out from civil bound by rivers deep,
By forests dark, and mountains high and steep,
By rocks, ravines and rude, forbidding lines
Of gnarled laurels and of tangled vines,
The Unknown Land, that on the sunset rim
Stretched over distance limitless and dim,
Lay with its spread of plain, and vale, and hill,
Beyond the eye, mysterious and still.
To daring hunter and explorer bold
Unbroken stood the fastness of its hold,

While, south and westward, dimly stretched away,
With range on range the bristled mountains lay—
The Blue Ridge, Smoky, Clinch and Cumberland
Toward the sky, precipitous and grand,
As if to bar from man's ambitious quests
The dark beyond, upheld their cloud-hid crests.
With no brave hand to grasp and put aside
The thorny hedging of its thickets wide,
And no sure foot to make its toilsome trail
From peak to farther peak, and vale to vale;
For centuries, this now historic bound
Remained to civil man untrodden ground.

At last, where waters beautiful define
The fair meanders of her northern line,
The straying Franc came down and dimly viewed
The marge of its unbroken solitude;
Then Howard, Walker, Gist and James McBride,
With other bold, ambitious souls allied,
Came in the bound and blazed some minor ways
That gave their names to life for after days;
They touched, in honor of their spreading race,
Some narrow confines of this silent place;
But none there were, in that lost afternoon,
To break and hold the close, till dauntless Boone—
Till, from his hiding far beyond the line,
By highest peak and lowest vale's incline,
Through courses that the bison and the deer
Had dimly graven in the darkness here,

He came from out the midst of civil bands
To build his home in rich, remoter lands.

From where the peaceful Yadkin, flowing free,
Bends through the Carolinas to the sea,
By such a path as never human feet
The dangers of the dark had dared to meet,
To where the Licking and Kentucky slide
Their southward channels to the hot gulf-tide,
He came and traced their leaf-embowered lines
To where the blue Ohio marks our north confines.
Of how he struggled with his meager band
From waste to win this fair and fruitful land;
Of how, unfriended, and almost alone,
His might against a multitude was thrown;
Of how he met the warring savage face to face,
And warring with him won, and held the place;
Of how, from ambush and from open fight,
From scalping-knife by day, and torch by night,
From all the cunning of remorseless hands
He won and held these green Kentucky lands,
Let clear historic lines and scriptions fair
On living trees and rocks the truth declare.
Let those who from the dust of slow decay
Would keep in light the doings of his day,
With careful eyes look through that afternoon
For fadeless relics of the fearless Boone.

Through him, the maid, Kentucky, o'er that wild,
As proud Virginia's proud and peerless child—
In nature free, and pure, and diamond-bright,
As new-born waters breaking on the light—
By rivers, hills and vale-ways, every-where,
In lowlands' shade and uplands' sun-light glare,
With feet unshrinking and with will unbent
Her stately way to final statehood went;
Nor aught of danger, or of savage force
Could stay her passage, or could bend her course,
Through him, she saw her clear and open way,
Beyond the darkness, to the shining day;
Through him she knew that on foundations great
Would rise the granite columns of her State;
And still, through him, o'er mountain, vale and plain,
The long-enduring glory of her reign.

Of this, to clear and tuneful silver string,
The coming bard his hundred songs may sing,
The coming poet in his verse disclose
This budding and this blooming of the rose;
But at this time, and in this natal hour,
Our song is of the blown and perfect flower.

A hundred years ago, this rich June day,
Kentucky left her glowing, girlhood way,
And under boughs of fresh-appearing green,
Put off the Princess and took on the Queen;
And on this ground, unto the world unknown,
She reared the splendor of her golden throne;

From blood-stained leaves that strewed her forests great
She wove and wore her purple robes of state,
And from her vale-ways, under mountain brown
She bought the laurels that became her crown.

A hundred years ago, in that past noon,
When this Queen rosebud burst upon the June,
When from the wild, in native splendor drest,
Uprose the first proud mistress of the West,
The mother queen, beyond the mountain chain,
Sang greeting to her peerless daughter's reign,
Sang greeting to the glory of her child
That broke the civil bound and braved the wild;
That so through test of sweeping fire and flood
Had shown the coursing of her royal blood.
No longer now, the savage made his rounds
Among Kentucky's prehistoric mounds,
No longer on the bison's lickward track
Was heard his whoop and deadly rifle's crack,
And o'er Ohio's waters, still and blue,
No longer sped his silent war canoe—
The unknown land had wakened from her dream,
The night had passed and morning reigned supreme.

A sovereign, in this sovereignty of States,
She marched within the new Republic's gates,
And proud, and strong, and undismayed,
Unto the Union pledged her shining blade;

Her faith she gave, as one of that free few,
Against a common foe, her part to do;
To hold the compact and its terms fulfill,
As ally bound, but else, the sovereign still;
And through this reach of intervening years
What faith has been more nobly kept than hers?
When on the lake-line, north, and further west,
The savage war-cry rose, she sent her best,
And every field and bloody battle plain
Was sanctified and hallowed by her slain;
When Packenham, with England's proudest means,
Swept boldly down on salient New Orleans,
Who held the sacred bonds of union then
Like young Kentucky's stalwart riflemen?
And when in later days we came to know
The sanguine fields of ancient Mexico,
What braver troops than hers, were braver led—
What nobler blood than hers more nobly shed?
At once, as if some potent unseen hand
Had brought its magic to the new known land,
The shadows of her forests lost their gloom
And gave the world a wilderness of bloom.
Where trails through gap and bowldered cañon lay
The burdened wheels of commerce wore their way,
And from the old unto the new abodes
Were builded safe, and wide, and open roads,
While to the silence of her bounding stream
There came the creaking oar and hissing steam.

No longer now, to spoiling bands
Were left her verdant courses;
No longer now, to waste, her lands
Gave up their vital forces;
The white man's genius swept the plain
With ax, and scythe, and fire,
To fell the brakes of useless cane
And stop the spreading brier.

Where shoots of forest growth stood o'er
And held their revel under
His shining steel went down and tore
Their massing roots asunder;
He broke the glebe and turned the sod
To fit the soil for sowing,
To give this garden-spot of God
Its proper seed for growing.

He felled the trees to rive the bonds
That locked his fertile closes,
And where the fern-beds grew their fronds
He cleared a place for roses—
Where once the old log-cabin stood,
A fortress and a prison,
His better home, of smoother wood,
Or brick, or stone, had risen.

While on his wheat-land seas the rays
From sun-lit shocks were glowing,

His armied plains of stately maize
    Their dark-green ranks were showing;
And cattle on his thousand hills
    In knee-deep grass went straying,
While in his valleys busy mills
    Their labor-tunes were playing.

And, day by day, with muscle strong,
    From out her struggle gory,
The young Kentucky moved along
    Her upland way to glory;
And all the sloth within her lines,
    From slumber long awakened,
And all the germs of earth's confines
    In upper light were quickened.

Where mossing rock and stubborn oak,
    And pine, and fir environ,
She gave her miner's sturdy stroke
    To veins of coal and iron;
She delved the land and brought to light
    From under shafts and ditches,
Her sinews of commercial might,
    Her store of hidden riches.

And first, this side the eastern range,
    To sunlight's western dying,
By urban site, and upland grange,
    Her wheels of steam went flying;

And first in all this Western spread
She built her signal stations,
And laid the great electric thread
Through which she spoke to nations.

And first was she, by true foresight,
Her statesmen sons in session,
For universal suffrage right,
To boldly give expression—
She knew this great Republic's aim,
Its object-points and motors,
And to the world she dared proclaim
The sovereign right of voters.

By genius grand, by moral force,
By muscle-strain and bleeding,
This splendid empire's westward course,
She won the right of leading;
And newer States, and newer time,
And newer courses taken,
Have left Kentucky's right sublime
To lead and rule, unshaken.

Throughout the North, and South, and West,
To shores the sea-foam laces,
Kentucky's sons, as first and best,
Are called to highest places—
This great republic's great among,
When wisdom's ways are darkened,

The clear and free Kentucky tongue
By all the world is harkened.

On this, her sacred natal day,
A hundred years gone over,
With stately step she goes her way
Through blooming fields of clover;
And never June came with its green
For richer, deeper staining,
Than comes this June to that proud queen
Who ripens in her reigning.

To-day, throughout her mountain vales,
Her furnaces are glowing,
And every-where her singing rails
Their commerce-ways are going;
While old retorts give up their casts
To sandy groove and furrow,
Grand Rivers comes with newer blasts
And Ashland, Middlesborough!

And all the midnight skies reveal
Their leaping tongues of fire,
As, mass on mass, their ingot steel
These "plants" are piling higher,
And busy forges beat their ware
With swinging sledge and hammer,
And busy nail-mills fill the air
With labor's mighty clamor.

Through careful science, finer ores
    And richer coals are showing,
And onward still, to golden shores,
    Our ships of search are going;
With steady march Kentucky's way
    Is through her science forces,
And no frail mortal's arm can stay
    The progress of her courses.

Hail to the Queen! the fairest and the best
That ever yet has reigned in this wide West,
That from her royal mother's mountain bound,
Came through, to grace and glorify the ground.
Hail to the Queen! who on this frowning wild,
Looked with her sun-lit eyes until it smiled;
Who in the darkness of a land unknown
Built up the golden splendor of her throne.
God save the Queen! who shows her right to reign
By royal flow of blood and strength of brain,
Who rules and leads and keeps her forward way
Toward the endless light of endless day.

THE CENTENNIAL BANQUET.

AT eight o'clock in the evening, the Ordinary of the Galt House, tastefully decorated with flowers, was thrown open to the guests. At the center of the table, which was set in the form of a horseshoe, was a pyramid of smilax interspersed with flowers, that reminded one of a picturesque bed of rocks in the pioneer wilderness covered with vines and blossoms. Behind this handsome ornament was the seat of the president of the club, so situated that every guest at the table was in view. At the entrance door was placed Eichorn's string band, which discoursed appropriate music as the guests approached and took their seats. The following is a list of those members of the club who contributed to the expense of the banquet and of those who partook of it, and of the invited guests who were present:

Hon. Charles Anderson.
Alexander John Alexander.
John B. Atkinson.

Mrs. John B. Atkinson.
Miss Mary Lee Alexander.

Hon. Horatio W. Bruce.
Mrs. Hon. Horatio W. Bruce.
A. M. Brown.
Geo. G. Brown.
Mrs. Geo. G. Brown.
Miss Lucia Blain.
Colonel Joseph C. Breckinridge.
Major Thos. W. Bullitt.
Mrs. Major Thos. W. Bullitt.
Temple Bodly.
E. C. Bohne.
Dr. Thos. Bohannon.
Mrs. Dorothea Berthel.
St. John Boyle.
Rev. L. A. Blanton.
Archibald W. Butt.

General Cassius M. Clay.
John B. Carlisle.
Mrs. Dr. David Cummins.
Hon. James E. Cantrill.
Mrs. Hon. James E. Cantrill.

Miss Mamie Cassedy.
Robert Cochran.
A. R. Cooper.
Colonel Andrew Cowan.
General John B. Castleman.
Mrs. General John B. Castleman.

Reuben T. Durrett.
Dr. Wm. T. Durrett.
Mrs. Dr. Wm. T. Durrett.
Colonel John Dils.
Geo. M. Davie.
Major Wm. J. Davis.
Mrs. Major Wm. J. Davis.
Hon. Samuel E. DeHaven.
General Basil W. Duke.
Miss Julia B. Duke.

General John Echols.
Mrs. General John Echols.
Robert J. Elliott.
Mrs. Kate Elliott.
Hon. Charles Eaves.
Mrs. Hon. Charles Eaves.

D. H. French.
Wm. Finley.

Wm. D. Gallagher.
Howard M. Griswold.
Mrs. Sarah J. Gamble.
T. M. Goodnight.

Rev. John H. Heywood.
John T. Hogan.
Alfred W. Harris.
Miss Annie J. Hamilton.
Ed. T. Halsey.
A. H. Hovey.
J. P. Helm.
Miss Lucinda Helm.
Charles Hermany.
Mrs. Charles Hermany.
Miss Madeline Hermany.

Miss Mary Johnston.

Colonel R. M. Kelley.
Mrs. Colonel R. M. Kelley.
J. G. Kinnaird.
R. W. Knott.

Hon. Wm. Lindsay.
Mrs. Hon. Wm. Lindsay.
J. W. Lewis.

R. J. Menefee.
Mrs. R. J. Menefee.
Burwell K. Marshall.
A. V. McKay.
Major H. C. McDowell.

Hon. James S. Pirtle.
Mrs. Hon. James S. Pirtle.
Dr. N. Porter.
Dr. Robert Peter.
W. T. Poynter.
Dr. Thos. E. Pickett.
Miss Kate Palmer.
Miss Kate Powell.

John Roberts.
O. W. Root.
Geo. W. Ranck.
Mrs. Espes Randolph.
John C. Russell.

Hon. Z. F. Smith.

Mrs. Hon. Z. F. Smith.
Major Henry T. Stanton.
Miss Ruth Stanton.
Miss Ida Elmore Symmes.
Geo. W. Swearingen.
Captain Thomas Speed.
Mrs. Captain Thomas Speed.
D. W. Stone.
Miss Jessie Stewart.
Major D. W. Sanders.

Geo. D. Todd.
James Weir.
Hon. John D. White.
Mrs. Hon. John D. White.
R. A. Watts.
Mrs. R. A. Watts.
Miss Annie Wilson.
Rev. Wm. H. Whitsett.

Mrs. Louise Elliston Yandell.
Malcolm Yeaman.
John W. Yerkes.
Mrs. John W. Yerkes.

When the guests were all seated, Rev. Wm. H. Whittsett, at the request of President Durrett, asked a blessing.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Clear Consomme.
Salted Almonds.
Baked Red Snapper, Chambord. Sherry.
New Potatoes.
Sweetbread, Saute. Haute Sauterne.
New Green Peas.
Roman Punch.
Cold Roast Mutton. Pontet Canet.
New Cauliflower.
Spring Chicken on Toast. Pomeroy Sec.
New Asparagus.
Lettuce and Tomatoes, Mayonnaise.
Assorted Cakes.
Fruit. Ice Cream. Strawberries.
Coffee.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

At ten o'clock, President Durrett, who occupied a seat at the head of the table and acted as master of ceremonies, rose and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—As President of the Filson Club, it becomes my duty to act as toast-master on this occasion. I am not going, however, to follow the example of some officials of this kind of whom I have heard, and do most of the speaking myself. I am not going to propose any toast that needs comment or explanation from me, and I shall leave the respondents to do the speaking. We have commemorated the day with prayer, with introductory addresses, with a historic oration, with a patriotic poem, and with music; but the commemoration could not have been complete without this banquet, with its toasts and responses yet to be heard. Banquets similar to this were the fashion at the time Kentucky separated from Virginia and became an independent state. Our forefathers, during the first years of the Republic, never neglected to celebrate the anniversary of the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington, and the 4th of July, the birthday of the Declaration of Independence, with banquets and toasts. They could think of no happier way of honoring these memorable days than to celebrate them with food for the body and sentiment for the soul; and it may well be doubted whether we can improve upon their estimate of such things. While, therefore, we have been filled with contentment by savory dishes, and with liveliness by inspiring wines, let us follow the example of our forefathers with toasts and responses. The first toast I have to propose is, "The First President," and I call upon Judge Lindsay to respond to it.

I. THE FIRST PRESIDENT.

RESPONSE OF HON. WM. LINDSAY.

It is most appropriate that Washington shall be first named upon this historic anniversary. In December, 1789, he recommended the admission of the District of Kentucky into the Union as a sovereign state, and two years afterward approved the act providing for that admission. I have somewhere read of a traveler, whose name I can not recall, who had visited every portion of the habitable globe, who said that in every country in which the story of the great American Republic had been told the name of Washington was received with the respect and reverence due him as the grandest character in history. Not because he was a successful soldier, who converted seven years of disaster and disappointment into ultimate and overwhelming success, nor because he proved himself a statesman equal to the creation of a nation upon the untried problem of the capacity of man for self-government, but because to his soldiership and statesmanship he added the crowning grace and virtue of absolute and unselfish love of country and of his countrymen.

It was by the exercise of his great influence upon the people whose liberties he had won that the states were persuaded to accept the compromise of the constitution. Time and investigation have dimmed the laurels of some of those who served the Revolutionary cause to gratify their ambition for personal renown, but not so with Washington. His fame increases as his character is discussed and his conduct investigated. Kentuckians, Americans, honor him and venerate him to-day more than ever before, and our children's children will be taught to look to him as the great exemplar of the perfect American citizen and American patriot.

The part taken by Washington in preparing the public mind for the convention of the states to frame the constitution, in directing the labors of the convention, and presenting the advantages of the more perfect union to those who feared the destruction of the states, has never been sufficiently understood or appreciated. In all these things, he was the master spirit, whose moderation in counsel and courage in action led to results that others, however eminent or patriotic, would have labored in vain to accomplish. Public positions, with him, were essentially public trusts. He sought no place and shrank from no responsibility. He was called by Congress to be commander-in-chief of the American armies. He was called by the people to the presidency of the new government, and when, after he had declined a re-election and retired to his home to resume the walks of private life, and war with France was threatened, all eyes turned to him as the one who should again lead the American armies to victory. No man ever received so many and so great honors at the hands of a grateful people, and no man ever wore his honors with greater modesty or more unassuming dignity.

The world at large has given him credit for his grandeur of character, and wherever a people are looking forward to the day of their deliverance from the shackles of despotism,

> "Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
> Shall sink while there 's an echo left in air."

II. ISAAC SHELBY—THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

RESPONSE OF HON. ALEX. P. HUMPHREY.

It has been one hundred years since Isaac Shelby was chosen as the first governor of Kentucky. Our minds can not fail to be startled at the changes time has wrought. But instead of this, take as more pertinent the period of his own life. He was born in 1750 and died in 1826. What events of moment to Kentucky, to America, to mankind, passed under his eye! More pertinent still is the part he played on this great theater of human action.

There are some periods in the world's history in which the picture of individual conduct, however important, with however much of energy or boldness of thought or deed, becomes as nothing in the great frame of progress. The current of events rushes along with a sweep so mighty that every thing seems to partake of the movement, becoming merely a part of it, and in nothing to aid or influence it. A closer view will show us that the appearance is not reality. There has happened a combination of marvelous and unwonted individual forces, which, inspired by one purpose and pressing toward one aim, seem to have become a single impulse.

Governor Shelby was a colonial soldier, a Revolutionary soldier, and a soldier in the war of 1812. No one understood better than he that the inspiration of patriotism which hurried him forward to every post of danger, stirred the officers with whom he commanded and the soldiers with whom he fought. One of his last utterances was an indignant protest against an unjust criticism upon the riflemen who went with him from the back settlements to arrest the progress of Lord Cornwallis; and when Congress proposed to thank him for his conduct at the battle of the Thames, he refused to allow it unless the name of General Harrison was mentioned in the same connection.

There is a romantic interest imparted to his conflicts with the western Indians by the circumstance that, in 1774, he took part in defeating Cornstalk in the great battle of Point Pleasant, and in 1813, rode at the head of his Kentucky riflemen against Tecumseh.

He was at all times the typical American.

If there is one thing which has done more than any other to make this Republic strong, independent, and free, it is the readiness with which the American citizen becomes the American soldier, and the equal readiness with which the American soldier becomes the American citizen. To follow the arts of peace; to pursue it; to shun war; to make it the last resort; if it comes, to step from the plow to the ranks at a moment's call; when war is over, to have done with it, and to step out of the ranks back to the plow—such must be the conduct of a people who are long to be free. The greatest examples of true glory ever given by the American people consist in the disbandment of the army of the Revolution and of the army of the Union.

Looking at Governor Shelby's military career we are struck by the fact that he never cared to be a soldier except when his side was getting the worst of it. In the darkest hours of the Revolution he abandoned his home and kept the field until the tide of war was completely turned. It was the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain that let in a great flood of light and hope upon the despondent cause of independence. The news of Raisin made him lay aside all scruples. Issuing his proclamation that his riflemen should meet him at Newport, he was at the rendezvous at the appointed time, and so were they. Once out of Kentucky he was without legal authority to command. But he no more cared for this than did they. He knew his men and they knew him. No highland chief was ever surer of the absolute devotion of his clansmen than he was of the loyalty of these riflemen of Kentucky. "Old King's Mountain will lead us to victory" was their watchword.

He was twice governor, both times consenting to serve only because he felt in duty bound not to refuse. He declined to be appointed secretary of war, although offered the place by President Monroe. He was a true son of the soil. His beautiful farm—Traveller's Rest, he called it, so that all might know how willing was his hospitality—and the enjoyment of its peaceful pursuits with his family about him, this was what he never willingly left, and to which he was always eager to return.

I attempt no extended sketch of him. I give you no catalogue of his civic and military honors and achievements. If you are not aware of them you know nothing of the history of your state, nor of what debt you owe to those who have made all this possible to you. I want you to banish the present scene from your mind; to look into the past and see if you can not conjure up this strong figure from among the shadows. There he stands at the door of his home. His broad acres lie far and near, smiling under a summer sun. He is exultant in all the happiness that home and family can bring. To friend or stranger guest he extends the warmest greeting.

You see him again, his face lighted with another glow as he hears of British incursion or Indian foray. You see him leap into the saddle, his rifle across the bow; and away he rides, and there are the trusty riflemen behind him. Let them who will, and if they will, let them who can, bar the way.

"Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber.
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber."

III. DANIEL BOONE.

RESPONSE OF MAJOR WM. J. DAVIS.

1.

Over the south door of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington is commemorated in sculpture an incident of pioneer life in Kentucky. Two Indians, armed with muskets as well as tomahawks, had suddenly come upon a white man armed with long-barreled rifle and hunting-knife. The white man leaped behind a tree and held them at bay. By a partial exposure of his person he drew their fire. One of the Indians was soon laid low by the unerring rifle. With tomahawk uplifted, and long knife unsheathed, the red man and the white man rushed toward the body of the prostrate Indian, arriving at the same time. The artist has depicted the supreme moment of the fight: the pioneer, tall, stalwart, resolute, clad in hunting-shirt, breeches, leggings, and moccasins of dressed deerskin, receives the swift-falling tomahawk on his uplifted rifle barrel, and plunges the heavy knife to the hilt in the naked body of the savage. Daniel Boone was this pioneer.

2.

You are all familiar with the picture of a hunter, clothed like the pioneer just described, who, standing on a rock-pinnacle, leaning on his long rifle, and, disregarding the Scotch deerhound by his side, looks out over the beautiful country stretching far into the distance. The landscape is the lovliest human eye hath seen: a gently undulating table-land of charming diversity—hill and hollow, forest and meadow, canebrake and green grass, in luxuriant and bewildering succession.

This is the popular and poetic conception of Daniel Boone.

3.

A log cabin in a sequestered valley near the Kentucky river, where for months Boone passed his nights, the only white man in all this vast Indian hunting-ground. This is the scene I love most to contemplate. I do not think Boone's passion for hunting or love of adventure caused him to remain alone in Kentucky when his companions returned to Carolina. He had come into this wonderful region, abounding in deer, buffalo, and wild turkey, with a soil of the like of which for fertility he had not dreamed, with a climate salubrious and delightful. His resolute soul was stirred to its depths, and he determined to possess this land for himself and his people. He had come to stay. He would hold the fort, so to speak. He held fast to this idea; he could be deterred neither by hunger, nor by toil, nor by danger, nor by death. A distinguished governor of Kentucky long afterward said of him: "To Boone alone is due the early settlement of this state; had it not been for him, the conquest of Kentucky must have been achieved by the adventurous spirits of the nineteenth century."

4.

After years of heroic struggle and fearful vicissitude, the territory was wrested from the savage. "The young Kentucky, in her maidenhood," was very fair to see. Rumors of her fertile soil, majestic rivers, grand forests, noble plains, and mild climate spread abroad, and gave birth to those exalted notions of her natural resources which prevail in all the descriptions of Kentucky. The pride of her people continues; to this day Kentucky is known as "the garden spot of the world," "a veritable paradise;" her women are "the loveliest," her men "the manliest," her horses "the finest," her whisky "the best." This is right. God help that generation of Kentuckians who shall fail to view with pride the courageous manhood of her sons, or cease to cherish with tender solicitude the sweet maidenhood and chaste womanhood of her daughters!

Peace brought the arts and artifices of civilization.

Immigration became active. Settlers poured in, bringing with them land-warrants, certificates, and grants, each intending to "locate" so many acres, wheresoever it pleased him. The government of Virginia made no surveys; the territory was not subdivided into townships and sections, as was afterward done in the country north of the Ohio. Careless surveying and ignorance of the law's requirements caused confusion of boundaries and provoked endless litigation. Surveys of contiguous tracts made them overlap many times; there were few "locations" that were not "shingled" by opposing claims. Boone suffered with many others, He had reared his cabin in the center of this paradise, which he and his associates had reclaimed from the red devils. Had he not, indeed, once held all Kentucky in trust for Virginia? But he neglected to put his claim on record. The land speculators "overlapped" his holding, and cited him before the courts. Deprived of the land he had won with such toil, vexed and sore of heart, Boone "pulled up stakes," and, leaving the home he loved and the friends he had stood with in battle, he "located" at the mouth of the Kanawha.

After some years he removed to Missouri, where he received an extensive land-grant from the Spanish governor. But the territory passed into the hands of

France, and finally was purchased by the United States. Inquiry being instituted to see by what titles settlers held their lands, our pioneer was again "euchred" out of his property. But Congress voted him a grant of land a few years before his death.

5.

Boone is described as being "five feet ten inches high, erect, clean-limbed, broad-shouldered, full-chested in form, admirably fitted in structure, muscle, temperament, and habit, for the endurance of the labors, changes, and sufferings he underwent. He had a model head—with a forehead high, noble, and bold; thin and compressed lips; a mild, clear blue eye; a large and prominent chin; a countenance in which courage and fearlessness sat enthroned, and which told the beholder what he had been, and was formed to be."

His name is forever identified with the history of Kentucky. He will ever be regarded as the typical frontiersman, the chief of pioneers, the most famous backwoodsman. His homely virtues have been celebrated in song by such poets as Byron and Bryant and our own Stanton and O'Hara. He is the autotype of Leather Stocking and Hawkeye. He will in all times be held a hero by Kentucky boys.

IV. VIRGINIA.

RESPONSE OF GENERAL BASIL W. DUKE.

The name which has just been uttered stirs within us, more than any other, memories that we revere and cherish.

Honor is due, and ever should be rendered, to each one of those original communities founded by brave men, in the fear of God and hope of freedom, on this American soil, which is now our common country. But I do no injustice, I believe, when I say that we are especially indebted to three of the thirteen colonies—to South Carolina, Massachusetts, and Virginia—for the essential principles on which have been erected the institutions which distinguish and, we trust, will perpetuate the government under which we live. In these three we recognize the matricial sources of American thought and feeling; from them have proceeded the ideas and impulses which have most strongly impressed and shaped our civilization. Sometimes they have seemed so alien to each other in wish and sentiment as to make it hard of belief that similar or harmonious results could be reached by policies apparently so antagonistic. Yet we can discover that underlying the thought and aspiration of each have been the same controlling convictions; and providentially, perhaps, but certainly, the action of each has been guided to the attainment of the same broad national character and the fulfillment, together, of the same duty to mankind.

It is of Virginia, however, that Kentuckians love best to speak. We, the children of her first and fairest daughter, may be pardoned if, in our veneration for her, we seem in a measure to forget the fame of her majestic sisters. And the millions who inhabit the great states into which the wide territory she gave the Union has been divided—the grand communities her sons have founded, each scarce less than a nation in itself—bear testimony, as we do, to the mighty and munificent destiny which has attended her history.

Standing in the silent and desolate Forum, where once the Tribune spake the potent word which saved the weak from wrong and Counsul or Imperator issued mandates which bound a world in obedience—gazing on the wreck which

"Goth and Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire"

had wrought, where desecrated fane and shattered column were symbols of a yet mightier social and political ruin—a great poet apostrophized Rome as the "Niobe of the Nations," who had seen

"All her glories, star by star, expire."

But the canvas on which the mission of Virginia is limned furnishes no suggestion of decadence, either in its past or present, and gives augury of a future yet brighter and happier. When we remember what Virginia has done, and know that her work is but in part accomplished; when we witness the territory settled by her emigration expanding into an empire whose life may be as long and power as vast as Rome's; when we behold the high spirit and lusty vigor of the parent undiminished in the offspring, and see the lessons learned from her still taught by them—we are reminded of the promise of the Lord to the patriarch: "I will multiply thy seed like the stars of heaven, and I will give thy posterity all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Virginia has rendered services, not to the people of this country only, but to all humanity, which can not be denied or forgotten. As time rolls on and mankind grows wiser and better, they will be the more profoundly appreciated. Every struggle which shall in the future be made by any people for independence will be encouraged and enlightened by her example. Every patriot who shall pour fourth "the burning words that tyrants quake to hear," will be inspired by the recollection of how Henry's denunciation of lawless power roused the courage of his countrymen. Every hero who gives his breast to the battle in resistance of oppression will have in his heart the memory of Washington; and in the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson, all those who seek to fix securely the foundations on which free states may be builded, and provide wise rules by which liberty and order may be maintained in unison, shall find instruction and guidance.

Virginia shared with her twelve sisters the glory won in the war for independence, and their zeal, courage and constancy were equal to her own; but it should not be forgotten that she gave the first clear and emphatic declaration of a purpose to resist British aggression. "Virginia rang the alarm bell," "Virginia gave the signal to the continent," said distinguished men of other colonies when Patrick Henry passed his famous resolutions through the House of Burgesses, denouncing the Stamp Act, and asserting that the General Assembly of Virginia alone had the right to tax the people of that colony.

In two other memorable instances she took action, which, it is not too much to say, assured the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent and made it impossible to establish or maintain, here, any form of kingly or autocratic rule; and both are intimately blended with the history of Kentucky. The brilliant author of "The Winning of the West" has shown that had England been permitted to retain possession of the territory north of the Ohio, the settlements in Kentucky and Tennessee could not have been maintained, all extensions west of the Alleghanies would have become impossible, and the newly formed Confederacy, restricted to the territory occupied by the original colonies, would have been in imminent danger from hostile communities springing up around it under England's auspices and directed by English influence. From this danger it was saved by Clark's conquest of the Illinois. Henry and Jefferson encouraged and sustained George Rogers Clark, and Virginia furnished him the means of successful warfare. This too, when she was in the very agonies of the Revolutionary war and grappling with a powerful enemy on her own soil.

Again did she come forward, not only as the champion and protectress of her children in Kentucky and Tennessee, but as the ever ready and resolute asserter of republican ideas and American destiny, when she compelled the freedom of the Mississippi. At that date here, in the then remote west, it seemed that our fathers must accept the alternative of political separation from their brethren of the Atlantic States, or permit the beautiful and fertile land they had won to remain in a condition scarce better than when possessed by the savage. To keep the Mississippi closed was to deny them all hope of improvement. Communication with the rest of the world, commerce, development, and civilization were then practically impossible, save by use of the great inland sea; and that, denied them by the statesmen of the east, could apparently be purchased only by their becoming the allies, if not the subjects, of the Spanish crown. How baneful to American progress and even the cause of freedom that might have been we can now well realize. At this crisis, Virginia came once more to the rescue. Again Henry's prophetic voice sounded in indignant thunder; wisely Madison counseled patriotic patience, but firmly pledged relief; and finally Jefferson removed the danger by his purchase of Louisiana, which forever guaranteed that, come what may, America shall control her own future.

History will declare that right worthily Virginia has vindicated her title to the motto "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and with just pride her descendants may speak the name

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[SUNG BY MAD. DOROTHEA BERTHEL.]

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

Words by WM. D. GALLAGHER. Music by WILL S. HAYS.

of the heroic commonwealth "whose well laboring sword has three times slain the semblance of the king."

All hail to our august mother! She will live through the ages in the love and honor of all men who seek to do the right; and may her spirit be with us and remain in us, now and forever.

V. THE MOTHERS OF OUR FOREST LAND.

In announcing the fifth toast, President Durrett said that in the "Golden Wedding," a noble tribute by William D. Gallagher to the brave women who helped to settle Kentucky, a pioneer is represented as coming before the guests and reciting those touching verses known as "The Mothers of the West;" that Will S. Hayes had composed an original air for these verses; and that it would be an agreeable change in the programme to substitute music for eloquence in the response to this toast. He then introduced Mad. Berthel, and requested her to respond to "The Mothers of Our Forest Land" by singing the words of Mr. Gallagher to the music of Mr. Hayes.

VI. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.

RESPONSE OF TEMPLE BODLEY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This seems to be a feast in honor of the pioneers of Kentucky, and reminds one of the old time when reverent Greeks took food and drink to the tombs of their ancestors and then ate and drank them themselves. I suppose, if one of our typical pioneers could look on at this feast and see us degenerate sons of Kentucky, clad in swallow-tail coats, eating with silver spoons and drinking sherry and champagne, he would draw his buckskin sleeve across his eyes to make sure of not dreaming, and then, with a frown and an Indian grunt, turn on his moccasined heel and leave us in disgust. And I suppose, if we were sitting in our front hall and the gentleman in muddy leather leggins and coonskin cap were to call at our front door, we should think there was some mistake and expect our servants to show him round the side way to the kitchen. The fact is, we are separated by far more than time from these early pioneers, and it takes a pretty vivid imagination to see them as they were and to measure their merits according to the truth. Their aims in life, their mode of thought, their manners and dress, were so different from ours—the conditions surrounding them were so unlike what we know to-day, that I suppose only the few men whose sympathetic study has brought them into intimate acquaintance with Clark and his contemporaries can realize fully what they were.

It was one hundred and nineteen years ago last month that a young engineer—a tall, fair-faced, beardless young fellow of twenty-three, blue-eyed, light-haired, strong-jawed, and six feet four—George Rogers Clark—left his home in that beautiful Virginia valley of Albemarle to come to this "Dark and Bloody Ground." That journey meant a good deal then. It meant toiling day after day, over mountains and rivers and through a dark, tangled, and almost boundless forest. It meant week after week of solitude more profound than we can ever know, nights and storms without shelter, hunger, it may be, sickness, without help, and, more than all, the strain of constant guarding against the most crafty and cruel of foes—a foe whose life's training and chief delight was to waylay and torture and kill. The man who could face those dangers and not quail was of the stuff of which heroes are made; and such were the pioneers of Kentucky. When young Clark came amongst them in 1775, they were a little handful scattered through the forest of Kentucky, without concert of action and about to be exterminated by British and Indians outnumbering them hundreds to one. A mere boy amongst mature men and a comparative novice in the pioneer's art, he yet seems to have at once stamped himself and been accepted as their leader. His first act was to urge prompt political and military organization. As their first delegate he returned to Virginia, procured the establishment of the county of Kentucky, and after overcoming the most discouraging opposition, returned prepared to carry on an offensive war for the possession of the Northwest Territory. That territory embraced all the country south of the lakes, between the Alleghanies, the Ohio, and the Mississippi. Virginia had claimed it, but England both claimed and held it, and, but for the conquest of it, the subsequent acquisition of the broad country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and, indeed, the very existence of the Federal Union would seem to have been impossible. Had the thirteen colonies been confined to the narrow strip between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, who can doubt that England, with Canada on the north, and the inviting empire between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi on the west, would soon have been able to crush them at will. Clark first saw the danger, and with the secret, but none the less effective assistance of Patrick Henry, then governor, met it.

There is no time, Mr. Chairman, to tell here that most romantic story of the winning of the west; how, with his little band of pioneers, this mere boy, not supinely waiting at home to be annihilated by an overwhelming enemy, boldly marched against them into their own country, how he reduced strongholds manned by forces many times greater than his entire command, how he overawed and subjected whole tribes of hostile Indians, and how, after what seems to me, as daring and arduous a campaign as any recorded in history—after weeks of toilsome progress through the flooded flats of the Wabash, for days without food, without even firm ground to rest on at night, they surprised and surrounded the veteran British commander and his outnumbering troops in their own stronghold, and with their surrender became the undisputed masters of the entire northwest. The story has yet to be told. Some day in the pages of some Motley, Froude, or Prescott, the American people will learn it; and this young "Hannibal of the West," who now lies under a small headstone out yonder in your "city of the dead," will not be without his glory and not without the gratitude of his countrymen in the ages yet to come.

VII. THE FREEDOM OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

RESPONSE OF HON. JAMES S. PIRTLE.

The subject given to me this evening is one which at once transports the mind back one hundred years and more, and is yet a topic of present interest. The importance to our ancestors of the free navigation of the Mississippi, the great weight which they attached to it, the excitement and indignation which the mere suggestion of the withdrawal of our claim to it for a few years aroused in the west are now hard for us to realize when the river, from its source near the great lakes to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico, is within our territories, and our right to its peaceful, undisputed use is admitted by all the world. Still, by a slight effort of memory, we can recall how, after resting in quietness from 1803, when Louisiana was purchased, to 1861, the question again became a living one, and contributed in no small degree to unite the people north of the Ohio in the Mississippi valley in their determination that there should be no disruption of the Union, and no nation but the United States in control of the mighty highway which the God of Nature had laid in everlasting greatness from the farthest north to the extremest south of our western country.

From 1763, when England became possessed of Canada and all the French possessions of North America, uniting its dominions in a solid empire from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and northward to the Arctic regions, there has never been a moment when the value of the use of the Father of Waters to the gulf has not been rightly appreciated by the thinking people of America.

By the Treaty of Peace of 1763, the right to the navigation of the river to the gulf, with a place of deposit, was secured to Great Britain, and when the United States became independent, the rights of Great Britain passed to the United States by the treaty of 1783. Spain, the owner of Louisiana, which embraced all the territory west of the Mississippi, did not recognize our succession to those rights, and by many an artifice and promise tried to tempt the young Kentucky to renounce allegiance to Virginia and the Confederate States, and set up for itself in the forests of the west an independent state. That the temptation was artfully put, that the promises were alluring, that the seeming indifference of the old states on the Atlantic to our plea for sisterhood produced an effect, can not be denied. The wiser men of the east and of Kentucky saw the danger, and met it with courage and sagacity, and turned it aside. That there was ever any probability that Kentucky would set up for herself, I do not believe; that many adventurous and turbulent spirits, and some cool and able men, contemplated such a contingency, is beyond dispute, and when we consider the condition of Kentucky and of the new nation east of the mountains, it is not at all such an awful thought as disunion is to-day.

Our fathers were separated by mountains and forests many days' journey from their old homes, making the separation in effect much wider than that which now exists between the Atlantic and the Pacific states. Commercial intercourse between them was not possible. The only highways they had were the streams which, rising in the mountains, flowed through the beautiful and fertile lands which by their valor our fathers had won from the savage, and joining the Ohio, flowed onward to the Mississippi, and by that mighty artery connected them with the pulsating heart of the world.

When the population of the district of Kentucky had reached half a hundred thousand, and even a smaller number, the teeming soil, yielding to the industry of man such a return as had scarcely been known before, produced more than the people needed for their own wants, and a market for the surplus became a necessity. Down those streams and upon the bosom of that mighty river alone could that market be found.

Yoder, in his trade boat, fitted up upon the headwaters of the Ohio and floated to New Orleans, led the way, and others, eager to reap the reward of his enterprise and adventure, followed in his wake. Could it be thought that this young people, who in so marvelous a manner had planted a commonwealth in a wilderness five hundred miles from the verge of civilization, would consent that a barrier should be placed across their avenue to the world's commerce? Can it be a matter of wonder that they mistrusted the friendship and scorned the lack of wisdom of the old states that favorably received or considered a proposition to surrender in effect, for twenty years, the right of free navigation of the Mississippi? The union of the states was not then that firm bond which holds them indivisibly as does the constitution of 1787. Just freed from the yoke of England, each state felt more its own independence than its obligation to the others; and as Virginia was little bound to the other states, and the Union was of so little strength that patriots were fearful that the confederacy would drop to pieces, Kentucky, finding herself unsupported in her wars with the Indians, and knowing that the savages were encouraged by the British, who still held the forts in the North-west in violation of the treaty of 1783, and believing she was about to be abandoned by the northern old states in the protection of her most vital right, may, without blame, have contemplated the contingency of winning for herself her way to the sea, or securing by treaty commercial relations with Spain.

There was no secrecy of the determination of our forefathers never to surrender their right to navigate the Mississippi to the Gulf—they would not for a moment admit that there was any question of that right. Colonel Thomas Marshall, an able man, father of Chief-Justice Marshall, wrote to General Washington in clearest terms what the feeling in Kentucky was when that right was threatened. That sage, from the quietness of Mt. Vernon, and with the calmness so characteristic of him, replied that, while he feared little any present danger of an outbreak from the west, that whenever it became necessary for the prosperity of those people to have that free navigation, no force on earth could prevent their taking it. The time that Washington foresaw was, even to his vision, far distant.

John Jay, another patriot, after securing in the treaty of 1783 the right to the free navigation of the Mississippi, and struggling for years with Spain for its recognition, wise as he was, and patriotic and well-informed, so little foresaw the growth of the West, or knew the then strength of Kentucky, that he was willing, in order to effect a commercial treaty with Spain, to agree that for twenty years no assertion of our right should be made. Before half that period had expired, Thomas Jefferson, divining the West and its incalculable value to the whole country, seized the opportunity offered by the necessities of Napoleon, and by peaceful treaty acquired all the territory west of the Mississippi from the Gulf to the farthest north of our present boundaries.

In 1803, after the treaty with Napoleon was made, this western country was aflame with indignation by the action of Spain denying our right to a place of deposit and to the navigation of the river, and had not the treaty with Napoleon given the country to us, the same men who, under Jackson twelve years later, upon land which Spain had owned, beat back in the battle of New Orleans the soldiers of the army of Wellington, would have marched triumphantly to the Gulf and driven the Spaniard into the sea.

Never again shall domestic foe hold any of the territory washed by the great river. The bold spirit which inspired our forefathers still lives in us, and will forever live in our descendants, and by the strength of this vast nation keep the way to the sea clear of all foreign foes. The ceaseless flow of the waters shall keep singing in our ears the song of the perpetual union of the states, inspiring our hearts with devotion to that Union, and the mighty stream shall remain forever the free highway of the richest valley of the earth.

VIII. JOHN FILSON.

RESPONSE OF CAPTAIN THOMAS SPEED.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The hands of my watch admonish me that the first century of Kentucky's existence as a state has just drawn to a close. It will, therefore, be my rare privilege to make my speech in the next century.

It is not to be expected that the name of John Filson will call forth such eloquence as the names of Washington, Boone, and Clark; yet, if I mistake not, we may with equal profit consider the work and character of John Filson, and, perhaps, with more encouragement to ourselves. We may all reasonably expect to escape being as great as George Washington; we are not likely to become mighty hunters, like Boone, and as none of us are candidates for the presidency just now, we have not the interest of George Rogers Clark in carrying Illinois. But we may, by diligent use of opportunity and the powers we have, do something for our state in the manner and after the example of John Filson. Responding to the toast "John Filson," I will speak ot him as a man worthy to have a historical society called by his name.

He came to Kentucky from Pennsylvania in the year 1782. He occupied his time teaching, surveying, and traveling over the country. He made one trip back to Pennsylvania and returned again. He explored the country north of the Ohio, and at one time owned land on which the city of Cincinnati was afterward built. He gave to the little settlement then the romantic name of Losantiville. The ingenuity displayed in constructing this name is worth mentioning; L signifies the river Licking; os, the Latin word for mouth; anti, opposite; ville, town —town opposite the mouth of the Licking. Not far from that place he was killed by Indians in the year 1788.

Filson was profoundly impressed with the excellence of the western lands, and in 1784, after two years' intelligent observation, he wrote his little book entitled, The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucky; with it was a map of the country, the best up to that time made.

His account was pronounced, at the time it was published, to be an excellent performance, very accurate, and of great utility. It was the first history of Kentucky.

To understand the full import of the title, we must realize the fact that Kentucky, as a desirable country for occupation, was discovered only a short time before its settlement. The people east of the mountains knew, indeed, that there was land extending far away toward the west, but for aught they knew the mountains continued on and on with their wild, inhospitable, and uninhabitable grandeurs. It was not known, as we now know it, that on the waters of the Ohio lay spread out a delightful region like the Garden of the Lord for beauty and fertility. When the eyes of Boone and his companions rested upon it the first time they were enraptured, and called it a second paradise. The secluded and hid away condition of Kentucky has been beautifully described this day by our poet laureate. Our realization of this fact may be assisted if we reflect that with all the energy and activity of the nineteenth century it was as late as the year 1870 when the wonders of the Yellowstone country were first explored. So when the early explorers—among them Daniel Boone—found the level lands of Kentucky, the news went back and created astonishment and wonder among the inhabitants of the Atlantic border.

When Filson wrote, the settlement of Kentucky was a new feature upon the map of America. And even then it was a small population scattered over the choicest sections of the country. It was a new chapter in the progress of advancing humanity when Filson published to the world his account of the discovery and settlement of Kentucky.

His book was published in this country and in England, and translated and published in France and Germany. It awakened an interest in the new found paradise, and a wonderful tide of immigration poured in. Eight more years elapsed, and Kentucky became a state in the Union, at a time when western Pennsylvania was unoccupied, and all of western New York was still the home of Indian tribes.

Filson saw that he was in the presence of interesting events, and with an intelligent grasp of the situation, he wrote of the splendid advantages of the country.

To crown his work he gave an account of the most interesting man in the west. He sat down by the side of Daniel Boone and took from him the story of his life. Boone was not a man to write his own memoirs; he could cast his eagle eye along his rifle and draw a bead quick as a flash, and touch the trigger without a tremor, but he was not skilled with the pen. With an aim as unerring as that of Robin Hood he could bring down the soaring wild fowl to his feet, but it required another hand to pluck the quill and tell the story of his exploits —that was the hand of John Filson. It was Filson who preserved Boone's own account of his discovery of Kentucky, of his hunting and exploring, of his Indian fights, capture and captivity at Chillicothe and Detroit; of his escape and return to Kentucky to give warning of the coming Indian attack; of the siege of Boonesboro, and the battle of Blue Licks; and all that series of heroic deeds, while he, by his boldness, sagacity and tireless activity protected the infant settlements in the wilderness.

We have heard an eloquent tribute to the old pioneer to-night. We have read the life of Boone as given by Abbott and Bogart and others, with a thrill of interest. From whom do all obtain their facts? They are all indebted to Filson. But for Filson little would be known of Boone. His little book is the one fountain from which every narrative flows. It was Filson's account which kindled the poetry of Byron, and it is the foundation of every historic mention.

Filson saw his opportunity and made opportunity a duty. Is not this an example worthy of imitation? Filson was imbued with that sentiment of Dr. Johnson: "He who would be counted among the benefactors of posterity, must, by his own toil, add to the acquisitions of his ancestors." These are words worthy to be inscribed on the banner of the Filson Club.

His book does not read like Gibbon or Macaulay. The historian McMaster calls him a pedantic schoolmaster; yet his account of Boone will perpetuate his name forever. The "schoolmaster" will be known when McMaster is forgotten. He did not write in a style suggestive of the library and the midnight oil. It rather suggests the woods and the cabin and Indians.

During the civil war, a judge in the interior of Kentucky wrote a law book. He could not agree always with the soldiers who occupied his town, and sometimes he had to flee for his life. In his preface, he said in a plaintive strain that his "book was written amid scenes of trouble and impending danger not favorable to that easy and regular flow of language which gives grace of style and perspicuity of diction." Perhaps it was so with Filson, yet he gave to the world a picture of Kentucky as it was eight years before it became a state.

A few years ago, ten men in this city, among them that bright spirit now gone, Colonel John Mason Brown, formed a society for the study of Kentucky history. They called it The Filson Club. The best wish we can make for it is that it may be imbued with Filson's spirit.

The first work it did was to gather up the scattered fragments of information about John Filson found in old and perishing manuscript, and preserve them in imperishable print. That work was done by our worthy president. He wrote in times of serene and white-winged peace, favorable to graceful style and perspicuity of diction. His life of Filson takes its place alongside those of the masters in the art of biography. It is thus that facts are preserved from oblivion. Traditions fade; manuscripts perish. The printed volume is the antidote of decay. The continuous existence of a historical society from Filson's day until the present, imbued with the spirit of Filson, would have saved much now gone to oblivion. How little do we know of the men who made Kentucky a state! We have no biography of Isaac Shelby or George Nicholas or Joshua Fry. Except for Filson, there would be none of Boone. Men filling the highest public station, strong in intellect, wise and patriotic, lived in Kentucky from the earliest days—through the settlement period; through the Indian period; seeing Kentucky admitted into the Union; through the administrations of Shelby, Garrard, Greenup, and Scott; through the war of 1812, and the old and new court controversy. What a picture of Kentucky life and society would the biographies of such men present!

While much has been lost, much may yet be gathered up and rescued from decay, and the continuous existence of the Filson Club will preserve of current events that which posterity will look back upon and esteem precious. May the spirit of Filson animate the Filson Club.

IX. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

President Durrett, when he announced the ninth toast said: I doubt not, ladies and gentlemen, that all of you have been thinking of your homes—of the homes of your ancestors and of yourselves—while listening to what the different speakers have said of our native state. If there be on this earth a home that is dear to the loyal heart, it is the Kentucky home. John Howard Payne, in his immortal "Home, Sweet Home," sung of the universal home, but Stephen Collins Foster, in his no less undying song, sung of the Kentuckian's home. Foster was not a native Kentuckian, but he dwelt long enough among us to catch the inspiration, to come under the enchanting spell of the home of the Kentuckian. I know you would rather hear Foster's song on this occasion than the rarest burst of eloquence, and, fortunately, there is one present who can sing it as it was never sung by another. I take pleasure in introducing to you Mrs. Katie Elliott, and in requesting her to respond to the toast, "My Old Kentucky Home," with the words and music of Foster.

X. RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER TIMES.

When Mrs. Elliott had finished singing "My Old Kentucky Home," and the guests who had risen to their feet had resumed their seats, President Durrett said: The tenth toast will be our last, and after it our banquet will close with a benediction by Rev. L. A. Blanton. I see at our table a native born Kentuckian, whose venerable years carry him back to the days of the pioneers. He is the son of the soldier, Col. Richard C. Anderson, who did good service for the patriot cause in the Revolutionary war. His father came from Virginia to Kentucky among the early settlers, and built an old-time manor house on the head waters of Bear Grass, near the famous Lynn's Station. Here, in the midst of historic surroundings, the son now with us, first saw the light early in the present century. It is fitting that this venerable Kentuckian, the oldest native born among us, should connect us with the past on this occasion, by telling us something of his experiences in

[SUNG BY MRS. KATIE ELLIOTT.]

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

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life. His young years blended with the old ones of the pioneers who were passing away as he grew up, and his recollections of some of them can not fail to be interesting to us as told by him. He is the proper person to respond to our last toast, and to close our festivities in honor of the centennial anniversary of our statehood. I therefore call upon this venerable Kentuckian, the Hon. Charles Anderson, to respond to the toast "Recollections of Pioneer Times."

RESPONSE OF HON. CHARLES ANDERSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW KENTUCKIANS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have come more than two hundred miles especially to manifest my loyal reverence to this noble festival in honor of the centennial of our honored and beloved native state. I must at once assure you each and all, old and young, ladies and gentlemen, that I have been superabundantly repaid for my unwonted enterprise and trouble in accomplishing this honorary duty. I have enjoyed with surprised delight this magnificent scene, in which we are at once spectators and actors, and most particularly that spirit of zest or enthusiasm which has been, as it were, a living soul to it all. I have been charmed, sir, with the short speeches in response to the toasts of an admirable programme.

Speeches on such occasions, even when orated by native Kentuckians, who can outtalk the world, are, usually, the the driest if not the stalest of the viands furnished in the feast. But we have enjoyed in these speeches that rarest blessing, the union of valuable thought and wit, as sparkling and brilliant as your champagne, and all with marked brevity. Think of that actual accomplished fact, my friends! "With brevity," a lot of native Kentuckians, most of them lawyers, and all of them politicians, to make such charming speeches as we have heard here to-night in such short periods of time!

Such, then, being the example of brevity set me by those who have preceded me, I must try to be brief also. When my olden friend, Colonel Durrett, told me at the beginning of our feast that he particularly desired me to close it with some parting memories of the past, I did feel like recalling to remembrance the names, at least, of our pioneer fathers and mothers of the Revolution, and a few of the next later age, whom I have personally known as a child knows old and grown folks here and hereabouts.

Passing, but not myself forgetting, my own father, Colonel Richard C. Anderson, and his namesake son, who was born in this city on the corner of Main and Fifth streets one hundred and four years ago, these early memories were of Colonel Richard Taylor, about the same age of my father, that is, born in 1750, in Virginia, the same year that Dr. Walker discovered Kentucky, and his son, "Old Zack," the twelfth president of the United States; Major Wm. Croghan and his eldest son, George Croghan, the famous hero of Sandusky; General Robert Breckinridge; Major J. Hughes; Captain Isaac Hite; Captain Wm. Field; Governor Wm. Clark, of Missouri; General Wm. Preston; Colonel John O'Fallon; Colonel Arthur Campbell; Major Wm. Christie, of St. Louis; Captain Wm. Chambers, our nearest neighbor, except Ensign Robert Tompkins, my uncle, and my A B C teacher, and, as I believe, in an age of pure men, one of the purest men who ever honored his sex and race; Captain Pomeroy and his eldest son, "The Esquire," and my second teacher; the two Lawrences, Samuel and Leven; their Maryland kith, the Dorseys; old Preacher Vance, of Middletown, and his early family; Edward Tyler, the father of that Louisville flock of most useful citizens and great-grandfather of the present mayor of Louisville; Worden Pope, the more than father to all of those boys from the backwoods Dutch settlement around Brunerstown, now Jeffersontown, and he was also always one of Jefferson county's very best pioneer officers and citizens; Captain Shreve, of our pioneer mercantile marine, to whom, in the early twenties, Louisville gave a public dinner for making the trip with his steamboat from New Orleans to the Falls in twenty days. But the list of our pioneer men and women—God bless the pioneer women! it is a blush-burning shame for us to forget them in our toasts and speeches, if not in our memories—is too long for further specification at this late hour. For living human nature has its rights, especially if tired, sleepy, and surfeited by speech and viands. Therefore, pitying you all from my heart, I now close this loose gabble by asking your patient attention to a correction of our pioneer history as printed in books.

All our public traditions and books describe Benjamin Logan, that most hardy, heroic, and useful of the pioneers save Boone alone, as having rushed out from his fort in broad daylight, under the fire of the inclosing Indian host, to save a wounded comrade outside among the Indians, who was loudly clamoring for rescue. And he did actually accomplish this extraordinary and unprecedented feat without the least injury to himself or to the precious burden on his shoulders. So, indeed, did Æneas bear his old father, Anchises, at the fall of Troy. But Homer expressly informs us that this proceeding was not under the eyes of the Greeks. Now, I have the authority and license from a granddaughter of that pioneer bravest of braves, my own niece, who here sits beside me, Mrs. Sarah J. Gamble, to give the actual truth of history for this famous but always misreported story. It was as enacted briefly thus: The comrade, named Burr Harrison, was wounded and disabled from every power except that of speech. He was not a native, but assuredly a genuine Kentuckian at that early date. He laid at some distance from the fort, and was surrounded, of course, by Indians. They obviously forbore to finish his life and clamors, simply because they felt cocksure that his scalp was perfectly safe with them in their own good time, and because, being themselves securely treed, they were keeping him as their stool pigeon, in order to lure his fellows from the fort into a common destruction. Any early hunter of Kentucky knew this ruse of those Indians through his own experience in certainly killing the doe by wounding or seizing her fawn, so as to make it bleat, or either by a good imitation of its bleat. I myself am old enough to have tried and succeeded in that trick in my own deer-hunting days. And, before all, the beautiful paroquettes, solely through this instinct of fellow feeling, were utterly exterminated from all our forests. I have known a whole flock to be killed down to its very last green and gold beauty. They all flew back to the rescue of their wounded and screeching fruit-pilfering comrade. Shot after shot, until all were murdered. Logan, who was not only fearless, but was also remarkably sensible and resourceful, biding his time until dusk, told his wife to bring him their sole and scantily stuffed feather bed. It was, doubtless, the pioneer feather bed in that primitive wilderness. Feathers were not then a native product. The pioneer feathers were all brought as a cushion to the pack-saddle for the mother and her babe over the far mountains and along my friend Speed's now classic wilderness road. The fort's regular supply of pork habitually wandered around it for corn or recognition in the shape of huge white sows and barrows. These the Indians had spared, for two reasons: first, they had neither bullets nor arrows to spare for this four-footed game; and next, being sure of certain and speedy capture of the fort and its all, they were saving this bacon also for their own good time. So soon as the twilight deepened to the point of proper obscurity, when even Indian eyes might mistake a hero for a sow, Logan spread this loose feather bed over himself, and, all unarmed, walked out on all fours, straying around idly, rooting and grunting, it may be, until he reached his despairing comrade. Then, shouldering him in Æneas fashion, he rushed glimmering through the gloom to the sally-port, which was, of course, open for his reception. A hasty shower of surprised balls and arrows flew around him as he fled, but their aim failing from darkness and from the surprise of their shooters, they missed their mark, and, scattering around Logan, struck in the logs of the fort, and in the lintel and jambs of the door. And thus were this hero and his friend saved to the services of their country and of civilization by an act of heroism as brave, skillful, and magnanimous as any, the most celebrated in history or romance. Indeed, in its magnanimity, it is almost without a parallel.

The authenticity of this narrative is absolute. I regret that we can neither make nor accept this assurance with many of our so called historic events. My niece often heard this narrative from her Aunt Polly Smith. She was the second daughter of Colonel Logan, and next after his daughter Jenny, the wife of the great lawyer, Colonel John Allen, the martyr hero of the massacre at the River Raisin. Mrs. Smith was a grown married woman, living for years in the close neighborhood of both her father and mother before they died. Aunt Polly received this account directly and repeatedly from her father and mother. When I add that each of these informing descendants, daughter and granddaughter, were genuine offspring of that hero, who was pre-eminently as truthful and honest as he was brave and magnanimous, I feel quite sure that I have made out this case for reforming our stereotyped pioneer history. May I beg my friend, the secretary of the Filson Club, to attend to this correction, at least, in the Archives.

This is a plain intelligible story. To that large class of people who love the marvelous and believe the impossible, because it is impossible, it will be an unwelcome correction. But the truth of history ought to be preferred to any sensationalism whatever.

And now, my fellow Kentuckians, having used up the late first century, Kentuckian as I am, I will no longer occupy this, the fresh new century of our state-life, by detaining you from your own feather beds. Doubtless you will reverse your respective positions on them to that of the hero in our o'er true tale, and awake, I trust, refreshed and happy in this dawn of Kentucky's second century. And so, good-night to you all. As for me, thanking you for your most sweet patience, I subside, collapse with the passing century, into silence.

THE FILSON CLUB.

THE FILSON CLUB was organized in Louisville, Ky., on the 15th of May, 1884, for the purpose of collecting and preserving the history of Kentucky. Those who were present and participated in the organization were Reuben T. Durrett, Richard H. Collins, William Chenault, John Mason Brown, Basil W. Duke, George M. Davie, James S. Pirtle, Thomas W. Bullitt, Alexander P. Humphrey, and Thomas Speed. Reuben T. Durrett was elected president, and Thomas Speed secretary, these being the only officers embraced in the original organization. These gentlemen have held the offices of president and secretary ever since, and now occupy them.

Since the organization, Richard H. Collins and John Mason Brown have died, thus leaving only eight of the original members living. William Chenault has since moved to Kansas, so that there are now only seven of the founders of the club living in Kentucky.

On the 15th of October, 1891, the club was incorporated by adopting and filing articles of incorporation in the clerk's office of Jefferson county, in accordance with the 56th chapter of the General Statutes. The seven founders of the club yet living in Kentucky, Reuben T. Durrett, Basil W. Duke, George M. Davie, James S. Pirtle, Thomas W. Bullitt, Alexander P. Humphrey, and Thomas Speed, signed these articles of incorporation. The new organization provided for a vice president, a treasurer, and an executive committee. J. Stoddard Johnston was elected vice president, E. T. Halsey treasurer, and the executive committee made to consist of the president, vice president, treasurer, and secretary. The entire management of the club is intrusted to this executive committee.

Since the organization of the club it has published seven monographs, as follows:

1. The Life and Times of John Filson, the First Historian of Kentucky. By Reuben T. Durrett. Quarto, pp. 132.

2. The Wilderness Road, or Routes of Travel by which our Forefathers reached Kentucky. By Thomas Speed. Quarto, pp. 75.

3. The Pioneer Press of Kentucky. By William H. Perrin. Quarto, pp. 93.

4. The Life and Times of Judge Caleb Wallace. By William H. Whitsett. Quarto, pp. 151.

5. The History of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky. By Reuben T. Durrett. Quarto, pp. 75.

6. The Political Beginnings of Kentucky. By John Mason Brown. Quarto, pp. 263.

7. The Centenary of Kentucky; giving the full proceedings of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Kentucky's statehood, a sketch of the Filson Club, and a list of its members.

Besides these publications, a number of papers containing valuable historic and biographic matter have been prepared by different members and read to the club and filed among its archives. Also, manuscripts and scraps of history and biography have been collected and stored among its archives. Some members have made gifts to the club of articles of different kinds, well worthy of preservation. Books and pamphlets and papers have been contributed by General Cassius M. Clay, George W. Ranck, Henry T. Stanton, Thomas H. Hardin, Alfred W. Harris, Bennct H. Young, and Reuben T. Durrett. Valuable relics have been contributed by Hon. William E. Russell, Dr. Robert Peter, Dr. Thomas E. Pickett, Hon. Henry F. Turner, and Thomas W. Parsons. Old letters and manuscripts of the pioneer period have been contributed by Mrs. Mary Starling Payne and Mrs. Julia Guthrie Smith. Miss Jessie Stewart has contributed a crayon portrait of the late Colonel John Mason Brown, drawn by herself.

Since the organization of the club, new members have been constantly added, until the whole number now exceeds five hundred. It has been the policy of the club to have one or more members in each county of the state, for the purpose of co-operative work in the collecting and preserving of local history. In a few of the counties no members have yet been elected, but it is the intention to secure them as soon as suitable persons can be selected.

No persons residing outside of Kentucky have yet been elected to the club. Those members now residing in other states were elected while in Kentucky, and have since changed their residence. Neither have any honorary members yet been chosen.

The following is a full list of the members of the club, alphabetically arranged:

MEMBERS OF THE FILSON CLUB.

Abel, Rev. John J. Colesburg, Ky.

Adair, Davis LaFayette. Hawesville, Ky.

Alcorn, Hon. James W. Stanford, Ky.

Alexander, Miss Mary Lee. Louisville, Ky.

Alexander, Alexander John. Spring Station, Ky.

Allen, James Lane. Lexington, Ky.

* Allen, Hon. Alfred. Hardinsburg, Ky.

Allen, Herman C. Princeton, Ky.

Allen, Cornelius Tacitus. Princeton, Ky.

Allison, Young E. Louisville, Ky.

Allmond, Prof. Marcus B. Louisville, Ky.

Alves, Gaston M. Henderson, Ky.

Anderson, Hon. Charles. Kuttawa, Ky.

Anderson, Colonel Latham. Cincinnati, O.

Anderson, Lucien. Mayfield, Ky.

Apperson, Lewis. Mount Sterling, Ky.

Atkinson, John Bond. Earlington, Ky.

Atherton, John M. Louisville, Ky.

Averill, Dr. W. H. Frankfort, Ky.

* Deceased.

Babbage, John Daviess. Hardinsburg, Ky.

* Baird, Alexander Barnett. Hartford, Ky.

Baker, Herschel Clay. Columbia, Ky.

* Baker, General Alpheus. Louisville, Ky.

Barr, Hon. John W. Louisville, Ky.

Bartlett, Miss Mary G. Louisville, Ky.

Barker, Henry S. Louisville, Ky.

Barker, Max S. Louisville, Ky.

Beatty, James M. Beattyville, Ky.

* Beatty, Rev. Ormond. Danville, Ky.

Beckham, James Coleman. Shelbyville, Ky.

Beckner, Wm. M. Winchester, Ky.

Bell, John A. Georgetown, Ky.

Belknap, Wm. R. Louisville, Ky.

Bell, Captain W. E. Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Bierbower, Frederick Huber. Maysville, Ky.

Blain, Miss Lucia. Louisville, Ky.

Blackburn, Hon. J. C. S. Versailles, Ky.

Blanton, Rev. L. A. Richmond, Ky.

Bodley, Temple. Louisville, Ky.

Bohannon, Dr. Thomas. Louisville, Ky.

Bohne, Ernest Christian. Louisville, Ky.

Boone, Miss Annie. Louisville, Ky.

Boring, Hanson. Madisonville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Bourne, James M. Louisville, Ky.

* Bowman, John B. Lexington, Ky.

* Bowmar, Dan. M. Versailles, Ky.

Bowser, Mrs. Annie C. Louisville, Ky.

Boyle, St. John. Louisville, Ky.

Boyle, Samuel G. Danville, Ky.

* Boyce, Rev. James P. Louisville, Ky.

Brandies, Dr. Albert S. Louisville, Ky.

Bradley, W. O. Lancaster, Ky.

Bradford, Henry Thompson. Augusta, Ky.

Bransford, Clifton Wood. Owensboro, Ky.

Breckinridge, Hon. W. C. P. Lexington, Ky.

Brents, John Allen. Albany, Ky.

Bristow, F. H. Elkton, Ky.

* Brown, Colonel John Mason. Louisville, Ky.

Brown, Geo. G. Louisville, Ky.

Brown, John Watson. Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Brown, Governor John Young. Henderson, Ky.

* Brown, Richard J. Louisville, Ky.

Broadus, Rev. John A. Louisville, Ky.

Browder, Wilbur Fisk. Russellville, Ky.

Brown, Alfred M. Elizabethtown, Ky.

* Bruce, Benjamin Gratz. Lexington, Ky.

Bruce, Hon. Horatio W. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Bruce, Henry Clay. Vanceburg, Ky.

Bryan, Hon. James William. Covington, Ky.

Buchanan, John W. Louisville, Ky.

* Buckner, Colonel James F. Louisville, Ky.

Buckner, Governor Simon B. Rio, Ky.

Buck, Hon. Charles W. Louisville, Ky.

Bullitt, Hon. Joshua F. Louisville, Ky.

Bullitt, Major Thos. W. Louisville, Ky.

Bullock, Dr. Waller Overton. Lexington, Ky.

Burnam, Hon. Curtis F. Richmond, Ky.

Burnett, Hon. Theodore L. Louisville, Ky.

Bush, William Walter. Franklin, Ky.

Bush, John W. Smithland, Ky.

Bushong, Dr. Perry W. Summershade, Ky.

Byron, Larkin Alonzo. Manchester, Ky.

Castleman, General John B. Louisville, Ky.

Castleman, Mrs. Alice B. Louisville, Ky.

Cantrill, Hon. James E. Georgetown, Ky.

Cantrill, Mrs. Mary C. Georgetown, Ky.

Campbell, John Alexander. Carlisle, Ky.

Campbell, Benjamin Smith. Hopkinsville, Ky.

* Caldwell, Junius. Louisville, Ky.

Caldwell, Hon. John William. Russellville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Caldwell, Geo. Alfred. Louisville, Ky.

Cawein, Madison J. Louisville, Ky.

Catlin, Miss Olive B. Louisville, Ky.

Cain, Paul. Louisville, Ky.

Cardin, Alpheus Hamit. Marion, Ky.

Carroll, William. New Castle, Ky.

Calhoon, Isaac. Calhoon, Ky.

Carlisle, John B. Lebanon, Ky.

Carpenter, Wilhoite. Salt River, Ky.

Cary, Gipson Taylor. Calhoon, Ky.

Cecil, Henry A. Cecilian, Ky.

Chandler, Joseph H. Campbellsville, My.

Chappell, James Augustus. Carlisle, Ky.

Chenault, Hon. William, Fort Scott, Kan.

Chenault, Prof. Jason W. Louisville, Ky.

Childress, Rufus J. Louisville, Ky.

* Churchill, Hon. Samuel B. Louisville, Ky.

Clay, Hon. Cassius Marcellus, Jr. Paris, Ky.

Clay, General Cassius Marcellus. White Hall, Ky.

Clay, Hon. James Franklin. Henderson, Ky.

Clayton, Philip Day. Dixon, Ky.

Cleveland, Rev. Henry W. Louisville, Ky.

Cochran, Robert. Louisville, Ky.

Cooke, Rev. John James. Sedan, Kan.

* Deceased.

Coleman, Rev. Henry R. Louisville, Ky.
* Collins, Richard H. Louisville, Ky.
Cooper, Albert R. Louisville, Ky.
Cowan, Colonel Andrew. Louisville, Ky.
Cox, Joseph Blackburn. Taylorsville, Ky.
Crenshaw, J. W. Cadiz, Ky.
Crittenden, Colonel Robert Henry. Beattyville, Ky.
Curry, D. J. Harrodsburg, Ky.

Darby, Franklin Wyatt. Princeton, Ky.
Daviess, Mrs. Maria T. Harrodsburg, Ky.
Davie, Geo. M. Louisville, Ky.
Davis, Major William J. Louisville, Ky.
Davis, Mrs. Angele Crippen. Louisville, Ky.
De Haven, Hon. Samuel E. Lagrange, Ky.
Dembitz, Lewis N. Louisville, Ky.
Denny, Archibald Kavanaugh. Shelby City, Ky.
Descognets, Mrs. Anna R. Lexington, Ky.
Dickey, Mrs. Fannie Porter. Glasgow, Ky.
Dickey, Rev. John Jay. Jackson, Ky.
Dils, Colonel John, Jr. Pikeville, Ky.
Dixon, Dr. Archibald. Henderson, Ky.
Dougherty, Wm. Holman. Owingsville, Ky.
Durrett, Reuben T. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Durrett, Dr. Wm. T. Louisville, Ky.

Durrett, Mrs. Sara E. Louisville, Ky.

Dudley, Rev. Richard M. Georgetown, Ky.

Dudley, Rt. Rev. Thomas U. Louisville, Ky.

Duncan, Henry T. Lexington, Ky.

Duncan, Samuel M. Nicholasville, Ky.

Duncan, John. Louisville, Ky.

Duncan, Mrs. Fannie Casseday. Louisville, Ky.

Duke, General Basil W. Louisville, Ky.

Dulaney, Hon. William LeRoy. Bowling Green, Ky.

Dulin, Edward Fairfax. Greenup, Ky.

Dupoyster, Joseph Crockett. Wickliffe, Ky.

Dyer, John W. Caseyville, Ky.

Eaves, Hon. Charles. Greenville, Ky.

Echols, General John. Louisville, Ky.

Edwards, Hon. Isaac W. Louisville, Ky.

Ellis, Hon. William T. Owensboro, Ky.

Evans, Robert Graham. Danville, Ky.

Fall, James Slater. Adairville, Ky.

Faulkner, Henry Cork. Barboursville, Ky.

Fennessy, Rev. David. St. Mary's, Ky.

Field, Hon. Emmet. Louisville, Ky.

Finley, Wm. M. Louisville, Ky.

Finley, Alex. C. Russellville, Ky.
Flippin, Manlius Thompson. Tompkinsville, Ky.
Fonda, Mrs. Mary Alice Ives. Louisville, Ky.
Ford, James William. Hartford, Ky.
Ford, Arthur Y. Louisville, Ky.
Forgy, James Monroe. Morgantown, Ky.
Francis, Samuel. Sassafras, Ky.
French, David Humphrey. Lagrange, Ky.
Fulton, John Anderson. Bardstown, Ky.
Fuqua, Dr. Wm. M. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Gallagher, Wm. D. Louisville, Ky.
Galt, Dr. Wm. H. Louisville, Ky.
Gardner, Dudley Williams. Salyersville, Ky.
Garred, Arnoldus J. Louisa, Ky.
Garnett, Walter F. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Garnett Virgil Alonzo. Pembroke, Ky.
Garnett, James Bayard. Cadiz, Ky.
Garnett, Hon. James. Columbia, Ky.
Geiger, John Samuel. Morganfield, Ky.
Gilbert, Abijah. South Fork, Ky.
Gibson, Hart. Lexington, Ky.
Glenn, J. J. Madisonville, Ky.
* Goodloe, John K. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Goodloe, Miss Abbie Carter. Louisville, Ky.
Goodwin, Alexander Campbell. Owensboro, Ky.
Goodnight, Hon. Isaac Herschel. Franklin, Ky.
Goodnight, Thos. Mitchell. Franklin, Ky.
Gordon, Rev. Percy. Louisville, Ky.
Gorin, Harry Campbell. Glasgow, Ky.
Grant, Dr. Thomas P. Louisville, Ky.
Grant, Dr. Emory A. Louisville, Ky.
Green, LaFayette. Falls of Rough, Ky.
Green, Thomas M. Maysville, Ky.
Griswold, Howard M. Louisville, Ky.

Hagan, Frank. Louisville, Ky.
Hager, John Franklin. Ashland, Ky.
Haldeman, Walter M. Louisville, Ky.
Haldeman, Bruce. Louisville, Ky.
Hale, H. S. Mayfield, Ky.
Hale, Josiah. Owensboro, Ky.
Halsey, Ed. T. Louisville, Ky.
Halbert, George T. Vanceburg, Ky.
Hampton, Kensey John. Winchester, Ky.
Hampton, Miss Lydia. Louisville, Ky.
Hamilton, Miss Anna J. Louisville, Ky.
Hanna, Charles Morton. Cropper, Ky.
Hardin, Hon. Charles A., Sr. Harrodsburg, Ky.

Hardin, Hon. Parker W. Harrodsburg, Ky.
Hardin, Thomas Helm. Harrodsburg, Ky.
Harris, Alfred W. Louisville, Ky.
Harris, Hon. Walter O. Louisville, Ky.
Harris, Abner. Louisville, Ky.
Harcourt, Ashton Perry. Louisville, Ky.
Hardwick, James R. Stanton, Ky.
Haswell, James Gibbs. Hardinsburg, Ky.
Harvey, Rev. William P. Louisville, Ky.
Harvie, Lewis Edwin. Frankfort, Ky.
Hays, James Waverly. Elizabethtown, Ky.
Hays, Major Thomas H. Louisville, Ky.
Helm, Mrs. Emily Todd. Elizabethtown, Ky.
Helm, Miss Lucinda B. Louisville, Ky.
Helm, James P. Louisville, Ky.
Hemphill, Rev. C. R. Louisville, Ky.
Hendrick, Hon. Wm. Jackson. Flemmingsburg, Ky.
Hendrick, James Paul. Flemmingsburg, Ky.
Henton, Mrs. Sara Hansborough. Louisville, Ky.
Hermany, Charles. Louisville, Ky.
Hewitt, General Fayette. Frankfort, Ky.
Heywood, Rev. John H. Louisville, Ky.
Higbee, Miss Hester. Louisville, Ky.
Hill, Reuben Douglas. Williamsburg, Ky.
Hill, Hawthorne. Louisville, Ky.

Hill, General Samuel Ewing. Hartford, Ky.

Hindman, Hon. J. R. Columbia, Ky.

Hines, Hon. Thomas Henry. Frankfort, Ky.

Hixson, Wm. D. Maysville, Ky.

Hobson, J. P. Elizabethtown, Ky.

Hobson, General Edward Henry. Greensburg, Ky.

Hogan, John T. Versailles, Ky.

Hoke, Hon. Wm. B. Louisville, Ky.

Hopper, James W. Louisville, Ky.

Howard, Hon. Henry Lewis. Harlan C. H., Ky.

Howe, James Lewis. Louisville, Ky.

* Hughes, Daniel Henry. Morganfield, Ky.

Humphrey, Hon. Alex. P. Louisville, Ky.

* Humphrey, Rev. Edward P. Louisville, Ky.

Humphreys, Mrs. Sarah Gibson. Versailles, Ky.

Huntoon, Benj. B. Louisville, Ky.

Hungerford, Rev. Benj. Franklin. Shelbyville, Ky.

Hurst, William L. Stillwater, Ky.

Huston, George. Morganfield, Ky.

Ireland, Hon. William Crutcher. Ashland, Ky.

Jacob, Hon. Richard Taylor. Westport, Ky.

Jacob, Hon. Charles D. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Jacobs, Robert Powell. Danville, Ky.

* Jackson, Hon. Wm. L. Louisville, Ky.

Jansan, Jeptha Crawford. Calhoon, Ky.

Jefferson, Dr. Walter Bowling. Elkton, Ky.

Johnson, Colonel E. Polk. Louisville, Ky,

Johnson, John Williams. Calhoon, Ky.

Johnston, Miss Henrietta Preston. Louisville, Ky.

Johnston, Hon. Josiah Stoddard. Louisville, Ky.

Johnston, Miss Mary. Louisville, Ky.

Jones, James W. London, Ky.

Jones, Stephen E. Louisville, Ky.

Jones, Mrs. Mary K. Newport, Ky.

Jones, Henry Clay. Monticello, Ky.

Joseph, LaFayette. Louisville, Ky.

Jouett, Edward S. Winchester, Ky.

Joyes, Patrick. Louisville, Ky.

Kastenbine, Dr. Lewis D. Louisville, Ky.

Kearns, Dr. Charles. Covington, Ky.

Kelley, Colonel Robert M. Louisville, Ky.

Kennedy, Hanson. Carlisle, Ky.

Kerr, Charles. Lexington, Ky.

Ketchum, Mrs. Annie Chambers. Louisville, Ky.

Kimbley, John Franklin. Owensboro, Ky.

* Deceased.

* Kinnaird, James Grant. Chilesburg, Ky.
Kinkead, William Bury. Lexington, Ky.
Kinkead, James A. Elizabethtown, Ky.
Kirby, Prof. Maurice. Louisville, Ky.
Knott, Richard W. Louisville, Ky.
Knott, Hon. J. Proctor. Lebanon, Ky.
Knott, William Thomas. Lebanon, Ky.

Lafon, Miss Mary. Louisville, Ky.
Lewis, James William. Brandenburg, Ky.
Lillard, Robert Whitley. Lebanon, Ky.
Lindsay, Hon. William. Frankfort, Ky.
Lindsay, Charles M. Louisville, Ky.
Lindsey, General Daniel Weissiger. Frankfort, Ky.
Lisle, William James. Lebanon, Ky.
Little, Judge Lucien P. Owensboro, Ky.
Lockett, Hon. John W. Henderson, Ky.
Logan, Rev. J. V. Richmond, Ky.
Logan, Emmet G. Louisville, Ky.
Lyon, Hylan Benton. Eddyville, Ky.
Lyon, Thompson A. Louisville, Ky.

MacKoy, Hon. Wm. H. Covington, Ky.
Manning, Isaac S. Manchester, Ky.

* **Deceased.**

* Marshall, Thornton F. Augusta, Ky.
Marshall, Humphrey. Louisville, Ky.
Marshall, Burwell K. Louisville, Ky.
Marshall, Charles Alexander. Washington, Ky.
Marshall, Matthew Crittenden. Kuttawa, Ky.
Martin, Henry Clay. Munfordville, Ky.
Matthews, John Wiley. New Castle, Ky.
McAfee, Mrs. Nellie Marshall. Louisville, Ky.
McAfee, John J. Louisville, Ky.
McBeath, Hon. Thomas Robert. Litchfield, Ky.
McCain, Joseph Watkins. Bedford, Ky.
McChord, William Caldwell. Springfield, Ky.
McClarty, Clinton. Louisville, Ky.
McCloskey, Rt. Rev. Wm. G. Louisville, Ky.
McConathy, Major Wm. J. Louisville, Ky.
McCreary, Hon. James B. Richmond, Ky.
McCready, Rev. Wm. George. Versailles, Ky.
McChesney, Frank L. Paris, Ky.
McDonald, Allen H. Louisville, Ky.
McDonald, Major E. H. Shenandoah Junction, W. Va.
McDonald, Captain Wm. N. Berryville, Va.
McDonald, Donald. Louisville, Ky.
McDowell, Dr. Hervey. Cynthiana, Ky.
McDowell, Major Henry Clay. Lexington, Ky.

* Deceased.

McFerran, John B., Jr. Louisville, Ky.

McHenry, Hon. John Hardin. Owensboro, Ky.

* McHenry, Hon. Henry D. Hartford, Ky.

McKay, Allen Vaughn. Bardstown, Ky.

McKenzie, Hon. James A. Hopkinsville, Ky.

McNary, Hugh Flournoy. Princeton, Ky.

McPherson, Hon. John W. Hopkinsville, Ky.

McQuown, Lewis. Glasgow, Ky.

McReynolds, John Oliver. Elkton, Ky.

Meacham, Chas. M. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Menefee, Richard J. Louisville, Ky.

Menefee, Mrs. Sarah Bell. Louisville, Ky.

Miller, Miss Elvira Sydnor. Louisville, Ky.

Miller, Shackelford. Louisville, Ky.

Miller, Howard. Louisville, Ky.

Miller, Reuben A. Owensboro, Ky.

Mitchell, William. Mount Sterling, Ky.

Montgomery, James. Elizabethtown, Ky.

Moreman, Albert W. Brandenburg, Ky.

Morrow, Hon. Thomas Zantzenger. Somerset, Ky.

Morris, Geo. W. Louisville, Ky.

Moses, Rev. Adolph. Louisville, Ky.

* Moore, Hon. Laban Theodore. Catlettsburg, Ky.

Morton, Hon. Jeremiah Rogers. Lexington, Ky.

* Deceased.

Moss, Thomas Edward. Paducah, Ky.
Moss, Nathaniel Pleasant. Clinton, Ky.
Murray, Hon. John Allen. Cloverport, Ky.
Murray, Hon. David R. Hardinsburg, Ky.

Newberry, Tevis Wellington. Inez, Ky.
Noe, William Berry. Calhoon, Ky.
Norman, Major Lewis Conner. Frankfort, Ky.
Nunn, Otho. Sullivan Station, Ky.

O'Connell, Cornelius J. Bardstown, Ky.
O'Sullivan, Daniel E. Louisville, Ky.
Ouchterlony, Dr. John A. Louisville, Ky.
Owsley, Hon. Wm. Francis. Burksville, Ky.

Palmer, Dr. Edward R. Louisville, Ky.
Palmer, Miss Kate. Louisville, Ky.
Patrick, Hon. Samuel Houston. Jackson Ky.
Patterson, Rev. James K. Lexington, Ky.
Payne, Mrs. Mary Starling. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Payne, James Brown. Elizabethtown, Ky.
Parsons, Charles Monroe. Pikeville, Ky.
Parsons, Thomas Wilborn. Mount Sterling, Ky.
Parker, John Wm. Fletcher. Somerset, Ky.
Parker, Edward. London, Ky.

Peak, Robert Francis. Bedford, Ky.

Pendleton, John Edward. Hartford, Ky.

Penick, Benjamin Wm. Greensburg, Ky.

Perry, Rod. Warsaw, Ky.

Perkins, Benj. T. Elkton, Ky.

Perkins, Hon. George Gilpin. Covington, Ky.

Perkins, Rev. Edmund T. Louisville, Ky.

Peter, Dr. Robert. Lexington, Ky.

Peters, Hon. Belvard January. Mount Sterling, Ky.

Pettus, William Henry. Somerset, Ky.

* Perrin, Wm. H. Louisville, Ky.

Pickett, Rev. Joseph D. Frankfort, Ky.

Pickett, Dr. Thos. E. Maysville, Ky.

Pickett, James Abner. Finchville, Ky.

Pirtle, Hon. James S. Louisville, Ky.

Poage, Rev. George Bernard. Brooksville, Ky.

Poignand, Yoder. Taylorsville, Ky.

Porter, Dr. Newton. New Castle, Ky.

Porter, Wm. Logan. Glasgow, Ky.

Powers, Joshua Dee. Owensboro, Ky.

Powell, Miss Kate. Louisville, Ky.

Poynter, Wiley Taul. Shelbyville, Ky.

* Preston, General William. Lexington, Ky.

Procter, John R. Frankfort, Ky.

* Deceased.

Pryor, Hon. Wm. S. New Castle, Ky.
Puckett, James Elbert. Munfordville, Ky.

Quisenberry, Anderson C. Washington, D. C.

Ramsey, William Randall. London, Ky.
Ranck, Geo. W. Lexington, Ky.
Ray, Joseph F. Edmonton, Ky.
Reed, Wm. M. Benton, Ky.
Reed, Charles. Paducah, Ky.
Reid, Josiah Davis. Mount Sterling, Ky.
Revill, Jo. C. Burlington, Ky.
Reyland, Wm. S. Russellville, Ky.
Reynolds, Dr. Dudley S. Louisville, Ky.
Richardson, Orla Coburn. Brandenburg, Ky.
Ridgley, Benj. H. Louisville, Ky.
Riddle, Hon. Robert. Irvine, Ky.
Rivers, Rev. Richard H. Louisville, Ky.
Robbins, Josephus Ewing. Mayfield, Ky.
Roberts, John. Louisville, Ky.
Robertson, Harrison. Louisville, Ky.
Rodes, Robert. Bowling Green, Ky.
Rodman, Dr. James. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Rogers, Dr. Coleman. Louisville, Ky.
Root, Oliver Wyatt. Newport, Ky.

Ross, William Parks. Carlisle, Ky.
Rout, Rev. Gelon H. Versailles, Ky.
Rowntree, Rutherford Harrison. Lebanon, Ky.
Rudy, James Henry. Owensboro, Ky.
Russell, Hon. William Edwin. Lebanon, Ky.
Russell, John C. Louisville, Ky.
Rutledge, Arthur. Louisville, Ky.

Sampson, John Riddle. Middlesborough, Ky.
Sanders, Major David W. Louisville, Ky.
Savage, Samuel S. Ashland, Ky.
Salyer, John Preston. West Liberty, Ky.
Scott, Dr. Preston B. Louisville, Ky.
Scott, Dr. Samuel Sneed. Florence, Ky.
Scott, Thomas Wynne. Ducker, Ky.
Sea, Mrs. Sophia Fox. Louisville, Ky.
Sebree, Elijah Garth. Henderson, Ky.
Semple, Mrs. Patty B. Louisville, Ky.
Seymour, Charles B. Louisville, Ky.
Settle, Evan E. Owenton, Ky.
Settle, Rev. Henry C. Louisville, Ky.
Shanks, Quintus Cincinnatus. Hartford, Ky.
Shirley, George Douglas. Louisville, Ky.
Shipp, Barnard. Louisville, Ky.
Simpson, Asa Pitman. Jamestown, Ky.
Simrall, Hon. John G. Louisville, Ky.

Smith, Mrs. Julia Guthrie. Louisville, Ky.
Smith, David Highbaugh. Hodgenville, Ky.
Smith, Hon. Zacariah F. Louisville, Ky.
Smith, William Mayfield. Mayfield, Ky.
Smith, Joshua Soule. Lexington, Ky.
Somers, Henry Augustus. Elizabethtown, Ky.
Speed, Captain Thomas. Louisville, Ky.
* Speed, Thomas S. Bardstown, Ky.
Spencer, Rev. John J. Eminence, Ky.
Stanton, Major Henry T. Frankfort, Ky.
Staton, James William. Brooksville, Ky.
Starling, Samuel McDowell. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Stephenson, Daniel. Barboursville, Ky.
Stephens, Heuston Perry. Burlington, Ky.
Steele, John Andrew. Midway, Ky.
* Stites, Hon. Henry J. Louisville, Ky.
Stites, John. Louisville, Ky.
Stone, Hon. Wm. Johnson. Kuttawa, Ky.
Stone, Dr. Barton Warren. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Stewart, A. H. Prestonsburg, Ky.
Stewart, Miss Jessie. Louisville, Ky.
Stewart, Dr. John Quincy Adams. Frankfort, Ky.
Straus, Franklin Pierce. Shepherdsville, Ky.
Stuart, Thomas G. Winchester, Ky.
Sublett, David Dudley. Salyersville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Sudduth, Watson A. Louisville, Ky.
Sweeny, James J. Owensboro, Ky.
Swearingen, Geo. W. Louisville, Ky.
Symmes, Miss Ida Elmore. Louisville, Ky.

Taney, Miss Mary Florence. Covington, Ky.
* Taylor, Harrison D. Hartford, Ky.
Tevis, Robert C. Louisville, Ky.
Thorne, William Pryor. Eminence, Ky.
Thornton, Robert Augustine. Lexington, Ky.
Thomas, Claude. Paris, Ky.
Thomas, James Mason. Paris, Ky.
Thompson, Captain Ed. Porter. Frankfort, Ky.
Thompson, Joseph Pinckney. Lebanon, Ky.
Thompson, Hon. Reginald H. Louisville, Ky.
Thompson, Mrs. Virginia C. Louisville, Ky.
Thruston, R. C. Ballard. Louisville, Ky.
Tice, William Wallace. Mayfield, Ky.
Tipton, French. Richmond, Ky.
Todd, Thomas. Shelbyville, Ky.
Todd, George D. Louisville, Ky.
* Todd, Harry Innes. Frankfort, Ky.
Todd, Dr. Charles Henry. Owensboro, Ky.
Toney, Hon. Sterling B. Louisville, Ky.
Towles, Walter Alves. Geneva, Ky.

* Deceased.

Triplett, Robert Samuel. Owensboro, Ky.
Tuttle, John William. Monticello, Ky.
Turner, Hon. Thomas. Mount Sterling, Ky.
Turner, Hon. Henry F. Henderson, Ky.
Turner, George Britain. Harlan C. H., Ky.
Twyman, Broadus Wickliffe. Beattyville, Ky.
Tyler, Hon. Henry S. Louisville, Ky.

* Varnon, Thomas W. Stanford, Ky.

Walker, E. G. Columbia, Ky.
Walker, E. Dudley. Hartford, Ky.
Walker, Captain David C. Franklin, Ky.
Walker, James Hickman. Marion, Ky.
Walker, Scott. Burksville, Ky.
Walker, Robert C. Marion, Ky.
Wallace, Joseph McDowell. Danville, Ky.
Wallace, Edmund Martin. Versailles, Ky.
Watts, Robert A. Louisville, Ky.
Watterson, Hon. Henry. Louisville, Ky.
* Watterson, Hon. Harvey M. Louisville, Ky.
Walton, Dr. Claiborne J. Munfordville, Ky.
Walton, William P. Stanford, Ky.
Ward, Hon. John Quincy. Cynthiana, Ky.
Ward, Colonel John H. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Ward, Hon. A. Harry. Cynthiana, Ky.
Warfield, William. Lexington, Ky.
Warfield, Ethelbert D. Easton, Penn.
Waddy, William Lewis. Waddy, Ky.
Webb, Charles Henry. Smithland, Ky.
Webb, Benjamin J. Louisville, Ky.
Weissinger, Rozel. Louisville, Ky.
Weir, James. Owensboro, Ky.
Welch, John Harrison. Nicholasville, Ky.
White, Hon. John D. Louisville, Ky.
Whitaker, Hon. Emery, Maysville, Ky.
Whitsett, Rev. Wm. H. Louisville, Ky.
Withers, J. S. Cynthiana, Ky.
Withers, John Benton. Muldraugh, Ky.
Willis, Harry Payne. Brooksville, Ky.
Willis, Hon. Albert S. Louisville, Ky.
Wilson, Robert Burns. Frankfort, Ky.
Wilson, Wm. Boone. Eminence, Ky.
* Wilson, John Samuel. Westport, Ky.
Wilson, Hon. John Henry. Barboursville, Ky.
Wilson, Miss Annie E. Louisville, Ky.
Williams, Rev. John Augustus. Harrodsburg, Ky.
Williams, Mordecai. Normal, Ky.
Williams, Hon. John S. Mount Sterling, Ky.
Winchester, Hon. Boyd. Louisville, Ky.

* Deceased.

Wickliffe, John D. Bardstown, Ky.

Wilhoit, E. B. Grayson, Ky.

Winfree, William Powhatan. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Wood, Henry Cleveland. Harrodsburg, Ky.

Woolley, Colonel Robert W. Louisville, Ky.

Wortham, James Samuel. Litchfield, Ky.

Wright, Daniel Webster. Bowling Green, Ky.

Wright, James Clayton. Newport, Ky.

Wright, Miss Jean. Louisville, Ky.

Yandell, Dr. David W. Louisville, Ky.

Yandell, Mrs. Louise Elliston. Louisville, Ky.

Yandell, Miss Enid. Louisville, Ky.

Yeaman, Malcolm. Henderson, Ky.

Yerkes, John Watson. Danville, Ky.

Young, Rev. John D. Louisville, Ky.

Young, Colonel Bennett H. Louisville, Ky.

* Young, Hon. Van Buren. Mount Sterling, Ky.

Young, Rev. Wm. C. Danville, Ky.

Yost, Hon. Wm. H. Greenville, Ky.

The officers of the Filson Club will be thankful for the correction of any errors or omissions in the foregoing list of members. The president or secretary should at once be advised of any death or change of residence among the members.

* Deceased.