

THE TOWN BRANCH

CHAPTER ONE

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There was once a small valley in what came to be called The Bluegrass that was described in fairy tale-like terms by the white men who came upon it. Clear flowing springs gushed forth from limestone ledges throughout the valley. Most of these springs were to be given the names of the men who claimed them but a few were named because they sank underground and then rose again; these were the Sinking Springs. There were Cave Springs and a deep spring that reflected the bright blue sky and was called the Blue Hole. The co-joined spring's water formed a pristine stream which was called at different times the Middle Fork of the Elkhorn, McConnell's Creek or Run, and the Town Fork or Branch.

The banks of the creek, "were dotted with wonderful wildflowers 'full and perfect as if cultivated by the hand of a florist', columbines, pinks, tulips, daisies, lilies, violets, hyacinths and the splendid crown imperial all growing in riotous profusion right down to the water's edge." The beauty of the stream and its flowers might have had some appeal to the men seeing them but these were practical men looking for land to settle and farm. They noticed the deer, elk and buffalo grazing in the cane breaks, wild clover and wild rye and knew their horses and family cows would have rich pasture on which to graze.

The pre-historic people had set fires periodically to clear the underbrush which left wide areas free of trees so they would have few trees or brush to clear to before setting out fields of corn. There were groves of trees in places. The huge Burr Oak was very resistant to fire and they sheltered walnut, ash and wild cherry trees which provided building material for forts, stations and cabins and firewood.

Most men had trouble expressing the beauty they saw. A frontier preacher was deep into his sermon in which he was trying to tell how wonderful heaven would be; then he paused as he lacked the words to describe heaven. At last he burst forth, "Heaven is a Kentucky kind of place." His listeners understood. If Kentucky wasn't a Heaven it was certainly an Eden.

A handful of fur traders and Long Hunters entered Kentucky in the 1760's and then came the surveyors of 1774 and 1775. Land seeking parties swarmed into the Blue Grass. Daniel Boone led a party that cut a trail through the Cumberland Gap to Boonesborough on the Kentucky River for a North Carolina Company. In her 'The Founding of Lexington' Carolyn Murray-Wooley says, "most of those who claimed land in the area (Lexington) were from south-central Pennsylvania, then called the 'back-parts of the country'."

There was a smattering Swede, French, English and Germans (called Dutch in Kentucky) descendants among the incoming men but the bulk of them were Scots-Irish. For several generations these people had lived on the frontier and, "they were accustomed to life in the

wilderness and well suited to the dangerous task of claiming the Indians lands as their own." Taking the Indian's lands was not an easy task. Many of the men soon to be listed suffered grievous wounds and even death trying to wrestle the land from brave men defending their ancient hunting grounds.

The McConnell party had finished claiming lands on the North Elkhorn and moved over to a large spring on the Town Branch which had not yet been surveyed. This party, led by William McConnell, included Francis, and Andrew McConnell, William Alexander, John McClelland, David Perry, Charles Lecompte, John Smith, John Maxwell, Hugh Shannon, William Lain, Cyrus McCracklin, Robert Patterson and perhaps others not told of. A rather colorful, over-the-top and racist account tells of the McConnell party's, "Discovery and Naming of Lexington", by Lexington's early historian George W. Ranck:

"Clothed in their quaint pioneer style of buckskin pantaloons, deerskin leggings, linsey hunting-shirt, and peltry cap, and armed with a trusty flint-lock rifle, a hatchet and scalping knife, they toiled through the trackless woods and almost impentible cane-breaks in the direction of the future Lexington. On or about the 5th of June (1775), the approach of night ended one of their solitary and dangerous marches; and glad to rest, the tired hunters camped on a spot afterward known successively as McConnell's Station, Royal's Spring and the Headley Distillery.---The spring from which the pioneers drank---still exists, with stream as cool, clear and grateful as then."

"After posting one of their number as the 'look out' for the 'redskin varmints' who were ever on the alert to slay the 'paleface,' the rest seated themselves around a blazing brush-heap on logs and buffalo hides, and with hunger for sauce, supped with gusto upon inevitable 'jerk(y)' and parched corn."

"While eating their simple meal, they talked with enthusiasm of the beautiful country they had just traveled over, and surprised and delighted with the prospect about them, they determined that their place of settlement should be around the very spot where they were encamped. And no wonder they were delighted with their new- found home, for all the rich acres they had seen in all 'Kan-tuck-ee' these were the fattest and most fertile.---the elk, the deer the bear the buffalo crowded the woods with juicy food. They forgot the sulking savage and the dangers on every hand, and glowed with the excitement which only a hunter can feel, as they surveyed the virgin glories of the red-man's most cherished hunting-grounds, and realized the full truth of the wondrous tales they had heard of a distant El Dorado."

"The name of the settlement that was to be was discussed with animation. One suggested was 'York', another 'Lancaster', but both were dropped with a shout for 'Lexington!' as the conversation turned to the strange news that had slowly crept though the wilderness, and which, after being weeks on the way, they had just heard, of how King George's troops on the 19th of April, had called American's 'rebels' and shot them down like dogs at Lexington in

Massachusetts colony.' The story of Lexington's christening-the historic fact of how she got her name, is as romantic as the legend of the beautiful Princess Pocahontas, and in incident far more interesting, because more true than the fabulous one told of ancient Rome." Ranck could get carried away when telling of Lexington; a city he dearly loved.

As they would need a base from which to scout out their claims the men helped William McConnell build a simple half-face cabin. The pioneer Joseph Doddridge said that the half-face cabin "was of the following form; the back part of it was sometimes a large log; at the distance of eight to ten feet from this two stakes were set in the ground inches apart; and at a distance of eight to ten feet from these two more to receive the ends of poles for the sides of the camp; the whole slope of the roof was from front to back; the covering was of slabs, skins or blankets, or, if in the spring of the year bark of the hickory or ash trees; the front was entirely left open; the fire was built directly before this opening; the cracks between the logs were filled with moss, the dry leaves for a bed. It was thus that a couple of men in a few hours will construct for themselves---(a) tolerably comfortable defense from the inclemency of the weather. A little more pains would have made a hunting camp a defense against the Indians---but this precaution I believe was never attempted to; hence the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps."

The men went out as Carolyn Murray-Wooley quoted and "Did Build Several Improvements and did cast lots for same." They, "unanimously agreed to Rasied (sic) corn at different places." She then quoted Robert Patterson, "When I came out in company with others to improve we sometimes numbered the improvements and drew lots for them by their numbers---when I made an improvement for myself I sometimes marked it with the initials of my own name, or that of a friend, marking few in my own name for fear of being called a land jobber, a name much detested in the back parts of Pennsylvania where I came from." Patterson would claim twenty improvements and one for his father out on Cane Run.

If a man gained military rank in his later years, men referred to that rank when telling of a man's younger years before he gained that rank. A cabin was, "Built on Col. Patterson's Sinking Spring." The location of this spring isn't known for sure but it could be the sinking spring on the grounds of the Old Eastern State Hospital at Newtown Road and Fourth Street.

Alexander McConnell stated that he and the McConnell's improved on the "waters of Wolf Run" (a small tributary of the Town Branch.) The men assisted in building a cabin, "Where William McConnell afterward lived, the place near the center of the improvements, and there continued until the corn was laid by" (given a final weeding.) This was likely the second cabin built for William McConnell.

Another McConnell, Francis, "Did draw a cabin---Rais (sic) a Crop of Corn nigh to (Cave) Spring." He would lose this site later that year. The men built a cabin for Francis at his favorite improvement, the Big Pond (which was located in the present Beaumont Park). The pond and the house were later discovered to be within the bounds of an older military survey. Francis was

killed by Indians at Fort Harrodsburg in 1777. Most of Francis's improvements were lost to his heirs by the overlapping claim of the Blue Hole of Simon Kenton. "Because however, of those small tomahawk improvements, one of which was done by Hugh Shannon at the Cove Spring (off Lane Allen Road, at the intersection of Beacon Hill Road) part of the preemption claim was saved." The brick house that stands today at this site was built by Jesse Lamme in 1806.

The Blue Hole Spring, which is at the headwaters of the western branch of Wolf Run is a few yards off today's Parker's Mill Road north of Lane. William McConnell had an improvement here. "Cabin of William McConnell that he traded to Simon Kenton, who sold it to Joseph Frazier, at the Blue Hole."

"A cabin built by Francis McConnell and later sold to Francis Keene at a spring (now under Gardenside Lake) on a branch of Wolf Run. There had been an earlier Indian hunting camp at the forks of this branch and the branch from the Blue Hole (at the intersection of Parker's Mill Road and Cross Key Road."

"A cabin built by John McCrackin at a spring (just south of Versailles Pike on a very small branch of Wolf Run in the Colony subdivision."

"Another cabin (built by John McCrackin) for John May, about a mile northwest of the Mansfield Spring (this was at a pond at the old Henry Clay High School on East Main Street.)

A cabin was, "built by a set of improvers at Cave Spring (north of Dunkirk Drive in the Cardinal Valley subdivision. There had been a pre-historic Indian camp at this site."

Yet another cabin was "built by improvers at the spring of William McConnell." It is in the valley south of Central Rock's block- making plant. There will be much more written of this site later.

Another "Cabin of Robert Patterson on his 400 acre settlement (the site of the cabin was on Byars Street in Davis Bottom south of the High Street viaduct." Much of this area was recently bulldozed down to construct a connector road.

"Improvement-James Greer-Sinking Springs near Russell Cave Pike, inside New Circle Road."

"Improvement John Maxwell (Maxwell Spring is south of Euclid Avenue between Rose and South Limestone." George Ranck said of Maxwell, "In pioneer times, he owned a large part of the land now included in the limits of Lexington, but true to the old hunter nature, it rapidly slipped from his grasp." This was a common happening as Ranch said of Robert Patterson, "like many others of his simple hearted companions, was indulgent and negligent in business matters, and, like them, lost most of his extensive land property to shrewd rascals."

There were a number of land-seeking parties that came to the Town Branch in the spring

of 1775. One consisted of "Joseph Lindsey, Wm. Lindsey, Patrick Jordon, Garret Jordon, John Vance and others." They were in camp as it was a rainy day but, "Patrick Jordon went alone down the fork on which they were encamped and discovered a large spring on the north side of, and a short distance from the fork---when he returned to camp and told of the spring Joseph Lindsey---said he would have it, and promptly offered two guineas (British coins, for Jordon) to go with him and show it. They went together taking axes, and made an 'improvement'-cut poles and built a cabin, 3 or 4 logs high and about ten foot square, girdled some trees at the head of the spring, made a brush heap or two, and cut the initials J.L. on a tree---the same kind of improvement usually made at other places."

Once the improvements had been made the men returned to the North Elkhorn where they had left "provisions (flour and corn) working tools etc. In a few days, the brothers Jordon returned with Joseph Lindsey---and assisted him to plant---corn, and then left him, Lindsey declaring he meant to live there."

"In September 1775, Patrick Jordon went by and found Lindsey living there in a camp he had built; besides the plow irons, wedges, hoes, axes---Lindsey had roasting ears (corn) and snap beans, the first Jordon had seen in the country. In July 1776, he called there again, and saw two acres of corn enclosed in a fence. Lindsey was not there, it was troublesome times on account of Indians; the people were scary, and had generally left their 'improvements' and had gone into stations for security." Lindsey had gone to Harrodsburg south of the Kentucky River.

A secondary reason Lindsey might have had to leave his improvement was that in May of 1776 Isaac Shelby was with military surveyors selecting land when he came to Lindsey's, "And he liked it; and said he would lay his father's warrant on it." Lindsey lost his land and was later killed at the Battle of Blue Licks in 1782. Isaac Shelby would go on to become Kentucky's first governor.

Mention has already been made of the McCelland Station being abandoned. There were no stations above the Kentucky River from then until 1779. There was a militia in Kentucky and every man able to carry a rifle belonged to it. Robert Patterson, who Ranck said was, "tall and handsome", had served 6 months as a Ranger in Pennsylvania and was made an Ensign in Captain Levi Todd's Militia Company at Harrodsburg. He was directed to take 25 men and establish a fort on the Town Branch. He was not a trained military engineer and selected a poor site for a fort as the spot was subject to flooding and sat with a sharp rise of ground on one side and a gradual sloping rise on the other. Any enemy could look down on the fort and fire into it with rifles or small cannon.

A colorful account was given of Patterson's dispatch to the Town Branch by George W. Ranck. "At the head of twenty-five men he commenced his march for the beautiful and fertile garden spot he had visited four years before and had never forgotten."

The party reached its destination the last day of the month (March), and encamped---at a magnificent spring whose grateful waters, in an unusual volume, emptied into a stream nearby, whose green banks were gemmed with the brightest flowers. The discovery of the spring determined the location of the little garrison, and bright and early the next day, the 1st of April, the axes of the stout pioneers were at work; trees were felled, a space was cleared, and a blockhouse surrounded by a stockade, and commanding the spring, was soon underway. This rude but powerful defense was quickly completed, as no unnecessary labor was spent on it."

One 'stout pioneer' who didn't want to put any 'unnecessary labor' in the fort was Josiah Collins. Josiah had cut down and hewed into a square timber a two foot thick Burr Oak for the first log that went into the blockhouse. Josiah, like many of the men who first came into Kentucky were more into hunting the wild animals, locating land or scouting for Indians than they were hard labor. When George Gray asked him to help look for five stray horses Josiah was soon out of sight.

The two men were absent for five days and it was thought they had been taken by the Indians. When they returned the one- room blockhouse was "pretty well up and they slept in it" Josiah gleefully reported, as he didn't have to work on it after returning.

"The logs for the walls were chopped out, provided with ports (portholes to fire rifles through) and 'raised'; the long and wide clapboards; rough from the axe and secured by wooden pins, formed the roof; trees split in two, and cut to proper lengths made the floor, a substantial slab door was provided, and these, together with an opening to admit light and carry off the smoke, constituted the block house" said Ranck. Thirty acres were cleared by the garrison and corn was planted. This field became the city 'Commons' and was shared by all.

A month after the blockhouse was erected John Morrison built a nearby cabin for his family. Mrs. Morrison was said to have been the first white woman to live at the station. By stating she was the first white women did that imply that a black woman might have preceded her? The first non-Indian to reach Boonesborough had been a Black slave woman. She also had the first non-Indian baby born in Kentucky. A baby sired by her white master.

Only twelve men and Mrs. Morrison remained at the blockhouse during Colonel John Bowman's Campaign against the Indians in Ohio. She heard Indians prowling around her cabin at night but was never attacked.

Despite Patterson's establishment of the blockhouse there was a question in some men's minds if there was a blockhouse there in the spring of 1779. The following notes are taken from Collin's 'Historical Sketches of Kentucky' detailing depositions taken in 1804:

Collins said, "It appears Lexington was not a place of note before Col. Bowman's Expeditions was set afoot in May of 1779. Col. Benjamin Harrison deposed that he, 'Never could learn that

Lexington really did exist at the time of Bowman's Expedition."

Isaac Ruddle deposed that about the middle of April 1779, he removed from Logan's Station near Stanford, Lincoln County, and settled a station near the Bourbon County line on the southern fork of the Licking River, called Ruddle's or Hinkston's Station. 'On the way he passed by where Lexington now is, and there were no settler's there. John Burger deposed that they went from Logan's Station with Isaac Ruddle to establish his station, and that when they passed Lexington there were some cabins, but no people living there."

"William McKee deposed that the last of May or June of 1779 he and several others came from Boonesborough to go to the Shawnee Town", under Bowman. We went to Col. John Todd's cabin on the waters of the Hickman (creek), lay there all night, started the next morning to find some men at Elkhorn." A Ralph Morgan deposes that they encamped at Todd's spring---about two miles from Lexington.

McKee was confused as Todd's wasn't on the Hickman but on the South Elkhorn. John Todd fought at the Battle of Point Pleasant and established a fort where he was joined by his younger brothers Robert and Levi. While serving in the Virginia Legislature he introduced a bill to emancipate the slaves. In 1778 he took part in George Rogers Clark's conquest of Illinois and was second in command in Kentucky to Clark when he led the pursuing force from Bryan Station. He was buried in a common grave at the Blue Licks.

William McKee found a cabin, "I think the cabin was called Maj. John Morrison's cabin, now called Lexington; we missed the trail, we could not find it." McKee wasn't the only man to lose a trail. "Sen. 'Old' John South deposed---that he started from Boonesborough with some militia of Captain John Holder's Company. 'Capt. John Holder told me he had orders from Col. Bowman to meet him in Lexington---the first night we missed our way to Lexington, and encamped; in the next morning we sent out spies to hunt where Lexington now stands; thence we marched toward the mouth of the Licking River." Present day Cincinnati, Ohio lays just across the Ohio River from the mouth of the Licking River.

There were men who couldn't find Lexington's blockhouse but it was there. David Mitchell deposed that "He was not in Bowman's Expedition---but at the time was a resident in Lexington; he killed meat for the garrison while the army was out. He recollected 14 citizens coming from Harrodsburg to settle Lexington,---Robert Patterson and John Morrison were two of them." Josiah Collins deposed, "his residence was in Lexington having moved there in April---."

Robert Patterson deposed that, "he (was) an inhabitant of Lexington and---was ordered into Bowman's Expedition and he left Lexington about May 15, 1779. Todd's, Holder's and Logan's companies rendezvoused at Lexington." Captain Todd said Colonel Bowman had directed him, "to leave sufficient number of men to protect Lexington." This must have been the twelve men left at the blockhouse.

The plan for attacking the Shawnee village Colonel Bowman gave to his men was a poor one and the Shawnee warriors came swarming out of the village. Only the heroic actions and fighting capabilities of John Holder's Boonesborough men held back the Shawnee long enough for Bowman to withdraw most of his troops. There would be many bands of settlers to leave Kentucky and cross into Ohio and Indiana to fight the Indians. Some had limited success and others did not fare so well. There is not space here to tell in detail of these raids across the Ohio.

The heat of the summer gave way to a cool fall. "Robert Patterson, John Maxwell, James Masterson, William and Alexander McConnell and the two Lindsey's occupied the blockhouse. The rest of the men sheltered themselves by bark coops within the stockade." Others lived in flimsy cabins just outside the stockade.

"The pioneers had never known a winter in Kentucky to set in so early; and continue so long," says Ranck. "Snow and ice were on the ground without a thaw from November to the succeeding March. The small streams were solid ice. Snow fell repeatedly, but as it did not melt it became almost impassable for man or beast, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the hunters were able to find such of the wild animals as had not been starved or frozen to death. As the corn had been destroyed in the summer, bread was scarcely seen in the fort, and when it was, a single Johnnie-cake was divided into a dozen parts distributed and made to serve two meals. The use of bread ceased entirely, long before the winter was over. On one occasion when Colonel Todd returned to the fort almost famished the provisions were so nearly exhausted that his wife could offer him nothing but a gill of milk and a little piece of hard bread two inches square and this was turned over in silence to his starved servant."

"The cattle, after starving to death for want of fodder, were devoured by the inmates of the station, and from the time the cattle died until spring the settlers subsisted on venison, and water; clothing was insufficient. The roughly built cabins let in the piercing cold, and the firewood was chopped from trees incased in walls of snow and ice. Freezing and starving-such was the condition of the heroic settlers of Lexington, through this long and fearful winter of suffering."

Conditions were terrible in the stations but they were worse for those settlers struggling through the wilderness over the Boone Trace. There were no shelters along the Trace and entire families perished in the deep snow and ice. 1779-1780 came down in history as 'The Hard Winter.' I will write of the suffering of those on the Trace in my book, 'The Boone Trace.'

The old 'Tomahawk Claim' was replaced by a new land law by the Virginia Legislature in 1779. "Those persons who had actually settled before January 1, 1778 were allowed to receive 400 acres at \$2.25 per 100 acres; those having settlement rights as described above had the additional right to a preemption of 1,000 acres at State prices-40 cents per acre; those who settled after January 1, 1778 had a preemption right of 400 acres adjoin(ing) their settlement."

It was impossible for a man, even with a large family, to farm 400 or 1,400 acres using oxen or horses so those land owners became Patterson's 'Land Jobbers.' They ^{PUR}up their land up for sale at cheap prices and a huge number of those living in the east began trekking over the mountains to take up land. Many of those settlers were caught on the Boone Trace in the Hard Winter.

"Immigrants came to Kentucky in increasing numbers," Ranck wrote. "A few of the bolder of these newcomers ventured---to the solitary blockhouse at Lexington, 'the forlorn hope of advancing civilization,' and built cabins adjoining the walls." While Ranck writes of the blockhouse there were other small stations established in the area; one of which was the McConnell Station 1 ¼ mile from the blockhouse at the Sinking Springs where Lexington received its name.

Settlers living at Bowman's Station south of the Kentucky River suffered from overcrowding and extremely difficult living conditions. Bringing their horses and cows into the station at night led to a smelly and unsanitary living space. Steven Collins traded his cabin at Bowman's for one at the Lexington Blockhouse. He then traded the horse he rode for a 3 acre plot of growing corn, a cow and a few hogs and some farming implements. His son Josiah said, "Our father purchased a cabin in the Lexington Station---He lost no time removing to it. The day of our arrival, Uncle Elisha Collins went out that morning and by twelve o'clock brought in a horseload of choice Buffalo Meat."

"Our mother was the first to run out and help in the beef. Everyone was busy till a full quantity of this excellent beef was prepared. We had neither bread nor salt and while we were enjoying ourselves our father remarked, 'Well, I thank God Almighty that all our troubles are over.' 'Yes' replied my mother, 'this blockhouse full of gold would not be inducement for me again (to go through) the hardships and anguish of heart and mind which I have suffered the last nine months of my life." It was later said that buffalo walked past the blockhouse every day.

"The fort", says Ranck, "had by this time became a place of importance, had assumed the shape of a parallelogram, two sides of which were formed by the exposed walls of two rows of cabins, the extreme ends of the fort being defended by stockades of sharpened posts fixed securely in the ground and furnished with ports. The pickets and walls were about ten feet high.---Another row of cabins stood in the center of the enclosed place, which was large enough

to shelter, not only the settlers, but also all the livestock which might, at any time, have to be driven in from the reach of the destroying foe."

"One of the saddest tragedies" says Ranch "took place about the first of May. A very young man, brave as he was handsome, and greatly beloved by the settlers, was mortally wounded by a band of savages, who fired on him when he was driving up cows, and pursued him nearly to the fort. He staggered up to the gate, which a pitying and courageous woman who loved him unbarred the gate with her own hands, and covered in blood, he died a few minutes after, clasp in her last fond embrace."

The story of life at the blockhouse was told by Ranck. "With the building of the fort---came also the cutting of the cane, the girdling of the trees and the opening of the land to cultivation; and civilization had never before demanded the sacrifice of the primeval glories and wild beauties of such a region as that of which Kentucky was the center."

"It was such a soil as this that the founders of our city raised the first crop of corn, the only grain cultivated at that time. The surrounding forests abounded in game, and it was an unusual thing for the fort not to be well stocked with the meat of the deer, buffalo, elk, and minor animals. The thick canebreaks, though the chosen retreat of the panther and the wildcat, were thronged with the birds prized by hunters. Provender for the horses and cattle was not wanting. They waded, up to their knees in native clover. They reveled in waving oceans of wild rye and buffalo grass, and grew fat upon the young shoots of the nourishing cane. The earth glowed with the numerous natural flowers, many of which are now rarely, if ever seen here."

"Wild game was the principal food, and that was eaten most of the time without salt, which was seldom made at the 'licks' without loss of life." When Daniel Boone led a salt making party from Boonesborough to the Blue Licks the Shawnee captured Boone and twenty-some men. Ranck continued, "Sugar was made from the maple trees, coffee was unknown, but fine milk supplied its place as long as Indians spared the cows." Indians saw the white man's cows and resented the cows displacing their deer, elk and buffalo. Many a time men went out to bring in the cows for their wives to milk and they found their cows shot full of arrows. Men were lured to their death after an Indian had removed the cowbell from around the cow's neck and lured the men deep into the woods with the tolling of the bell.

"The spring which succeeded the peaceful winter of 1780 as usual brought with it the Indians, small parties of whom almost constantly watched the traces leading to Lexington Station, and the settlers were frequently fired upon. At this time game, and particularly the buffalo, was the chief dependence of the garrison for food, bread being a rare luxury until the corn was fit to be made meal of; and in order to get the much needed game, and at the same time escape the Indians, the hunters found it necessary to start early enough to get out in the woods three of four miles before day, and on their return, to travel a like distance at night."

"Life at the fort in 1780 was more picturesque than easy and delightful. The men 'by turns' stood guard, and kept a sharp lookout for the enemy; while those off guard risked their lives in hunting to supply the garrison with food, cleared the land, planted, plowed, brought in the cows, cooked the meals, prepared the flax, spun, wove, and made the garments of linen or Lindsey, and when corn could be had, ground it into meal at the hand-mill, or pounded it into hominy in the mortar."

"Wooden vessels were in common use as table furniture. A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork. Every hunter carried his knife; it was no less than the implement of a warrior. Not infrequently the rest of the family was left but one or two for the use of all. The cradle was a small rolling trough. A like workmanship composed the table and the stool-a slab was hewn with the axe and sticks of a similar manufacture set in for legs supported both. Buffalo and bear-skins were frequently consigned to the floor for beds and covers."

"When the bed was by chance or refinement elevated above the floor and given a fixed place, it was often laid on slabs placed across poles, supported on forks set in the earthen floor; or, where the floor was puncheons, the bedstead was hewn pieces pinned on upright posts, or let into them by auger holes."

"The now famous Kentucky hunting-shirt was universally worn by the settlers. It was made either of Lindsey or dressed buckskin, and provided with a pocket in the bosom for tow used in cleaning the rifle. Every hunter carried a tomahawk and scalping knife, wore deerskin breeches, moccasins of the same material, and in general a bear skin hat. The little money in circulation was the depreciated Continental paper." To comment on how worthless something was people said, 'it's not worth a Continental.'

Every happening in early day Kentucky was laid at the feet of Daniel Boone; even if he didn't do it. Ranck says "It was from this fort that D. Boone made remarkable shot" killing an Indian "who was kneeling to scalp a settler he had wounded." Boone never made that shot.

Doing historical research there is often multiple accounts of the same event. The writer has to select one account and present it and the selection of the one account isn't easy; I've done it several times in writing of the Elkhorn. I am going to present multiple accounts of the killing of John Wymore and of the killing of the Indian who shot Wymore.

Wymore brought the first pig to the Bluegrass in his hunting bag when the pig was tiny. Dr. Louis Marshall said Wymore was in the Commons and "One day while ploughing as he was about to make the turn of the row, an Indian fired and killed him and was over him, just about to scalp him. Wymore's son ran out of the fort gate, raised his gun and shot the Indian in the forehead. Just before he had time to scalp him. The Indian fell dead across his father. They stepped off the distance from where the son shot, and it was 110 steps, good 110 yards."

"Wymore was the first man killed in Lexington." Caleb Williams said, "He and three others were up the hollow, cutting poles for the fort. They stopped and picked up some nuts and went to cracking them and the Indians fired on them. They shot Wyman through the body. The Indian that was just about to tomahawk him was killed just about the line of the courthouse yard, where it comes opposite to the Northern Bank."

A young boy, William Nibick witnessed the aftermath of the shooting. "We lived in the corner house of the fort---My father was the first that got his gun and got to Wymore. The breath wasn't out of him yet. I stood at the little gate, hanging on my mother's apron and heard the women crying; and directly I saw them bring in Wymore in a sheet that was all bloody; he was hanging on a pole. I recollect the women had all gathered and there seem to be trouble and confusion. Wymore was brought in at the little gate and carried right past our house. After the Indians had shot Wymore, 2 of the Indians pursued. When they came up to him and one gave the other his gun to hold, while he was scalping Wymore. McDaniel shot the one holding the two guns. The scalping was done very quick and then the Indians took the two guns and run."

"One of the settlers named Wymore, having ventured out alone, was killed and scalped by the Indians where the Masonic Hall, on Walnut Street now stands (today the Christian Church on Martin Luther King Street stands there), and another barely escaped a like fate---where he had been waylaid by an Indian, who was awaiting a chance slay him. He discovered his foe barely in time to save his life; shot him just as he was preparing to throw his tomahawk, and carried his reeking scalp to the station."

In his history Collins says "Through a crack in the picketing of the fort, some of the inhabitants witnessed the desperate encounter between John Wymore, Henry McDonald and a third man from the station engaged in wood chopping and five Indians. McDonald killed an Indian, but Wymore was killed. Bent on revenge the same party (of Indians) hung around McConnell's Station, and several days after wounded John Brocky while cutting wood; one of the Indians in turn was shot and wounded by Thomas Stimson."

There are a number of stories about Wymore being with a group of men who ran from the Indians and Wymore fell behind and was then shot. For that reason the poor man carried the nickname 'Slow John Wymore' thereafter.

Here is the last account of the killings. As the Indian leaned over Wymore's body James Masterson shot and killed the Indian. The killing of an Indian was something men were proud of at that time and many a man bore the label of 'Indian Killer' proudly. Masterson carried the fame of having killed the Indian the rest of his life. Ranck says Masterson, "was a straight as an Indian, and devoted to the woodsman's life. Long after Lexington became an important town he continued to dress in the primitive hunter style, and invariably wore his powder horn and carried his rifle. He loved to tell of the dangers which 'threatened the fort' when he was married in it, and the number of deer and buffalo he had killed between it and present 'Ashland', Henry

Clay's home four miles out Richmond Road."

"His walking ability and powers of endurance may be inferred, from the fact that he undertook to go to a point considerably below the Falls of the Ohio and return in a 'day or so', with a big bag of salt. He returned in that time specified with the bag of salt on his back. It was the first used in the fort and was welcomed with a shout. He lived to a great old age."

The killing of Wymore was closely followed by an "attack on Strode's Station, near the present town of Winchester, by a large body of Indians, and the news of this event increased the gloom of Lexington, caused by the anxiety and anticipations of evil. Their forbidding were not without foundation, and were only providentially kept from being realized."

"Suddenly in June, the settlers discovered the woods about the station swarming with Indians, who destroyed their corn, drove off all the horses that were not hurriedly sheltered within the walls of the fort, and then without doing further damage, disappeared as quickly as they had come."

"The astonishment of the alarmed garrison at this unaccountable preceding was increased tenfold on hearing faint but unmistakable reports of distant artillery, the first sound of that kind which had ever awakened the echoes of the dark and bloody ground."

The Revolutionary War had been fought for five years at that time and there were men in the fort who had witnessed what artillery could do to men or forts. They knew the flimsy wooden walls of the forts in Kentucky could not withstand cannon fire. The cannon would blow holes in the walls through which the Indians would storm to massacre men, women and children.

A local historian, Maude Lafferty wrote of the fort saying it "seems to have been a large, rambling, poorly kept station, but with a great spring within its walls and a garrison of Virginia gentlemen who were not only shrewd and courageous, but cultured and refined, protecting the fort against Indian cruelties, while laying foundations for a future city of educational renown." Much of this poppycock of cultured and refined Virginia gentlemen will be examined later.

"Anxious but determined, the little force remained closely within the stockade, with ready rifles, watching and wondering day and night until all was explained, and the dark cloud lifted by the arrival, footsore and hungry, of the brave Captain John Hinkston, who had just escaped from the retreating Indians, who constituted a large part of the formidable force under Colonel Bird, during his celebrated invasion of Kentucky. Captain Hinkston gave the settlers the first news of the capture of Ruddle's and Martin's Stations both of which were distant only a few hours march from Lexington."

The British invasion plan had been to take small cannon to each fort or station in Kentucky and batter down the wooden walls and capture the forts. When Ruddle's Station and then Martin's Stations surrendered the Indians massacred some of the people captured. Colonel Bird

was so sickened by what he saw he gave up his plans to attack other stations and retreated back across the Ohio. To be fair Colonel Bird protected many of those captives he took to Ohio and many of them returned to Kentucky in the following years.

The famed General George Rogers Clark called out the militia in 1780 for a "defensive raid to the Indian villages." Steven Collins and his brothers went as part as part of the Lexington Company. Colonel Ben Logan assembled the men at Bryan's Spring and marched them down to the mouth of the Licking River where he was joined by a force under Colonel Linn from Louisville. Skiffs transported cannon, provisions and military store up the Little Miami River. The assembled thousand man force cut a path through the woods to village of Chillicothe on the Little Miami River where they found the Indian village burning as the Indians had set it on fire before abandoning it.

Three times men responded to Clark's summons taking the men away from the blockhouse. Asa Farrar said the "Town grew slowly---as Clark's annual campaigns across the Ohio River took most of the young men (who then) couldn't clear land or raise crops. There was not over 100 men in Lexington at this time. As many as we could get were employed two days in clearing out the roads---There was one Burr Oak so large we couldn't get a saw large enough to run through. Had to cut each side to let the saw in. Have no doubt the tree was four feet over. There was a forest of Burr Oak and Black walnut" These magnificent trees were cut down, rolled into a pile and set on fire. What a waste.

The men at the blockhouse knew it was unable to withstand even the fire from small cannon so Colonel Todd sought to construct one that would. Bettye Lee Mastin has written that the new fort could not be built where the old one had stood as "the terrain forced the move: gullies and ravines left no room for a large fort built on a line from the original location of the blockhouse" She says the blockhouse was moved and became part "of the rectangular stockade that stretched diagonally from south of Main (Street) to the north side." Until 1981 the old Purcell and Montgomery Ward Stores sat on this site at Main and Mill Streets; it is now the Vine Center.

It costs money to build a fort and Colonel Todd wanted Virginia, not those in Kentucky, to pay for the fort. There were a number of Patriots in the Revolution who paid to feed and supply the troops serving under them and were not repaid by ungrateful government bodies. George Rogers Clark died in poverty as a broken old man without being repaid for the funds he'd put out to equip and feed his troops.

Colonel Todd's 'Request for Appropriation' was sent to Virginia's Governor Thomas Jefferson and opened with, 'May it please your Excellency:

Todd pointed out that "The inhabitants of Fayette County have been so harassed this spring by Indians that I was for some time apprehensive that the county we'd be evacuated as panicks of

that kind have proved very catching and the fate of the neighboring garrison at Licking last year was fresh in their minds. The only plan I could devise to prevent it and sufficiently secure the provisions laid up at Bryant's and this place, was to build a new fort upon a very advantageous situation, at this place and make it proof against swivels and small artillery, which so terrify our people, I laid off the fort upon the simplest form of a Quadrangle and divided the work equally among four of our most pushing men."

The "four pushing men" were John Morrison, Robert Patterson, William McConnell and William Martin. Each of these men were assigned "a Bastion" and authorized "to employ workers from this and neighboring stations, and ensuring them of their pay myself. On the Faith of such assurance, considerable sums of money have been lent and advanced, to the workmen, so that the work in about twenty days has nearly been completed in a workman like manner."

To keep the workers at their task, "Rewards in Liquor to the men proved Powerful incentive to industry." There was a second account not presented to Governor Jefferson that says, "21 quarts of liquor is charged as having been furnished the workmen at \$100.00 per quart (in Continental money) and \$50.00 a day allowed the laboring men, over 500 days labor bestowed, beside the gate and magazine." Both "John (and his brother) Levi Todd are credited with several days personal labor." It can be assumed that they drank their share of those 21 quarts of liquor.

The Request for Appropriation ended with Todd's best effort to justify the spending on the fort and a plea to be reimbursed for the loan he had taken out. "It is vain for me to assure your Excellency that Diligence and Economy have been used in this Business, as the work so abundantly proves it. I believe four times the expenses never before made for the Public a work equal to this." Todd must have thought mentioning having built such an excellent fort would surely convince Jefferson to authorize repayment of the loan. Todd must have been reimbursed for he continued to spend money on other projects.

There was a folk tale of Patterson's blockhouse being under siege when Colonel Bird overwhelmed Ruddle's and Martin's Station but that never happened. The new cannon proof fort was never attacked but that did not mean that the Indians avoided the area.

The pioneer woman, Jane Gay Stevenson, and her husband and two daughters came to the frontier and she said, "We came to Lexington in October 1779. It had been settled the previous April. There was every sort of person there as that's what took us away. We had no notion of raising our children among that sort of people." She seems to be saying she didn't find any 'refined and cultured Virginia gentlemen' in the fort.

She told, "Francis McConnell was the first man I knew when I got to Lexington. I had known the McConnell's in Pennsylvania. We went down to McConnell's Station 2nd of April 1780. It took its name from Francis McConnell." There was a graveyard at the station when she arrived. The Indians had been active.

The Indians didn't always kill or wound the settlers. They also took prisoners when they could. These captives faced various fates. Some were adopted into the tribe as Daniel Boone had been; some were burned at the stake; some were held for ransom by the Indians; others were taken to Detroit and sold to the British and wound up as semi-slaves to French-Canadians in Quebec before being ransomed back to their loved ones. This could take years.

The pioneer Patrick Scott told, "McConnell was taken I have understood, right in the fork Town Fork and Wolf Creek comes together: There by Isaac Cunningham, right where the mill dam is now."

One of the seemingly endless number of the Collins family, Joel Collins told of the capture of Alexander McConnell who was an express rider riding from station to station. "The Indians shot his horse under him, tied his hands behind his back, and drove him on the run to their hiding place on the Licking. A scouting party from the station found the dead horse, so we knew he was a prisoner. I was only a little fellow about eight years old, but I remember yet the rumpus at the station the week after his capture, when some of our men, who were in a field nearby, saw a wretched object, with a few rags around him, coming towards them. They halted him with their rifles up at sight, when he called to them, 'I am Alex McConnell', I never can forget how the women and we youngsters run, and how we crowded around after he had something to eat, to hear his story."

"He had been with them three days when he got away. That third night, when the Indians were sleeping, he managed to slip his hands out of the thongs (he had mighty small hands). Then he untied his legs from the stakes to which they were fastened, and got hold of the Indian guns. One by one he pulled them over to him. He put one gun on each knee, with the muzzle almost touching the heads of the two nearest him; then, as soon as he fired, he snatched up the loaded rifles one by one, and killed three more."

"He thought he marked some of the skunks that got away; but they run so fast he wasn't sure, and he had no time to lose looking as they were on the other side of the Ohio. He had to do his best to get over to this side by daylight. He picked out a splendid tomahawk and the best rifle, broke the locks of the others, and got back to the station without meeting either Indians or white men."

Alexander McConnell survived one encounter with the Indians but then was killed at The Battle of the Blue Licks. The teller of this tale, Joel Collins would himself face the Indians across the Ohio in 1791.

There were casualties close to Francis McConnell's Station. In March of 1781, "Indians wounded James Wiley at Francis McConnell's Station."

"A small party of Indians---killed a young man (David Hunter), as he was passing from

McConnell's Station on Town Fork a mile below Lexington. When he got near the fort at Lexington, he was shot with several balls and scalped. The men rushed out from the fort with guns, but the Indian escaped into the canebreaks."

A hunter whose name hasn't come down to us was killed in Boswell Woods where one day the Lexington Cemetery would be. There were others killed in outlying areas and I have written about them in other parts of this book.

"The settlers killed by the Indians," says Ranck, "were sadly and reverently carried by an armed band of their surviving companions along the cow-paths which extended by the side of the fort, on to what the garrison called the 'first hill' now known as the Baptist Churchyard on Main Street." The huge First Baptist Church now covers what was the graveyard where the fallen men were laid to rest.

In 1782 the Virginia Legislature came up with a plan to 'Put a Roof over Kentucky.' This plan would have six to seven hundred regular troops manning forts at the mouth of the Licking River, opposite present-day Cincinnati; Limestone Creek at present-day Maysville; the Kentucky River at present-day Carrollton and at Louisville. Two gunboats would patrol the Ohio River to deter the Indians from crossing the Ohio River. General Clark, commander of all Kentucky, modified this plan by placing all troops in Louisville. This angered Colonel Todd who thought a fort at the mouth of the Kentucky River was near any route the Indians would take to raid central Kentucky; plus it would be easier to deliver supplies to the troops stationed at the mouth of the Kentucky by shipping them by boats down the Kentucky River which was close to Lexington.

Just one gunboat was built at a time as the only man capable of building boats was tending to a sick son. The gun-boat had gunwales (sides of the boat) four feet high out of the water and atop that was a 'false gunwale' on hinges that could be raised to make a bulletproof wall so that the boat could, 'lay within pistol shot of the shore without the least danger' of being shot from the shore. General Clark had wanted to mount a 'two pounder' (the weight of the cannonball shot from the cannon), six four pounders and a six pounder on the boat but he didn't have enough cannon so there were only a few cannon on the boat.

This gunboat had sails which were rigged with ropes made of water-soaked pawpaw bark but sailing a boat on a narrow river was difficult so the gunboat was actually a row-galley with forty-six oars which propelled the seventy-six foot long boat. The boat carried 110 men but the 'Marines' on the boat thought of themselves as fighting men and they would not row the boat. General Clark ordered Colonel Todd to send forty militiamen under Captain Robert Patterson to row the boat.

On the trip up to man the boat which was moored at the Big Bone Lick Captain Patterson was repulsed by the foul mouth of Private Aaron Reynolds. Patterson told Reynolds that if he would give up his swearing he would give Reynolds a supply of whiskey. Reynolds received his

supply of whiskey and formed an admiration of Patterson which would result in his saving Patterson's life at the Battle of the Blue Licks.

The militiamen under Patterson took one look at the gun-boat and realized it would be heavy work rowing the unwieldy boat. They were soldiers and not sailors and they would be dammed if they would row the boat. Their Term of Active Duty wasn't expired but they left the boat and went home. Regular soldiers had to man the oars and as they rowed upstream they were spotted by the Indian scouts of a large invading force led by a British officer. Earlier, these scouts had reported that there were too many soldiers at Louisville for a successful attack there. So they slipped across the river and in two days lay outside the wooden walls of Bryan's Station.

The men from Lexington rushed out to help defend Bryan's Station and then went off to the Blue Licks. Patterson's wife, Elizabeth Lindsey Patterson, told of the six days of terror in the fort after the men left. "Myself and other women, knowing of the atrocities committed by the savages upon captive women, were determined to die in defense of the stockade, rather than surrender. We were on night relief duty all the month to keep men on duty (during the day) awake; other men to sleep unless called in emergencies."

"Within the Lexington stockade during this trying time, while alarm and excitement were intense, perfect order prevailed, though none could sleep, though dread of the little ones as well as our own selves. The older women were trained for this, and stationing us all as sentries at the loop holes, rifles loaded, even half grown girls having places, instructed for action in emergency. Some had skill as marksmen, others, timid, but all standing at their posts, some to load rifles as others fired. Through the long night this guard was kept, and the signals of relief came from the wounded men lying in the line of woods outside rifle range, a waiting the break of day, fearing the women in the fort might be further terrorized at suspicions of a presence of a treacherous foe."

"Wives were called to assist the wounded into the fort, and news came to others of the death of a husband or son in the blood combat. The scenes of mourning and distress were heart rendering as the bodies were borne in." Elizabeth was dreading to hear that her husband was among the dead or wounded but good news came. "I had messages from my husband from those wounded but did not see him until the second day after the battle of the Blue Licks, but had a note from him saying, 'I commanded the second line in Todd's battle and am safe, with love to you all. Joseph was killed.'" Joseph Lindsey was Elizabeth's brother who was the first man to claim land on Town Branch.

"I well remember the Blue Lick Defeat" said Josiah Collins, "Ben Netherland was the first man to get into the fort. I was standing near the gate that leads into the fort; he came riding in and hollered that our men were all killed or wounded. The women all ran out screaming and crying and clapping their hands. There were made 32 widows in the

fort that day."

Josiah Collins would be one of the men who went up to the Blue Licks to bury the dead. On another occasion he would go out with Daniel Boone to bury Daniel's brother Ned who had been killed by the Indians. I have been to the marker erected where Ned was killed. I was some distance from my car taking a picture of the marker when a pack of big, loud and aggressive dogs came running my way. I reached the car safely.

The fort at Lexington was never attacked but those living there were always uneasy. "Aunt Nancy" Lee was an ex-slave who lived to be 107 years old. She had been seven years old when she lived at the fort and recalled "that the Indians would steal black folks in a minute." Indians indeed did steal 'black folks' which they sold or traded to white men willing to buy cheap slaves.

"Twice the citizens of Lexington" said Asa Farrar, "went into the fort from fear of Indians. One report was there were 300 Indians at the (Great) Crossings." The report wasn't true.

Robert Patterson helped build a Presbyterian Church where men set during service with rifles in their laps for fear of an Indian attack.

Men continued to leave Lexington to go on expeditions across the Ohio River. In October 1790 forces under General Harmar clashed with the Indians. Some of the Kentucky troops fought well and others didn't. These scattered fights are called Harmar's Defeat.

Companies of militiamen were sent out to discover any Indians that might attack the settlers. George Fearis said he was, "Drafted at Lexington into a company---under Capt. Jos. McMurthy. They were divided into three companies. One at the mouth of the Kentucky under the captain; one at Big Bone Lick under the lieutenant, I think named Williams; the other at a point between the Kentucky (River) and Louisville. Three sets were picked out in each company to spy. They went out at daybreak, camped overnight and returned the 2nd night from an opposite direction. The company rendezvoused the 1st day of March 1791. Was drafted for two months, but had to stay ½ month longer till we were relieved by another company.

It was in 1791 that Joel Collins enlisted in "a packhorse brigade" at the age of sixteen. The packhorse men were on the move constantly taking supplies to the forts on the Miami River in Ohio. While the pack train was camped outside of Fort Hamilton, the Shawnee under Chief Little Turtle made a night attack on the pack train. Joel and his comrades fought all night. With coming of dawn the artillery men in the fort could see to fire their cannon and they drove the Shawnee away.

The young Joel was lucky in that he wasn't with General St. Clair that sad day on November 4, 1791. I've already written of the 600 plus men and women killed in 'St. Clair's Defeat.'

Having sent two has-been generals to fight the Indians President George Washington sent a real soldier; "Mad Anthony" Wayne. Asa Kemper told, "When General Wayne formed an army in Ohio he had need of a large number of horses and he found them here. One man said, 'There was never any money in the country, 'till Wayne's Army came out and he bo't (bought) all the horses up and we had a fine lot of them in Kentucky then; the good for the cavalry, the poor for packhorses; \$40 was the highest price for a packhorse."

The famous Mad Anthony Wayne came and inspected troops on Broadway Street in Lexington. In the winter of 1793-1794 two squadrons of United States Dragoons (Cavalry) under Major Wilson camped on Colonel Lewis Campbell's farm six miles south of Lexington. Soldiers fascinate young boys and the ten year old Lewis Sanders was drawn to the Dragoons. "I visited this camp in mar. 1794, and remember it as a neat camp, arranged for man and beast. This squadron was in battle with the Indians in the territory of Ohio under the command of General Anthony Wayne."

The Battle of Fallen Timbers was fought on August 20, 1794 and Mad Anthony Wayne's troops shattered the Indian force. This led to a treaty wherein the Indians surrendered much of their land. There was a peace for over fifteen years. This peace had been brought by the death of many of those who came to Kentucky. Carlyon Murray-Wooley made a list of one family and the men the family lost fighting Kentucky's early battles:

All three of the McConnell brothers who came to the Town Branch fought in the Revolutionary Army. "Francis and William joined their Dunlap kinsmen and fought in the war in North Carolina, where Francis and Colonel Dunlap were killed in the Battle of Guilford Courthouse on March 14, 1781. Ensign Francis McConnell (nephew of William) was killed by Indians at Harrodsburg on April 29, 1777. James McConnell and another William McConnell (a nephew) were killed on their way to defend Bryan's Station in August 1782. Andrew McConnell and yet another James McConnell were killed at the battle of Blue Licks (the last battle of the Revolution) on August 19, 1782. James McConnell, brother of Andrew, was killed while moving to Field's Station near Danville." Other McConnell's served and died in the western territory at places like the River Raisin, and the Battle of the Thames."

All these men died defending Kentucky and none of them were 'refined and cultured Virginia gentlemen'.

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CHAPTER THREE

21

Writing of the Town Branch Maude Lafferty would say, "A rude blockhouse on its banks grew into a station; the station grew into a log hamlet and the log hamlet grew into a beautiful city---noted for its educational advantages, its luxurious living and its lavish hospitality." The following chapters tell of the city's growth.

The first jail was a log hut built two years before the first Courthouse in 1780. The second jail was built in 1790 and was 32 feet long by 25 feet and set on Limestone Street just above Short Street. There was a fire in 1819 and the old jail was replaced by a two story stone and brick one named for the Jailor Thomas B, Megowan. This was used until 1891. There was a workhouse/poorhouse close by where people unable to support themselves were placed.

"There was but one hewed log house in Lexington," Asa Kemper said, "That was on the hill, one Smith, a Dutchman lived there." Captain Joseph Taylor also saw Smith's home, "It was---the only shingle roof house in Lexington. The end stood facing Main Street, about 40 steps from the fort."

In 1784 Robert Patterson built a cabin for his wife. This cabin was later shipped to Dayton, Ohio and then put on a train and brought back to Lexington. It now sits on the grounds of Transylvania University.

The courthouse was built in 1782, the same year of the Battle of Blue Licks. Asa Kemper said, "The courthouse was built of logs, rived with the whipsaw. The other houses were all cabins." Six years later a two story stone courthouse was built on the present site of the courthouse. This remained till 1806 when it was razed for the 3rd courthouse.

All travelers coming over the Boone Trace from the east came through Lexington even if they were moving to Western Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. In 1787 David Couch said, "Lexington bore the crack of the best part of Ky. Everybody wasn't satisfied till they saw it." Travelers headed to other states camped at the Manchester Springs, today's Manchester Street along the Town Branch. Here travelers swapped horses, bought dry goods, groceries, powder, lead, medicines, coffee, tea and other supplies.

Any product that could not be made or grown in the area had to be brought in by packhorses. Pack horse peddlers crossed the mountains and made their way to the thin line of houses along the Town Branch. There they would rent a room and scatter their goods on the floor of the make-do store. Latecomers had to set up shop in the open air of a side street or outside the tiny village.

The first true storekeeper was of French descent and his unpronounceable name was rendered as January. In Charles Staples book on Lexington he said Peter "January had the

only store there. You could have put it all in one wagon. If there had been much buying, 2 or 3 families would have bought it out. But it was hard to get the goods there and it cost so much at first that there were few buyers."

There were travelers who were impressed by what Lexington could become and they decided to stay and those along the Town Branch began to see themselves as a city. To help advertise the city's presence a lot was granted in 1787 to "Mr. John Bradford on condition that the printing press be established in the town of Lexington." John's brother Fielding Bradford went to Philadelphia and bought a small printing press. Kentucky's first newspaper, The Kentucky Gazette, was printed the 11th of August, 1787 in the back room of the two story courthouse. Then in 1795 it moved to the Market House on Main Street where it ran for forty years. "The first booklet printed was the Kentucky Almanac for 1788, of which no known copies that exist. There are two known copies of the 1794 Almanac."

As the population grew many of the new comers lacked either the time or the skills to hunt so they bought their meat from market hunters. In 1788 prices were 1 ½ cents a pound for buffalo meat and 15 cents apiece for turkeys. Farmers received 2 cents a pound for beef, potatoes were 50 cents a bushel, and flour brought five dollars a barrel. Flour was milled at gristmills which sat on the banks of the Town Branch.

Throughout the Kentucky frontier one of the first business enterprises were tiny water-powered gristmills. Most of these were failures as there were too many of them and the creeks they were built on did not flow enough water in the dry season to turn the creaking waterwheels which powered the mill. The Town Branch on the other hand flowed a constant stream and men envisioned not only mills to grind grain but an entire industrial complex on the stream's banks. What was holding back the development was the lack of transportation. The pack horses could not bring enough goods in nor carry finished products out. A better means of transportation was needed.

The first wagon near Lexington was likely the two wheel cart of James Wasson in 1780. His wagon had solid wheels cut from the trunk of a tree. Most such wheels came from hickory, gum or white oak trees. The bed was set on a solid axle and despite the liberal use of pine tar to grease the axle the wheels screeched something fearful. Surprisingly these wagons could last for years. Many Lexington merchants ran ads in the Gazette seeking to hire packhorses and wagons:

May 21, 1788 John Clark "wants to hire packhorses and wagons to go to Bullit's Lick for salt."

August 30, 1788 Hugh Millvain, "wants to hire wagon and teams to go to Bullit's Lick for salt."

On the 5th of May 1790 and again on the 4th of May 1792 "Robert Wood, Lexington, wants to hire wagons to haul salt."

On the 12th of January 1792 William Chenowith's ad was "regarding items stolen from a wagon at Owens's Tavern between Lexington and Bryan's Station. Deliver items to Andrew Holmes, merchant, in Lexington."

Wagons were in use in the Bluegrass but most goods brought into Lexington came in on the backs of horses. Mules were not in use or even in this country until after President George Washington retired and began breeding mules on his extensive plantation in Virginia. Files of packhorses in groups of 10 to 15 trudged over the mountains sharing the trail with livestock being driven to market in the east. The French Botanist Micheaux wrote of "the great droves of cattle and horses being sent to the Southern states." A traveler named Cummings wrote of passing "a drove of 130 cows and oxen, which one Johnson was driving from Lexington."

A man named Robert Barr wrote the wealthy Kentucky Senator John Breckenridge urging him to convince members of Congress from South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky, "To consult upon some plan of opening a communication between Kentucky & Savanna (sic) & Charleston, which by a good and direct road to the (head of boat) navigation on the Savanna (sic) River.---A great diversion of our trade to eastern ports, a constant supply of Cordage, hemp & horses: sometime hence Mules, stall- fed beef, Pork etc are advantages which might be pointed out to them."

He pressed hard for a wagon road saying, "A wagon load of hemp, cord, butter, cheese or tallow, would pay for the return of the wagons with the merchandises (sic) employed in exporting produce,---our own wagons---might return loaded with merchandise. (sic)"

His plan was presented to the President but nothing came of the plan. The road had to wait until Kentucky became a state in 1792. The Market House was converted into Kentucky's first Statehouse. The first governor, Isaac Shelby, was in Danville and was to be escorted to the Statehouse for his inauguration by Lexington's Horse Troop. Veteran's of the Revolution, which Shelby was, sought to honor their fallen comrades and Shelby's comrade had been Captain Cader Edwards, a man who could speak French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian.

The men of Eastern Tennessee were on their way to the Battle of King's Mountain when Edwards was knocked from his horse. He was able to remount and participate "in all the charges, and was in the advance that captured the British encampment", at Kings Mountain. Later that night his strength failed him but managed the grueling two hundred mile ride back home. He never fully recovered and died from his injuries.

"In honor of his dead friend, Governor Shelby asked the captain's widow, if he could borrow his horse, saddle and pistols that he had used during the battle. She granted him permission, and he proceeded to use them during the inaugural procession." He gave his inaugural speech from the Market House's second story.

I wrote the Shelby-Edwards story to highlight the closeness of the veterans. With few exceptions the men who governed or held any political office in Kentucky had ties stemming from their service in the Revolution or in the Indian fighting on the frontier. These men's fighting spirit descended through many generations. Kentuckians stepped forward to fight wars on the frontier or overseas. This fighting spirit didn't start to fade until the war in Vietnam.

One of his first acts had Governor Shelby proposing a commission of five men to select a State Capital. The vote was tied and Robert Todd, thinking a vote for Lexington would be seen as favoritism voted for Frankfort. Lexington would fight to have the Capital moved back to here until 1900. The abandoned Statehouse was put to a better use and became a library housing 750 books.

When the State of Kentucky announced that it would pay to have a road built from the Cumberland Gap to Lexington there was a scramble to gain the contract. The man who had cut the first road through the gap and into Kentucky felt he should have the contract. Daniel Boone had fallen on hard times. Like many pioneers he lost most of the lands he had 'improved.' Henry Clay was a 'sharp' lawyer who sued Daniel Boone as Boone lost his lands. Boone didn't have the right connections to gain the contract.

The Wilderness Road built in 1797 did not follow Boone's original Trace. Yet even today Boone's Trace, sometimes called the Wilderness Trace, is confused with the Wilderness Road. The new road wasn't much of a road. Wagons sometimes became hung up on stumps left in the middle of the road. Wagons carried huge jacks to lift themselves off of stumps or out of the deep mud holes. Wagons were small and could carry just one ton of cargo. Despite a legend of a Conestoga wagon being seen on the streets of Lexington as early 1789 the Conestoga wagons, which could haul five tons of cargo, these wagons did not come over the 1797 road.

The new road had been cut over the objections of horse breeders who raised the horses they sold to the pack horse men as they thought they would have no market for their horses. The packhorse men, who once control^d the flow of goods over the mountains, objected as they feared the loss of jobs. Men of "The Pack Road" or "The Tote Road" had many encounters over who had the right-of-way on the new road. Drivers of family type single horse 'gigs' dreaded meeting a string of coarse packhorse men as they would force them off the road. Those who expressed any resentment of this treatment would face a fistfight. When cargo wagons were met they were seldom driven off the road as teamsters

were just as tough as the packhorse men.

As the wagons rattled along the rough road the teamsters looked for pastures near springs so they could water their horses before turning them out at night to graze. Raccoon Springs down in Laurel County was a favorite camping spot. Farmers accused the teamsters of taking fruit from their orchards and chickens from their coops. The teamsters were not above taking rails from the farmer's rail fences to burn in their campfires. Men set around the fires exchanging tales until they turned in for the night.

A small wagon had come down to Lexington from Limestone (Maysville) and the Smith Wagon Road was named for the wagon's owner. This road was insignificant for many years. In time it became a road extending down to Nashville, Tennessee. The famed Conestoga wagons did come down this road. In the years to come a road capable of handling heavy wagons was developed down to the Cumberland River area of Kentucky and Tennessee. A Mr. Barkley reported standing outside his house at Higbee Mills and watched as up to a hundred wagons a day filled with cotton came up the Harrodsburg Road. This 'Cumberland Cotton' was made into 'Kentucky jean material' which was sold to the Southern plantation owners to cloth their slaves.

The roads were soon of secondary importance as water transportation came to the fore. The Town Branch was spouting mills all along its course. Gristmills ground barrels of cornmeal and flour; there was a mill where sulphur, charcoal and saltpeter were ground into gunpowder. Hemp grown on the farms was processed into ropes, necessary for sailing ships, at rope works. Tobacco was packed into huge barrels called hogsheads, whiskey was distilled and barreled. All these products needed an outlet; a market where they could be sold. There was such a possible market; it was called New Orleans.

There had been a handful of traders take canoe loads of furs down to New Orleans but no one knew how the Spanish, who controlled New Orleans, would react to a massive influx of Kentucky's products. One of the early land seekers, John May, wrote to a friend back east. "As the Spaniards are in procession of all the lower parts of Mississippi, I purpose---to make a voyage down the River to see what Sort of Navigation we shall have: There is at present an excellent Market for all kinds of Goods at the Falls: And there shortly (will) be a strong Garrison 500 miles below on the River (Natchez Mississippi), the supplying of w(h)ich would be an Object worth your attention, especially as it could be done without being back into the dangerous part of the River: I propose to carry down Skins and Furs to pay my Expenses---I mean to undertake this voyage."

Before May could take his voyage he was killed by Indians yet he had pointed the way for others. A flatboat could be loaded on the Kentucky River, floated down to the Ohio River and then the Mississippi River to New Orleans. All it would take was for one man to step forward.

The captain of the first uniformed militia company west of the Appalachians was the Revolutionary soldier Captain James Wilkinson. At least two major books, I have them both, were written about Wilkinson. The title of one of the books will give a clue as to the men's character. It is "An Artist In Treason." He was the vilest, slimmest, most disgusting historical personages in American history. He was also the man that helped develop Lexington into a successful city. I will expand on what Wilkinson accomplished in my book "Boats on the Kentucky River."

Taking two flatboat loads of merchandise Wilkinson set forth knowing the Spaniards dreaded the oncoming flood of settlers who had swept the Indians from their ancestral lands and would have little remorse in displacing the Spaniards. Wilkinson charmed the officials in New Orleans who made him a paid "Secret Agent 13", and allowed him to trade in New Orleans. He could "import on his own account, to New Orleans, free of duty, all the production of Kentucky."

The highly successful Wilkinson came back to Lexington with a fancy coach and built a fine home at 581 Main Street between Broadway and Jefferson. The house was the first in Lexington to have panes of glass. His wife dressed in the finest of clothes and gave parties to which "the entire better sort" came. Wilkinson was a charming man and every one sought to do business with him if for nothing else the business they sought to do in New Orleans. Every trader reaching New Orleans had to pay a tariff of 25% on his cargo unless he was a "Favorite Trader" and then the tariff was only 15%; a savings of 10%. It was easy to become a Favorite Trader; any partner of Wilkinson's was a Favorite Trader.

Bribes were paid to Wilkinson to become "Partners" for the saying went, "A line ~~for~~^{to} him (Wilkinson) was always sufficient to ensure the owner of a boat every privilege he could desire of the Spanish." Wilkinson built up resentment amongst the merchants but they put out the bribe money to him. The Spanish at New Orleans had one thing that the merchants desired above all else. The Spanish paid for goods in silver; hard money, not the nearly worthless paper money circulating in Kentucky.

A merchant could purchase a 65 by 14 foot flatboat for under two hundred dollars and then load it with whiskey, salt pork, salt peter, bale rope, bar iron, flour, cornmeal and countless other farm products; all purchased at a fraction of the price it would bring at New Orleans. They hired a crew of four or five; paying them 35 dollars apiece for the trip downriver. The crew would walk back or in some cases ride skinny Spanish mules carrying a load of the precious silver. Robbers could be a problem for unwary traveler on the Natchez Trace.

In 1789 Wilkinson fitted out a small fleet for his second trip. His fleet "consists of 25 large boats, some of which carry three pounders, and all of them swivels, manned by 150 hands, brave and well armed, to fight their way down the Ohio and Mississippi into the gulph of Mexico." There was still a chance of Indian attack on the rivers and white river pirates would attack solitary flatboats.

There were many ways for a merchant to lose money by sending boats down the rivers. Boats could run into sunken logs which ripped holes in the hulls causing the boats to sink. If the rivers froze the ice could crush the boat. Flood waters could hurl a boat into a bank. A careless crew cooking a meal could set a boat on fire. There were crews who sold the boats' cargo and drank up the voyages profit. There were countless ways to lose money by shipping goods by boat. As luckless merchants would discover one of the surest ways to lose money was to become a 'Real' partner with Wilkinson.

Farmers who assigned their products to Wilkinson expected to be paid after the cargo was sold. Merchants who paid farmers upfront and bought the boats and paid the crew to take the boats to market expected to share the profits with Wilkinson; who put up little, if anything, to pay for the cargo or the boats. The merchants expected to share the profits with Wilkinson. Therein lay their mistake.

Silver indeed came up the Natchez Trace to Lexington. General Samuel Hopkins wrote of Spanish specie being sent to Kentucky and Tennessee on the backs of seventy mules and horses. Silver coins of many nations circulated in New Orleans. The Louis from France, Rix dollars from Holland, Ducats from Austria, Prussian Fredrick's, Italian Lires, Portuguese Crusadores, Indian Rupees and of course Spanish Silver Dollars. Blacksmiths would cut the coins into small pieces, called 'pieces of eight.' Tricky blacksmiths could cut nine pieces from a coin thereby making him a tidy profit. My buddy, Don Vickers used his metal detector at the site of an old inn south of Lexington and found a handful of pieces of eight.

The Lexington merchants were few in number and charged high prices which required them to extend credit to their customers trusting that they would receive payment when crops were sold. The merchants had themselves bought their merchandise on credit from Philadelphia and had to repay their loans in one year or face foreclosure. The merchants repaid their loans by sending a fall shipment of silver the 650 miles to Philadelphia. One merchant was said to have sent 100 pounds of silver by pack horse in 1803. Michaeux wrote that, "I have seen convoys of this kind (silver laden packhorses) consisting of 15 to 20 horses."

Large convoys were seldom bothered but one or two packhorses could draw the attention of robbers. When the wide-ranging Methodist Bishop Asbury died he willed his horse, books and clothes to Bishop McKendee who lived in the East. Jacob Young was taking these items across the mountains and faced the perils many travelers encountered. He told of his adventures, "The books and clothes were packed into two valises, buckled together by two leather straps, and laid across his (Asbury's) old pack-saddle. There was another valise buckled behind the saddle, and all handsomely covered by a large bearskin. I rode my own horse and led the bishop's."

He stated that his equipment resembled that of those who carried silver and after he got into the mountains he was overtaken by a couple of men who inquired as to where he was

headed and where he was from. They suggested that he seemed to have plenty of money in his packs. Young quickly told them that his packages contained Bishop Asbury's books, papers and clothes which had been willed to Bishop McKendee. One of the ^{men} asked, "Is Bishop Asbury dead?" Being told he was he then remarked, "I have seen and heard him preach in my father's house." The men rode off; "much disappointed."

Well-to-do families in the Blue Grass used the silver not sent back east to convert to silver sets of spoons, forks, knives and tea sets. This 'Coin Silver' was a status symbol showing everyone that this family had made so much they could melt down money to eat with. Pioneers and common folks had bowls made of dogwood and eating utensils made of wood and a few had pewter spoons. Silver spoons came in two sizes. Tea spoons were much smaller than modern ones and tablespoons were much larger than today. There were salt spoons, stuffing spoons and ladle spoons of different sizes. Spoons were the primary flatware in Kentucky as forks did not appear until after 1820. It took thirty Spanish dollars to make a soup or punch ladle. I don't know how many silver dollars it took to make other items.

Silversmiths on Cheapside Street on the east side of the courthouse melted down the silver. The earliest and most versatile Lexington silversmith was Edward West. Alexander McConnell was the first native born one. Daniel Boone's nephews William and Israel Grant were silversmiths. In 1811 David Sayre walked barefooted all the way from Maysville to Lexington. He took over the silver business from the Woodruffs and prospered. In 1820 he started the Sayre Bank.

One Lexington man was said to have made out a will that stated his silverware would pass down to his daughter and her children but if she never had children the silver set would pass down to his son's daughter. Families were very proud of their silver sets and wanted then kept in the family and many were.

Many of the ante-bellum mansions throughout the South offer tours. I have gone to many of them and the guides take pleasure in showing the fabulous silver sets on the huge dining tables. I was on tour with my friends Buck, Sherrie and the lovely Mollie when the female guide pointed to the silver set and said the lady of the house had been given the set by her friend, Henry Clay. The four of us had difficulty stifling an outburst of laughter. Henry Clay had had many 'Lady Friends.'

Counterfeit money wasn't always paper. The first settler of Winchester was named Crossthwait, and he was passing counterfeit silver coins that were made by William Wilcox, a blacksmith. When caught Crossthwait received a light sentence; Wilcox didn't. A traveler, Needham Parry was in Lexington and wrote:

"This day, about 12 o'clock, the condemned prisoner, Wm. Wilcox, whose sentence was to be hanged for knowingly passing, and trying to take in partners to pass counterfeit---, was

brought from prison, and drawn to the gallows in a wagon, the distance of about half-mile, guarded by about 100 foot (men) and 50 horsemen, and attended by a numerous concourse of people, supposed to be 7 or 8000 at least, but numbers say ten 000. When he came there, his wife and children met him, which to be a spectator of was a very moving scene. However when he was under the gallows, while a sermon was preached, he received his reprieve from the Governor, to the satisfaction of many of the spectators, though not nearly all."

The merchants needed the silver to repay loans and the farmers needed it to retain their farms. Their fate was in the hands of Wilkinson. John Ballinger was working for Wilkinson when he brought a pack train of coins in small kegs up the Natchez Trace. He would say, "I arrived at Frankfort and delivered the money to Gen. Wilkinson in the presence of many people who were expecting it. Most of them were farmers who were much disappointed because the entire shipment of money had not been sent."

The reason the entire shipment of silver had not been sent was that Wilkinson had diverted the silver to one of the many schemes he always had going to enrich himself. So farmers lost money and farms and merchants went bankrupt but Wilkinson done well. He would leave Lexington and then leave Frankfort as he had built up a substantial number of men he had ruined. Kentucky was still close to her frontier heritage where men settled differences with pistols. He's not forgotten in Frankfort as there is still a downtown street named for him.

The scoundrel landed on his feet. John Ballinger had mentioned 'Gen. Wilkinson.' Yes this cheat became a general; in fact the nation's highest ranking general. He cheated his troops out of their wages and fed them poorly and pocketed the money he should have spent for food and better housing. Many of his troops died because of his treatment of them. When he led an expedition against Canada in the War of 1812 he lost his nerve and the closer he got to the British and Canadian soldiers the more morphine he had to consume. As he disintegrated mentally his men lost confidence in him and the expedition fell apart. This saved the lives of many of his troops because the cowardly Wilkinson was not capable of planning a battle that would be successful.

In 1805 James Espy came to Lexington and called the city, "the most important city in the west." He said Main Street had, "all the appearance of Market Street in Philadelphia on a busy day." There were merchants in Lexington who ran stores like John Foster Anderson whose store on Main and Cheapside sold, "Ostrich feathers, ladies long silk gloves, silk, cotton and morocco suspenders, damask linen, books and stationary---sugar, claret, and logwood" from New Orleans. A George Anderson advertised that "he has received by barge 'Ann', James Riddle, Master, from N.O. 20 boxes of brown Hawanah (sic) sugar, seven barrels of loaf sugar, 99 bottles of claret and three tons of campeachy wood (used in medicines.)"

All these items were expensive and beyond the economic reach of the common people. Lexington was booming but it had a problem. It did not set on a river. Goods produced there

could be taken by ox-sled, carts or wagons to the Kentucky River and put on flatboats. The river's current would take the boats downstream with small crew of four or five. Flatboats could not come back up the rivers. The smaller and slimmer keelboats could be brought upriver but had to be manned by large crews who poled or even drug the keelboats upstream with the use of long ropes. It was very expensive to bring goods upriver.

Merchants thought that if they could avoid hauling goods to the Kentucky River they could save one expense. Many cities that did not set on a river had a major stream on which they could launch flatboats. The Town Branch did not have size required to float flatboats. Bettye Lee Mastin wrote that the "Terrain that blessed the city was also its curse, providing a fall from 940 feet (above sea level) to 460 at the mouth of the Elkhorn. A stream with enough volume to be navigable would have been a raging torrent." Geologist A.M. Miller said, "Navigation would have been prevented by mill dams."

There was a proposal to construct two canals beginning at the Forks of the Elkhorn. One would go up the North Fork towards Georgetown and the canal would go up the South Fork to the Town Branch and then up to Lexington. At that time there was a "canal craze" with canals being built in many places. The State of Indiana all but went bankrupt constructing canals. The State of Kentucky wanted no part in financing canals. Private financing was attempted but failed to raise the funds necessary.

There was never a canal but there is two puzzling stories telling of one boat that went down the Elkhorn and one that came up it. An article in the Kentucky Gazette read, "National Assembly with William Theobalds, Master. She is a well built handsome boat, built in Lexington, through several Streets of which she rowed 14 oars, and came to on Wednesday evening last at the lower end of town on her passage to Frankfort-For freight or passage apply to Peter January & Son." The best guess made was that John Bradford was making a joke.

Then there was a myth Bettye Lee Mastin wrote about. There were "Art objects come on barges from New Orleans into 'the very heart of the Blue Grass city.' The myth that goods came upstream on Town Branch is repeated on a Historical Marker on today's Vine Street.

Even being landlocked Lexington remained the prominent city in the west until 1815. That year the steamboat 'Enterprise' docked in Louisville after a successful run up the Mississippi. This spurred the growth of Louisville and Cincinnati and sent Lexington scrambling for a better means of transportation so as to maintain its prominence. It would be twenty years before the city found a better means of transportation,

The Town Branch had been a pristine stream when the pioneers first came but they soon began to change the stream. Maude Lafferty wrote that, "in 1781, the trustee's book records that Thomas Young and Matthew Glores were appointed and required to superintend and procure hands to have the Public Spring put in good repair by having a wall built of stone around it equal to 30 ft square and 4 1/2 feet high."

Telling of the Public Spring George Ranck says it was "deepened and walled up for the benefit of the whole town. A large tank for horses was made to receive surplus water, and for many years, under the familiar name, 'public spring' it was known far and wide."

The Town Branch was prone to floods and "Just such a Turbulent (flood) caused the city Fathers grave concern and in 1788, they ordered John Coburn , Gent., and Samuel Blair to have a bridge or causeway built across the Town Branch at Cross Street."

The lots where, "Col. John Todd's fort stood was given to the city by Virginia for Public Grounds" Lafferty said. "Upon this Public Ground the first Market House was built. ---On the west side of the Market house was the tavern kept by Henry Marshall which he advertizes at great length in the Gazette of 1788. In it the Board of Trustees held their meetings for a while. On the east side of the Market House was built the first Engine House for the Union Fire Company. (There would be three private Fire Companies in Lexington.) It was built of brick---was 11 by 14 feet---and cost \$50.00. The building was small as it housed a small 'engine' drawn by men and after the hose was dropped in a pond or stream the water was pumped by hand to fight the fire.

In the ten years since the building of the blockhouse one man said Lexington had turned, "into a cleaver little town, having fifty houses, party of logs and partly frame construction." That same year, 1790, "The trustees ordered the unappreciated ground lying eastward of the town, to be sold and the proceeds used in digging a canal to carry the branch straight through town and a row of lively locust trees planted on each side of said canal."

In 1797, "Andrew Holmes and John Cock having proposed to continue the canal on Water Street where it ends, to said John Cock's millrace, in a straight line---15 feet in breadth on condition they have the right of property to the stones which shall be taken out of said canal." The Board of Trustees allowed the two men to build the canal if they "would build a sufficient bridge across the canal where it crosses Lower Street and complete the business within two months."

In 1798 Caleb Williams moved to Lexington and he said, "part of the stocktaking of the fort was standing here in the middle of the street---There had been about ten feet filled up all along Water Street (was next to the Town Branch) and that canal dug out straight." He saw the Public Spring and said of the Town Branch it's, "tortuous course is evident from the way it twists about

in the lots of the upper part of the city."

Caleb Williams noted that, "The first nail that was ever drove in Lexington was in the Looney house. They (the shingles) were pegged on before that, or they were fastened on with poles. The nails were imported from Pittsburg. Right at this corner of the graveyard on Main Street was a Catholic Church, when I came here---I have been there through curiosity to hear them say Mass." There were few Catholics in Lexington until the Potato Famine of the 1840's drove so many Irishmen overseas.

In 1794 Father Steven T. Badin came to Lexington. The Catholic's met in a small cabin on West Main Street just east of today's First Baptist Church before moving into a brick building on East Third Street. There was a Catholic Cemetery at that time.

The early Lexington people were seen a rough, crude people with a lack of religion. The Irishman and writer Thomas Ashe; said to have a vivid imagination and a slight respect for veracity wrote that there were, "extensive and magnificent catacombs beneath Lexington and two thousand mummies, the idols, the spacious compartments and the altars which the catacombs contained." These catacombs have never been found but their supposed existence led Ashe claim to that Kentuckians were a, "fallen people living atop an older Indians civilization over which they made little improvement."

In his journal Bishop Asbury noted that he "Rode through the rain to Lexington. Ah! Want of religion is too visible in most houses." Bishop went out to Masterson's Station and established the first Methodist Church in Kentucky. Churches had to be established outside of town as Virginia's established church, the Anglican (later the Episcopal) Church ruled that no other church but theirs could be built within one mile of the town's center.

The Episcopal Church building of 1796 was held in a small house on the corner of Market and Middle (now Church Street). In 1803 a brick church replaced the one of frame. There would be an Episcopal Cemetery (recently restored) which holds the grave of Mrs. Rhoda Vaughn, daughter of Captain John Holder. She was the first white child born in Kentucky. She was born in 1776 at Fort Boonesborough and died in Lexington in 1863.

In 1808 William Levy wrote that there were four churches in town that were never finished and, "have all the glass struck out by boys in the day, and inside torn up by rouses an prostitutes who frequent them by night."

The first Presbyterian Church was built out on Cane Run, outside the one mile limit. The first Presbyterian Church building in Lexington was the 1784 clapboarded frame house which set on the south-east corner of Walnut and Short Streets. The "First" public school was held in this house. This house/church was moved and is now at 317 South Mill Street. A preacher who created strife at every church he pastured was Rev. Adam Rankin. When

he came to the Mt. Zion Presbyterian Church he found that the congregation was singing Watt's Hymns. Rankin thought these hymns were an abomination and sacrilegious. During the long English Civil War in the late 1600's the Book of Psalms was set to a handful of metrical tunes. These became the official and only music permitted during worship.

In her book, 'Into Green Pastures' Virginia F. Rainey says the language in these 'songs', "Followed the scriptures word for word. There were no songs representing the conciliatory spirit of the Holy Spirit, no mention of Christ or the Holy Spirit!-They were dull, drab and lacking the grace of hope and faith." Rankin highly approved of these chants.

"In 1707 Isaac Watts transformed the psalms to hymns-750 hymns which were evangelical and expressed man's personal relationship to God. His tunes were easily sung and caught on like wildfire with revival minded congregations."

In 1788 the Kentucky Gazette advertised Watts hymns as being on sale. Rankin reacted to the purchasing or the use of Watts Hymns by denying, "communion to those who approved of Watts (Hymns) and denounced clergy who did not follow suit. He would claim that his views came from an 'extraordinary divine revelation.' Charges were brought against him" and he left Mt. Zion; where he'd been paid "by subscriptions of bacon, hemp and corn."

He went to another church and created more strife on the slavery question. "Rankin accepted slavery but most of his fellow Presbyterians of the time did not (he) would leave Kentucky." One of his slaves will tell of being owned by him later in the book.

The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church was Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge who had been known as, "The best dancer, the best hunter and the best stump speaker in Kentucky." As a preacher he gained the title "Napoleon of the Pulpit", by denouncing such sins as instrumental music in church. When a friend offered to donate a pipe organ to the church he refused to accept it." The church did not get an organ until 1876.

In 1789 two men, Edward Payne and the Elder John Gano came with others and started a Baptist Church. Gano had been a Chaplain in the Revolution and claimed to have baptized George Washington; which he hadn't. They erected a church building on Main Street where the First Baptist Church is now. This building deteriorated and they moved out on the Frankfort Road and became the Town Fork Church. A separate Baptist anti-slavery group set up a meeting house on North Mill Street in 1819. These Baptists had been harassed by the Anglican Church in Spotsylvania County, Virginia and they had little love, even Christian love for the Anglican Church.

The Methodists were in the city by 1789 but their membership grew slowly as the

Church was opposed to slavery. In 1819 they worshiped in a two story brick building on Church Street.

There is crude saying that expresses the two main purposes of a church. The church "marries 'em and buries 'em."

An early resident of Lexington, Samuel D. McCullough told of losing his mother. "My mother Lydia (was) borne to her grave in the 'old Baptist graveyard.' In many instances, especially among my old Colored friends, during the march to the grave the ministers gave out line-by-line, the words of some beautiful old hymn, and the mourners sung it to some plaintive air----during the march to the grave. This was in 1810. What changes have taken place since then. The blare of the brass instruments, the noise of the drums, and th clash of the symbols, have taken the place of the pathetic hymns of the mourners going about the streets. Dr. Watts lovely hymn 'And must this body die, this mortal frame decay---.' Has been elbowed out, and the cold shoulder given it; by brass bands play 'Jump Jim Crow'---and multitudes of other new fangled music."

In 1798 bridges "were built across the canal at Mulberry, Upper Street and two other streets." The bridges had, "foundations or abutments---of stone or brick---and owing to the smallness of the arches in the bridges", rushing water would build up behind the bridges and flood the low-lying lands including the Commons.

Ads were run by Peyton Short offering lots for sale on Hill Street (now High Street) above the Town Branch. Early pioneers told of a large Indian Burial Mound on High Street where they found Aztec-style stone head. Wealthier citizens built handsome homes on Hill Street. In their back yards which ran down to the branch they "ornamented with handsome shrubbery and cultivated with good taste." In 1808 Samuel McCullough lived on Hill Street. Urban Renewal destroyed three blocks of homes on the National Registry of Historical Places in the 1960's and 1970's. Luckily the McCullough log home was moved to 317 South Mill Street.

At the age of five Samuel crossed the branch every day to attend school. He would write in his lengthy Memoir, "I remember when Edmund (the family slave) use to carry me on his back to school kept in an old brick stable---in Church Alley, adjoining the carriage house of my old friend David A. Sayre, by a tall old gentleman named Stevens whose breeches extended to his knees and long stockings and shoes ornamented with capacious buckles, his head powdered with starch and a long queue dangling down his back made an impression my young mind I can never forget."

One evening Edmund did not show up at the school to carry Samuel back home. Nathan Burrous was a friend who came to the school riding a fine horse. Samuel was put

on the horse and after being tied on was told to hang on tight. The young boy "wondered at his careflessness, but when I got to Limestone corner of Main I soon saw good reason for his anxiety. From the present Phoenix Hotel extending far below Water and Vine Streets, there was a mass of rushing, roaring, booming waters, coming down the through the Town Fork of Elkhorn Creek, enough to appall a stouter heart than mine-my friend urged in his horse until we came where the water covered the horses back."

"It was a terrible conflict for the swimming horse against the tide. As soon as his front hoofs struck the ascending ground out of the strong current & I heard my preserver evacuate---'Thank God', I was soon given in charge of my mother and 'Mama Poty' (the family's Black nurse.)

The school Samuel attended was in a stable for in the early years there were no public schools. There were subscription schools where the parents of a child would pay a teacher to educate their child. The first such school was held in a one room cabin just outside of the Todd's Fort by John McKinney who had been a surveyor before he brought his family to Kentucky. His widow later told:

That he "was surveying down on Licking (River) when shot by the Indians. The bullet struck another man's powder horn, went on into his shot pouch, and striking a piece of leather, glance off again, and struck McKinney in the nipple, sinking into his breast, but he drew it out by the thread of his shirt, which was not broken. There was two Indians hid in the treetops and they were not seen until they had shot. The Indians crossed the Licking and ran up a steep hill, so that they were afraid to follow them. Blood gushed out and they hollowed he was dead, he pulled it out and said no he wasn't, here is the bullet."

He wasn't as lucky the ~~first~~ time he faced the Indians. He took part in Lord Dunmore's War in 1774. Mrs. McKinney told, "He was at the Battle of Point Pleasant. He said the Indians ambushed them and let them pass by, and then attacked them. He and nine others flew to one tree. He was wounded in seven places. An Indian---he got in close quarters, he (McKinney) went to draw his knife and it was gone, he had left it in camp. The Indian struck a blow at his head with a tomahawk and he dodged it and the tomahawk cut three of his ribs loose. One of them, besides himself got in that night, and he died."

For some reason Mrs. McKinney never mention that he had been shot. A ball passed through both hips which left him lying between the Indians and his comrades who were firing over him. He tried crawling to safety but when the Indians spotted him he was shot once again. The splintered bones of his left arm stuck in a paw-paw bush he had hold of to pull himself forward. That's when the Indian rushed in with a tomahawk.

A Mrs. Morrison who knew McKinney well said he "had his hand shot away, so as to make a sort of club. He wore a glove always, held a fork in it. He wasn't well when he came to Lexington, was not near healed up."

His wounds prevented McKinney from performing hard labor so he started a school in a one room log cabin which sat where today's courthouse does.

One morning Mrs. McKinney said, "He went to the school house and opened the door, and the cat was in there picking up crumbs. He got in shut the door, and fastened the window, thinking to have some sport. Chased it around till he got it mad, and it spring on him three times. He at length got fastened in him--- Two women that had heard the noise, came to the door, and looking (at) him and seeing him in sweat and tears, ran back and got some men."

The story is picked up by Joel Collins who told of his father Stephen responding to a call of help. Early one morning Joel's mother came running back to the fort from milking the cows shouting, "Stephen! Stephen! Run over to the schoolhouse; something's the matter with the Master."

Stephen, with Joel at his heels ran to the door calling out, "What's the matter?"

From inside the schoolhouse McKinney sung out, "it's an ugly baste trin' to kill me, but I got him pretty well whipped," and went on plugging away with his lame left hand into the side of an animal which he held doubled up in his right arm, and pressed him against the table, although its teeth were clinched in his breast a little below his throat. Stephen tried to help but McKinney urged him to 'wait until I get to the door, so you can see how to take the pesky thing's teeth out of me breastbone.' It took all of Stephen's knowledge of surgery to free McKinney."

When men came to the schoolhouse Mrs. McKinney said "He told them they need not be scared-it was nothing but a bit of a cat. The cat had torn his buckskin dress, and fastened its claws so deep in him that it took two or three men to extract him."

The "bit of a cat" was actually a wildcat. There is an old saying that tells how tough a man is: "He can whip his weight in wildcats." The wildcat McKinney fought and killed didn't weigh as much as McKinney but it is the only wildcat I know of that was battled and killed without the use of a weapon. The lamed schoolteacher was ever after known as "Wildcat McKinney."

There was other subscription or private schools. The first school for girls was held in another brave man's home. Bishop Smith's story will be told later. One of Henry Clay's daughters was the first pupil there.

Mary Todd, the future wife of Abraham Lincoln, is still called just Mary Todd in Lexington. There is even an elementary school here named just Mary Todd. In 1821 she attended the Academy of Dr. John Ward which was a two-story place on the southeast corner of Market and 2nd Streets. This house was once occupied by Dr. Fredrick Ridgely.

On a personal note; while Dr. Ridgely lived in the house the Sparks family ran a meat market across from the Ridgely home. My great-great grandmother was Margret Sparks.

Out on Richmond Road opposite Henry Clay's home, Ashland, was the Mentelle School run by the very proper Madame Mentelle who was French. Mary Todd rode a pony from her home out to this school and among other subjects she learned was French; a language she retained and could speak when she was in the White House.

There was a St. Catherine's Academy at 234 north Limestone. It seems unlikely but there are stories about the mother of the outlaw Jesse James attending school here.

The first college west of the Appalachians was Transylvania. This is the only college in America that would have six members of its first Board of Trustees killed by Indians. These six men weren't killed at the same time. John Floyd, Steven Trigg and John Todd were killed at the Blue Licks. John May along the Ohio River, William Christian at Louisville and Walker Daniel at Danville; a town that was named for him.

There were many well-to-do merchants in Lexington and the college was intended to teach their sons to be leaders of society. There is a long list of Congressmen, Senators, Governors and other important men who attended here. Women didn't attend in the time period of which I am writing. Steven F. Austin attended here and after going west became, "The Father of Texas." Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy attended. He boarded at Joseph Finclin's brick home at the southwest corner of Limestone and High Streets. Finclin was Lexington's Post Master and was an important man but his house has always been called the Jeff Davis House. A few years ago it ran as a restaurant known as the Jeff Davis Inn.

Wealthy men had body servants and when Cassuis Clay attended his slave stayed up late polishing Cassuis's boots. Unfortunately the servant fell asleep with a candle burning. The residence hall burned down.

One of the college's Trustee's was John Wesley Hunt, Kentucky's first millionaire, who was impressed by the new state capital and in 1831 hired its 29 year old Gideon Shyrock to design Morrison Hall. There is a great story about Morrison Hall. A Professor Constantine Rafinesque taught botany and science here but he was a difficult man to deal with and after quarreling with his colleagues was dismissed. Rafinesque was said to have put a curse on the college and his ghost is said to be in the basement of Morrison Hall.

It's claimed that every year a freshman student is selected and locked by themselves in a

dark room in the Hall's basement. After a long night the student is allowed out of the room. It would make a better story if the student came out shaken by what they saw. Or if overnight their hair had turned white. It seems the students emerge in a normal condition.

I don't know how this effect the presence of a ghost but the original Morrison Hall burned down during the Civil War.

Transylvania was seen as a center of learning and gave rise to Lexington being called, "The Athens of the West." In 1825 Governor Joseph Desha, who was "demagogic" persuaded the Legislature to stop all future approbations' for Transylvania. This plus the college's President Holly suffered from "constant harassment by Holley's Presbyterian critics who regarded his Unitarianism as akin to atheism, led Holley to resign. These combined events caused the college to go into a long decline.

However in 1827 the Transylvania's Medical Department hired Matthew Kennedy to design and build the Transylvania Medical Hall. This building stood on the corner of Market and Church Street. A old advertisement reads, "Transylvania Medical Department-Cost of full course of study-1st Monday in November to last day of February-\$105 payable in advance. Board and lodging \$2.00 to \$3.50 per week." There was a special note at the end of the advertisement. "Dissecting ticket is ten dollars." Grave robbers charged high prices to steal bodies and the Medical Department had to cover the cost of the bodies.

In 1833 an Education Convention was held in Lexington which drafted a statewide Common school system. Kentucky never wanted to pay for anything so the Convention sought Federal funds for the school system. They didn't get it. It would be many years before Lexington had a public school system. Schools remained private and there were no schools for Blacks.

I know nothing about 'Peer's Eclectic Institute or the Davidson School which was next to the Maxwell Cemetery on Bolivar.

The first school after the Convention was in the Old Rankin Church building on the southeast corner of Walnut (Martin Luther King) and short street. This log structure had 107 students.

The Morton School was named for William 'Lord' Morton who left 1/3 of his estate, \$12,000, to fund City School No. 1 which was a log building until it was replaced. This building still stands on Main Street, west of Jefferson Street.