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SUMMER

# TRACES



## Glasgow Belles

Quarterly Publication of  
**THE SOUTH CENTRAL KENTUCKY HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY,  
INCORPORATED**

P.O. Box 157

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&  
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### ON THE COVER

A copy of this undated photograph by Adolph Rapp is from the files of the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center. The young ladies have a number on or by them and are identified as follows with several unidentified:

- 1 – Annie Dickinson Holman (Paul W.)
- 2 – Lucy Shirley Cook (Lee)
- 3 – Olive Bent Taylor (Jim Frank)
- 4 – Corilla Mansfield Hatchett (Clarence) (no children)
- 5 – Heiter Dickinson Loving (John W.)
6. Alice Garnett
- 7 – Emma Pemberton
- 8 – Lizzie Page

### MABEL SHELBY WELLS ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

#### A HEART OF STEEL

Submitted by Kathlyn Kinslow, daughter of Amy & Michael Kinslow, 6<sup>th</sup> grade student at Glasgow Middle School.

James Howard Kinslow, or "Granddaddy" as I like to call him, has always been dear to my heart. It could be because he has lived next door all my life or that he made me feel like a princess. However, it wasn't until we almost lost him, that I realized how truly special he was.

Granddaddy has given me many special memories over the last 11 years, but I didn't know who he was before he became "Granddaddy." Recently, I had the chance to sit down and talk with him. He shared with me many of his memorial of growing up.

My grandfather was born at home, in Boyds Creek, Kentucky, on June 14, 1926. Although he didn't remember his birth, he could recall this humorous story of when he was 2 ½ years old. Grandpa told me he was very sleepy one afternoon, so he took his puppy under the house and went to sleep. Unfortunately he didn't tell anyone where he was ... After a couple of hours of him missing, his parents had the WHOLE county searching for him.

"When I woke up, I crawled out from underneath the house with my puppy. All of the sudden, Mama started screamin' and cryin'! I didn't know what was going on. She told me they thought I'd drowned in the creek. Then she hugged me and kissed me. You know what she did then?" my grandfather asked with a sparkle in his eye. "She whooped me! She was so mad at me she couldn't stand it!" he chuckled.

A Heart of Steel, continued:

It seems like my granddaddy has always been a little onery, especially as a young boy. He attended school in a one room school house. One day, he and a bunch of friends shot a boy in the eye. The teacher found out and was furious. He made all of the boys in the class get a switch according to their height. There were 15 boys and Granddaddy was the smallest one. "I thought he would be tired by the time he got to me," my granddaddy said. "However, he was just getting fired up!" When he was 16, he graduated at Park City with 18 other students. Granddaddy's eyes saddened when he added, "There are only three of us left..."

After my grandfather graduated school, he worked on the farm. When he could get a break, he attended social activities in town. It was at an ice cream supper that he first met my grandmother. His friend bet my grandpa \$5 he couldn't walk my grandma home. He did walk her home, and won that \$5.

However, there was a war going on who needed soldiers. When my grandfather turned 18, he was drafted to serve in the Navy for WWII. After he completed his basic training, he came home and married my grandma.

After their wedding, Granddaddy was shipped off. Fortunately Granddaddy did not have to serve long before the war ended and he was discharged.

After my grandpa got back home, he and my grandmother lived with his parents for a year and then moved to the home they have now. Eventually they had four sons. Granddaddy continued to serve by being a pillar of the farming community and serving on several boards including Southern States, Farm Bureau, and Dairymen, Inc.

The older Granddaddy became, the more he was loved. Everyone knew if they needed something they could go to him and he would help anyway he could. However, his age caught up with him and he suffered a severe heart attack at the age of 61. Not long after, my mom and dad married and Granddaddy finally had the daughter he always wanted in my mom and my mom the dad she never had. Some my brother and I came along and "Granddaddy" was born.

I can't imagine when Granddaddy won't be around. He has given me so many good memories. He has suffered many illnesses though. He has had prostate cancer, 3 heart attacks, and 2 major strokes. His latest was this past Christmas when we almost lost him. He worked himself sick, trying to take care of my grandmother so she wouldn't go into the nursing home. You can see Granddaddy has a big heart - a heart of steel that will live on inside of me long after he is gone.

**JOHNNIE BLAIR**

Submitted by Calvin Richardson, son of David and Rachel Richardson, 6<sup>th</sup> grader at Hiseville Elementary School.

Johnnie Blair is a caring and loving person born October 19, 1937. She now lives in Cave City, Kentucky.

Childhood: She was born in West Norton, Virginia October 19, 1937. Her dad worked in coal mines and caught his leg in a machine and had to have it amputated. Johnnie's mom was a homemaker. She had four siblings, three sisters and one brother. She was the second eldest out of five. At Christmas she got to choose one present each year. One year she had the choice of a camera or radio. She chose the radio. Her main mode of transportation was walking. She walked to school. But as she reached high school she rode the bus. She went to West Norton Elementary and to John I. Norton High School.

Early adulthood: Her mother died of cancer while Johnnie was in her thirties. She graduated in 1956. Some of her professions were working in a department store, telephone operator, but mainly a housewife. At the age of twenty she got married to her husband Robert James Blair Senior. Robert worked at the Ford Motor Company. She had a total of four children, one girl and three boys. Some of the places she lived were West Norton, Virginia, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Anderson, Indiana, Ypsilanti, Michigan and Cave City, Kentucky.

Late adulthood: Family is more important to Johnnie now than earlier in her life. Her favorite actor is John Wayne. Her favorite singer is Elvis Presley. In her opinion the best President was Ronald Reagan.

Conclusion: Johnnie is a loving, caring, and intriguing person that I'm proud to call my great grandmother. She holds a place in my heart no one will ever take.

**BECAUSE SHE WAS WORTH MORE THAN GLASSES**

Submitted by Ben Stockler, son of Mary Stockler, 6<sup>th</sup> grader at Temple Hill Elementary.

She was born September 24, 1949 in a small Georgia Hospital to George and Marjorie Kendall, young veterans of World War II. She had an older brother and before long, two younger sisters and two younger brothers joined the family. Young Martha liked to play games such as hide-and-seek, house, and nurse. She also liked to play in the water. She recalls one day back in 1947 when her babysitter took her to play in a creek. She says about the experience, "I was 7 and it was a warm 4<sup>th</sup> of July when I went swimming under a bridge. I had a babysitter named Martha Wheeler. The water was

Worth More Than Glasses, continued:

about 6 in. deep and about 2 ft. wide in this spot. The current swept me down stream to a deeper section of the channel. Now although I couldn't swim, Mrs. Wheeler could. So she jumped in after me forgetting to take off her glasses. I remember that she had to get new glasses, as the ones she had (which were found weeks later,) were completely useless." I'm glad her babysitter decided saving Martha was more important than her glasses!

As she grew, Martha pursued her dream of becoming a nurse. She finished high school and started college as a nursing student. Then her father encouraged her to become a doctor instead. It was a hard decision to make, but in the end she followed his advice and was accepted into the medical program at Loma Linda University in California. She was almost done with her studies when she had her first child, whom she and her husband Charles B. named Mary (who is now 34, and has three kids). They then moved to Alabama for a short time and have been in Kentucky ever since. Here in Kentucky she worked as a Family Practice in her own office, and occasionally would even make house-calls. About ten years ago she closed her office in order to have more time to spend with her family, but she still works fulltime as an Emergency Room doctor at various hospitals in and near Barren County. Her home is a peaceful old house in the Barren County countryside near Temple Hill.

Her daughter Mary's first memories of her mother are of her mother "letting her help" with the dishes and other household chores, and of Martha sewing clothes for Mary, for herself, and for Mary's dolls. According to Mary, Martha had an important part in my own life long before I can remember. On a cold day in November, 1996, she was the doctor in charge when I was born. She delivered me! What I do remember, however, is going to her house for my fourth birthday party. We had a Noah's Ark birthday cake, and everyone sang to me. I also have many happy memories of jumping on her trampoline and playing video games at her house, and eating the good meals she fixes.

So who's this person that was pulled out of the water on the hot 4<sup>th</sup> of July? She's Martha Seeley, MD. But she's much more than that. As of today, she is the mother of ten children and has five grandchildren as well (I'm her first grandchild). I chose to write about her because I think grandparents are some of the wisest, longest living, storytellers in the world. Her hobby is raising flowers, and, even though she's a great doctor, she believes her purpose in life is homemaking and raising her children around the farm. Some of her children are still at home, working and going to school. Others have moved out on their own. One of these others is now a doctor like Martha, another is a nurse. Some work as welders and mechanics. A few are involved with music. And all these lives are here because one July day seven year old Martha was pulled out of that creek.

**MY FAMILY HISTORY**

Submitted by Tana Tyler, daughter of Tom and Kim Tyler, 6<sup>th</sup> grade student at Eastern Elementary.

George Burch Hurt was born in 1894 and died in 1968. He was raised in rural Metcalfe County and he was my great-grandpa. The Hurt family was a very hard working family that tended their own land and experienced good and bad times through the years.

My great-grandpa and his first wife had two little girls. After his dad passed away, his mom let him have "The Home Place" to raise his family in. His mom ran a store near her home and my great-grandpa ran the farm and he also had a "Rolling Store".

Great-grandpa's wife developed pneumonia and died when their youngest daughter was around 9 months old. Awhile later he met my great-grandma Lela, and they got married on February 15, 1920. My great-grandma took the two children from his previous marriage and cared for them like they were her own. Their family grew and grew till there were 14 children from his current and previous marriage. Great-grandma Lela gave birth to two sets of twins; my granny is one of those twins.

Great-grandpa worked very hard in the fields and he ran a saw mill, too. All of the children had jobs on the farm. The older girls would help out with the small children and help prepare the meals. They also helped out in the fields. Everybody had their turn to help milk the cows and set the tobacco. The tobacco was set with a peg by poking a hole in the ground with the peg and sticking the plant in the ground. Another one of the jobs was washing clothes on the wash boards.

The Hurt family was a very close family. My great-grandparents worked very hard and taught their children the importance of hard work. They were a very self sufficient family. They made most of their clothing. Granny said their dresses were made out of flour sacks. She said the flour sacks always had a very pretty print. They also made their own bedding. The straw that came from thrashing wheat was used to make "straw ticks" and the feathers from the ducks and geese would be used to make "feather ticks" and pillows.

They would pick out walnut kernels and sell them so they could buy their Sunday shoes. They would also dig May Apple and sell it. They had a grist mill that they ground their own corn on to make cornmeal. In the winter they would slaughter a hog and salt the hams, shoulders, and side meat, hang the meat in the smokehouse and smoke it. They would fry the sausage and can it in quart jars. Since they didn't have freezers, they would dry their beef. They didn't have a refrigerator so they would keep their milk and butter cold by setting it in the cool winter spring.

My Family History, continued:

They had so many fruit trees so they made lots of jams, jellies and preserves. The only food items they purchased from the store were coffee, sugar, salt, flour and chocolate. They raised a big garden every year so they canned and dried their vegetables.

All of the children attended a small one room schoolhouse and they all walked to school. There was no indoor plumbing so their water was drawn from a well and there was one bucket for the water and one dipper that all students had to share. My granny said they really enjoyed going to school. It sounded like a treat to get to go to school in those days. On church days they would travel by road wagon to church, which was pulled by a mule.

My granny and her two sisters have so many wonderful memories from the past. They didn't get to go places very much but their community was full of young people so when the work was done they visited each other's homes. Some of their fondest memories were playing townball, pitching horseshoes, going to singings and big music parties and Granny's favorite holiday was Easter. They would have huge Easter egg hunts in their big country fields and it was just a wonderful time for so many people.

**THE SETTLE FAMILY**

Contributed by President Steve Botts.

Notes by Joel W. Settle (1820-1913). He is the direct ancestor of Steve Botts.

Joel Settle, my grandfather, moved to Virginia from Maryland about or near the date of the Declaration of Independence (1776), together with some brothers, one of whom was named William, who remained there (in Culpepper or Fauquier County) during life, and raised a family. One of his other brothers settled in North Carolina.

My grandfather, Joel Settle, lived in Fauquier County, Virginia, not far from what was known as Manassas Gap. He married a Miss Burgess, and they had five sons and four daughters, all of whom lived to mature years, some of them living to be old men and women, each raising families. Their names were: Thornton, Willis, Leroy B., Joel L. and Isaac; the daughters were: Polly, who married James Wine; Sally married William Pickett; Lucy married Charles Perkins, and Ann married Jeremiah Wilson.

After the death of my grandmother Settle, whose maiden name was Burgess, my grandfather Settle married Miss Elizabeth Pickett (my mother's sister), a daughter of Rev. John Pickett, who was a Baptist minister. By this union there were two children – Elizabeth, who became the wife of Andrew Whitley, and Virginia, who became the wife of Walter Bransford, each raising

Settle Family, continued:

a family. These two last daughters of my grandfather Joel Settle, by his second wife, were born in Virginia.

My Grandfather Settle in 1806 removed with his family and effects to Kentucky, coming out with my father, Willis Settle, and his wife, and settled in Barren County, Kentucky.

In the spring of 1807 he met his death while clearing up land with his slaves for cultivation, being killed by a falling tree. Some years after his death his widow married Ezekiel Newland, and raised two children – Mary, who married Ralph Wood, and Joseph W., who when grown moved to Crab Orchard, Kentucky, and was a merchant there for many years. He married Miss Esther Ann Whitley, a daughter of Col. William Whitley. They had several children – one daughter, and the others were sons. He, after the death of his wife, moved to Louisville, Ky., and engaged in the wholesale dry goods business, under the firm name of Newland, Hughes & Hutchinson. His second wife's maiden name was Miss Henritta Hutchinson (although she was a widow, I can't recall her first husband's name). They had no children and she died in a few years after their marriage. He then moved to St. Louis, Mo., and married a third time, raised several children by his third marriage, and at the time of this writing (1900), is still living in the country not far from St. Louis.

Willis Settle, my father, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, on the 12<sup>th</sup> day of January, 1783. He married Miss Nancy Pickett, daughter of Rev. John Pickett, on August 15, 1804. They moved to Kentucky in 1806, and settled in Barren County, east of Glasgow, about 5 miles, on the waters of Beaver Creek, where they lived until the death of my mother, Nov. 19, 1854. She was near 72 years of age when she died. My father was a prosperous and well-to-do farmer, who had a farm of upwards of 600 acres, well improved, and the greater part of it under cultivation and well fenced. He always had an abundance. The home was noted for its hospitality, and all callers and visitors were heartily welcomed. My father's home was a home to all the Baptist ministers and brethren, and on all occasions of association meetings and other meetings held at the neighborhood churches there was a public invitation given by him to all in attendance to come to his home, where ample preparation was made for the care and comfort of all who accepted the invitation – and there were large numbers who accepted. And I have witnessed on some such occasions the presence of from 100 to 200 persons to dine and stay all night, having preaching during the afternoon and also at night.

My father was a man of fine and commanding appearance, in height about 5 feet and 9 or 10 inches, of dark complexion, very glossy black hair, brown or hazel colored eyes, sharp and penetrating, yet with a mild expression. His weight ordinarily was about 185 or 190 pounds. He was well

Settle Family, continued:

built, finely proportioned, with broad shoulders, carrying no surplus flesh, was of fine constitution, and enjoyed excellent health all his life. He died in Gainesboro, Tenn., in the year 1864, on the 30<sup>th</sup> day of November, leaving a good estate which was equally divided among his children. He had always given liberally to his children when they married and left him. He was a very temperate man, uniformly so in everything, and very pronouncedly so in relation to strong drink, such as whiskey, brandy and wine. He often expressed himself in regard to their use, as such being the greatest evil in the world, and producing the worst of consequences, and would often warn young men against their use. He had large apple and peach orchards, and never consented to the fruit being distilled into brandy, or to sell the fruit for that purpose, preferring to let the fruit rot or have it fed to the hogs after care of a sufficiency for the family. He was a kind and loving husband, and father, and had great consideration and cares for his slaves, looking after their comfort and health, never having them exposed to bad weather, never requiring more than moderate service, himself always in the front and lead. His servants respected and loved him. The names of his faithful slaves, as I remember them now, were: Sample, Washington, Minor, Moses, Lewis, Bill, Henry, Pharris, Joseph, Goren, Anderson, Noah, William, Henry, John, Daniel, Frank and Silas; Betty, Sookey, Winney, Mely, Hannah, Harriet, Judy, Elizabeth, Permelia, and Mariah.

The farm on which he lived for about fifty years was well preserved, improved, and was sold by him after the death of my mother, and is now owned by a Mr. Glass, who lives there now.

My father was at the date of his death 81 years, 10 months, and 18 days old, and had been remarkably stout all his life until a few months previous to his death, when he became afflicted with Bright's kidney disease, and gradually grew weaker and worse until his death.

There were born to my father and mother twelve children. Several died in their infancy, some possibly so early they had not received names. Those who survived for some time, together with the ones who grew to manhood and womanhood, I will mention. First:

MATILDA C., who became the wife of Haiden Dodd. To them were born and raised five children: Leroy B., Haiden, and Thomas L.; who married Joseph Miller, and lived near Gallatin, in Sumner County, Tennessee. They raised several daughters and no sons. She died some time ago Miller and some of the daughters remain in Sumner County now. Mary, the youngest daughter, married a Mr. Barlow at Glasgow, Ky. She lived only a few years and died without children. Leroy and Haiden died without ever having been married. Thomas L. Dodd married Miss Florence Guild, the daughter of Hon. Joseph C. Guild, a lawyer of marked ability and an able Judge. They had three sons and one daughter - Haiden, Guild, Thomas and Katy. Thomas L.

Settle Family, continued:

Dodd, their father, was one of the ablest lawyers at the Nashville bar. He died in Nashville at the age of about 50 years.

LUCINDA A. SETTLE became the wife of Col. Thomas L. Bransford in January, 1828, and moved to Gainsesboro, Ten. They had seven children - Matilda, Elizabeth, John S., Thomas, Walter and William S. They also had a son named Willie Amonett, who died when a small boy. The others grew to manhood and womanhood. Matilda married Russell M. Kinnaird, and had two sons, Percy and David R., both of whom who reside in this city (Nashville). Their Mother died some time ago. Elizabeth Bransford became the wife of Col. A. J. McWhirter. They raised two sons - Louis B. and George. Louis B. was assassinated some years ago in California. He had married and left one son - Louis B. Major John S. Bransford married Miss Mania Johnson. They had two children - Johnson Bransford and Elizabeth Bransford. They are both married and have families, and reside in this city.

Thomas Bransford married a Miss \_\_\_ of Mobile, Ala. They are both dead, leaving no children. Walter L. Bransford and William S. Bransford are both married, the former marrying Mrs. Priest, the widow of Moses Priest, formerly District Attorney General for the State in the Nashville Circuit, and the latter marrying Miss McGavock. Walter Bransford and wife have no children. William S. Bransford and wife have one daughter. They reside in Nashville.

JANE M. SETTLE married Dr. William R. Kenner in 1838. They lived in Gainesboro, Tennessee, until after the Civil War. They raised five children, all daughters. Their names were Elizabeth, Nancy P., Mary, Sally and Margaret. Dr. Kenner died in Smith County, Tennessee, and several years later his widow died in Jackson County, Tenn. Elizabeth, their oldest daughter, became the wife of Major W. H. Botts, and lived in Glasgow, Ky., where both died, leaving two daughters and two sons surviving them. Another daughter married Dr. Frank Murry, and another married William McCue. They raised families, some of whom survived them.

NANCY P. SETTLE became the wife of Samuel E. Stone in August, 1836. She was born the 4<sup>th</sup> of November, 1821. There were born to them four children - Willis S., William P., and Joel H., and one daughter, Mary, who died at Gainesboro when a small girl. Willis S. married a Miss Pillow, and lives in Wayne County, and has several children, whose names I do not now remember. William P. Stone married a Miss Langford in Jackson County, lived some years in Sumner County, and then moved to Texas. They had one child, a daughter. Joel Haiden Stone married a Miss Ellison and lived in Gainesboro up to the time of his death, which was soon after he married.

JOEL W. SETTLE, the only son who lived to mature years, was born in Barren County, Kentucky, on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of January, 1820. In September,

Settle Family, continued:

1835, he went to Gainesboro, Tenn., to be with the firm of Samuel E. Stone & Co., Leroy B. Settle being a member of that firm. He was then 15 years and 8 months old. He remained with that firm until March, 1841, when he formed a copartnership with Col. Thomas L. Bransford and Russell M. Kinnaird, under the firm name of Joel W. Settle & Co., continued in business under this firm name until 1847, when they dissolved partnership by mutual consent. In 1848 Joel W. Settle joined in with Samuel E. Stone under the firm name of Settle & Stone, and continued in business under that firm name until the death of Mr. Stone, which occurred in May, 1854. In the month of October, 1854, Joel W. Settle and Miss Emily Martin of Lebanon, Tenn., were married. She was the daughter of Hon. William L. Martin, a lawyer of distinction and ability. After the death of Samuel E. Stone, Joel W. Settle continued alone in business until March, 1860, when his store and all contents were destroyed by fire. He then devoted his time to collecting accounts and winding up his business when stopped by the Civil War. In March, 1865, being then 45 years of age, he came to Nashville, and formed a partnership with R. M. Kinnaird and Col. Watson M. Cooke in 1867, under the firm name of Cooke, Settle & Co., wholesale dealers in boots, shoes, hats, etc., continuing under this firm name until the death of Col. Cooke, the firm afterwards being known as Settle & Kinnaird. This business was continued until 1886, when the business was wound up. Joel W. Settle and wife have five children, three boys and two girls - Nannie P., Margery R., Andre G., Willis L., and Martin. Andrew married Miss Mattie Ferriss, a daughter of Judge John C. Ferriss of Nashville. Margery married Mr. J. A. Williams, and now lives in Georgia.

Before the Civil War, while residing in Gainesboro, Joel W. Settle estimated he was worth about \$100,000.

It was my good fortune while at Gainesboro to be connected in business in my youth with two such honorable and worthy men as Col. Thomas L. Bransford and Russell M. Kinnaird, who were gentlemen of the highest order and type in every particular, and men of experience and ability. Col. Bransford, our senior partner, was deferred to in all matters of business, and his judgment and counsel were always good. Personally he was a fine looking man of medium stature, about 5 feet and 8 or 9 inches in height, fair complexion, rather slender build, with a fine broad forehead and intellectual face, with blue eyes, very expressive and keen. His weight was about 135 to 140 pounds. He had many warm personal friends and admirers. He was free and easy in conversation, and highly entertaining. His constitution was not strong, he being rather delicate, but he was possessed of indomitable will, energy and perseverance, very industrious, fond of reading, and retaining well what he read, being able to refer to it with accuracy at all times and on all occasions. So noted for this was he that he was called the walking lexicon. Few could claim to be his equal in debate. His health failed in 1863, and he died at Union Springs, Ala., early in 1865.

Settle Family, continued:

Mr. R. R. Kinnaird, one of the best of men in all respects, was a thorough, faithful and efficient business man, with a broad man and well balanced, is yet residing in this city, enjoying excellent health. His elder son, Percy, is a lawyer in Nashville, and the other, David R., is a wholesale merchant.

Lucy Settle, sister of my father, Willis Settle, married Charles Perkins. Both have long since died. She was born in Virginia in 1792, or thereabouts. They lived in Barren County, Ky., up to the time of her death. They raised about ten children - Joel S., Hardin, John, Prior, Ann, Sally, Narcissa, Virginia, Elizabeth, and Mary. Many of these died leaving no children. Ann married Scott Newman and lived in Louisville, Ky., and raised a family of children. Sally married John Allen in Barren County.

Ann Settle, another sister of my father, became the wife of Jeremiah Wilson. She was born in Fauquier County Va., in 1800. After marriage they lived near Munfordville, Ky., leaving a family of children. The names of those I remember were Willis S., Granville, Jeremiah, Elizabeth, Zerilda, and America. I think Willis and Granville are both living. Willis married Miss Mosely of Barren County, Ky., and are now living in that county. Can't state to whom the others were married.

LEROY B. SETTLE, son of Grandfather Joel Settle and a brother of my father, was born in Fauquier County, Va., in 1790, and moved to Barren County, Ky., with his father in 1806. Later he moved to Tennessee, stopping at Williamsburg, the first county seat of Jackson County, and sold goods there in copartnership with Col. Burford. When Gainesboro became the county seat, he moved to that place, he being one of the firm of Settle, Whitley & Smith. They did a large and lucrative business for a numbers of years. General Smith died and Mr. Whitley moved to Crab Orchard, Ky., and Maj. Settle became the partner of Samuel E. Stone & Co., continuing under that name for several years. He was married in 1837 to Miss Margery Greer of Lebanon, Tenn., and moved to that place, and it was his home the remainder of his life. He died in 1861. They raised four children - three sons and one daughter. All of them are now dead. Their names were Archibald G., Leroy B., Willis J. Neither one of the sons ever married. The daughter Jennie married John Rousseau. They had three sons - Leroy S., Lovell and Joel L. (?) They reside in Lebanon.

JOEL L. SETTLE, son of Grandfather Joel Settle and brother of my father, was born in Fauquier County, Va., in 1796. He married Miss Jane Cox of Gainesboro, Tennessee, daughter of David Cox, and lived on a farm on the Cumberland River about four miles above Gainesboro. He died in 1839 and his widow died the following year. They had seven sons - Lafayette W., Sidney L., Joel L., Tecumseh G., Tipton C., Marshall and Sewell. The two latter died when boys. Lafayette W who was a soldier in the war with Mexico,

Settle Family, continued:

later married Miss Clarissa Cassetty of Gainesboro. He died in 1856, and his widow married a Mr. Jones and moved to California, and when she became a widow a second time, returned to Gainesboro, where she died some years ago. Sidney L. married a Miss Hogan of Granville. She lived but a few months and he never married again. He died in 1887 at Gainesboro. They had no children. Tecumseh G. married Miss Mary Young, daughter of Marlin Young of Jackson County. His wife died in 1881 and he died in 1893, at Gainesboro. They had 12 children – Josephine, William Haskell, Marlin Y., Emily Martin, Mary B., Tecumseh G., Joel L., Blucher, Mounce G., and Glen. The first two children – twins – died in infancy. Josephine died in 1882, having never married. Haskell married Mrs. Minnie Washburn. Marlin married Miss Addie Gore, daughter of Col. William Gore of Jackson County. Emily married William W. Draper, a lawyer of Gainesboro.

Joel L. Settle while in the Confederate Army was killed at the Battle of Chickamauga.

Tipton C. Settle married a Miss Angela Botts, and they left a family of several children. [Steve Botts, contributor, added that she was the daughter of Addison B. Botts, Major William H. Bott's brother].

ISAAC SETTLE, the youngest son of Grandfather Joel Settle, was born in 1798 in Fauquier County, Va. He married Miss Caroline Clemens, a sister of the father of Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain). They had ten children. Those whose names I can remember were: Julian, Peverill, Lucian, Hannibal C., Willis S., Eliza Jane, Permelia Ann, Caroline Frances. Eliza Jane married Albert Bryan and Caroline married Henry Bryan. Willis S. married Miss Laura Gardner of Nashville, and resides in Nashville. Hannibal C. is married and living in Seneca, Kansas. Julian Peverill moved to Texas. Lucian is dead.

(The above sketch of the Settle family must have been written by Joel W. Settle some time in the early nineties. In copying it no attempt has been made to go further into the family history following the writing of the sketch.)

### **THE GLASGOW CEMETERY**

From the files of the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center, taken from an undated Glasgow newspaper, no contributor shown.

One of the most perplexing and vital questions confronting the early settlers of Glasgow was the burial of their dead. Many had their own private graveyards, but each one realized that with the passing of the years, the property would probably pass into other hands and the graves of their loved ones, be neglected, or even lost entirely. One of the largest of the earlier burial places was on the Knob Road, a short distance from the town limits.

Glasgow Cemetery, continued:

[note: now known as Cherry Street, across from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.] Quite a number of people both white and black are buried there. This burial place has been abandoned almost entirely by the whites but the colored people still use it. So many bodies have been buried there and the grave markers have been knocked down, that it is not unusual for those digging a new grave to crash into the grave of some one laid to rest many years ago.

Some of the other well-known places of burial were: the old Munford burial grounds at the junction of Franklin and Front Streets, the one at the top of the hill just across the creek on the Burkesville Road, another back of the home of Mrs. Paul Holman, still another back of the Ed. Y. Kilgore place, but these tombs have been moved into the Glasgow Cemetery as have been the remains of those buried in the old Thompson graveyard where Mr. Chas. Shader lives; the "low bottom," just this side of this house was known as "Gallows Hollow", because Hamilton, the accused murderer of Dr. Sanderson was hung here, just back of the old Zion Huggins place, where Mr. Will Warder now owns, one can find yet another burial ground. When Mr. Bartlett Dickinson built his home on West Washington Street, it was necessary for him to move the graveyard on the lot. There is a burial ground in connection with the Presbyterian Church; here Musgrove, who was killed by Mr. B. Lawless is buried together with a number of others. This custom of burial in church yards was a "throwback" to our English ancestry, since they were accustomed to so use it.

Thos. Gray's Elegy was written in one of these church yards, and John Milton was buried in another. Just back of the Preston place on N. Race Street is a burial ground which contains quite a few graves. A number of attempts were made by Glasgow folks to establish a real cemetery, but each time the effort met with failure.

As early as the year 1849, the question of a public cemetery for the town of Glasgow began to be discussed. Many plans for it were devised; quite a few locations proposed, but no definite action was taken. Finally, on February 10, 1857, one of the outstanding citizens of Glasgow wrote the letter given below for the Glasgow Journal, which seemed to crystallize public sentiment, in favor of a public cemetery, though nothing definite was done for twenty years after this; possibly this was due to the feeling engendered just before and during the Civil War. Several have suggested the true name of Amicus," but no two of them agree. Whoever he was, he did a good and lasting work when he advocated and aroused public sentiment so that later a cemetery for Glasgow became a definite thing. The letter was as follows:

February 10, 1857, Editor of the Glasgow Journal: The subject of a public cemetery is of sufficient importance to elicit the interest and attention of every citizen who feels a proper respect for the dead; therefore, since

Glasgow Cemetery, continued:

Glasgow needs a cemetery badly, I think it high time that some enterprising citizens should take the matter in hand and prosecute it to a success. I know of no public convenience more desirable to our vicinity than this, from the fact that we have no public burial ground desirable to our citizens. "The old graveyard", as it is called, is so remote and so inconvenient to attend that but few persons ever think of burying their dead there; consequently the dead are scattered here and there like leaves driven by inconstant blasts. By a small contribution from each citizen, a sufficient amount of means might be procured to purchase and fix up convenient grounds in an appropriate and becoming style. By raising the means and organizing a company, which has already been chartered by the State Legislature, every family in the town, or surrounding country, will have it in its power to procure a permanent place for the burial of its dead. Will not some of the enterprising citizens take this matter in hands. – Amicus."

Quite a few other letters following this one, both by "Amicus" and other progressive citizens, until the much desired cemetery was sold to our people entirely. Here, today, the dust of the dear dead of many of our loved ones rest, awaiting that great resurrection day when body and soul shall be reunited. These many years, over some of those graves, the flowers of our hillsides have waked, waved, and nodded beneath the bee and seem to whisper tender love to the sweet zephyrs that softly blow over them year after year.

Finally after much agitation and a deal of discussion the following article appeared in the Glasgow Weekly Times, under date of June 26, 1873 edited by Dr. John D. Woods and owned by Mr. E. Y. Kilgore:

"It is exceedingly gratifying to announce that Glasgow is at last to have a public burying ground. A number of gentlemen have completed the purchase of land from the Dodd Estate, which was near where the depot now stands and from R. B. Evans, Esq., and design to institute such measures as may be necessary to render it a fit resting place for our dead. It is to be immediately fenced, graded and ornamented, then divided into suitable lots and sold to all who desire them. The gentlemen connected with the affair had no design of speculation and will only be glad to be reimbursed for their actual expenditures in establishing a cemetery that will be an honor to our town and which will remove a load of odium for any seeming neglect of the sleeping dead, which lie in neglected grounds and in private places, subject to all the unpleasant mutations of ownership of property and consequent neglect.

We trust the gentlemen interesting themselves so commendable, will go forward with the highly important and badly needed work, which shall stand in the future as a perpetual monument to the thoughtfulness and respect of the present generation."

Glasgow Cemetery, continued:

For some unknown reason this plan of establishing a cemetery in Glasgow failed to materialize. We have been unable to find any cause for its not being carried through except the people had not been fully educated to the need of such a burial place, or whether not enough would buy lots to justify the owners to go forward with the project.

Nothing further was done in the matter of a cemetery until the fall of 1875, when the Odd Fellows, Glasgow Lodge, No. 65, I. O. O. F., which was organized December 1, 1849, and the charter members, Franklin Gorin, J. G. Rogers, Jno. W. Ritter, Geo. C. Rogers, and W. J. Bettersworth, took up the matter of the cemetery and carried it to a successful ending. The first officers of this order were: J. G. Rogers, N. G.; J. W. Ritter, V. G.; J. L. Crutcher, Secretary; M. S. Reynolds, Treasurer. However the order was not granted its charter until July 18, 1850. The lodge room was the second story of the old Glasgow Baptist Church.

Again we quote from the Glasgow Weekly Times, under date of September 16, 1875: "We learn with great pleasure that the Odd Fellows of our town have closed a contract for the purchase of ten acres of ground from Mr. Clem Depp, near the depot, for the purpose of opening a cemetery to be the resting place for our future dead. The necessity for such a movement has been sorely felt, and we hope, our people will cordially approve the arrangement by purchasing lots when the cemetery shall have been properly put in condition for offering lots to the public."

Just a week later, The Glasgow Weekly Times says: "We learn that the arrangements alluded to last week as being negotiated between the Odd Fellows Lodge and Mr. Clem Depp have been perfected and that the ground will be laid off immediately and put in proper condition for disposal to private parties.

The lot is eligibly located, is easily accessible, and is in a beautiful part of the town: The long felt want of a cemetery, we are glad to know is passed, and we hope to see our people give the matter than attention its importance demand.

Mr. J. R. Pedigo, one of Glasgow's best and very progressive members was Grand Master of I. O. O. F. when the Cemetery Company was organized and its first superintendent. It was under his direction that the cemetery was planned and properly laid out; the three links of the I. O. O. F. were arranged by him and bordered by sweet alyssum. The motto letters of this order are "F. L. T." which stands for "Faith, Love, Truth."

Soon the work of arranging the cemetery began. The three links, the emblem of the Odd Fellows, were laid off and can be seen until today, drive ways were arranged, shrubbery planted, the entrance way fixed, lots laid off,

Glasgow Cemetery, continued:

hillsides cut down and low places filled. Then the sale of lots began, many of the choicest ones were taken by the older citizens of our town. This was in the year 1877 and at this time, W. J. Bird was Noble Grand; Jas. Chenault, Secretary; W. W. Franklin, Clerk; and H. C. Crenshaw, Deputy Clerk. Glasgow has grown rapidly since the cemetery was established, but the "Silent City of the Dead" has grown rapidly too. It has been necessary to extend the limits of the city of Glasgow more than once; it has been necessary to extend the limits of the cemetery, also. The trees and shrubbery which they planted have grown beyond recognition. Instead of the few old box tombs of the Depp family as in the beginning, there are hundreds of splendid monuments and tombstones holding silent and loving vigil over the dear remains of our loved ones. The Order of the Odd Fellows has passed from our town; it sold the hall over the Baptist Church to that denomination, and built the building near the square which was afterwards sold to the Masonic Lodge. The cemetery passed into the hands of Mr. E. Y. Kilgore, one of Glasgow's most progressive men of a few years ago; he was much interested in it, and made some splendid improvements. Later it passed to his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Gordon, who made still greater changes, but finally sold the cemetery to Mr. Billy Lynn, who owns it today and has his dwelling house on the premises.

Notes: Glasgow Municipal Cemetery is now owned by the City of Glasgow and has been enlarged many times. It is beautifully landscaped and well maintained. Paul Bragg is the curator of the cemetery. The old cemetery referred to on Knob Road was cleaned several years ago with the remaining stones left in their approximate location. Some of the earliest settlers of Glasgow lie buried there. At the far end of this cemetery, leading towards 31E. is a grassy and unused area where paupers were originally buried. No markers remain. Across the road is the black burial grounds called Odd Fellows Cemetery.

**GORIN GENEALOGICAL PUBLISHING**

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Bernis D. Harvey's Book. A ledger book kept from 1892 through 1947 by Harvey containing 1,204 deaths, 336 marriages, ministers and messages and Harvey family data. Carefully recorded over the years, a wealth of information on the people of Metcalfe County. Contains information on the 1925 tornado which devastated the area, photos and other information. 95 pages including full-name index. \$24.00 including shipping and handling. KY residents please add 6% sales tax.

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## The Cave City Storm of 1870

Published by William Daniel Tolle under the pen name of "Ellot", Glasgow Times, 15 Feb 1915.

(Since the year 2008 seems to be a year of numerous tornadoes, this is a look back to 1870 when a tornado wrecked havoc in Barren County.)

"As probably half the readers of The Times have been born since the Cave City Storm and many of them know nothing of the particulars of the events, it may not be out of place to mention some of the particulars of the occurrence.

"The first intimation that was known of the great hurricane that swept the northern part of this county on Sunday night (Monday morning at 4 o'clock) of January 17, 1870 was at a point two or three miles South-west of Glasgow Junction in the neighborhood of Bird's School House. The wind blew from the Southwest and reaching the line of the Louisville and Nashville Rail Road, two miles North of Glasgow Junction at the "Old Hawkins Place" (farm just below W. J. Allen's farm), it swept along the course parallel with the road to Cave city, where it took a more Easterly course, and beyond which, there was no serious casualties reported.

"Its track was narrow - not exceeding half a mile in width, but marked with the destruction and wreck of everything in its way, except occasionally some object or other would be left standing in isolated loneliness. Bird's School House was unroofed and many houses between that and the "Old Hawkins Place" were blown down and a large quantity of stock of various kinds were killed. The "Old Adams Place" was destroyed except the dwelling. The next place was Bill Lewis Poynter's was a complete and total wreck, the family escaped unhurt, while he lost nearly all of every species of stock on his place. Dr. Joel Y. Wilson's house was next in the fearful path. Both Dr. and his lady were badly hurt. At first it was feared that the injuries of the latter were mortal but later developments showed her recovery.

"At this point there seemed to been an undulation in the currents, its force rising high enough to spare the dwellings in its course for the distance of about a mile, when it dipped at Prewitt's Knob, utterly and entirely destroying the little village except the old "Tavern Home" occupied by L. A.

Cave City Storm, continued:

Downer. At this place John McCown and his child, a little girl about 8 years old were killed. His wife and one other child were badly injured. Here also Miss Fite was killed and her father badly hurt. A large brick stable on the premises of Mr. Downer was blown down, killing the horses and mules, every animal in it except a fine mare which parted her halter and escaped. The splendid orchards of Messrs. Downer and Williams at the Northern base of the Knob upon which great care and considerable expense had been bestowed, were broken and twisted to mere stumps and shreds. Their loss was very heavy.

From this place to Cave City, a distance of two miles, every dwelling, barn, stable and fencing were either capsized, blown down or blown away entirely away.

At Cave City it was not in the power of language to convey the impression which one experienced in looking over the scene of terrible devastation and ruin at that place. The entire Southwestern portion of the town, comprising about one-third of the whole, and stretching off Eastward, by the adjacent country for some distance, presented to the view a saddening waste. Thickly strewn with fine fragments of lumber, trees and brush from the neighboring woods with pieces of broken furniture of every description with every species of clothing torn into tatters and strings, with papers, feathers, dead cattle, poultry & etc.

Where the sun went down upon the handsome and spacious house of worship and prayer, the seat of learning and abodes of quiet domestic happiness, it arose on their ruins, scarcely one stone or stick left upon another. Where the hymns of praise and adoration swelled upon the evening breeze, the startling shriek and agonizing wail of horror and anguish broke upon the storm at dawn. But the material destruction, this literal scattering to the winds of home, furniture, apparel and all, is forgotten in the thoughts of the fearful loss of life and dreadful human suffering. Husband and wife, parent and child lay down with the hearts treasury full of life's affections to wake in another world or on their swift journey, with no time to press loving lips or to say farewell. At Cave City there were five deaths and several wounded. The dead were George Poynter, his wife and only child about two or three years old; Andrew Davidson and Mrs. Sterrett, wife of Mr. J. W. Sterrett. These five added to the three already mentioned at Prewitt's Knob and two Messrs. Vaughns in the neighborhood of Glasgow Junction, make ten in all. The injured with greater or less severity were: - Miss Mattie Draine, Miss Pogs Nevill, J. H. Foster, J. H. Brown, D. G. McKinney and wife, Mrs. Joel Y. Wilson, John Edwards, W. Parrish, James Foster, Professor A. F. Williams, wife and two children, A. L. Mallory and nephew, Robert L. Jolly, wife and child, William Herman, wife and two children, Miss Lively, two children of E. T. Ritter, J. Foster's wife and two children and a Mrs. Peggy Rogers. The

Cave City Storm, continued:

citizens of the town who escaped the ravages of the storm, threw open the doors of their homes and applied every means in their possession to the relief of the suffering and destitute and spared no effort in their care for the distressed. Medical attention was promptly rendered by the excellent and efficient physicians of the town, Drs. Williams, Hatcher and Garnett who were assisted by physicians from Glasgow and Caverna as soon as they could reach the place. The dead were interred on Tuesday, except Mrs. Sterrett who was placed in the family vault of her father Col. Robert Sterrett near Munfordville. Mr. Davidson was buried with becoming ceremonies by the Odd Fellows. Mr. Poynter and family were buried in the family cemetery in the vicinity of Cave City. Mr. McCown and his child were placed in the family burying ground of his father-in-law Mr. Edmund Davis in the Western portion of the county on the Scottsville Pike near Skaggs Creek.

"Of property destroyed, the heaviest loss no doubt, fell upon Mr. Downer at Prewitt's Knob and upon Mr. George Middleton of Cave City. The former in the destruction of his stable and horses and orchards and nurseries; the latter in the loss of a large quantity of tobacco stored in two large barns and estimated by him to be worth ten thousand dollars. Prof. A. F. Williams, Mr. Herman, Andrew Davidson, George W. Poynter, Bud Neville and a Mr. Foster had their dwellings and every house on their premises with their furniture and apparel blown entirely away, in some instances hardly enough left to mark the place where they stood. The new church built a year before the storm and used by all the Christian denominations worshipping in the Town was blown down and all that was left was a pile bearing no resemblance of ever having been one. The fine school house and Masonic Lodge which with the church constituted very justly the leading objects of pride of the population of the Town was blown down and most of it with books, furniture, and etc. was scattered for a distance of miles.

"Mr. I. B. Grubbs of Eminence, Kentucky was engaged in a series of meetings in the Church. He was the guest of Professor Williams at the time of the storm and received some very severe but not serious injuries. Besides the total destruction named to which may be added all that portion of the Town occupied by negroes, which was wiped entirely out except a solitary cabin, damages and losses may be mentioned of less degree. The dwelling of Dr. Williams stood alone and uninjured among the wreck of his out-houses. The dwelling of Dr. Hatcher sustained partial damages. That of Mr. Sam Preston's was considerably strained and split, while a house belonging to Capt. Noah Smith had the ell lifted and bourne around several yards from its place. Many other houses were careened, unroofed or lifted from their foundations. On the day following the storm several hundred dollars were raised in Glasgow and vicinity and placed in the Glasgow Banks to the order of Mr. Price Curd of Cave City, to be used for the benefit of the sufferers. The citizens of Cave City and in fact the entire country contributed largely to the relief of the suffering in their distress. /s/ Elliot.

Cave City Storm, continued:

More facts about the Cave City Storm, from the Glasgow Times March 12, 1915. This was from Cave City, Ky. And signed "Salathiel".

Editor Glasgow Times: -

"In last Friday's paper "Ellot" of Boyd's Creek had a very lengthy and interesting letter concerning the Davidson family and also the Cave City storm (or rather cyclone), to which I wish to add some more information that he did not give; and also make at least one correction and that is, that the cyclone was in 1870 instead of 1869. [Note: the original article had 1869].

"On the Pike a short distance above Mr. Downer's, Mr. Dock Lyons' house, a large one and a half story hewed-log one, with a stone chimney at one end and a brick one at the other and the most substantial building in the track of the storm was entirely blown down. The wreckage caught fire and one child under it was so badly burned before it could be rescued, it died.

"J. H. Brown, J. H. Foster and Miss Mattie Drane, named among the severely injured all died from their injuries. The men lived only a few days but Miss Drane lingered for several weeks. Besides Mrs. Sterrett, Mr. Mallory's daughter who was killed at his house, her aunt, Miss Susan Hoover, was so badly hurt that she died in a few days. Mrs. Sterrett had a boy baby two weeks old in her arms which was unhurt. There were five other houses destroyed or damaged not mentioned by "Ellot". Mr. George Gardner's house was so badly damaged that it had to be torn down and Mrs. Thurmond's had the entire half-story blown off. Mrs. W. Tutt's, Mr. Tom Turner's and Mr. R. L. Jolly's houses were all entirely destroyed and Mr. Jolly's barn and all other out-buildings were blown down and a fine young mare was killed. Himself, wife and youngest child were left standing on the floor where the house blew from under them. The foundation of the back part was moved several feet and they stepped off the side into the cellar. The three oldest children were blown out in the pike forty or fifty feet from where the house stood and were found after the storm had subsided, all still in bed and unhurt. A few light pieces of timber had kept them covered. Mr. Andrew Davidson was found in a pond which was made that night from the hard rain, some distance from where his house stood and it was never known whether he was drowned or was killed before he struck the water.

"Elder I. B. Grubbs who was holding a series of meetings at Cave City when the storm occurred, took for his text on the Sunday Night before the storm: "Hosea 8<sup>th</sup> chapter and 7 verse. "For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

## MAMMOTH CAVE HOTEL IS DESTROYED BY THE FLAMES



From the Louisville Post, December 9, 1916. Courtesy South Central KY Cultural Center. [Photo of cave]

Historic Building is Burned to the Ground in Early-Morning-Fire.

"Mammoth Cave, Ky., Dec. 9 - The original Mammoth Cave Hotel, part of which was built in 1811, was entirely destroyed by a fire of unknown origin, which started at 3 o'clock this morning, consuming the hotel within two hours. There were no injuries sustained by guests or employees, but many of the employees of the hotel lost all their personal belongings, clothes and furniture, saving only such garments as could be hastily donned.

"There were nine guests in the hotel at the time of the fire, and they all escaped and succeeded in saving their effects.

"In addition to the guests there were Judge Albert S. Janin, proprietor of the hotel; Miss Dora Bullock, the post mistress, and Martie Carlet, the clerk, who had rooms on the third floor. They were not awakened until the flames had made good headway, and they had narrow escapes, being unable to save any of their personal belongings.

"The guests at the hotel included a Mrs. Johnson and her son, of Louisville; a son of Mr. William Kendrick, of Louisville, and several Los Angeles tourists. They were taken to Glasgow Junction on the early train.

"All the registers of the hotel and cave, which contained perhaps the greatest collection in existence of the autograph signatures of famous men and women of this country and other parts of the world, were destroyed. Registers of the Mammoth Cave and the Mammoth Cave Hotel, which, in part, were more than a century old, contained the names of such famous personages as the late King Edward, of England; Jenny Lind, Edwin Booth, the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, and Don Pedro, of Brazil. Even the keys to the Mammoth Cave itself were burned, as they were in the office of the Mammoth Cave Hotel.

"Business to Go On. There will be no interruption to business, however, as several bungalows and cottages on the Mammoth Cave grounds, operated in connection with the hotel, were not burned, and are ready for occupancy. The cave itself, of course, was not injured, nor was any of the equipment of the Mammoth Cave Railroad, except the pumping station, which was damaged. The fire lasted about two hours, and while the ruins

Mammoth Cave Hotel, continued:

were still smoking this morning, visitors, who arrived on the morning train, were sent on a tour of the cave at the scheduled hour. Announcement is made that three trips a day into the cave will be made regularly, and visitors cared for at the bungalows and cottages.

"Historic Building. The famous "Cottage Row," which was built in 1832, was burned level to the ground, as was the main hotel. The Mammoth Cave Hotel was perhaps the most historic structure of its kind in the United States, as the first part of it was built in 1811, and was used in 1812 to shelter the miners who secured the saltpeter from Mammoth Cave to make gunpowder for the war of 1812.

"Visitors from all over the world, from Norway to South Africa, have stopped at the Mammoth Cave Hotel. The dining room and the ball room were made of hand-hewed timbers, and it is related that among those who assisted in building this part of the hotel were many of the friends and neighbors of Abraham Lincoln's family. A part of the hotel was originally built of logs and later weather-boarded.

"The fire spread rapidly and was spectacular in the extreme. The losses sustained by employees of the hotel who, in some instances, lost property that represented the savings of a life-time, were not covered by insurance.

"It is said that a small insurance was held on the hotel.

Hotel Was a Century Old. First of the Structure Was Built Before War of 1812. The hotel at Mammoth Cave which was destroyed by fire this morning was one of the oldest buildings in Kentucky. It was interesting because it afforded the people of today an idea of what life was in Kentucky a century ago. Many held a sentimental attachment for the primitive old structure because of memories associated with visits to the cave. For many of the older residents of the State Mammoth Cave was the scene of the bridal trip as it was a favorite center for honeymoons in earlier days when long trips were not so easily made. Countless numbers of ante-bellum bridal couples were its guests.

"The hotel was a huge structure of logs weatherboarded. It sprawled over the ground in the manner typical of the buildings of the days in Kentucky when there was plenty of space and when timber could be had from the surrounding forests in unlimited quantity.

"The hotel was built more than a hundred years ago. The trees which were used in its connection came from the woods surrounding the cave. The lobby, the office and the dining room formed the main portion, and the

Mammoth Cave Hotel, continued.

sleeping rooms were arranged in long wings. The building was three stories high.

"The first building of the structure was built 110 years ago, before the war of 1812. It was used for the men who went to the Cave to make saltpeter. This was necessary in the manufacture of powder, and the building thus played a part in the conquest of what was then the Northwest and in the War of 1812.

"Around this original building the additions were ranged until the hotel assumed its present proportions. It is said that none of the hotel was built later than eighty years ago.

"The isolated position of Mammoth Cave had served to shelter it from changes, and a visit there had been like stepping back into the days long before the war. For one standing in front of the old structure and looking at the "ox mobile" which was in use to carry visitors, it required little effort of the imagination to call up the scenes of the grandfathers."

**RECENT SPEAKER TO THE SOCIETY**



Memorializing Mr. Lincoln by Jonathan D. Jeffrey, Manuscripts & Folklife Archives Coordinator, Kentucky Library & Museum, Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, KY. In this illustrated presentation, Jeffrey examined the monuments that Americans have erected to honor one of their greatest presidents, Abraham Lincoln. These memorials include art, the built environment, and the cultural landscape. They include national and Kentucky monuments (Lincoln Memorial, the penny, the \$5 bill, the Lincoln Highway, Lincoln's Springfield, Illinois home, Lincoln's birthplace, Lincoln's boyhood home, Lincoln logs, Lincoln statuary and Lincoln's tomb).

***The Saga of James Bosley Carter – Chapter 3 continued***

Note: Words spelled as shown. Continued from Spring 2008, Volume 36, Issue 1.

Carter continued:

In our new position we were made quite comfortable, but our duties were very exasuting. Besids guarding prisnors we had to guard the entire city, performing all of the duties that a police force usually perform. Many of our men were on duty continuously, and all evry other day, which included the night, with very little sleep.

The seargents were in command of all of the forces evry third day and during the 24 hours he was the most important official in town. He was not onley held responsible for the prisnors, which run all the way from 25 to a hundred. If any man escaped while he was on duty, he was reduced

to the ranks, which occured once. But the victim was reinstated after a time, but never got any higher. Our prisnors were gorrillas, and marauders, and when we increased the number to about an hundred, we transfered them to Sanduskey, and Collumbus Ohio. On account of the hard duty that we had to perform, the winter passed slowly, and we sometimes envied the other companies, who were in camp near the town. In the matter of escaping prisnors I will mention one incident, with which I was individualy concerned. It was well along in March 1863, and we had about 80 gorrillas, who were about the worst characters that we had ever guarded, and when I came on duty, I made up my mind to give them my personal attention, more than ever before. I visited the prison about 5 oclock and found the guards all in place, and apparently very watchful, but I found an expression on the faces of the prisnors that I did not like, and I called to the corporal of the guard, and cautioned him to watch closely till I returned. I ran across the street to my quarter, and secured my navy revolver, and ran back to the prison, throug the center of which I cleared a passage, and ordered the prisoners not to approach me. I remained in this position till 2 oclock AM, when a corporal came on, whom I could trust. The balance of the night passed without incident. I had ordered the men all to lie down in their places, and the corporal kept them there till day light. I made my report and was quite pleased to turn over to my successor the same number of men that I had received, and retired to my bunk to sleep, from which I was awaked by the seargent that had succeeded me who informed me that I had lost a prisnor. In passing I will state that Hickam was quite jubilent over the fact as it then appeared that he was the onley seargent that had not lost a prisnor. When the facts were looked into, it appeared that Seargent Colvin had received a prisnor just before turning over his command to me, and had not reported him to me on his report, which I made out for him. No one could tell how the man got away or find any possible way for his escape. Of course there was quite an uproar in camp. The Col (Foster) ordered myself, and guards, with captain to report at headquarters. The captain got into a quarrel over an old order, that we supposed was obsolete, and we were excused, and ordered to our quarters, which we lost no time in obeying, leaving the capt and the Col to fight it out, which they did with much harsh language, and without physical damage to to either, but this little incident was very mild indeed, compared to that which occured the next morning. I remember that it was a very rainey wet morning, and I slept beyond my usual time, but was awaked by my relyable corporal coming into my room. I could always tell when corporal Waldon had something of importance on his mind, and I onley waited for him to spit a few times, till I asked him what he had to communicate, which he answered by saying that Hickam had losed seven men last night. I got into my clothes as quickly as possible, and hurried to the courthouse where I found Hickam pacing on the outside, and to my hail as to the facts in the case, he said that if he had had the money he would have been on his way to Canady. He declared that he had not slept a wink that night, but stood guard most of the time himself. We had never given Collins, who succeeded Hickman, credit for any aggressive penetrating stunts, and expected of him nothing new in developing this mysterious escape, but he surprised us all when he rearranged conditions in the prison, so that he uncovered a hole in the floor, through which escape{e}s had made their way to the lower story, and then out at a back door, that fastened on the inside with a bolt, and this door

Carter, continued:

was supposed to be kept bolted, no attention was paid to it. When the Col looked at the hole in the floor, he admitted that the hole was sufficient to fool the best of guards. The intention on the part of the prisnors was to all get away while I was on duty, but were prevented from carrying out their plan, fully as intended, by my personal vigilance. We were much pleased over being releaved from sevier criticism on the part of the Col as it appeared to us but when we were ordered to camp, and another company had taken our place, we felt that our commanding officer had not disclosed fully his opinion of us as guards, but we had been provo guards about long enough and that a change was not onley good for us, but absolutely necessary for our development as good aggressive soldiers.

During the winter the famalies, and friends of the company visited us qite often, and brought with them much good food. During Christmas we were bountifully remembered. Most of the friends and family could reach us in a days journey, with a good horse or team. My wife came many times, and on one occassion went out into the country, and visitied with her uncles, and cousins, on her mother's side, but I could not accompany her, as the country was over run with gorrillas, in a small way, and of course they would not have neglected an oportunity to even up with us for having imprisoned some of their number.

With the opening of spring, there was evidence of much military activity on the part of the western army, which was demonstrated to us by vast flotilas of soldiers down the Ohio river. These men were to compose Grant's army, with which he captured forts Henry and Donalson, and about this time roomers were afloat as to what part we were to play in the great military drama, in process of formation. We were finaly advised, officially that we were to be mounted, not as cavalry, but mounted infantry, but would be assigned to a cavalvery brigade. This order was received with much satisfaction. A large majority of our regiment was composed of farmer boys who had almost grown up on horseback. "Creter back" as the southerners put it. The captain sent me to draw a horse for each of us, with orders to select bay mares, and to be particular to select square trotters. The officers of the companies were to have first choice, and there was little difficulty in selecting just about what he wanted. The captain was well pleased with my selection, but of course was to get the choice of the two, and got the best of me in the matter of gate, in that his horse was a very mild trotter, while mine would make the most radical couboy wince. Suffice it to say that we were soon mounted, and required to acquire some military stunts in marching formation.

A soldier can never make any permanent calculation on what he may not do. I think that it was on sunday in the latter part of March. The Capt had ordered company inspection of our horses and equipments, and we were busy preparing for it, when an order came to us to be ready to march in an hour, but it was about two oclock befoe we were ready to mount. We were then informed that we were to make a forced march to Madisonville, forty four miles distant, and reinforce a company of our regiment stationed there, and that we must cover that distance by 8:30 PM. The horses being rested, as well as the men we left camp on the jump, but after the first ten miles had been passed we sobered down to a trot, and when we had put twenty miles behind us, we would have been better satisfied with a fast walk, but the capt with his easy trotter kept us moving somewhat faster. When we had measured off thirty miles the starch was all taken out of us, and we sat on our horses like stuffed toads, with our feet rattling in our stireps, and our horses were about as limp as we were. Still on, on we had to go. Occasionally we would strike a rough piece of road, that compeled us to slow down to a walk, but when we had passed it to better roads, the capt would strike a trot again on his easygoing "criter". We could tell when the trot was coming long befoer it struck us and it was not onley painful but somewhat amusing to see the

Carter, continued:

men prepare for the shock, by humping themselves in their saddles. To relieve themselves, many of the boys would spread their blankets in their saddles, which only made the matter worse, after a time. It is needless to say that they never did that again on the march. We learned that a smooth surface, for long riding, is much the best. Well, we got there, not exactly on time, but within a half hour of it, and found the garrison profoundly sleeping, and then we were mad over the fact that we had been needlessly punished. Some of the men had to be helped from their horses, and the best of us were hardly able to crawl to a place where we could lie down. It would have been a very lame fight that we would have put up if there had been a necessity for it. It required about three days for us to recuperate, and get ready for efficient duty. The scare all grew out of a few gorrillas passing through the country, which had the effect to scare the capt of the company out of the little wits that he had.

The company (H) was ordered back to Henderson, and I do not think that it was ever intrusted with any important position. Our company (E) remained and did post duty, and scouting until about the middle of August. We were able to secure an abandoned house for our quarter, and stables for our horses, and on the whole were very comfortably situated for soldiers. The captain made me forage master, which with scouting kept me in the saddle nearly all of the time. We had a few small skirmishes, without casualties to our forces, but some damage to the enemy, with killed and wounded. The inhabitants were largely union, and we became quite intimate with them, Gen Shacklford's family resided here, whom we long remembered, and the family manifested a very warm feeling for us. I did much scouting and was favored by the capt with many important forras. To be continued.

### **LIT RICHARDSON – FAMOUS GUERRILLA**

Glasgow Times, 18 September 1914, from the files of the South Central KY Cultural Center.

Famous Guerrilla a Native of Barren County. Interesting Reminiscences. "It is a fact known scarcely to any one in Barren County, that Lit Richardson, the famous war-time guerrilla or "partisan ranger," as his friends called him, was a Barren county man born and bred. Yet such is the case. Richardson was born in Three Springs, where the three counties of Barren, Hart and Metcalfe corner just over on the Barren side of the county line.

"Mr. C. W. Thompson, the Sulphur Well banker and capitalist, is a regular encyclopedia of facts concerning the early personal history of Barren and Metcalfe counties. So far as Metcalfe is concerned, we do not believe a single fact connected with its history since its separate organization in 1862 [1860] has escaped his memory. His knowledge of Barren county is about equally as extensive and accurate. In fact, his grand-father was one of the first, if not the very first, Representatives ever sent to the legislature from Barren county after its organization. He says: "I remember Lit Richardson well – as well as if it was yesterday instead of forty-one years ago since he was slain in the woods between Glasgow and Cave City while a prisoner in 1863. I went to school to Richardson at Sulphur Well, and am one of the few

Lit Richardson, continued:

of his remaining old pupils. He was born in Three Springs on the Barren county side of the line cornering in that village. I do not now recall his father's descent, for he died sixty, or more, years ago, but I suppose he was one of the Hart county Richardsons. His mother was a Garvin, a family also prominent in Hart county. Both are buried in a cemetery near Three Springs. Lit Richardson, the alleged guerrilla, was a handsome young fellow of slightly above medium height and build, with black eyes and equally as black curly hair, that kinked close up to his head. I knew him from the time he was a boy until he was killed. As a youngster, he was the finest marble-player in all this section, and frequently walked from Three Springs to Sulphur Well, ten miles, to play marbles all day Saturday, and then walked back home late in the evenings. He generally went home loaded with the spoils of the games of "sweepstakes" and "ring-game," as nobody could beat him. Twenty miles a day to play marbles shows his determination and energy even when a boy. He was not in the least blood-thirsty or reckless – in fact never was – but on the contrary was a rollicking, friendly, fun-loving boy. A few years after this, his father being already dead, the Richardson family moved to Sulphur Well, and made their home here for a long while – until after the war. In the meantime, Lit Richardson, the subject of this sketch, had acquired a good education, and was a school-teacher, although hardly twenty-one years of age. When the war broke out in 1861, I was going to school to him at Sulphur Well at the time, and the Richardson family lived here in a frame house on the land recently sold in a lot sale here by Paull & Walton, of Glasgow. The house where the Richardsons lived has long since disappeared, and the very memory of the family has largely disappeared from this place. Possibly one or two of his old pupils like myself recall him, and the family, with a sigh. But we are all. The old school-house in which the famous "guerrilla," or partisan "ranger" taught, still stands by the side of the road between Sulphur Well and Knob Lick.

"Immediately at the breaking out of the war, Richardson joined the Southern side, his little school was closed, and I saw him no more until he reappeared as a raider through this section. Even then, he was always kind and considerate of his old friends and neighbors and never permitted his men to indulge in any of the excesses here that they were charged with elsewhere. I have never thought he was anything like as black as he was painted and do not believe he ever murdered anybody. Undoubtedly, he took a great many horses, but I know that he was a regularly commissioned Confederate officer, and my opinion is that he captured horses and turned them over to the Confederate government for its use, and that he was regularly employed for the work of getting horses. I never heard that he ever sold the horses he took for his own profit, or indeed that he ever sold them at all. When he took them, they simply disappeared.

"During the way, my father was a distiller. In those days there was no tax on whiskey, anybody who chose to could make liquor and sell it, and the

Lit Richardson, continued:

business was regarded as entirely legitimate and proper. I was a boy at the time and frequently slept in my father's distillery and selling-house to keep it from being robbed. One old negro bothered me every night by coming to the distillery for a drink. Finally, I ordered him away, with a strenuous injunction not to come any more. The next night – a cold one in the winter – I was awakened by a knock on the door. Thinking it was my old colored friend, I ordered him away. When the knock was repeated two or three times, I jumped up, cussin' like a blue streak, rushed to the door and jerked it open, expecting to see the negro. I was literally frozen when confronted by some thirty of Lit Richardson's gang. I explained as best I could, and they came trooping in, laughing and talking and in high good humor over my very evident discomfiture. Several of them took a drink around, and probably a dozen more filled their canteens. Then the leader insisted on paying for everything, but whiskey was cheap – probably about thirty cents a gallon – and I insisted on "setting 'em up." They thanked me, and the whole crowd jumped on their horses and left. Lit Richardson was with them, but did not make himself known to me – his old pupil.

"The very next summer, I had ridden a beautiful mare belonging to my father up to a blacksmith shop near where my father lived, and had then walked off down the road to a house. Some one shouted that Lit Richardson and his men were coming. I broke out of the home where I was and ran up the road to get the mare. But one of the guerrillas, riding in advance, saw me and shouted to stop or he would shoot me. I stopped, all of them came up, and one of them asked what I was running for. I very truthfully told him that I was running because I wanted to get away as fast as I could. They were intensely tickled over my answer, and took me with them to the shop where my father's mare was hitched. They saw her, admired her and I thought she was gone sure. But a neighbor boy of ours was in command of the guerrillas – he was a lieutenant under Richardson – and ordered them not to touch the mare. One of the soldiers demurred, grumbled and threatened to take her anyhow. Then the young lieutenant – Jim Keene was his name – promptly drew his pistol and swore he would shoot him, the soldier, dead if he did not get on his horse and leave. The man hastily crawled back in his saddle and galloped off after the others. Keene sat and waited until all had disappeared for some time, and then galloped off after them. Jimmy Keene never came back home after the war, and I never saw him again. I have often wondered what became of him, but suppose he met the fate of most of Richardson's men.

"Richardson was finally captured by a mixed party of regular soldiers, home-guards and federal, guerrillas somewhere close to the Tennessee line in 1863. He was brought through Glasgow by a squad of six or eight of his captors, and the entire party remained overnight here. The next morning before they started – and these facts are given by Mr. J. T. Wooten, who was an eyewitness and ear-witness to them – Richardson's hands were tied

Lit Richardson, continued:

together and his feet tied under the horse he was riding. As the party started off, Richardson sighed, and called out to the bystanders: "I will never get to Cave City alive." (The party was professedly taking him to the federal authorities in Louisville for trial.) The words of the doomed man proved true. He was shot and killed in the woods between where Mr. Will Barlow and Mr. Ben Duke now live, and his body left where it fell by his slayers. The Times has an account of the killing as detailed by one of the parties who did the deed, but, with one exception, every members of the party is now dead and it avails nothing to revive the harrowing memories of those bloody days. The Times also has a list of those who composed the killing party, but these it does not care to publish. Sufficient to say that the leader of this band, after a checkered and turbulent career here and in the west, finally became a Methodist preacher and died in Monroe county about a year ago. Another member of the party was the man who killed Capt. Lance Trigg in Monroe county during the wear.

"The body of Richardson was found where it had been left by his slayers, and removed to a home nearby. His relatives were notified and the remains were taken to Hart county where they now rest beside his father and mother in the Tom Chaney family burying ground at Three Springs. He was unmarried, and only a mere boy at the time of his bloody death, being about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old.

"So far as we know, the whole Richardson family has disappeared or died, except one, Sam Richardson, a brother of Lit Richardson, who was for several years Superintendent of public schools of Warren county. He afterwards moved to Nashville, and is to-day a respected and esteemed citizen of that city."

Notes: On the 1850 Barren County KY Census, District 2 is shown Fielding J. Richardson, age 43, farmer, born KY with wife, Catherine, age 45, born VA and the following children: James M., 21; **Littleton S.**, 13; Melissa G., 14; Miranda C., 16; Samuel H., 11; and Sinclair B., 18. It is unknown if this is a blended family since the ages are out of order, or if this is the way the census taker entered it.

### LEE'S SEMINARY

Undated Glasgow newspaper. From the files of the South Central KY Cultural Center.

A few miles from Cave City and a short distance from the heart of "Happy Valley" stood a typical rural school house of fifty years ago. Its builders were fortunate in the selection of this site since it was just in the angle formed by two neighborhood roads in a beautifully shaded woodland. The house, conformed to the prevailing type of country school houses of this time. It was about 40 ft. x 50 ft. frame building with four uncurtained windows to each side and two doors, supposedly one for the girls and the other for the boys; within it was ceiled, walls and overhead, but not painted. Across the back end, was blackboard, one large wood stove heated the entire room. At the time of which we write, it was in a fair state of repair – only a few window panes missing and just a glimmer of the paint, with which it had been painted years before.

Lee's Seminary, continued:

As one looked upon it for the first time, he was attracted by the wooden panel in the front gable-end, which bore inscription, "Robt. E. Lee's Seminary". It was much weatherbeaten, but still legible. It took no wild stretch of the imagination for one to realize that these excellent, peace-loving, God-fearing people of Happy Valley were Southern sympathizers and had expressed their never-dying love for the great leader of the "Lost Cause" by thus using his name.

In the yard were many native shade trees – the oaks predominating; in the back was a crude boxed stable, which had been built for the accommodation of the pupils who had to come on horseback. Just back of the house and to one side was an immense pond, which was the delight of all students in the winter ice seasons. Much love making was done here despite the ever watchful eye of Mr. Parrish who forbade it.

Many pupils came to this school from a distance, when Mr. George T. Parrish was teaching here – some boarded in the neighborhood; others rode in some distance each day. Barren County schools never had a teacher who was the equal of Mr. Parrish; fortunate, indeed, was the boy or girl who was privileged to be his pupil. He was rigid in discipline, but always just. No pupil ever sat in his school room but what he was stronger and better for it. Later in life, they blessed him for his stern discipline, which had fitted them so well to meet the trials, hardships, and responsibilities of their manhood or womanhood years. Mr. Parrish is dead. In a few years, he will be, like all mankind, only a name, but not with his influence, which unseen through though it may be will go ringing down the corridors of time, until it is declared that time shall be no more.

Mr. Parrish had the highest sense of honor of almost any one we have ever known, nothing low or mean was attributed to him. His discipline in his school work was rigid, indeed, but down deep in the hearts of his pupils, they approved of his "strictness." Mr. Parrish was gifted in his ability to unfold and make clear to his pupils whatever was difficult and dark to them. On all occasions, Mr. Parrish was dignified and very reserved in his manner in the school room – but one time he lost his dignity – he accidentally moved his chair too close to the edge of the rostrum, which was about eighteen inches high, and fell backwards off of it, landing on the wet floor, where pupils had been drinking and spilling the water upon the floor. It was impossible to retain one's dignity under such circumstances! As soon as it was seen he was unhurt, the pupils simply roared with laughter. He let them have their laugh, then took up the work as though nothing had happened. Mr. Parrish's influence was especially strong and wholesome with his boy pupils just entering manhood. Eternity alone can tell how many young men were restrained from an evil and wicked life by the influence of this strong man. The course of study of this school embraced every thing from primer pupils, through Latin, higher mathematics, book-keeping and surveying. We have often wondered how he lived through one day, much less months of it.

Few of the pupils that attended this school some fifty years ago are left here; some have moved away; many have heard and answered "one clear call", but we shall endeavor to name a few of the older boys who attended this school. I say boys because no girls these days ever grow as old as fifty years, despite the passing of time, so none of those living today could have been pupils of this time. Boys: Luther Wells, Sam Caldwell, Sam Farris, Charlie "Uncle Shelt" Farris, Eugene Shaw, Will Parker, Ed Terry, Garnett Eubank, John Preston, Powell Barlow, John Roam, Nat Sanderson, John Sanderson, Tom Duke, Jim Duke, John Duke, Ben Duke, George King, Will Farris, Jim Farris, Tom M. Wilson, Judge Jewell and others whose names do not stick in "memory's mold" Lee's Seminary is carrying on still – year by year. It receives the pupils of this district into its fold and later sends them forth to life's battle. May this old lighthouse of education continue to carry forward its great work of making good citizens and may those who live around it rally to its support as never before."

**BOOKS FOR SALE BY THE SOCIETY**

**Barren County Cemeteries:** Ken Beard and Brice T. Leech, Editors. Hardbound. \$25.00 plus \$3.50 shipping and handling.

**Barren County Heritage.** Goode and Gardner, Editors. \$25.00 plus \$3.50 shipping and handling.

**Barrens: The Family Genealogy of the White, Jones, Maxey, Rennick, Pope and Kirkpatrick families, related lines.** Emery H. White. \$11.50.

**Biography of Elder Jacob Locke.** James P. Brooks. \$3.60.

**Goodhope Baptist Church (now Metcalfe Co.), Peden 1838-1872.** \$6.00

**Historic Trip Through Barren County, Ky.** C. Clayton Simmons, hardbound. \$17.50.

**Little Barren (Trammel's Creek) Baptist Church, Mtcalfe Co KY, Peden.** \$6.00.

**Mt. Tabor Baptist Church, Committee.** \$11.65.

**Pleasant Run Church, McFarland's Creek, 1827-1844, Peden.** \$6.00.

**Stories of the Early Days, Cyrus Edwards.** Hardbound. \$17.00 plus \$2.00 postage.

**Then And Now,** Dr. R. H. Grinstead. \$2.60.

**Times of Long Ago.** Franklin Gorin. Hardbound. \$12.00. plus \$2.00 postage

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**TRACES**, the Society's quarterly publication is received by all members. It is published seasonally; Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter. Members joining during the year will receive the past issues of that year in a separate mailing.

**CONTRIBUTIONS** are earnestly solicited. Family genealogies, marriages, Bible, will and probate, cemetery, court and other records are all acceptable. You will be listed as the contributor.

**QUERIES** are accepted only from members, without limit, and will be published as space permits. Queries should be limited to about 50 words.

**EXCHANGE** of Traces with other Societies or publications is acceptable and welcome.

**BOOKS** to be reviewed in Traces must be sent with information as to cost, including postage, from whom the book may be obtained. They become the property of the Society library. Books should have Kentucky interest. Reviews will be published as space permits.

**MEETINGS** are held monthly, except December, at the South Central Kentucky Cultural Center (Museum of the Barrens), 200 Water Street, Glasgow, KY, on the fourth Thursday, 7:00 p.m. Interesting and informative programs are planned for each meeting and your supportive attendance is always welcome.

**BACK ISSUES** of Traces are available. Our supplies of the following are gone: Vol. 1, Nos. 1-4 (1973); Nos. 1-4 (1974); Vol. 4. (1976); Vol. 5, No. 1 (1977), Vol. 3, Nos. 1 and 4 (1981); Vol. 10, Nos. 1 and 2 (1982), Vol. 12, No. 2 (1984). All others can be purchased as long as the supply lasts at \$4.00. Back issues will be mailed with our regular quarterly mailing.

**CORRESPONDENCE** of any type that requires a reply must contain a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address to: South Central Kentucky Historical and Genealogical Society, P. O. Box 157, Glasgow, KY 42142-0157.

**BOOKS AND MATERIALS** of a genealogical nature that you no longer need - would you consider donating them to the Society? They will be preserved for other researchers and are deeply appreciated. Contact the editor, Sandi Gorin, 205 Clements Avenue, Glasgow, KY 42141-3049.

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