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"THE EARLY HISTORY OF BOWLING GREEN"

At the first meeting of the season of the Daughters of the American Revolution held at the home of Mrs. Alex Duvall, 1357 State street, on the afternoon of Friday, September 7, Mrs. Josie Nazro read a most interesting paper on "The Early History of Bowling Green."

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Nazro, The Daily News has been permitted to publish this article and it will appear in six installments. The first, "The Founding of the City," begins today. The facts regarding the formation of the county of Warren and the establishment of Bowling Green as its county seat were taken from a paper written and published some time ago by Attorney John B. Rodes, which he kindly allowed Mrs. Nazro to copy. The remainder of the paper is from Mrs. Nazro's recollections of pre-war times in Bowling Green.

The paper, in its entirety, is a story of the history of Bowling Green from the date of its founding by Robert Moore through the Civil War.

BOWLING GREEN DERIVED NAME FROM BALL ALLEYS OF MOORE IN YEAR 1798

Pioneers Attracted to County by "Barrens" as Early as 1796

First Stop At River

Early Settlers Found Lone House On Barren River Upon Arrival

Warren county, created in 1796 from a part of Logan county, was named for Gen. Joseph Warren, one of the first martyrs in the war for Independence, who fell in the Battle of Bunker Hill. The county is located in the southern part of the state. It is bounded on the north by Butler and Edmonson, on the east by Barren, on the south by Allen and Simpson and on the west by Butler and Logan countries.

The big Barren river flows through the county. Other streams are Gasper River, Drake's Creek, Bay's Fork and Jennings creeks. Fine springs abound throughout.

Bowling Green, the largest town and county seat, is situated at the head of navigation on Barren river, on the L & N railroad, 114 miles south of Louisville.

The Barrens In early times around 1796, this part of the state was called "The Barrens," because it did not possess then the big forrests of the northern portion of the Commonwealth, where the first settlements were made. These "Barrens" were the widest stretch of land without forests in Kentucky, the result of periodical fires. It was a wonderful country to the pioneer who had come out of the dense forests of the north and east to grass and flowers carpeted rolling prairie-like country. The "Barrens" were settled rather late in pioneer history. A pioneer named Burke, describes traveling for many miles through these "barrens" until his arrival at a lone house called McFadden's Station, on Big Barren river, not far from where Bowling Green now stands.

The Barrens were not entirely without forests and along the edge of the streams and around springs would be clumps of trees. Near these the pioneer usually took up his domicile. The Station established by McFadden in 1778 was on the north side of Barren river at about where the Emmett Logan farm is located and where a beautiful little spring still bubbles forth from beneath a bluff.

When Robert Moore came along two years later, 1790, seeking a place to locate, he stopped for a few days at McFadden's, scouting around for a likely looking spot upon which to found a settlement. Discovering a big spring a few miles distant, he thus determined the location of BOWLING GREEN. This spring as described by Mr. Rodes was immediately in the rear of a livery stable and on the opposite side of the street from where Mrs. A.H. Taylor's establishment is located. (My impression is that it was on the same side of the street.)

In 1799 (?) George Moore, the brother of Robert Moore, had acquired the section of land about the spring streets and State and Center streets and dedicated the spring to public use with a space immediately surrounding the spring 20 by 120 feet.

First County Courts As I have stated in 1796 WARREN COUNTY WAS FOUNDED. According to the law in existence at that time, justices of the peace were appointed for the new counties by the Governor of the state. These justices, meeting in April, 1797 at the place of Robert Moore, organized the first county court.

Moore's home, located about the center of the county, was one of the best built and largest cabins in this section. Of course, the meeting of the county court brought all the pioneers together once a month then on the first Monday instead of on the third (as at present) and they began to

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settle around the place of Moore at the site of the big springs.

Then it was that Robert Moore conceived the idea of founding a city around his springs and upon his land. Assisted by his brother George, in 1797, he offered as... entered upon the County Court record two acres of land for public buildings-- the same two acres where is now located our beautiful Fountain Park and where up to the time of the Civil War stood the court house, clerk's offices, market houses and jail. The custom then was to begin the founding of every town by a dedication of two acres for public buildings. Almost all the towns of that day in Kentucky and Tennessee thus had their beginning.

At the same meeting of the county court in July, 1797, commissioners were appointed to let the building of a court house. It was to be constructed of hewn logs, one and one half stories high and 20 by 20 feet in dimensions. There was to be one room downstairs and two upstairs, the latter no doubt, for juries. A log jail was to be likewise constructed. The logs were one foot square, and the jail 16 by 12 feet, divided into two rooms. At this same meeting of the county court tax rates were fixed and the prices of rum, wine, peach brandy, whiskey, tea and coffee were also arranged.

Moore's "Ball Allee" The county court met for the first time in the new court house in March, 1798. At this meeting, the first held in the new building, the name of the city was bestowed by the trustees and it was ordered that it be called Bowling Green. I should have stated before shortly after Robert Moore built the cabin near Big Springs, back of where the old Maria Moore house now stands at the corner of Eighth and State streets and at about the time when the county court began to meet at his home, he built at a nearby place upon his greensward a bowling alley. In the old records there are references to the "Ball Alley of

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Robert Moore." He thus catered to the love of the pioneer for sport and the first game ever played where Bowling Green now stands was with the thundering balls of a bowling alley.

Upon the modern records of the county court, there is a newspaper communication from a Missouri paper together with a letter addressed to Mr. John E. Younglove from a gentleman by the name of Bowling, living in Missouri, who claimed that his father, James Bowling, gave the name of Bowling Green. The claim is totally without foundation. I have searched the records carefully, says Mr. Rodes, and I do not find the name of Bowling Green appearing anywhere before the naming of the city by the county court, and there is not the slightest doubt that Bowling Green was named from the bowling alley of Robert Moore. What could have been more natural than for the early settlers to have named the town for the place where they gathered for their only sport. (Hunting then being considered a business and not a sport.)

JEFFERSONVILLE EARLY BOWLING GREEN'S RIVAL FOR FIRST COUNTY SEAT

In rush of Population In 1800 Necessitated New Addition to City; Location of City On Banks of River Objected to; John McNeal Active In Behalf of New Addition

The inrush of population was extremely heavy from 1800 on and many homes began to be erected so that in 1800 George and Robert Moore made a twelve acre addition to the town, which ran from where the Moore home stood up toward what is now Reservoir Hill. In the meantime the people became ashamed of the log court house and in the spring of 1805 the County Court ordered the building of a new one and the contract was let to one John McNeil, afterwards known as "McNeil the Turbulent." About this time the importance of river navigation began to be felt and many realized that Bowling Green should have been located near the river, so that products of the town might be more easily shipped to the chief market of that time, New Orleans.

The importance of river shipping was greater than now. Louisville was too far off, too small then. It was a great trip down the big Barren to Green to the Ohio and down the Ohio to the broad Mississippi and thence over its turbulent waters to the big city at the gulf. The advantages of a river town made such a strong appeal that on November 4, 1805 on motion of Robert Moore, an addition to the town was made by which it was extended to the river and in this new section two acres were likewise set apart for public buildings. This brought a rival in the field and the next day November 5, 1805 John McNeil came into court and on his motion the town of Jeffersonville was established to embrace thrity-five acres and later one hundred acres, and thus a contest for the County seat.

New Addition Started A large number of people wanted the town

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built on the banks of the river and wanted the new court house and jail removed to some point on the river, dedicated to the new town of Jeffersonville. While the adherents of the Moores and residents of the old town objected to any removal the air drawn city of Jeffersonville was laid out upon the land now owned by Mr. Frank Strange. The home of John McNeil stood where Frank Strange's home now stands, near the big spring at the foot of the bluff. From that spring as a corner ran one line up the bluff, another line ran at right angles toward what is now Cemetery pike. One hundred acres were included in these lines. There was a fine place for a wharf near the spring on the river. It was a fine plan and it seems a pity that Bowling Green did not adapt this seemingly more suitable location. However, in the fall of 1807 the Moores succeeded in getting the County Court to order that the new Court house be built on the new addition they had given the town of Bowling Green, which would have been about where the negro school building now stands.

Some delay was caused and in 1808 an Act of the Legislature was secured by which Commissioners were appointed to fix the location of the County seat of Warren county. John McNeil was always in litigation of some sort or other and it was no doubt it was he who got this act of the Legislature of February 1808, appointing commissioners to fix the County seat of Warren county. The commissioners met on May 2, 1808 and made their report to the County Court on June 6, 1808. These commissioners were Samuel Wilson, John Rodes, Samuel Haycroft, Reuben Ewing and Richard Garnett. These men were not all Bowling Green men, but were among the most prominent men of the Green and Barren river counties and all of high standing. The report was as

follows: At the risk of being tedious, I will read it.)

Jeffersonville Gets County Seat On Monday, May 2, 1808, agreeable to an act of the Assembly entitled an act to fix the permanent seat of Justice of Warren county, we, the commissioners met at the house of Simon M. Hubbard in the town of Bowling Green and having taken the proper oath called on the Surveyor of Warren county, (Elijah M. Covington) for a platt of the County together with the geographical center thereof, which being produced we proceeded to explore so much of the County as we deemed necessary to enable us to judge of the proper place for fixing the seat of Justice for the county aforesaid and after having carefully examined the premises, we have by concurrence of majority fixed the permanent seat for Justice for Warren county on the public square as laid out in the town of Jeffersonville on the lands of John McNeil, who gave his consent thereto and agreed that a town might there be laid out containing one hundred acres and that one-fourth part of the proceeds of the sale of the lots when laid off and sold shall be appropriated to the indemnification of those who have purchased and improved lots in the old town of Bowling Green. Agreeable to the act aforesaid and also agree to convey two acres on which to erect the public buildings in said town and said McNeil also agrees to give two lots in said town one for the use of a seminary of learning and the other for a house of public worship. We then proceeded to open subscription for donations from individuals willing to contribute towards the public buildings of said county and secured subscriptions to the amount of \$295 and fifty gallons of whiskey, which are herewith filed. We then opened subscriptions for the indemnity of those who had purchased and improved lots in the town of Bowling Green and we secured subscriptions

for this purpose amounting to the sum of \$1,650.00 which is herewith filed.

Whereupon we preceeded to estimate the loss sustained by these several persons, which is as follows:

Benjamin Hampton.....	\$3,500.00
Williamson Gatewood.....	500.00
Samuel Campbell.....	120.00
Abel Hennon.....	950.00
William Chaplaine.....	450.00
Samuel B. Cokes.....	700.00
William R. Payne.....	250.00
Richard Lyon.....	15.00
Isiah Potts.....	50.00
Charles Donaldson.....	50.00
Francis Johnson.....	400.00
William Swearinger.....	60.00
Joab Watson.....	450.00

This report shows how strong McNeil was bidding for the County seat, and how he was endearing to placate the residents of the old town. The expenses of the commissioners were paid as follows:

To the surveyor chairman and chairman.....	\$175.00
Samuel Haycroft for traveling 70 miles and returning and for six days attendance.....	20.40
Reuben Ewing for traveling 70 miles and back and for six days attendance.....	15.72
John Rodes for traveling 20 miles and returning and for six days attendance.....	15.00
Samuel Wilson for same.....	15.00
Richard Garnett for traveling 32 miles and back and for six days attendance.....	19.68

But the end was not yet even though, three commissioners had reported favorably for Jeffersonville. On the same day the report was received the justices decided it was not then practical to build any court house at all under the circumstances. I will not go into all the reasons for delays in the building of the court house in Jeffersonville but McNeil did remove the court house from the old town of Bowling Green and the jail was erected and the Circuit Court did meet in Jeffersonville in October, 1808 and to all appearances the county seat was removed from

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Bowling Green to Jeffersonville upon the banks of the river, but the fight was even yet not over. In November and December the county court met but the January court had to meet at the house of John McNeil. Evidently the court house had been so hastily removed and put together that it was untenable during the cold winter. What happened during that period I can't find out but the records show that the February term of the county court met again in the old town of Bowling Green.

Court Held at Private Home There was no court house for it to meet in so court met in the home of Williamson Gatewood which then stood upon the spot where the Elk's building now stands. The county and circuit courts continued to meet until a new court house was built in 1812. McNeil made a last effort to get court to convene again in Jeffersonville but failed and in March 1809 sold his place upon the river and became a resident of the old town of Bowling Green.

With this fight ended in April, 1809 Francis Johnson, one of the first Congressmen from the Third District of Kentucky and a very able lawyer, came into the county court and offered to raise a subscription to help in the erection of public buildings in the old public square in Bowling Green. It was so ordered and together with other commissioners were appointed to that end. Thus Bowling Green became the permanent county seat of Warren county. In February, 1812 court met in the newly completed court house which stood in the center of the square.

The court house, a red brick one, stood until the square was converted into a public park and the jail stood until about the time of the Civil war. The jail became so obnoxious to the people that one dark night they tried to tear it down but couldn't and though partly demo-

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lished it was still used until about the time of the Civil War when it burned together with other buildings.

How it was that the act of the Legislature and the report of the commissioners fixing the permanent county seat at Jeffersonville was ignored I can not find in the records, says Mr. Rodes. In all events the act and report were ignored and Bowling Green became the permanent seat of justice for Warren county.

MANY PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND SCHOOLS ERECTED IN CITY OVER 100 YEARS AGO

Robert Moore, Founder of Bowling Green, Died In 1810; Place of Burial Unknown; House Still Stands At Corner of State and Eighth Streets

Robert Moore, the founder of the city, died in 1810. His burial place I do not know. His brother, George Moore, died in 1813 and his unkept and unrespected grave may now be found in the old cemetery on College street, which the Board of Public Works of Bowling Green, the city he founded, permits each summer to grow into a jungle of weeds and today remains a shame to the city. The oldest buildings now standing in Bowling Green are the Moore home, corner of State and Eighth streets, built by Robert Moore; the Morehead house, built by the father of Mrs. Joseph Younglove and the Younglove building, corner of State and Main streets, built by Thomas Quigley, a leading business man of this section in early days. He afterwards moved to Louisville. The building still standing at the corner of Park Row, was built by my grandfather, Mathew W. Henry, at that time known as Washington Hall.

Presbyterian Church Oldest. The Presbyterian church is the oldest church now standing and was organized in 1819. Its first pastor, Rev. Joseph B. Lapsley, is buried in my grandfather's lot in the old cemetery. In the basement at an early date Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Jones of Massachusetts established a most notable private girls' school of this section. There was no public schools until after the Civil War. It was the first school I ever attended and Mrs. Lizzie Thomas was my chum there. I suppose there is not a D.A.R. in the city whose mother or grandmother did not attend that school. Mr. Jones died a few years after its establishment and his widow, Mrs. Mary K. Jones, carried it on for many years. She was one of the most cultivated woman ever in Bowling

Green and I remember my father once saying, if his daughters only learned to walk as Mrs. Jones walked he would consider their tuition well spent. Her methods of teaching were thorough and religious instruction went with her teachings, as an essential part of a woman's education.

Miss Sallie McElroy, who afterward married Hon. Proctor Knott, was at that time her assistant. When now I go into the basement of the Presbyterian church, where this school was so long and successfully held and compare the quarters with the fine school buildings of the present day, I am impressed with the wonderful superiority of mental, moral and spiritual teachings over more material surroundings in forming character, for taken as a class it would be hard to find nobler, more useful women than were educated at Mrs. Jones' school in the basement of the old Presbyterian church. This I can say without conceit, as unfortunately I did not finish my education there, but left when about 15 to attend school in Washington City. I am aware that I lost much by the change.

War Stops Boys' School. There were no good established boys' schools in Bowling Green at that early date. A few years before the Civil War the Methodists secured a sight on what is now Reservoir Hill and large subscription were secured for the building of a college for boys. Buildings were commenced and a cornerstone was laid. At the ceremony Rev. Mr. Parsons, a Methodist minister, made a beautiful address and there was great enthusiasm in the town. Prominent men of all denominations contributed. The war coming on put an end to it and the project was abandoned.

Besides the buildings in the town limits at that time there were many substantial homes located and built in the county. Among them the home now owned by Mr. Searcy, built by my great uncle, Thomas Rogers. Hugh Barclay, the ancestor of the large family of that name in this town and county, chose

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for his home a beautiful location on Barren River a mile east of Bowling Green, where he located a home of 1,000 acres and built a fine colonial brick house. In 1838 he sold this place to my father who, owing to its elevated location, called it Mount Air and it still goes by that name, though the original house was burned during the Civil War. I will now leave the historical records of Bowling Green and tell you something of my early recollections which extend so far back that they may truly come under the head of "Early History".

The Widow of Robert Moore. One of my earliest memories is of an old, very old lady, sitting at an upper window of the Maria Moore house. She wore a soft white cap over her white hair and a kerchief folded over her breast, pinned with a large cameo brooch. In the window by her side was always a little white pitcher with blue bands around it. This old lady was the widow of Robert Moore, the founder of Bowling Green. All of her early companions were long since dead and she came to think that God had forgotten to call her home and her constant prayer was "O Lord, remember me." One morning on my way to school I noticed the little pitcher was not in the window and learned that she was dead. God had remembered her. She was buried in the old cemetery beside her husband. She left an only daughter, Miss Maria Moore, at that time about 50, plain, somewhat stout and practical, but around whom a very pathetic romance lingered, which might well serve a warning to young ladies inclined to trifle with sincere affection.

EARLY SOCIAL LIFE IN CITY DIFFERENT FROM AT PRESENT

Social life in those days were very different from the present time. The population was about three thousand. There were very few, really none of the housekeeping conveniences of the present day but nearly everyone owned their own family servants, so there was none of the changing and hunting for cooks. Accordingly entertaining was not difficult and hospitality became a matter of course. Church going was universal and the weekly prayer meetings were not neglected. The ladies prayer meetings and the ladies sewing circles were the only meetings I remember exclusively for women. All parties were for both sexes, men and women, ladies and gentlemen as we said them. If a number of ladies organized themselves into an assembly to play cards for the entire afternoon, I think the church would have called a meeting to look into the matter.

Shakespearian Club There was a "Shakespearian Club" organized for men and women, mostly unmarried, which met monthly and continued for years with great interest and much literary improvement for its members. As characters were assigned we, of course, studied them in order to read as well as possible for one of our officers was a critic who did not spare our mistakes. He was a very intelligent though eccentric man, T.P. Aticus Bibb by name. The social life was so delightful and many pleasant parties given. There were never set programs for our guests entertainment. The hostess used her skill to draw out their talents. If any girl was known to sing or play well or recite an opportunity was given them to display their talent.

Among many of the hospitable homes, where frequent "parties" were given was that of Mr. Atwood Hobson, grandfather of Mrs. T.H. Beard and Miss Margaret Hobson, on College street, where the Business University now

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stands. And not so elegant or ceremonious but certainly among the most enjoyable were those given by Mrs. Issac Newton, grandmother of Mrs. Alice Hackney, at her home, which is still standing, the red brick house at the corner of College and Eighth streets. There never was any wall flowers at her parties, for whenever conversation seemed to lag, she would say "circulate!" Circulate, young people!" Mr. Jones you have been talking long enough to Miss Smith, circulate, everybody." So there was a lot of fun trying to get back to the one you liked. My own home at Mount Air was the scene of many pleasant parties for we were a large family of young people and my father and mother enjoyed nothing so much as making them happy.

No Early Theatres There were no theatres in those early days. Ogden Hall was built much later and such entertainments as came to town or of amateur origin were generally held in churches or in Mrs. Jones' school house. There were sometimes pleasant dancing parties but round dances were rarely indulged in between young men and women and except by the most daring and then a cannon ball might have been shot between the two without injury to either.

Horseback riding was iniversally indulged in and a favorite amusement of the young folks but the possibility of a lady riding astride in breeches was inconceivable.

No railroad was in here in those days and the arrival and departure of the stage coach to and from Louisville was the most exciting incident of the day and it was indeed an inspiring sight to see the stage driver blow his horn, crack his long whip and start four fine horses off at a gallop. The stage at that time started from the Mooehead house.

Stage Coach Trips When in 1856 my father was elected to Congress he took my sister and me to Washington with him. We traveled from Bowling Green to Louisville by stage coach, we traveled at night too. As I remem-

ber the trip took us the better part of three days. We used candles for lights in those days and gas lights in Louisville was a sensation to me. Cisterns, springs and wells in back yards furnished the town water supply. As a result, though, we were ignorant at the time of the connection, there were always enough cases of typhoid fever in the town to call forth all the help possible from friends and neighbors, as there were no trained professional nurses then.

We had no railroad until 1858. I remember what a pleasurable excitement there was when the first group of engineers, mostly young men arrived in town to carry on the building of the L & N, which was not completed to Nashville until 1859. When that road was completed, Bowling Green seemed to lack nothing desirable for a happy home town and was a harmonious community and so continued until the differences of political opinion leading up to the Civil war became so intense that friends were estranged and lifelong friendship broken. I do not intend to enter into any account of these partisan times except to tell as far as I know the events making the History of Bowling Green.

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CIVIL WAR DAYS SUPPLIED THRILLS APLENTY FOR ALL RESIDENTS OF THIS CITY

People Took to Cellars When Invasion Begun By Forces Under Commander
Major General Albert Sidney Johnson

You all know the stand Kentucky took as a neutral state, hoping thereby to become a peace maker between the two opposing sections. The state could remain neutral, but individuals could not and many of our citizens, mostly young men, left to join one side or the other. General Simon B. Buckner had a camp just over the Tennessee line and General Lovell H. Reaudeau had one across the river from Louisville. These two camps were watching each other like hawks. Historians are not in accord as to which army first violated the state's neutrality and entered Kentucky, but it is agreed that the invasion was virtually simultaneous. But this I know that General Buckner with thousands of Confederate troops first entered Bowling Green.

It was September, 1862, a bright beautiful day, I had ridden into town on horseback and stopped for a call at the home of my friends, the Halls, (Mrs. Annie Motley's grandmother). They lived in the little brick cottage still standing on Main street on the other side of the depot. While I was there the train from the south came in, mostly platform cars, whistles blowing, men yelling and more noise than I had ever before heard. Thousands and thousands in gray uniforms and no uniforms at all. The space around the depot was filled with the troops. An American flag was flying beautifully over the depot, which the citizens of the town had hoisted there a few months before. They commenced shooting at this flag and continued doing so till it was riddled to tatters, then hauled it down and hoisted in its place a new banner, the Stars and the Bars. The loyal Daughters of the American Revolution can imagine what they would feel at this preset day to witness such a sight.

I stayed a while and then rode home as fast as I could for crowds of soliders were already marching along the very road I had to go. Finally I had to wait till regiment after regiment entered the gate leading to Mount Air. On they marched up to near the house, entering two orchards and a grove. Here they pitched their tents and later built a fort on an elevation near the house. Other troops marched elsewhere and built other forts. One on what is now Reservoir Hill, another on Normal Heights, then known as "Vinegar Hill," and the largest of all on "Baker Hill" across the river.

This occupation by an army brought all sorts of excitement—joy to sympathizers and sorrow to Union people. There were hops at headquarters. Gay parties riding and to see the drills, etc., for since the night before Waterloo, when bright lights shown over fair women and brave men, war brings gaieties. All communication north of Bowling Green was cut off. If by any chance a Louisville Journal was smuggled through it was passed around clandestinely among Union people till it was completely worn out. Many officers brought their wives and families, and hotels, boarding houses and even private homes were crowded.

Evacuation Orders. The winter was cold and rainy; the streets a perfect loblolly, and there was much sickness among the soliders. The General and several officers commanding the troops camped at Mount Air, brought their families and finding no comfortable place for them in town decided to take possession of the home there, so secured an order from the Commanding General, which read as follows:

"W.L. Underwood and all persons occupying the premises known as Mount Air are commanded to vacate immediately. By order of Major General."

"Albert Sidney Johnson,
Commanding"

This order was delivered to my father on the evening of New Year's

day, 1862. He got on his horse and went to town to see General Johnson who, in view of the fact that my mother was ill in bed, changed the word immediately to "in two days," so on January 3 in a cold, sleety rain my father, brother Henry, on horseback, my mother and I with the little children in the old carriage and several negro women with a dozen scared pickaninies perched on top of a few things and some food we had packed in a two-horse wagon, went down the hill out from our own old home, while the officers and their wives who had already taken possession stood in the door laughing at the comical procession we made. Passes were refused us through the lines so we went to a log cabin owned by a friend of my father up on the edge of Allen county, where we stayed for six weeks.

Soliders Depart. My father, however, got through the lines on horseback. Late on February 13, 1862, a man came up from town and told us the soliders had left Mount Air and were leaving town. So early next morning, the 14th, my mother and I with the children got in the carriage and drove the 15 miles down to town. When we reached the bounds of Mount Air on what is now Cemetery Pike, all fences were gone so we drove across the fields to the house. Just as we drove up the last wall fell in with a crash. The house had been set on fire the evening before, when the troops left the hill. So perished one of the oldest and handsomest homes in Warren county. We went on to town and again to the home of our friends, the Halls. There we learned that the bridges, passenger and railroad, across the river had been burned and blown up the evening before. Also the most of that side of the square where Nahm's and Cuthbertson's stores now are, had been burned. We were lingering for a little visit before returning to the cabin, for we did not know what else to do, when there came a sudden booming of cannons from Baker's Hill across the river.

Shot Strikes Home. The Union Army had reached there and were throwing

shot and shell around the depot in an effort to save that. The roundhouse (an immense frame building) was filled with corn, flour, bacon and other provisions to be shipped south. Snow was on the ground and the shell would sink into the slush and often fail to burst. We soon learned to distinguish between shot and shell. Mrs. Hall was a very old lady and a semi-invalid. Her daughter, Mrs. Hodge, and two sons, a niece, Mammie Smith, my mother and I and four children were in the house and only one man, Mike Hall, when a shot struck the corner of the kitchen and all the women were begging Mr. Hall to do some different thing. He picked his mother up in his arms, wrapping a blanket around her. We all followed him to the cellar, grabbing comforts and blankets as we went. The cellar door opened on the outside toward the depot so we had full view of the landing of most of the shot and shell.

Populace Flee. When the firing commenced people fled in every direction to supposed places of safety, many going over Normal Heights, then Vinegar Hill, and the soliders were fleeing too, for the town was nearly evacuated and there were not enough left to make resistance. A Confederate officer, a friend of Mrs. Hall, knowing the house was full of women and children, came galloping up and stayed with us till there was no danger and he, together with the face of his uniform, prevented our horses and Mrs. Hall's from being taken by fleeing men. As people fled, seeing the open cellar door, they popped down into it till the cellar was full. I wish I had time to tell some of the many funny things that were said and done in that cellar in spite of the thrilling situation. After a few hours of this firing all soliders had left the town. Dr. Porter, who was one of the bravest men ever living in Bowling Green and a fine physician as well, with a flag of truce went down to the river and told the Federals the soliders

had left town and their firing endangered the lives of childrens, so it was stopped and all was quiet, though full of excitement.

Depot is Burned. The depot had so far been saved. Too late to get back to the cabin, we stayed all night at Mrs. Hall's. The house being crowded, a pallet was made on the parlor floor for Mammie Smith and me, which we hardly used, as we stood at the window watching for what might happen next, and it came about 9 o'clock that night. Five Texas rangers dashed up to the depot, three got off, while two held the horses. In a moment they had lighted torches in their hands and rushing in and out the depot and the other buildings, soon they were all on fire and flames bursting out everywhere. When their work was surely accomplished they leaped on their horses and galloped away as fast as horses could carry them, leaving a fearful and magnificent sight behind them. By morning nothing was left there but a heap of twisted iron and red, glowing ashes with an all prevading odor of burning corn and bacon. Early the next morning the Federal troops having made pontoon bridges, began crossing the river. More and more they came till the town was filled with blue coated men instead of gray, but as they were marching on not so many were left in the town, but still enough for us to realize the discomforts and sorrows of war, for many sick and wounded were brought back here from the battlefields of the South and churches and other buildings taken for hospitals. "All the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" as poets pictured it was proven an unreal dream and the song the Angels sung of "Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men" seemed hushed forever. Old things had passed away, and here, the early history of Bowling Green is ended.