Bluegrass Craftsman: Being the Reminiscences of Ebenezer Hiram Stedman Papermaker 1808–1885

Ebenezer Hiram Stedman

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**Recommended Citation**

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Ebenezer Hiram Stedman
Papermaker 1808-1885

Edited by
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and
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FRANCES L. S. DUGAN
and
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UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY PRESS
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Printed at the University of Kentucky

The publication of this book has been made possible partly through a grant from the Margaret Voorhies Haggin Trust, established in memory of her husband, James Ben Ali Haggin.

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 59-13267
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Introduction: In which the editors relate something of Ebenezer Hiram Stedman, papermaking in Kentucky, and the nature of the manuscripts herein published.

When Ebenezer Stedman, papermaker, wrote of people and incidents he remembered, he recorded an aspect of Bluegrass life not to be found in traditional accounts. If the memoirs of contemporary residents and the impressions of visitors are to be credited, Central Kentucky was peopled largely by Tidewater aristocrats or by great hunters. Tradespeople and craftsmen, who represented the largest portion of the residents of the Bluegrass, seldom caught the attention of any writer—certainly of none from their own ranks—until Stedman happened to write his memoirs.

Stedman was by no means immune to the romance of the Bluegrass. From Texas he wrote nostalgically of his “adopted dear old state Ky.” and pridefully of his acquaintance with its heroes, especially Richard M. Johnson. But more often he told realistically about the people with whom he lived and worked. There is a beguilingly dramatic quality in his unstudied stories of life around him: of militia musters, a visit to an old hunter, rivermen and rural doctors, squirrel migrations, the distillation of whisky, and the effects of cholera and milk sickness. Incidents connected with visiting
celebrities and local personages were vividly remembered, as were the accounts he heard of battles and escapades.

Stedman's most original contribution is his lively firsthand account of the business and financial dealings of an ambitious craftsman without capital in the ante bellum Bluegrass region. His incredible apprenticeship as a "lay boy," his ingenious schemes of barter to finance his mills, his peddling expeditions, his stoicism in the face of disastrous fires and floods, his determination to reclaim the Stedmantown property, his zeal to manufacture paper day and night in order to buy the trappings of aristocracy—these give an insight into the life of a class of Central Kentuckians largely overlooked by traditional reporters.

I

Ebenezer Hiram Stedman, a fifth-generation Yankee, was born in 1808. His ancestors, the Seaverns and Stedmans, were good farmers and craftsmen, with enough seafaring blood to balance out properly. The promise of the West attracted his father, as it did thousands of Easterners discouraged by the lack of economic opportunity, and so Stedman and his brothers and sisters traveled westward to Kentucky, only to have the process repeated when many of their own descendants moved on to settle lands of the new state of Texas. In Texas, too, Stedman spent his last years after the Civil War had left him bankrupt.

The Civil War touched Eben Stedman deeply in another way. His elder son George Clinton Stedman, a scholarly and poetic young man who earned his living as a reporter for a St. Louis newspaper, spent several years in a Union prison. After his release, he was killed in hand-to-hand combat near Morganfield, Kentucky, in the closing days of the war. His body was returned to his parents, who had expected him on furlough.

After the death of his wife and his bankruptcy, Stedman left Kentucky in 1875 or 1876 to begin a new life as a mem-
ber of the household of his daughter Nellie, the second wife of Cornelius C. Cox, formerly of Franklin County. In 1878 he began to write a series of memoirs in the form of letters to his daughter Sophie Cox in Kentucky. Apparently he who had spent his life making paper had little for his own use; on the margins of his sheets he wrote briefly of the current activities of his family and friends and, as in his memoirs, produced a lively account of the early American settlers of Texas.

Earlier, Stedman had written for the editor of the Frankfort *Kentucky Yeoman* a short history of papermaking in Kentucky (included here as an appendix), to which the writer of his obituary in that newspaper may have been alluding. This “honorable citizen,” so affectionately known to many Franklin Countians, said the *Yeoman* soon after Stedman’s death in the spring of 1885, had been “a man of no ordinary calibre or character. His individuality and wonderful capabilities impressed all who knew him well with the superiority of his genius. His modest unpretending ways gave no token of the mass of knowledge stored within. His mind was luminous, his conversation full of interest and instruction. No man knew more of the general incidents of Kentucky history, or could relate them with more fascinating detail.”

Well might the Frankfort newspaper note Stedman’s death, for he had made a noteworthy contribution to the economy of Franklin County. His papermaking community lay along the banks of the main Elkhorn Creek several miles below Forks of Elkhorn village. No one knows when the mill was erected, but Stedman is correct in saying that its ownership passed to Amos Kendall in 1823. In his paper, *The Argus of Western America*, Kendall supported Andrew Jackson’s campaign for the presidency and was rewarded in 1829 by being appointed fourth auditor of the United States Treasury. Later he became a member of Jackson’s famous “kitchen cabinet,” in which he held the position of postmaster general. When he left Frankfort “for a better business at Washington City,” as Stedman said, Kendall put his property
in the care of Thomas S. Page, his brother-in-law, who was state auditor and a prominent businessman. Since Frankfort was the headquarters for the state printers, a good paper mill would have been a great asset to the community. From time to time Page rented the Kendall property (or Franklin mill, as it was called), but none of the itinerant tenants operated it with any success. When Albert G. Hodges became state printer in 1833, he immediately attempted to persuade the Stedman brothers to take over the idle mill. In order to get enough paper for his purposes (he also had published the *Commentator* and then the *Commonwealth*), Hodges imported at least some of his paper stocks from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and possibly from Charleston, West Virginia. His shipments of paper and ink frequently traveled by boat to Louisville, there to be reloaded on wagons and brought back to Frankfort.

Stedman was justified in claiming success for the mill which he and his brother Sam operated. While it never was in a class with that of the DuPont plant in Louisville, it was by all local standards very prosperous. In 1845 the Stedmans were advertising for "200 tons or any amount of cotton and linen rags to be bought at the highest market prices." Apparently their days of barter were ended. The little community expanded and flourished in spite of flood and fire. In 1847 the Elkhorn rose to its greatest height in forty years, sweeping away or damaging dams all along its course. The Stedmantown mill and machine shop were among the casualties. There was no insurance, but the Stedmans' credit was good, and the brothers rebuilt. In 1850 their property was valued thus: paper mill, $15,000; grist mill, $3,000; 250,000 pounds of rags, $12,000; 4,700 pounds of wheat, $10,800; and 1,500 pounds of flour, $10,000. There was now a steam engine in the grist mill. Ten men and two women worked in the paper mill; two men in the grist mill. Their annual production amounted to 150,000 reams of printing and wrapping paper valued at $27,000.

In 1852 Sam withdrew from the partnership, leaving
Ebenezer the sole operator. Two years later the Elkhorn rose at a rate of three feet an hour, and again the dam was demolished. Three fires damaged or destroyed the mills at one time or another, but each time the buildings were replaced. For thirty years, it was said, the Stedmantown mill produced all the paper used by the state printers and almost all of the newsprint. The end came during the Civil War; Stedman's helper left him, and the Confederate government failed to pay for the paper ordered for it. Stedman left the state a bankrupt. Apparently one member, or more, of the Cox family attempted to run the mill, but there is no evidence of success; in 1875 the DuPonts bought the machinery.

Stedman's was the last of the family paper mills which once intermittently marked the course of the Elkhorn, "queen of the Bluegrass streams." Half buried in her muddy bank at deserted Stedmantown lay the symbol of the old regime, a fine pressed-iron screw. It had been brought in 1792 from England with incalculable difficulties over wilderness roads to Kentucky's first mill. Richard Collins the historian communicated with Stedman and spoke of it as an "elegant relic." Stedman hoped that it might find a place in some museum. No trace of it has been discovered.

Besides depicting a class of Bluegrass society hitherto largely overlooked, Stedman's two manuscripts provide a valuable description of papermaking in Kentucky during the early 1800's. His short history was based largely on hearsay, but his sources were relatively correct as far as they went. The editors followed many of his leads, which took them through county courthouses and on the winding side roads so characteristic of the region. Only a portion of their findings may be recorded here. But they believe that this Kentucky industry deserves much more consideration than it ever has received for the indispensable part it played in the develop-
ment of the state’s “business and literature”—to quote the
proud words of a paper manufacturer advertising in the
Kentucky Gazette of 1805.
Settlers in the western lands tolerated primitive living
conditions, but their need for law and communication was
that of a highly civilized society. Collot listed white paper as
one of the commodities most useful for barter in the frontier
settlements. Early official records were often lost before they
could be transferred from temporary bits of paper to suitable
volumes. The old craft of papermaking in the United States
was a community project, because rags first had to be col-
lected from a scattered and poor people.
In remote Kentucky there was little money for the pur-
chase of paper made in the seaboard states. Nor was it easy
to bring it down the Ohio, impassable at times each year,
nor over the mountain trails. John Bradford, the first state
printer and editor of the first newspaper, found that he
could contend with Indians more easily than with the con-
stant paper shortage. An idea of the situation can be gathered
from the fact that in 1771 there were scarcely a hundred
white men in the district known as Kentucky; by 1790 there
were nearly 75,000. In 1787 Bradford printed the first issue
of his Gazette on a double sheet about the size of a page of
modern typing paper. His was the first newspaper founded
in the region; in 1810 there were sixteen more, and by 1824
there were thirty.
It was therefore an event of incalculable importance (as
we see it now) when in 1793 the Reverend Elijah Craig,
together with James and Alexander Parker, started the
operation of a paper mill which they had built on Craig’s
land lying along the Royal Spring Branch of North Elkhorn
Creek, near Georgetown in Scott County. There is no record
of the first papermaker employed at the mill. It was so
successful, however, that at the beginning of the nineteenth
century half a dozen other mills were built for, or converted
to, the making of paper. At the little settlement of Great
Crossings, where the Elkhorn crosses an ancient buffalo trace,
the famous Johnson family operated, at one time or another,
several paper mills in which various members of the Stedman family worked. Richard Mentor Johnson, hero of the War of 1812 and vice president of the United States in 1837-1841, was one of Stedman's idols. It was at one of the Johnson mills that Stedman first saw a crude papermaking machine.

Before it reaches Scott County, Elkhorn Creek flows across neighboring Fayette County, where its waters provided power for at least three more paper mills. First built was Isaac Yarnall's, which may have been the second in Kentucky. This two-vat mill was located on the Town Fork of Elkhorn about six miles from Lexington. Yarnall apparently came from Scott County, and so he may have learned his craft there. Nearer Lexington, on the Town Fork also, the mill of the Lexington Manufacturing Company, commonly called the Prentiss mill, went into production in 1816. This ambitious project was a symbol of great changes in the community and in the craft. The company was incorporated by the General Assembly; it was financed in part by eastern capital; and it brought to Kentucky not only a master papermaker named Stedman, but a small colony of his fellow craftsmen and their families. Wool and cotton cloth as well as nails were manufactured in the tall building that was rivaled in height only by grain mills in Shippingport near Louisville and in Cincinnati. One of the first steam engines made in Pittsburgh provided power. It was rumored that capital assets amounted to $150,000. As Stedman said, Lexington's leading citizens came to Manchester, or Prentissville (now known as Irishtown, the city's oldest slum area), in order to watch the mill's growth. There was nothing faulty in the planning or operation of the Prentiss mill; nevertheless, it closed two years later, a casualty of the general financial panic throughout the United States.

The third notable Fayette County paper mill, known first as Bryan's and then as the Fayette Paper Manufacturing Company, was built on the Wolf Run Branch of Elkhorn to the southwest of Lexington. There were elements of the old and the new regimes in the Bryan mill. Daniel Boone Bryan, nephew and namesake of the great hunter, was one of the
largest landowners in central Kentucky. He and his sons built and operated grist, saltpeter, powder, and "pulp" or paper mills, a distillery, a gun shop, a female seminary, and a Baptist church. Thomas and Daniel Bryan, Jr., probably operated the paper mill. Apparently Daniel Bryan, Sr., and a group of his friends followed the lead of the Prentiss group and also organized a chartered papermaking company. Shares were valued at $1,000 each. This, too, had a large steam engine. *Niles' Weekly Register* of June 8, 1816, carried an editorial about both paper mills, saying that they had "reached an eminence which insures their permanent prosperity and usefulness." Unfortunately, the Fayette Paper Company survived only a short time longer than the Lexington Company's mill, and Daniel Bryan lost heavily through its failure. His son Daniel, Jr., moved to neighboring Jessamine County, where he operated a mill successfully until his death in 1822. Then his brother Thomas formed a partnership with their brother-in-law John Womack and continued to run the Jessamine mill for some years. Womack moved to Jefferson County in 1835, but the mill produced paper until the middle of the century, when it was converted into a distillery.

Meantime, in western Kentucky there may have been several paper mills. Stedman mentions the fact that one of their workmen was a papermaker from Logan County, though nothing is known of a mill in that area. There is more substantial evidence, however, about the mill he mentions on Cumberland River. Its owner probably was Matthew Lyon, known throughout the United States as the congressman from Vermont who was jailed under the Alien and Sedition Law and who was reelected to Congress while he was still serving sentence. He had built the first paper mill in Vermont, where he may have carried on some of the first experiments with the use of pulpwood in paper. Around the turn of the century he scouted the western part of Kentucky and settled on the Cumberland with his family and some of his former neighbors. To one of his party, Samuel Vail, he lent his printing press, with which Vail published
Louisville's first newspaper, *The Farmer's Library*, in 1801-1808. The paper on which it was printed was made at Georgetown, but in 1807 Vail's paper carried a small notice announcing that a paper mill was to be erected near the mouth of the Cumberland River. He urged his subscribers to save all rags for that enterprise. Vail and Lyon quarreled over the use of the press and types, and Vail stopped publication of the little paper. With it went our only known source of information about the Lyon paper mill. Lyon built ships during the War of 1812 and may have lost interest in his papermaking plant.

Only fragmentary clues remain of the existence of paper mills in or near Louisville, where the earliest known reference is to an “unfinished paper mill on Bear Grass Creek in 1811.” It had been the property of William F. Simrall, who died before it was completed. In 1814 a mill owned by Jacob and Hicks furnished paper for the *Western Courier*; its location probably was on Beargrass. Another was operating on Harrod's Creek in 1828, and a third, listed in 1835, cost between $35,000 and $40,000 and may have been the one which Stedman noted as having burned before it produced paper. It was in 1843 that Kentucky's largest and most successful paper mill had its small beginning as the property of James Kellogg, who sold books and stationery and manufactured paper at his mill on the corner of Main and Water streets. Whether the noted editor of the Louisville *Adven­tiser*, Shadrack Penn, and the Reverend William Buck, editor of the *Baptist Banner*, ever owned a part in the mill, cannot now be learned. But Stedman is correct in saying that Kellogg went into partnership with George D. Prentice, well-known editor of the Louisville *Journal*, George Weissinger, and his brother-in-law William N. Bullitt. This, according to Charles K. Needham's unpublished manuscript at the Filson Club, occurred in 1845. In 1850 the mill produced 516 tons of newsprint and book paper valued at $190,200. The rag stock was worth $52,000, and there was a Fourdrinier machine as well as a steam engine. Although apparently so successful, it was soon sold at a great loss because one of the
partners died insolvent. Isaac Cromie eventually purchased it and improved and enlarged it. He may have built the 140-foot chimney which served as a landmark for rivermen over a period of many years.

Cromie was an agent for the DuPont Company of Wilmington, Delaware, as well as a salesman of paper stocks. On one of his trips to the home office he talked with some of the members of the DuPont family, and within a short time the mill was bought by Charles I. and Alfred V. DuPont. The DuPonts may have hoped that the mill would use some of the chemicals they imported from Europe. But this did not prove to be feasible. They also had commercial ties with Marseilles, where rags were sent from all Mediterranean countries. Again the mill was greatly enlarged, and all went well until the managers decided to go into the manufacture of writing paper. For this they needed a supply of purer water, and in order to obtain it, they sank a 2,000-foot shaft. The resulting water spout became a famous landmark of the city, but the water was unsuitable for papermaking. The DuPonts then attempted to capitalize on its high mineral content and built a health resort near it where fashionable or ailing Louisvillians could drink the healing waters. Apparently the public found the restorative water unpalatable, and the DuPonts, according to Needham, lost $60,000 on the venture.

In 1857 and again in 1874 ownership changed from one DuPont to another and to their friends. New owners under the old name brought the mill successfully through the Civil War. George Stedman wrote his father in 1861: "I hope the condition of public affairs will not affect the price and manufacture of paper. It will certainly decrease the quality of 'book', but I should think have a tendency to enlarge the demand for 'news'. Of course Messrs. DuPont are driving a thriving business in one branch of their manufactories. 'Tis an ill wind, etc." In 1892 the DuPont mill was sold at public auction, though production may have continued until 1896. According to Needham, the bricks of the old chimney were sold for taxes.
It should be noted that in 1882 Louisville had been the site of four prosperous mills. Fifteen years later little or no paper was manufactured there. Since the city was the transportation and population center of the state, it would have appeared to be the ideal location for such mills. Quite suddenly, however, woodpulp supplanted rags as the chief ingredient of paper, and enormous mechanized mills were built closer to the wood-producing sources. Any description of the significance of the paper industry during the nineteenth century should include the words of an advertisement issued by the Bremaker-Moore Paper Company in 1887: “It is a singular fact that the rags that today cover the back of the beggar may tomorrow lie on the breakfast table of the millionaire, thus verifying the old adage that it is but a step from poverty to wealth.” Twentieth-century Kentucky has produced no paper.

How is it possible that two such interesting manuscripts could have remained unpublished for more than eighty years, during a period when “local history” has been exalted as never before? No one seems to have an adequate answer. The manuscript of Stedman’s reminiscences, longer by far than that of his history, was addressed to his eldest child Sophronia, wife of Leonard James Cox, a prominent farmer and member of the General Assembly from Franklin County, Kentucky. It was inherited by her daughter Nellie, Mrs. Charles O’Neil Rich of Omaha, Nebraska. By a fortunate chance it came to the attention of Dr. Dard Hunter, internationally recognized authority on papermaking as a hand craft, who quoted from it in two of his books: Papermaking By Hand in America and Papermaking in Pioneer America. Mrs. Rich has presented the original manuscript of the reminiscences to the Dard Hunter Paper Museum in the Institute of Paper Chemistry, Appleton, Wisconsin. Dr. Hunter calls it “the most comprehensive description of early
nineteenth century papermaking that has been written." He has long believed that it should be edited by someone more conversant than he with the local history of the region. A few pages which apparently have been lost from the original manuscript were copied from a rather free transcription made by the late Bayless Hardin for the Kentucky State Historical Society in Frankfort.

The second manuscript, which antedates the reminiscences, is published now as an appendix. It was addressed to Samuel Ire Monger Major, Stedman's friend and fellow Mason, who, as state printer, was one of his best customers as well. Major was widely known and respected as editor of the Kentucky Yeoman; he also was a member of the General Assembly, mayor of Frankfort, and the possessor of a fine library of Kentuckiana. Stedman knew of his interest in history and wrote for him this little sketch of his craft. The manuscript was inherited by the son of the editor, Commander S. I. M. Major of Versailles, and recently was placed in the library of the University of Kentucky by his widow Mary Agnes Willson Major.

In 1949 and again in 1953 Dr. Kurt Leidecker, professor of philosophy at Mary Washington College, edited the letters of Stedman's son George Clinton Stedman; he dismissed the father as one who could not "be trusted . . . with dates or recollection." He conceded, however, that the memoirs were "on that account not less interesting." Dr. Leidecker is a scholar trained in modern disciplines of research, while Stedman possessed only the slightest schooling and wrote far from the places and people he described. The editors, therefore, have spent a great deal of time in checking the veracity of his statements and have concluded that his memory was reasonably, even remarkably, accurate in most instances.

The old gentleman apparently wrote slowly, often resting his pen where no period was intended. Sometimes he supplied a half parenthesis where he wished to indicate a pause, and he usually ignored trivial matters such as paragraphs and capitalization. His vocabulary is surprisingly rich and
pungent. As for his spelling, it is pleasantly phonetic and no worse than many of his contemporaries. Since each installment was mailed as soon as completed, he repeated and rambled to some extent. The editors, however, have not deleted such passages, since Stedman always adds a few new incidents or details in each retelling. Nor have they otherwise altered the original text except, for ease of reading, to divide it into parts, paragraphs, and sentences, supplying punctuation and initial capital letters where necessary.

The editors consider it a privilege to have had the advice and good will of Dr. Dard Hunter, who was the first non-Kentuckian to put a high value on Stedman's memoirs. His continued interest has been an inspiration during our laborious transcription and research performed over a period of five years. To Mrs. Charles O'Neil Rich we express our thanks for her interest in the publication of this work. Mary Nash Cox has been generous and resourceful in her assistance; her father Louis Lawrence Cox, II (son of Stedman's grandson Jacob) has been especially kind.

Special thanks are due, and gratefully offered, to the following: Mrs. Dorothy T. Cullen and Miss Mabel Weeks of the Filson Club of Louisville; Miss Ludie Kinkead, curator emeritus of the Filson Club; G. Glenn Clift, assistant secretary of the Kentucky Historical Society in Frankfort; the Institute of Paper Chemistry in Appleton, Wisconsin; Mrs. Wade Hampton Whitley of Paris, Kentucky; Volney Bryan of Louisville; Mrs. A. G. Barrett of Frankfort; Mrs. W. H. Coffman of Georgetown; Forrest P. Hagan of the Library of the Grand Lodge of Iowa A. F. & A. M. at Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Miss E. Marie Becker, reference librarian of the New-York Historical Society; Mrs. Eileen Stormes and Miss Dorothy Martin of the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library; Amelia King Buckley; Eliza Piggott Underwood; and Lawrence S. Thompson, director of University of Kentucky libraries. The editors have received grants from the University of Kentucky Research Fund.

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1: Being an account of my childhood in Massachusetts until the year 1815, including something about pirates, sea captains, and Napoleon.

My dear Daughter Sophy

Yesterday was Mail Day & again i thank you for remembrance of your Father. I have bin thinking that as My Three Score years & ten, the time allotted to Man, in this life will Soon draw to a Close, For on the 11 of next November i will, If alive, have arrived at 70 years of age, How much longer the hand of Providence Intends to Spare me to live is ondly known to him that has spared my unprofitable Life this far. When memory turns Back to As it ware its first start & the first thing Photographed in my Mind, it Seems Like a Fleet­ing Misty Shaddow. It dont seem long & it Seems a long time, I dont Recollect, Like Some, when i was Born, But from Four years of adge, i have Bright Recollections of Manny things that happend in my Boy hood Days.

I first Saw the light of Day in Dorchester near Boston Mas. the 11 Novmber 1808. My Father was of the Fourth Gen­eration of the Stedmans that left old England. Some time in the 16 century thare ware two large Families that Emigrated to America togeather. One of the Families Setteld in Con­necticut the other, of which My Father Decended from Setteld in Masichusetts, who spell their name Stedman. The Con­necticut Branch spell Steadman. Why the Change was made
[2]

I do not know. In fact the history of the Faneles I have never known. I read that some of the Stedmans were the first owners of the Land & Fawls of Niagara.

My Grand Father Stedman was a carpenter by trade. I suppose he was a poor man, that had to work for his large family. I once heard my Father say that he was helping him shingle a house once. His Father told him he did not put the Shingles on well. His reply was he put them on as well as he did. My Father said he had to get out of that house in a hurry & his Father would not let him come back again. I think my Father had 5 Brothers. They were, if I recollect right (as the record I left I think in my book case at Sisters), Capt Samuel Stedman. He was Capt of a merchant vessel for many years. About 1811 he was on a voyage to Liverpool. In mid ocean his vessel was boarded by pirates. As I have heard my Father often tell the story & I have since read the same account in Michals history of Free Masonry, that after the pirates had secured all hands, the first trunk they opened was the Capt's. He was a Mason & had his Masonic regalia in his trunk. As soon as the Capt of the pirates saw his regalia, he inquired of Capt Stedman if he was a Mason. Being answered he was, the pirate ordered his men off the vessel without the least loss to any one. It has always been a remarkable circumstance to me, that any man that could so far forget the moral character that a

1 It is a pity that Stedman, who relished a good story, could not have known the actual details of a claim to Niagara Falls made by one John Stedman in 1800 and 1801. According to a letter dated March 27, 1956, from E. Marie Becker, reference librarian of the New-York Historical Society, a John Stedman (or Steadman) was master of the portage at Niagara Falls. During the massacre at Devil's Hole in 1763 he charged his way through the fighting Indians and reached Fort Schlosser in safety. His daring so impressed the Indians that they gave him all the land over which he had ridden that day. He later, therefore, petitioned the New York legislature for title to the land. Although he did not obtain it, he continued to live in the "Old Mansion" and was credited by some persons with having been the first permanent settler of Niagara.

2 Stedman probably meant Mackey instead of Michal. Search has not located the name of any Stedman in connection with such an episode. There are, however, four instances in the annals of Freemasonry in which pirates failed to pursue their intentions after they learned that the captain of a captured ship was a Mason; perhaps Stedman's statement was meant to be interpreted in this general way. Letter from Forrest P. Hagan, for the librarian of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, Cedar Rapids, April 15, 1957.
mason Should Sustain, Should in Such circumstances Pay Respect to a Brother Mason. Capt Stedman on his last trip bid his Family a pleasing “Good by” that he would Make this his last trip to urope, that he Had followed the ocean wave, long Enough. On his arival in London, he went to the Hospital to Se Some aquantance, caugh The Small pox & dide thare. Luther Stedman was a sea Capt also. He In a voige to South america dide of the yellow Feever, Calvin Stedman was also a Sea Capt. His history i dont Remember.

Ebenezer Stedman, my Father, i think was Born in 1776 In the State of Masachusets. His Early History, as i have heard Mother often Speak of, was Something of the Go ahead John Stedman Like. At theadge of 16 years he was an aprentice to the paper making Business. In that Day no Machienry for the manafacture of paper Had Bin invented. The ondley Machienry was the Rag Engine. Even a Rag Cutter Had not Bin thought of. All the paper was Dipt up Sheet By Sheet. The largest Sheet that Could Be made in that Day was about 18 x 22. Dear Daughter it Seems So Strange to me to think that i am Prehap the ondly sevivor of that hand made paper day, in the united States. If thare is another Living that made paper By the old Prosess, i am not aware of it. How often My Memory Runs Back to them old times when it took about 12 hand to make 6 Reams of corse Printing paper. You will Se[e] Some of the Best Book paper that could be made in that Day in Some of the old Ledgers, and old manuscripts & I have lived to Se all Changed. I[t] to Me seems like Some fairy Tale, when i Contrast the Difference in manafactering now & thern. The Same in the printing press from the old Franklin press, with the Slow & imperfect working Compared with the Lightning printing press of to Day. Could Some of the old papermakers, & Printers, Se the papermill & printing Press of to Day, they woold think they Had waked up in the wrong world.

After My Father Become of age, [he] had Finished his trade. I have heard old paper makers often Joke him About they old times they usto have. He was verry industerious.
Soon he had the Situation of Forman in a mill near Boston. Hear i Begin to Remember Him Distinctly. About this time My Grandfather Seaverns Came to live with us. He was a very large heavy Set man. I Can Recollect his Evry look, as he often made a Heavy impression on my head with his Cain and you are aware them licks are not easy Forgotten. His make was much like Harmons. At this time I Speak of he was in his Seventy Six year of age. He was Round faced handsome old man. But you must Recollect that them old Men ware Near Decendants of the Puritans & they made the Children tow the mark. How well Do i Remember when the news of Napolions Success Reachd Boston. As a Hero, a great Commander, he was extoled to the Very pinicle of Fame. Grandpa was Setting on an old Settee, when Father Come home to Dinner & Brot the news of Napolions Victorys. Father Said to Grand pa I wish i had the power of Napolion. The old man Caught fire & in a hight tone of Voice, he Said, “Stedman, it is a Gods Blessing that you aint Got it & you Never will have it. For if you had it, you would play the Devel, with it.” I Reloct [recollect] They Ware Both angry on the Subject.

In My history, i am a little two fast. Between the time my Father Commenced work for Himself and the time i speak of, he had Bought a paper mill. He made money And the Day Befor had made his last payment Father and Charles prentis, Luthers Father, ware at work in the mill about 12 o’clock at night when of a suden they Discovered The mill in flames. Evry thing Burnt, no insurance. I have often Heard Mother speak of the Fire. It was at a time that it had a Great affect on hur. It was 3 months Before Sam Stedman was Born. It gave hur so much Distress, it came near causing hur Death. That with the loss of my oldest Sister Mary, i account for Brother Sams turbulent unhappy Disposition to this Cause, Mothers Distress.

3 Stedman’s youngest son, who was named for his maternal grandfather.
4 No evidence has been found which connects this Massachusetts family with that of James and Thomas G. Prentiss, the prominent businessmen whose Lexington Manufactory brought the Ebenezer Stedman family to Kentucky.
About this time I Remember of First goin to School to a Miss toleman. How plain i Can se how She looked. A tall thin yankey School Marm, Simon pure, I can almost feel her hand on my head to night. I was a Great pet with hur. I se the old house with its nice yard of Shruburay. She was an old maid & lived with hur father who Kept a grocery store. The First money that i ever Spent was with old man Toleman. How well Do i Recollect whare i got the money. Father had made me a little waggon. I had pict up Scrap iron And with my load i went to a blacksmith Shop. How well Do i Recollect, how bashfull i was. A kind of Fear that he woold not by what i had. But the Smith took notice of my Backwardness And in a pleasant way, invited me to come Along, paid me for my load, and incouraged me to bring him all that i could Get. (Dear Sophy, i have never bin so Rich Since as i was that Day.) It was not much in value But in my Estimation it was a fortune. How well Do i Remember the Joy i felt in going home to tell mother how much money I had and to think how Delighted She woold Be with hur Little Boy, and She was Delighted For She had no money & wanted to By Some Soap. She Soon purswaded me to Lend hur the money, which i willingly Did, & went to old Tolmans & Baught the Soap. So away went by First Fortune much easier than the Last. At that time i am confident i was not as old nor as large as King. 5

Brother Leander was at work in a Factory For one John Boice. How well Do i Remember Seeing him Leave home in the morning For the factory. All the Little Jobs of Running around Depended on me. How manny nice Slices of Bread & Butter Have bin given me for Doing Little Erants! Dear Sophy, Do not Children Like them Gifts yet? And hear i Must tell of the first Dead person i ever Saw. I Recollect Mother walkin over to aunt prentic. Hur First Child Luther had dide. I Recollect Distictly that Mother led Me By the hand. The Child was laying In the Cradle. Thare ware 2 silver quarters on its Eyes. I Supose this fact tha

5 Sophie's son, Cornelius Bowen Cox, whose nickname was King.
strange to Me Made Me Remember the Circumstance so well. I Recollect we Kept a Good Cow & Mother usto Send Me with a Bucket of Milk to Sevral Near Neighbors. I was more than willing to Go as They most alwais Gave me what they usto Call “Simballs” or “Slabgacks” with Molasses, some times a piece of Punkin pie. This Made Me always willing to Go. These things seem Foollis to Mention to you But they are the Recollections of Child hood.

The first time i Ever took notice of Mothers Being Angry is as plain in memory as Can be. Twas During the war of 1812. Meal & flower ware Scarce & Dear, Mothers Brother John Seaverns Had Contracted to Furnish meal & flower. He did not Come acordin to Contract & the Family ware out of Bread. I told Mother unkle John had Come & She went out & gave Him what i thought and awfull Scholding. This was on Satturday. I will tell you how i Recollect the Day. He Come Back on the Next Day & Brot his family, his wife & 2 Children. One was A Boy about the Size of King. He had a wach & chain, the first Boy i ever saw with a watch. Dont you know that i Enveid him of that watch! I Can Se Myself now, part way Behind a Cheir with one finger in my mouth Looking Sidewise. How manny unhappy Days Did that watch give me! His Daddy Could give my Little Cousin a watch.

I Cant Date My Fathers Marage to Mary Seaverns But it must have Bin about 1800. Brother Le was Born in 1802. Mother's Father was a Farmer And from what i Can learn, he had a good Farm & plenty of Such things as a good Farmer usually have. I think he had three or Four sons & three Daughters. I Recollect Abigah, Charls, John & Thomas. They ware all well of. Thomas is Verry Rich. In 1845 the First time i went Back to Boston, from Ky. i went to Se unkle Charles Seaverns, & unkle Abigah. They ware Both old men then. Both lived on the same Farms whare they had lived the most of their lives. Unkle invited me to go to the Stable with Him. Thare he Shoed [showed] me his Cows. I think He had 3. Thare was his stool that he Sit
Down on to milk & while milking he kept on talking. He told me he had milked for 60 years and Says he, "Nephew, let me tell you my Experience in that time with Cows. If a calf is kept Gentle Rubbed & petted, it will make a much Better Cow, than one that Runs wild without That attention. Thare is no trouble to Gentle Hur & will Give a third more milk." This was the last Conversation i ever had with him.

I went Back to Dorchester, the place whare i was Born, with the virses in my mind, "How sweet to My heart are the Seens of My Childhood." I expected to find the old house whare we moved From when we Left for Ky, the Spring whare i had played & drunk its pure freestone Watter, once more to Se the Stream as it Came from the old Spring house Sparklin & pure as it Rippled over the little water Falls whare we usto Build our little mill Dams. And i expected to se the old apple tree in front of the house, whose unripe fruit i had manny A Slap for Eating & the Garden that my little Feet had So often patted along the walk with mother when She went after vegetables, and the stalls, the hay mow whare Brother Leander usto Boost me up to hunt hens Egs & the old Stump whare we usto have our play house & then the Big Rock that laid in the pasture As large as a house. All the things ware in my mind, as i aproach the place that gave me Birth. But alas i was a Rip van winkle. I had Slept two long. The Sythe of time had Cut down Evry vistage. Nothing Remained that i could Recognize. The Spring must have Bin covered up & carred [carried] of in pipes for some Purpose. Then i went ½ mile further to find the place whare i was first Frightened out of my Sences. That was By Seing a negro man. But time had oblitterated Evry thing. Old things Had pased away, and all had Become new to me.

You must Excuse me for Getting So Far of the Track that i started on. I think mothers Brothers are All Dead. Prehaps tom Seaverns is alive yet. There must Be a skore of Cousins Some whare. I Suppose my History of my Father's family Brings me up to 1815.
2: Wherein my father goes to Kentucky and we, with great difficulty, follow him.

The last of 1814 or the first of 1815 my Father was Forman for one of the Largest Mills in the state. Thomas & James prentis, Bankers of Lexington, Ky, From what information I do not know, wrote a letter to my Father offering Great inducements to him to Come to Kentucky to Superintend the Building of a papermill at Lexington. He Excepted their proposals & started in the Spring of 1815 for Kentucky. Well do I remember the morning he started. Daughter, when Len\(^1\) Started for Texas you thought it a long way of But Mother & all of Fathers Friends Minds were filled with the Storyes that they had Read or heard about the Dark & Blooddy Ground of the indian tomahawk & Skelping nife & Mother cride, Brother Le cride, And you papa cride. Mother said she new the indians would kile him. I tell you we ware a Distressed Family. The war of 1812 had made Every thing Dear In the western States. Cotton Cloth, all kinds of warren [wearing] apparel, was at an Enormous price. In this year Sanders Built the Sandersville Cotton factory.\(^2\) Most all the farmers had In a pach of Cotton in Ky. If they Didnot Rais much it was a Case of necessity to Rais Some. This State of things induced the Prentices of Lexington to Build their large papermill, woolen and cotton Factory.

About one year from the Day Father Left for Ky he Rote
for his Family to Come. He Sent a man By the name of Benjamin Ayers\(^3\) to Bring us to Ky. I Recollect Mother Did not like to Consent to Come. The Journey to Kentuck them Days was more of an undertaking than one wood Be to Go any whore on Earth, Except perhaps Livingston Reserch in the negro Regions of Africa. Dear Sophy, you must Recollect this was Before the Days of Rail Roads, Before any turnpike had Bin thought of or a Lucifer match. Robert Fulton was trying to make or apply Steam for propelling Boats. Finally Mother Consented to Go. The Family Consisted of Mother, Leander Stedman, he was the oldest Child, Sophronia, E.H.S., Mary, Sam & John. The Day was appointed to Start. Then the Day of Sale took place. Evry thing was Sold Except a few cooking utensils. You must Recollect Such a thing as a cooking stove Had not Bin heard of.\(^4\) She Resurved some Cubard ware, in a word ondlly Such as we woold need on the long Journey. The Cow she Thought So much of She let hur Brother Charles have. How well Do i Recollect goin with Brother Le to drive hur Down thare.

All Is Ready to Start. All of Mothers Relations ware thare to se them of. All went aboard the Ship in Boston Harbor. Well Do i Remember the Last Shake of the hand, the last farewell & such another Parting i never have witness Since. All

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1 Sophronia married Leonard James Cox, whose family owned land near Stedmantown. Cox served several terms in the state legislature: then he sold his land and moved to Houston, Texas. Sophronia died there in 1900; her husband, in 1912. Charles Kerr (ed.), *History of Kentucky* (Chicago, 1922), v. 352.

2 Lewis Sanders, owner of one of the largest woolen and cotton manufacturing plants in Kentucky, seems to have had a finger in almost every activity in the community from the breeding of fine horses, sheep, and short-horn cattle to founding the first agricultural fair in the state and inspecting and judging hemp for the federal government. His financial ruin very nearly coincided with that of the Prentiss brothers in 1818. There is a tradition that Sanders accepted bonds from Aaron Burr in payment of a debt; these proved to be valueless and precipitated Sanders' financial ruin. Lexington Reporter, May 8, 1816, June 17, 1818; *Biographical Encyclopaedia of Kentucky* (Cincinnati, 1878), 527-28; Niles' Weekly Register, X (June 15, 1816), 269.

3 Benjamin Ayres is listed as an innkeeper in the Lexington directory of 1818. J. Winston Coleman, Jr. (ed.), *Lexington’s Second City Directory: Published by William Worsley and Thomas Smith for the Year 1818* (Lexington, 1953), 3.

4 Stedman was correct. The first satisfactory cooking stove in the United States was patented April 26, 1815, by William T. James—just a few weeks after the Stedman family began their journey to Kentucky.
of hur Brothers & Sisters embraced Hur. They felt that Sorrow that ondy Brothers & Sister Can feel that have had a lifetime of love & affection for Each other. This Separation Each one felt was to be A final one—never to Se Each other again In this world. The oldest Brother Said he could not part with his Dear Sister & he Staid till The Capt orders was to sail. Nothing of importance Hapend on the voige from Boston to New York. Mother was verry Sea Sich, was in Bed all the Voige. John Storms Stedman was some 4 months old. I Recollect of setting Side of Mothers Birth Nursing of him. He was a handsom Child & Buzzy⁵ thinks he had not lost any of his Beauty yet.

From New york we went over to New Jursy. Mr. Benjamin Airs, the Gent that Came after us had some Relative thare and thare he took the family. [At] this [place] he mad a point to prepair For the over land Rout to Kentucky. It took him over a week to get waggon & horses & all the needed outfit to travel over the mountains to Fort pit now pittsburg. What a Drary prospect Mother must have had Before hur. The country Sparcely Setteld, the Dirt Road & this was the First of april 1816. Thin the awfull alleghany Mountains to Cross. Hur Family of little Children to provide for & take Care of. This was no Small undertaking. Then again the hole Coun­try had Bin Aroused By War. Evry kind of Provision was Scarce & Dear.

I Remember while Staing in New Jursey That i was oftimes verry hungary. We ware Bording while we staid thare. Altho the house & surroundings looked like they ware people that had plenty, The House Keeper was one that unfortunate creatures They Call old Maids. I can Se hur now plainly. She was tall, near 6 ft, thin & scrawney, Sharp nose, thin lips, Rinkled face. I recollect She wore two curls Each side of hur head. She was a fine picture of a yankee School Marm; i mean Sorter of a mean marm. I have often asked hur for a piece of Bread & to give it was like Drawing teath. If She gave me a slice of light Bread what they called

⁵ A family nickname, probably for the wife of John Stedman.
Rye & ingin Bread made out of Rye & cornmeal the Slice was so thin it would not Bare its own weight of a simball. These they often made in the Shape of the hand with the 4 fingers & thum. She would always give me a finger & the little one at that. I told mother If we staid much longer I woud Starve.

And hear I muct Say we labord under great Disadvantage. The Corse that the yankeys took in opposition to the war Condemned the whole yankey Race. The war Being over they, that is the people allong the Road, Seemed Determined to Show no faivors to the Yankeys. Often we ware Refused Shelter At the Country taverns & when Mr. Aire told Them he woud pay anny price, they still wood Refuse & have Some Excuse or they Did not want British Gold. The prediduce against Evry Boddy from the New England States was verry strong & more So as we approached the mountains. Manny Nights we had to Camp out. You may immagine how hard It was with the Family never Being usto Enny Thing of the Kind. At the foot of the mountain Thare was the usual Sign, "Entertainment for man & Beast." But our Conductor Could not Prevail on the land lord to take us in. He Said he Suposed we had wooden hams & nut megs to last us through our Journey.

Well Daughter, after the long & tegious Journey we arrived at fort pitt or pittsburg. Thare we Had to Stay Sevral Days till a flat Boat Could Be Baught & fitted up to float us Down to Lime Stone, now Maysvill, a Distance of 400 miles. Nothing of importance happened to us. The plot & Stears man with two men to work the long oars of the Broad horn, as they Called the Boat. Time passed verry pleasant Compared with our trip over the mountains. The Men sung the "Song of the pleasant Ohio."6 No accidents happened. Fre-

6 This may be a reference to the refrain of the song, "Banks of the Ohio," which originated during or just after the War of 1812. The first stanza runs thus:

Come all young men who have a mind for to range,
Into the western country your station for to change,
For seeking some new pleasures we'll altogether go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

quently we would have to tie up the boat during the night. I recollect one night a steam boat passed us & it frightened all hands except the pilot. For we had never seen one nor heard one before. The splashing of the wheels on the water, the roar of steam as it escaped from the pipe, was enough to frighten any one on the river. The first appearance of a steam boat on the Ohio river produced as you may suppose not a little excitement and admiration. A steam boat at that day was to common observers almost as great a wonder as a flying angel would be at present. The banks of the river in some places were thronged with spectators gazing in speechless astonishment at the puffing and smoking phenomenon. The boat that we heard that night was the "enterprize no 4," the fourth steam boat that had been built on the Ohio river.

After a successful voyage we landed at Limestone. The place went by no other name at that day. & here I must relate something that happened to me that I never can forget, I think, if God should spare my life till memory of every circumstance that has happened to me through life should be forgotten. This one circumstance of the boat landing at Limestone, I am confident never will. I have told you of the first negro that I saw in Dorchester. They told me it was the devil & he frightened me most into fits. Landing the boat I looked upon the bank, saw some dozen or more women washing, & if I thought any thing it was that hell had broke loose. They, the captain or mother, had to carry me out of the boat. I was so scared that I could not walk. What an impression fear makes on memory, more lasting than any thing else. I recollect after getting up on the bank the negroes saw how frightened I was, came to where

7 Young Stedman was lucky in seeing one of the most famous boats of the Mississippi Valley. The "Enterprise" was indeed supposed to have been the fourth steamboat, and the first to make the return trip from New Orleans to Louisville. This occurred in the summer of 1817, and in recognition of this feat the citizens of Louisville gave a public dinner for her captain, Henry M. Shreve, for "having accomplished in twenty-five days, a trip, which previous to that time had never been accomplished, by barges and keel boats, in less than three months." H. M'Murtrie, Sketches of Louisville (Louisville, 1819), 194; James Hall, Statistics of the West (Cincinnati, 1836), 217.
Mother was and you may Be Shure i was Close by hur side and wanted to passify Me in ofring me a Big lump of white Shugar. Daughter i Can se their ivroy teeth now So plain. It was funn for them to Se me so Badly Scard. I have heard Mother often Say that She was near as Much frightened as the Rest of us. But i can ondly speak for myself. I Recalle thare was no walf Thare, the plain River Bank with a Road Cut in to It. The place was Small [with] But Few houses. But it was the Great Landing for all emigrants for Ky. Hear our Conductor Hired a team to take us to Lexington.
3: Here I describe my father, the factory, and our fine new home in Lexington in 1816; some remarks also about our friends and our pastimes.

Father had heard we were coming. He met us on the Road & Such a Meeting of Mother & Children. She who had left the home of her childhood, her brothers & sisters, all that was dear to meet him in this a far distant land who she had not seen for one year. You can better imagine the happy meeting than I can describe. Father was then in the noon tide of life full of joyous anticipation for the future. The Sun of prosperity shone bright. He was looked upon as a man of more than ordinary importance. Men of the highest standing sought his acquaintance. In manners he was sociable to the fullest extent, an organization of mind & body that was calculated to make many warm friends. He was looked upon as one that was to build up the manufacturing interest of Lexington. In particular he was superintending the erection of the largest manufacturing establishment west of the mountains if not in the U.S.A. He was quick, thought nothing of being up night & day at work, was liberal in the extreme. In fact money was plenty. It was the day of the independant banking sistin when paper money was plenty as leaves & my father thought as little of money, in fact spent it freely.

On arriving at Lexington, we stopped in the house that is now
Called Bruens Corner. The House was Kept By the man that Come after us. The House that Had Bin Built For my Father was not quite Finished. It was located at what is now Called Irish town. The Factory was Built on the Branch ¾ mile Below Lexington, & i supose our house was three Hundlead yards from the Factory. The Factory was the cause of Irish town Being Built. Thare was not a house in the place when the factory was commenced & i Dont think thare has one Bin Built since It Stoped. I can name the men that Built Evry House in the place. As soon as the House was Finished Father had the Finest Firniture that Could be Got at that time. The house was well Furnished from top to Bottom.

I Recollect one piece of Firnitur in partickular & that was a large Fine Side Board, and on the top was a number of Fine Decanters & Glasses. Thare was in them & they ware alwais Kept full: Brandy, whiskey, Rum, wine, cordials. And thare it was free for anny one to help themselves. And thare was alwais plenty to Do so, [as] we had a Great Deal of Company. It was at this Side Bord that i first saw Henry Clay. Sam Trotter [and] the owner of the factory ware

1 Stedman's boast is hard to substantiate. Louis Tarascon built in Louisville in 1817 a flour mill six stories high. Certainly the steam mill constructed in Cincinnati between 1812 and 1814 was larger. Nine stories tall, it manufactured not only flour but cotton and wool cloth and flaxseed oil. M'Murtrie, Sketches of Louisville, 163-64. Daniel Drake, Natural and Statistical View, or Picture of Cincinnati (Cincinnati, 1815), 137-38.

2 The location of Bruen's Corner cannot be determined precisely; it was somewhere in the neighborhood of the present Spring and Main streets in Lexington. In the 1830's Joseph Bruen had an iron and brass foundry and a woolen mill in that vicinity. His home was on nearby Water Street. In 1833 he won acclaim for building the first steam locomotive used on the state's first railroad, the Lexington & Ohio. Julius P. Bolivar MacCabe, Directory of the City of Lexington and Fayette County (Lexington, 1838), 43; Maude Ward Lafferty, A Pioneer Railway of the West (Lexington, 1916), 20, 25-27.

3 Irishtown is now a district of Lexington. The Prentiss brothers called the village Manchester, a name which survives for one of the principal streets of that area. To many Lexingtonians it was known as Prentissville.

4 Samuel and George Trotter took over the large mercantile firm established by their father in 1793 and operated it together until George's death in 1815. After this, Samuel carried it on until his death in 1835. The Trotters, both stockholders of the Prentiss paper mill, were also large shareholders in the Lexington White Lead Manufacturing Company around the time of the War of 1812. Samuel Trotter had a factory for making gunpowder on his farm two miles west of Lexington. William A. Leavy, "A Memoir of Lexington and Its Vicinity," Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, XL (April-October, 1942), 118.
tasting of its Sweets near Evry Day. They wouold Ride out after Banking hours to Se how their Factory was getting along, alwais have company with them & as Drinking was the order of that Day, they alwais Stopt at the Side Bord to Drink for thare ware plenty of Fine Havanas on the Bord. From hear i got the first segar That i ever tride to smoke. But wasant i sick. The Family had a man Survant, 2 negro women As Cooks & so.

The factory was now in operation and times ware lively. The main Building of the factory was 300 Ft long, By about 60 wide, 5 storys high. Outside of the main Building ware the Endine and Boiler House, the Dry house, for the paper & a Dye house For the Factory. The lower Story was used for paper, The Second & third for wollen & the 4 & 5 for Cotton. All this machinery was Run By a steam Engine, not the Engine of near perfection of this Day But one that woud Get out of Running order Most Evry Day. This was the first large Engine that Had Bin made in pitsburg & when they Sent it to Lexington they sent one of their Best workmen with it and all necessary tools to Keep it in Repair. His name was John Smily & John Smily had his time well em­ployed night & Day to keep it Runing. Then the Boiler was a tremendous one. They had but one 30 ft long 6 ft in Diameter to Run the Establishment. They Burnt Seventy Five cords of wood Dayly. With Three Hundred hands at work in the factory all the teams hailing wood it made things lively.

Between the factory & Lexington was a large manafactory of white lead. The place Is now occupipide By a pork house. The Superintendant & my Father ware warm Friends. They Both ware Free masons & their freequent meeting in their lodg in Lexington & Both Bein Boss over 2 large Establish­ments & living So Close neighbors they [were] very warm Friends. So much So as Soon as Brother Anson turner was

The Lexington White Lead Manufacturing Company, established in 1812, was "planned and erected and carried on by an ingenious chemist from Mass. Mr. Anson Turner." The company was sold to Dr. William H. Richardson, who also had purchased the old Craig paper mill. Leavy, "A Memoir of Lexington," 374.
Born, which was about this time, Father named him after his Friends name, Anderson turner. That is how he come By the name. His birth was in 1817 i think. So you Se that Brother anson is a Kentuckian By Burth, Born in what is now Called irish town near Lexington.

Hear i might Say Commenced my Boyish Days to Go to School, to Go Fishing and hunting. Daughter, as you went Down to visit Wallace Bosworth you passed under the Sothern Rail Road Bridg. Whare it pases over the town Branch, is whare the Head of Royals pond was. It Extended Down to whare you Passed an old Brick warehouse. The pond was large & Deep. The Dam that Backed the watter was 15 ft. high. I think the pond was 75 yards acrost. The mill and Dam was Built By an inglishmen By the name of Royal For the manafature of Broad Clorth. This was my Resort with a number of my School mates, to fish under the mill Dam, & while waiting for a Bite how often was my attention Drawn to that old Mossy overshot watter wheel. Untiring It performed its work. And hear i Believe i First Imbibed a taste for watter wheels & manafacturing.

All Kinds of Fish ware plenty. Fine Purch, in fact one Man by the name of Jo Barker (for short he was Called Fisherman Jo), he fished in the pond all Spring, Summer & fall. In the winter he usto Kill Ducks. So by Fishing & hunting he made a Good living for his family. How altered now! The mill & house is Gorn, the Dam is gorn, the pond is all filled up, & the last time i Passed, i Could not Se one object to Remind me how it looked in them Days & appon inqurry i found that Evry one of my Fishing play Mates ware Dead. Old man Royal and all his Family ware Dead. The wild Duck no more Visit the place. No Fish, the coal tar from the Gass works in Lexington has Killed the last Crawfish.

It woud Be interesting to name Some of the old Fisherman.

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6 The Lexington Gas, Light & Coke Company was located on the south side of Main Street between Spring and Lower (now Patterson) streets. Because of its location, the products of the plant could well have contaminated the Town Fork of Elkhorn Creek, on which the mill was located. C. S. Williams, Williams' Lexington Directory, City Guide and Business Mirror (Lexington, 1859), 76.
I will name one, Mr. Hull, some Relation of the Bosworth. I remember many, I can see them with their long cane poles wending their way down as far as the old mill that you see yet, as you go to Lexington on the cars. The old wheel stands next to the road, and I believe it is the only mill standing of that day. Hull had a large tanyard. His house stood on Hill Street. When built it was considered the finest house in Lexington. The earthquake in 1811 cracked the walls considerable. From that time old man Hull always kept a light burning all night as long as he lived.

The first school I went to in Lexington was kept by Geo Nichols. The school was kept in a house next to the old Baptist Grave yard, on Main Street. The house is still standing. It is a two story log house wheathered boarded over. I always look at it when I pass & think of my first school boy days. The next school I went to was close by Transylvania medical Colledg. The old Baptist meeting house was then standing. It was building while I was going to school. Nothing of importance hapind that I remember except the first & last theft I committed. That was stealing a testament belonging to the school & I do not think at this day that it was much of a crime as I wanted it solely to read.

Amongst my school mates at this school was three little boys. I was, as I before said, living in Irish town. It was then called Prentis ville. So in going to school I had to pass the house where Logan lived. His little boys were always waiting for me. They were good natured boys always kind & I believe boys like to have their particular friends as well as men do. I think it was in the month of June 1817. Before school dismiss in the evening there was a heavy black cloud arising in the north. The school master let out school sooner on account of the children some of them living on.

7 John Hull was listed as a butcher and tanner in the Lexington directory of 1818. Coleman, Lexington’s Second City Directory, 9.
8 Stedman’s school probably was located on North Mill Street. The Medical Department of Transylvania used Trotter’s warehouse on the southeast corner of Mill and Main streets and, later, a loft of a tavern on Short Street near Mill. There were two Baptist churches on Mill Street the last to be built was completed in October, 1819. This one faced the college lawn, which is the present Gratz Park.
the Far limmits of the Citty & we Boys ware the ones, that we might get Home Before the Rain. How Boys love to get out of School! It was a treat to us. Thare was something Sublime when i Rember the Circusstance to This Day, the Joyfull Feelings of us Boys in Being Released from School, an hour Before time. The Dark Cloud Rising in the Direction of our homes, The "Run Boys Run or you will Get wet," the Vivid Flash of Lighting, the Roar of Thunder in the Distance, Gave us animation to Run. When we got to the Home of the Boys They wanted me to Stop. I thought i could get Home Before the Rain, & on i went. The near aproach of the Storm Cloud, & the more Rapid peal of thunder quickened my Spead, So that when i Reached Home I was near out to Breath, & i had not Bin in the house one minnit Before one of the most Awfull Storm Came that i had Ever Seen. In fact For thunder & lightning, i have never witness such Since.

As Soon as the Storm was over we heard That the Lightning had Struck Logans house & killed the three Boys my School mates. Never can i forget my Feelings when i heard The news. The Little Boys that i loved So well—they ware Alwais So Kind alwais waited for my Company to Go to School & now they ware Dead. It makes me Feel Sad to the Present Day. Their Death made a Deep Lasting inpreshion on my mind, a most fearful impreshion. So much So for years after when i Saw a Storm aproaching i was Frightning out of my Senses. I would get under the Bead & Mother had a time to Pasify me.

The next Day was the Burial. My Father went. I went with him, went to the house. Never will i forget my grief when i gazed on the Blackened faces of them Children. The oldest one was the one that was So anxious for me to Stop till the Storm was over. (& hear i must Say Dear Sophy that

9 The Lexington Reporter, July 23, 1817, under the heading “Awful Occurrence,” gives a moving account of the death of two “respectable ladies” who were killed when lightning struck the Presbyterian Meetinghouse in Lexington during a service. Nowhere do the newspapers or other publications recount the equally moving story of the death of the boys who, according to Stedman’s account, perished in a storm of that kind on or near that date.
i Believe That a kind providence That has followed me All my Life, had for Some purpose Decreed otherwise, & for what purpose i have not Bin able to Discover.) I recollect twas a Large Funural. More people attended than was Ever See in Lexington at one Funural.

As i am Relating my Boyish Days I must tell you of manny Little things that happened. Thare was near the factory a Large Stone quarry. The Boss was By the name of John R. Shaw. I recollect of Some of his Poetry: “John R. Shaw who now excells in Blowing Rocks & Digging wells.” He had a son whose name was henry Shaw. He took a great liking To me. It was so much pleasure to me to be with him In the stone quarry. When ever i had an opportunity to hear The Blasts go of & se the Rocks fly, was fun for me. He frequently gave me powder. With it i wood Blast By making holes in the ground & se the Dirt fly. Hear is whare i first learnt to Blast Rock & so much of it i have Done through Life. At the old quary as you Go Down the hill is one place wheare i have torn up the Rock. I was very fond of Powder. Manny a pound of Powder Dust has Bin given me at Spencers Powder mill, near Lexington.

You will understand that i am trying to tell you of my self not of what my Brothers & sisters Did. But sometimes I will have to Refer to them. I now speak of Brother Leander as Very fond of hunting. He had a smart Dog he Called King. One Day he took me allong. He went into the woods wheare the Beautiful Lexington Sematary is now located. No sound of the woodsmans Axe had bin heard on this tract of Land. One dence Forest ocupide the ground. Old trees that

10 Conflicting dates—1806 and 1813—have been given for the death of the picturesque well digger, John R. Shaw. Stedman confuses the issue further by implying that Shaw was still alive in 1817. Perhaps this can be attributed to the fact that while digging wells on several occasions, Shaw claimed to have been blown up. G. G. Clift, “Kentucky Marriages and Obituaries,” Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, XXXIX (July, 1941), 65, 69; J. R. Shaw, A Narrative of the Life & Travels of John Robert Shaw (Lexington, 1807).

11 This may be a slight slip, and an understandable one, since many people in small towns are called by their first names. The owner of the Hope Powder Mills, one mile west of Lexington on the “Woodford” road, was Spencer Cooper. Lexington Reporter, December 2, 1818.
Lived their Time out, Emcunbered the Ground Like human Baddies that Liy Entombed thare now. Brothers Dog treed a wild Cat. He Shot & nocked him out of the tree & [as] he struck the Ground the Dog grabed Him & Such another Fight i never Saw. The Dog was Game But the Cat Bit & Scracht him till He was Bloody Before he Killed him. This was the Beginning of My hunting of which i was So fond while a young man. But i have Never witnessed Another wild cat Fight. Brother Lee was very Proud of his Success that Day & manny praised Him for his Bravery.

Not long after this he Had Come in from Hunting. It was in the Fall. The weather was Getting Cold. He was Down on the hearth, Kindling the fire with his Powder horn on his Sholders. The Stopper Came out, while Blowing the Coals. The Powder took Fire & the horn Exploded, Burning his face tore his Coat near of of him. Mother was Scared Very Much & told him that Father Should Give him a good whipping. I told hur that I thought he was Punished Enough.
4: Kentucky’s prosperity as a manufacturing state in 1815-1817; the failure of the Prentiss mill and its effect on my father’s character.

I might mention hear that between 1815 & 1817 Lexington & Fayet County ware more prosperous then they ware ever before, or since. I will start with the Census of 1811. For the Citty & County there ware 9 Large tanyards producing a large amount of leather & most of it consumed at home. The leather was well tanned, no three days tannin. But it laid in good white oak bark two or three years. Then the shoe maker had not learnt the art of working in paper instead of leather. No peggin machines to peg on the soal at one stroke of the hammer, no machine to saw three sides of leather out of one. They did not make thread out of tow nor pegs out of linen wood. [There was] No machine for making patent leather out of old shoes, old boots, all the leather [leather] scraps from shoemakers, saddlers, in fact from evry source where anny thing in the shape of Luther can be found all worked up. Something as we manufature paper, out of rags, the old scraps are softened with cimmicals & with the use of gum acting like size, on paper & run out on reals, hear we have the process of the patent beautiful luther to look at. But for practical use [it] is of about as much service as the yankey wooden hame, to a hungary
man. No overgrown wealthy Capitalist to Screw Down the wages of honest workmen & Cause them to Slight their work, that they might obtain a Scant Living for their Families. The Shoemakers of that Early Day took pride in their work, & i might Say with the old mechanick Song,

Ye Shoemakers nobially from ages long Past,
Have defended your Rights with your awl to the Last,
and Coblers all merry not ondly Stop Holes,
But work night & Day for the Good of our Soles.

They made Good Substantial work. The Shoes for the women wood not rot Through By an Exposure to the Damp air & the Doctor had to be Sent for—Damp wet Feet, Bad Cold, Doctors Bill, Consumption, Deaths.

In the City & County of Fayette thare ware in 1811 thare ware one Hundred & thirty nine Distilleries. Think of that! How do the Religious Fannaticks of the present Day Acount that Evry Boddy was not Drunkards with all of these Distilleries in one County & town & pure whiskey with from 8 to 11 Dollars per Barrel? A Man might Get Drunk on this whiskey Evry Day in the year for a Life time & never have the Delerium Tremens nor Sick Stomack or nerverous Head achake. In the town & county thare ware one hundred looms Producing all the warrn apparel that the People needed for their common use. Thare ware 5 Fulling Mills, 5 oil mills, one papermill, 5 Powder mills & nail Factorys & two Hat manafatories. & hear i will State to Show, according to Statisticks of the Above mentioned year 1811, thare was in the State two thousand Distilleries, Twenty Four thousand four Hundred & fifty looms, Fifty three powder mills, Thirty three Fullings Mills, Thirty six salt works & nine oil mills, Six papermills, fifteen cotton & wool factories, three iron Fourges & 4 furnaces, Eyevlein Nail Factories & then the thousands of Blacksmith Shops. Up to this Date thare ware no Imported Chopping axes, the Blacksmith made all. I mention these facts to Remind you that Kentucky In That Early Day was quite a manafacturing State.

& hear i woold like to give a history of John & James
Prentis. But that i cannot Do, but this Much i Remark: They ware Keen Smart Business men. The large Factory they Erected gave employment to a large number of hands & they manufactured Good Goods, But it was on Fictitious Capital. When the Indipendant Banks went Down, Down went The Large factories. Well Do i Recollect the Day at the Factory. The operatives assembled in Groups Discussing their Situation. How manny made appeals to Father to Know that to Do. He was in as Bad Fix as anny of them. The Prentises Could not pay Anny of their Debts. Father Said they ware indebted to him for a Large amount. He as well as others Lost all That they had on Deposit in Bank.

I think Father Had Calculated to Retreive his Loss By fire. This i think was an inducement to Come to Ky. I have heard him Say that he intended to own a mill Some Day, But Fortune was against him & in this Trouble he Became addicted to Drinking too Much like thousands of others in the Like Troubles to Dround Their Sorrow. At the time one Trew Friend of my Fathers Came to him & purposed to By the Paper Mill at georgetown For Him & give him time to make the money to pay for the Same. That Friend was William H. Richardson who was So long Professor in Tranisavalia Medical Colledg. He had taken a Deep interest in my Father's Welfare, from his First arival in Lexington A few month after my Father Commenced the Building of the papermill at Lexington.

He was so Delighted with the Country the Climate the people Evry thing Conected with the state. I have heard him Say that the first winter the weather was so warm that he Did not ware a coat During the winter. This [was] So Dif-

1 That is, the uninsured loss of the mill he had owned in Massachusetts.
2 Dr. William H. Richardson, one of Lexington's most picturesque citizens, was the first professor of obstetrics and once the dean at Transylvania Medical College, where he was a popular teacher in spite of his unorthodox education which was reflected in his crude speech. He was also a leading Mason and a good businessman. His long advertisement in the Lexington Reporter, May 20, 1818, indicates that he was agent for the sale of the old Craig mill in Georgetown, his former home. Stedman's remarks lead to the conclusion that when Richardson saw the elder Stedman out of work after the failure of the Prentiss mill, he himself bought the Craig mill and rented it to Stedman. Western Journal of Medicine & Surgery, n.s. IV (October 1, 1845), 361.
Different From the Cold winters of Snow and ice, that He had Bin accustomed to, no wonder that That he was So Delighted with the State. Then again the people he met was so Different. Hear he found that open heartedness that Free Genuine Hospitality, that makes a Stranger feel at home. Then again paper money was plenty. All kins of Business In a Flourishing Condition under these Circumstances. He Rote Back for Sevral of The old papermakers that had worked for him Before his mill Burned, to Come to Kentucky. They Could have plenty of work At Good wages. Money was plenty. He Gave Them a Glowing Discription of the State. Charles prentis & Family, Samul Fowler & Family, Samual Brown, Samuel Molton, Mr. Kyle & Family (one of his Daughters The Honl Amos Kendal maried), all these Looked to father in Some measure for inployment After the mill at Lexington Stopt as he had Induced them to Come to Ky.

But From Events That Followed He Seemed To have abandonned all Hopes of Suxcess at Anny kinds of Business. The Loss of property in his native State, then his Loss of all his savings By his Employers at Lexington—& hear i must mention that while the mill and factory ware in Suxcesfull operation at Lexington, in addition to his Large Sallary As Boss of the papermill, He Had a grocery and Drinking Saloon & a billiard table & a Ball alley at irish town. He imployed a man to Superintend this Establishment, a man that he placed all The confidence in that was posible to place, & a short time Before the panick Caused By the Failure of the Banks he Run of with Sevral Thousand Dollars. When the Stopage of the Mill [occurred,] all These Difficulties & Loses Combined, a Large family without means of Suport & in a Far Distant Land, All had a tendency to Drive him to seek relief in Strong Drink. He never in his Life Could be Called a Regular Drunkard. He was one of those men that Could Drink a quart A day & not get Drunk. I Do Not Recollect of Having Seen him During his Life Stagger From Drink.

8 The Fayette County Court Order Book III (January, 1817), 493, establishes the fact that the elder Stedman kept a tavern.
He acquired a thirst for Drink. It Seemed that he Could Not live without it. He was as industrious a man as i Ever saw. But with all his industry he Did not Succeed in any Thing. Because Drink Beclouded his Judgment in matters of Business. It also had a tendency to Make him at times ill natured. He has often given me a whipping when i Did not deserve it, as all of the Children Could testify if living.
5: We and our papermaking friends move to Georgetown and take over historic Craig mill; more boyhood adventures, including school.

I now come to the time when we leave Lexington & Move to Georgetown which was in 1818. Hear i could give a history of the mill property that we moved to, But it Is not nisary. The house where Brother Le lived and one other ware the ondly tenamous [tenement] Houses on the place when we moved from Lexington. Charles Prentic & Family & Samuel Fowler & family, Sam Brown & others followed. My Father was now in Possession of the geotown papermill property & hear i must Say, that he ought to have made money Very Fast. It is true that he had not Much capital to Commence with. But the mill had Bin put in First rate order—New waterwheel, new rag engines, new vats—all in Fine trim by Richerson & [he] at a Small interest on Cost Rented the property to my Father with the understanding that he Should have the property at Cost if he Could make the money to pay for the same. Thare was watter From the Royal Spring to Run the machienry Eight months in the year. At that time, paper [was] in good Demand, Rags Cheap. Father had Lost his Grip for Business. Although Richardson advanced him a few Hundread Dollars, to Start the mill with, At the End of the first year he could not pay
the Rent nor the Loan. The Second year was Spent with no Better Success. This Brings my History Down to 1820.

In these 2 year How many little circumstances Crowd on my memory! My Father Kept us at School: That is Leander, Sophronia & Mary and Sam, John & Anson Being yet too young. Two of my school teachers i can recollect: Thomas Moss, and Hiram (should be Thomas) Jett, the Father of the Family of the Jett in Franklin town & Brothers. He was a good teacher & taught last in the Lower Room of the Masonick Lodge. At this school John T. Steffee & Mary Attended & hear it was that i first Saw your dear Mother, then a little girl 11 years old. How the hand of time Changes Evry thing.

How Plainly Can i See how things about Geotown Looked at that Day: The old mill, the large pond above the Dam, the large flocks of wild Ducks that could Be seen on the Clear Beautiful Spring water. [I shot] at one of these Flocks of Ducks Being the Second time i Ever fired A Gun. I will Relate the Circumstances. Father had an old French musket that he Kept to kill Ducks. Brother Leander was killing them Every Day, & i was most alwais with him to Carry The Game. I recollect one Morning in the winter We, Leander, the old flint lock [and I went out.] I suppose it was Pure mischief in him, he put in at least a Double quantity of Powder, So that the old Gun Might kick me over. The Snow was two feet Deep on the Ground. I took the Gun & Got on the other Side of the fence, next to the pond, & when i got opposite a Large Flock of Ducks I put the gun Between the fence Rails & I Expect i took good Sight. But perhaps i shut my Eye. At anny Rate i was more than anxious to Kill my First Duck. I puld trigger & the triggers to guns were hard to pull in them old Locks. But of went the gun & it Knocked me at least ten feet into a Snow Bank five Feet Deep. I was Coverd up in the Snow & for a short Time i

1 The hamlet of Jett, Franklin County, Kentucky, was named in honor of Thomas Jett, who came to Kentucky around 1812 and taught school in Georgetown. In 1822 he moved to Franklin County, where he lived first at “Luckenough,” later at “Arrowhead” farm. E. J. Darnell, Forks of Elkhorn Church (Louisville, 1946), 102
could not tell where I was. But as soon as I got the Snow out of my Eyes & Bosom twas some time before I could find the old gun. But when I had understood my Situation the First thing that took my attention was Brother Leander. He was in high glee & Such a fit of Laughter I think He never had. I Recollect I went home Crying. Brother wanted to know how many Ducks I had killed. I told him he did not put any thing But powder in the gun & I dont believe he did as that made him ingoy the Goke more than ever. How many pranks that Dear Brother has played on me. He took great delight Always in Joking & teasing me in particular.

How many Days have I followed him Squire! I Recollect I went with him one Day Hunting. We must have walked Five miles. He had killed about a Dozen Squirrels, By Three o'clock. I had nothing to Eat Since Brakfast & you know Boys get hungry. By that time I beg him to go to Some house to get something to Eat. He promised he would stop at the first House we came to & said he would Get me some Boiled ham. He knew that the Bare smell of Boiled ham always made me Sick at home. The First house we came to was old man Leach. You have often heard your Mother speak of Visiting thare when a girl. Mrs. Leach Set out a Cold lunch for us & Shure enough it was Cold Ham & Corn Bread & Milk. Circumstances altered my Case. For the First & Last time In My long life I was Hungary. Never can I forget That first slice of Rich Juicy old Ky ham That I eat that Day. It makes my mouth water to think of it now, altho I am this Day in the Land of Texas Hams 48 year after eating of that nice Slice.

(This year 1820 Mother professed the Religion of the Saivour, & joined the Baptist Church In Geotown Ky. under the preaching of Rev. Bigs the preacher of the Baptist Church & by him was Baptised in the Spring Branch.)

I supose that I spent less idle time even at this age than most of Boys. Sam & myself were fond of Fishing How many places do I remember where we used to pull out them Big Bright Sun Purch & them thick Dark Log Purch! I can see so plainly the old Fishermen of that Day, Fishing for
Larger fish than we were after. There they wood Fish with their Long polls (the Fishermen Got the Longest Cane poles to Be had, For thare ware no fishing Reals in that Day) & to se them Pulling out a perch with a Cane poll that would Reach across Elkhorn would Remind you of one of those old fashioned sweep pulling up the old moss coverd bucket that hung in the well. The Fishermen in those days alwais in adition to their long Fishing Polls Carried a Bait for themselves as well as a Bait for the Fish & was their Custom whenever they Caught A fish, as Frank Murphy wood Say, they took A Nip. I have Seen some Succesful Fishermen Get too Drunk to fish Before his Companions Had Caught anyy. It was Fun to Fish in old Elkhorn in those Days. You Did not Have to fish all Day For one Bite. Thare ware Plenty of Large Sunfish that wood come out of the watter as Bright & Brilliant as the sun. Then thare was the thick heavy Log perch. Then the Red eye, a Game Fish, that wood weigh From one to two lbs.

& while i am on this Subject of Elkhorn Fish, i would mension what i heard a man Say, i Think in 1825, By the name of Prewit. His Brother had a mill not far from Geotown, Prewits mill. He had heard that a new Kind of Fish Had appeared in Eagle Creek, Between Geotown & Cin­cinatia. They were Called “New Lights” after the Name of a New Religious Sect that Apeared about the Time the Fish apareed in Eagle Creek. Prewit took a Barrel & went to the Creek & brot home as many small “new lights” as he thought would live till he got to the mill which was about twenty miles. He put some two hundred of them in his Brother’s mill pond dam and from them all the “new Lights” have decinded. It seems to me that the First progeny from the

2 Prewitt’s mill probably is the one which later was known as DeGaris’ gristmill. B. O. Gaines, History of Scott County (Georgetown, 1905), II, 226.

3 “New light” is one of many local names given the crappie; another, also found in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, is “campbellite.” Stedman’s description of this common member of the sunfish family as a “new Kind of Fish” is accurate; that is, the crappie was first identified by Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, the famed natural scientist at Transylvania University, for whom it was named pomoxis annularis Rafinesque. David Starr Jordan and Barton W. Evermann, American Food and Game Fishes (New York, 1902), 334.
Fish grew much larger than they do now. They increased very rapidly & in two years could be found down to the mouth of Elkhorn.

I spoke of going to Tom Jett to school. Before I commenced, I recollect of waiting till school broke to see John Steffee. Mother had sent me up to Mr. Steffees for a rooster. They told me I would have to go to the school for John to catch the chicken which I did & this was the first time I ever spoke to him. He was a boy as well as myself & about one year older. He came & caught the rooster for me & I took a great liking for him from that day.
6: How I earned a hat; some remarks about cruelty to beast and man, also about a jail break.

I will relate now how I Earned the First Hat that I ever Bought. On the other side of the mill Dam opposite the paper mill, was a wool Carding Factory. In the Summer, it was run by horse power. A man by the name of Henry Pullum Rented the factory & employed me to drive the horses, attached to a horse power, As the motive power to Run the factory. He promised to pay me one dollar per month & Board at home. At the End of the month He gave me a wool hat worth one dollar. I recollect that it was very hard work for me. He worked Two Blind horses to the wheel & they were old & very poor & I had to whip & hollow all Day to Keep them at work. Some times They got So weak & tired, they would Refuse to pull. Then I have Seen Pullum Come out, nock them down, Gouge their Eyes & Bite their Ears.

When men Fought them Days, this Was Fashionable to Gouge out Eyes & Bite Ears of. No revolvers [were] then thought of. It was Fist & Scule Fight In them Days. The practice of Gouging & Biting was Considered the ondly way of ending the Fight. Some times Both Eyes would be gouged out and hang on the Cheek. In fact it was Considered Lawful to Bite anything—the nose, ears, Fingers. The Last
Fight that I witness was Mort Price. Dr. Price of Frankfort was his Brother. I cannot recollect the name of the man price fought with. But I remember he bit Price’s ear & spit it on the ground. These were the days when men were not so scientific in settling their disputes.

About this time I recollect of seeing a large fine looking man brot out of the court house where he had had his trial & officers lead him to gail. I heard him say that it was a dam bad law to put a man in gail for three dollars bond as he never could make the money in jail. Thanks to R. M. Johnson for the repeal of that law.¹ I recollect that when I saw him cry & the tears run down his cheeks, I felt so strong a sympathy for him that I willingly would have paid the money for him if I had it to pay.

Boys I think sometimes have sympathy as well as men.

I must mention hear another jail bird I had a boyish sympathy for. A man by the name of More had stole something (I think a set of harness) or rather they accused him of it. This More had frequently bin at our house & when ever he came to town: (he lived in the country) he would alwais bring me and the children some apples or some kind of fruit. Presents to children have their effects as well as to grown people. Self intrast makes one wonderful kind. Well I can not say that the sympathy that I felt for him when I found him in the lock up was on account of his situation in jail or on account of while there he coul not bring us any more fruit. I recollect his looks so well. He wore a heavy black beard. This man More & one bitner was the ondly two men in this part of Ky. that wore beards. They were great curiosity, especialey to the boys. The boys would follow then in the street, as I have seen them follow Jim porter, the Louisville jiant, in Frankfort when he came to town.²

¹ Vice President Richard M. Johnson in 1832 led the successful fight in Congress to make imprisonment for debt unlawful. In 1838, however, the Lexington jail still had an apartment for debtors. Leland Winfield Meyer, *The Life and Times of Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky* (New York, 1932), 282-89; MacCabe, *Directory of Lexington*, 29.

² James Porter, who died at Shippingport, April 25, 1859, was nearly seven feet nine inches in height. Lewis and Richard H. Collins, *Historical Sketches of Kentucky* (Covington, 1874), 1, 81.
Well this More had a Family, a loving handsom wife And She was Determined to Get him out of Jail & She Concluded to do So in this way. More was to Complain of Being Sick & to keep his Bed all the time For a weak. On Satterday Mrs. More Come To town. The weather was Cold. She had Hur Face tide up, and a Child in hur Armes. She asked the Jailer to let hur in to Se hur husband as he was sick. He willingly Let hur in & then locked the dore. (Prehaps I ought to tell what Kind of a Building this Jail was. It was built out of Round logs one Room above & Below. It was locaced not far from whare the Court house stands. The Gailer was By the name of Crawford, if i am not mistaken. They like the Judges held The office under the old Constitution during good behavior.) While Mrs. More was in the Gail, She exchanged clothes with hur Husband then got into his Bed. More was let out By the Jailor, thinking twas His wife that he had let in as More was dressed in his wife’s Clothes. More mounted the horse that his wife Rode, and never was heard of that i Recollect. His wife did not Complain till next morning, when the Jailor came to Bring Breakfast. When he Found out the Trick, he Swore he woold keep hur in hur Husbands place. But the people thought and made the joke to Rest on the Jailor. He was glad to let her out. But the Trick was heavy on Crawford the Jailor. He was a Large Rough man & Could not Engoy a Joke.ª

³This incident was reported in the Lexington Public Advertiser, May 6, 1820. The jailer was James B. Crawford. Gaines, History of Scott County, II, 240.
7: Some words about squirrel migrations, but much more about my life as a lay boy and the manner in which paper was made by hand in 1822.

I must relate that this year 1820 there was a great emigration of squirrels from the other side of the Ohio River. Such immense numbers have never made their appearance in Ky since. There could not be a pound of shot purchased in Geotown. They destroyed many fields of corn intire. We boys had fun after them.

This year a man by the name of Denormandie from Pennsylvania rented the papermill of W. H. Richardson so we had to move up into town. Father, Leander & myself went to work at the mill for him. My work was laying of papr. [There was] no machienry at that time. & hear commenced my life of slavery. Never was a slave kept as constant at work day & night as I was, I was working for a man that loved money more than any thing else. He had no scruples how he aquired it. I don't know that he would steal, but he would cheat evry boddy that worked for him, or delt with him. From January till May I would have to get up in the morning at two o'clock. The first thing was to make a fire to warm the water in the vat, where they dipt up the pulp to form the sheet of paper. I had to go into a hole on my hands & neese 10 ft. Long by three feet.
square to make a Fire in what was Called a pot. The Smoke
Come out of the hole i went in & this was on the out side
of the Mill, Exposed to the weather In winter. No one will
ever Realize how much I Suffered with Cold, Snow, Rain &
Smoke. Manny times have i had to hold my Breath while
making a fire. Dodg in for a Chance To put in a stick of
wood; then Back out For the place was two Small to turn
Round. After making a Fire then i woold have to wake up
the workmen. When Denormandie Rented the Mill Aunt
prentis agreed to Board the Hands, to Do which He rented
prentis the House whare Brother Leander Lived & Dide.
Some of the hands lived or Borded thare. Some of them lived
in Geotown & i had to wake them up. (All of this i had to
aclompish as soon As i Could & you must Remember that
my Bed was in the Mill on a pile of Rags.) The workmen
Had So many Reams of paper to make for a Days work.

Prehaps i had Better Discribe to you the mode of making
hand made papr as it was Called. At that time, all the
Machienry thare was in a papermill was the Rag Engine
[and] a Duster For Dusting the Rags. & Daughter i Do not
Recollect That you have Ever heard Me Relate the opera­
tions The Rags went Through to make paper in Those
Days. Rags at the time i Speak of ware of A Difrent quality
from what they are now. They ware most all Linen. You
must Recollect that All the negro ware, was made from hemp
and Flax. I Dont think the negros wore anny cotton. At
Every Farm house thare was to Be found the Loom, the
Spinning wheel, the hackle, Hemp & flax. Theyr Sheets,
towels, in fact all The Linen ware about the house, was made
At home. The Rags ware of Superior quality. In those Days
Thare ware Two Large potries In Burbon County, Carried

1 The battle to destroy armies of squirrels was intensive. Writings of the
period are full of amazing accounts of the enormous numbers of the little
animals, and an early law (1795) required every white male over sixteen
years of age to kill a certain number of squirrels and crows yearly. The
squirrels in normal times were as thick as fleas on a dog, said Gaines, *History
of Scott County*, II, 267, adding that Sam Keene's father killed a mess of
them on Main Street in Georgetown before breakfast. There was an un­
usually large migration of squirrels following the first cholera epidemic in
1833, which Stedman mentions later in his narrative. Collins, *Historical
Sketches of Kentucky*, I, 59.
on Extensively. One was Caried on by Ingles, the other By Bumbarger. They had waggons running Through the Cuntry 
Exchanging Their wars [wares] For Rags. So Most of the 
Rags Geathered was Delivered to the Mill in this way. In 
the mill The first opperation was in Sorting the Rags. The 
Finest and Cleanest was Called no. 1, The Next No. 2 then on to no 4. It was not much trouble to Sort Rags them Days. 
They ware all large [and there were] No Rag pickers in All 
the West To pick up the Small Scraps.

The nex oppereration was to Dress the Rags. This was 
Don on a Screen 8 ft Long By Four wide. Thare was a course 
wire Cloth [which] Coverd it to Sift the Dirt through as the 
Rags ware Honed [honed] on it. Thare ware Four nives 
atached To this Screene. The nives ware mostly pieces of 
mowing Sythes, Some Fifteen in[ches] Long. This table 
woold acomidate Four persons, Boys or Girls, to work at the 
Rags. Hear went Through the opperation of Stripping. 
The Rags ware Cut into Strips two or three inches wide. All 
the patches [were] Ript of. The Strips Scraped across the 
nife to Scrape of all the Small Burs or spanish needles. Each 
one had so manny Pounds for A Days work. The Strips as 
they cut them ware Laid on a Bord on a Barrel & Evry Bord 
full Had to be Examined By the Boss of the Room Before 
they ware put into the Barrel. This was the Second oppera­
tion. This had to Be Don to Great Perfection for on this 
Depended the Cleanness of the paper as i will heafter 
Discribe.

The next opperation was to Cross Cut these Strips. This 
was the work of the Rag Enginer & was Don on the Same 
Kind of Screen table & nife that the Stripers used. The strips 
ware Cross Cut, Three inches Long. He had Two Engines 
to Furnish, on his Wach, which Took Some Four Hundred 
1b of Rags. The Third opperation, was to put [the rags] into 
what we Called a Rag Duster, a Gillinde Covered with wire 
Cloth, Something Like a Bolting Real In a Grist Mill. This 
Revolved Round untill all the Dust was noct out of them,
then they were Ready to Be Furnished into the Engine. 

Hear the operation was a tedious one. The Rags Required a Long time to wash them, for on this Depended the whiteness of the paper. (You must Recollect that Chloride of Lime, had not Bin Discovered or Come into use & for whiteness we Had to wash the Rags white.)

After the Rags were Ground into Pulp, it was Run into a Large Pulp Chest. The 4[th] operation was to Make the Pulp into Sheats of Paper, to Do Which there was Three feet from this Chest, what was Called a Vat. It was Made Square 4 ft Deep and 8 ft long or 8 ft across the top. On the top was placed what was called a Bridg tree, made in the Shape of a Cross. In this way one man Called the vat man Stood over this Vat into which had Bin mixt pulp & water of the Right thickness & Dipt up the Sheats of paper. This was Don on what was Called a moule. It was a Light woodden frame, Sometimes Coverd with wire lade length ways on the frame. You can see the marks of the wire on the old paper made in them Days. Sometimes they ware Coverd with wove wire. Then it was called Vellum. After the vatman had formed a Sheet of paper, he Shoved the mole to another Man That we Called the Coucher. Before him laid a Block 4 in[ches] thich, 2 inches larder [larger] than the Sheet of paper. On this Block he laid Down a Woollen Cloth we Called a felt. This was As large as the Block. On this Felt he laid down the moule & By pressing Even with Both hands, he Stuck the Sheet of papr to the felt. This was Continued till one hundread & 26 Sheets of paper was made. This Constituted what was Caled a Post.

It was my Duty then as Lay Boy, to Blow a horn to notify all the men in the mill to Come to help press the post. The man that tended the Rag Engines was the first one to Come & help to pull the post under the press. On top of this post was placed a plank or Block like the one the post laid on & the Space Between the post of Paper & the Screw press was fitted up with press Blocks, 10 in Square & 3 ft. Long. The Screw was then Placed apon it & screwed Down with a short
leaver as tight as 4 men could press. Then [there was] a Leaver or pole, From 16 to 20 feet long 6 in in Diameter, as much as Two men Could Lift. With This 6 men pressed the post, till all the water that was in the post was pressed out. The post of paper was then Drawn from under the press. Then commenced my work as lay Boy, to Separate the Sheets of paper From the felts. To my left hand Stood the lay Stool to place the paper on. On my Right was the post of paper. To Separate the Sheets of paper was a particular kind of work, the Sheets Being wet, Barely dry Enough to Bare their weight, so Easily to tare. & in Separating them I had to Stand half Bent all Day. & when The days work was done, my Back would ache So that many a night i could not Sleep.

On this lay Stool was placed a press Bord, that i laid The paper on, & when I had lain on 4 post it was taken of & we Called it a pack. We had 5 packs to make for a days work. The packs ware then Placed under the press & lightly pressed to get all the water out that was possibly, to keep the sheets From sticking together. The packs then ware Carried to the parting Room & the packs Separated Sheet By Sheet, then put under the press & pressed again. The paper is now in a situation to Be Hung up in the Drying Room to dry. After drying, the paper Is taken to the Finishing Room to Be picked. That is, all the nots and Spects to be Scraped of with a nife. I have seen 20 Girls imployed in this occupation. After this operation, the paper was presed with a powerfull Dry press screw, then it was Counted into quires, put into Reams & pressed again, then it was put into wrapors tide up & Ready For market. What a tedious process you will say, Compared with the manufacture of Paper in this Day.

But the work of the lay boy was hard. From two in the morning, as i have mentioned, till the work was Done i had no Rest. My wood was To [be] Cut after the hands quit work; then the felts had to be washed, in the Cold Water outside The Mill, all of which Kept me at work till 9 o'clock. Then, i had to go to town for a Judg of whiskey, for the men to drink next Day. Many a night in Rain, Snow, & darkness
Have i packed that old Jug & in all My trips I never broke one. (It was on one of these Trips for Whiskey, that i heard a man Sing The Star Spangled Banner. I thought it The Most Beautiful Song i Ever heard.) Paper Makers thought they Could not work without whiskey. They had to have their hands & arms in the watter & without whiskey they Said they would take Cold. You will not Be Surprised that i thought so too & i could drink To keep out Cold, as Much as they Could.

For Six years i Slept on a pile of Rags with My Clothes on, & often with the ice Frozen to My pantaloons up to My neese An inch thick. With my overwork Money I had to By My own Shoes & Clothes. My wages had to go to Support the family. We ware now living in a Brick house now Standing in Geotown. It is a 2 Story house. Hear Sister Caroline was Born. From My Recollection it must have Bin in 1821 or 1822. I was at work at the Mill for Denormandie. The Boys that worked in the Mill during this time was Burton Eliot, who Commanded the Steamer, "A. L. Shotwell," in 1853. He dide of yellow Fever in 1855. (John His Brother, dide of the Same diseas in 1845.) Jack Zimmerman & David his Brother ware the other 2 Boys. Out of the 4 Boys thare is but one living, that is Jack Zimmerman, a printer. Our wages ware two dollars per week & Bord at Home. About this time Father bought a lot closte to the old Baptist Meeting House & Built a dwelling house.

The Zimmerman family has provided printers in Bluegrass towns for generations.
8: In which I go with my father to paper mills in Ohio; a harrowing account of a battle of the War of 1812 and its effect.

In the summer of 1822 the papermill Stopt for Watter. Father Concluded to take me & go to Ohio to work. If Ever a Boy Regretted to leave home i did. To leave home, & Mother, & Brothers, & sisters. It was two much. How i Beged & Cride But twas no use. I had to Go. Old Couglar¹ had sent His waggon to Georgetown to move a papermaker By the name of Webb & his Family to work in His papermill on the Little Miammi River 22 miles above Cincinati & sent word that he woold give imployment to all the Papermakers that woold Come. It was said That i was the Best lay Boy that Could be Found. So i had to Bundle up & Start with The Waggon. Never Can i forget my Grief in Partin from the loved ones at home. With what Sorrow did i take from the Hill the other Side of town, the last look of home, sweet Home. I had never Before Left home & now I Fully Believed that i never Should Se home again.

At that day thare ware But Few Settlements Beteen Geotown and Cincinatia. The Country was a Wilderness, Filed with all Kinds of Game. We ware Three days Goin to Cinnati From Geotown. Covington was a small vilage with But Few houses. (The place had Bin laid out for a town, in 1815 March the 1.)² In looking Across the River the
most prominent Building Was a large Stone Mill that [stood] up on the Bank where the present publick warf is now. I dont think Cincinnati at that day was larger than Frankfort is now. We arrived at old Couglars Mill in the evening of the 4[th] day From home. I was amongst Strangers. But Wasn’t i Sick, home sick! (Lewis Cox, they Say was home Sick in texas, that was no kind of Sickness to mine). I Could not Eat nor Sleep for a week. But i had to go work the next day. Father was imployed as Finisher In the Mill. This old Couglar that i went to work for, was a Duchman. He owned Five Large Farmes in Cultivation. Near his Large Stone House he Lived in was a large Saw Mill, a large Murchant Mill, a large distillary, & a large hog pen. On the other Side of the Race (this was crossed by a Bridg), was a large paper-mill, a woollen Factory, & Fulling Mill. Near His house [was] a large Store. He was Boss and Proprieter of the whole property. He had no Edicuation, Could not Read or write His Name, But he had the tallent to Drive all this large business & Watch the Corners. He was a self Made Man & when he came to the place was an Ignorant green Jerman. He worked for Eight dollars per month For the man that was afterwards his Father in Law. He was sent to the Barn to Frail out Grain with the imployers Daughter & they got mixt up amongst the Grain & Couglar Had to Marry hur was the way he commenced.

While working at the Mill My Work was laying of paper. Hear i had a nice Room as a Fire Room to make my Fire & have all my wood Dry. It was in the summer & the weather was verry warm. One day i went into my Room, to make up the fire about 11 o’clock. When i opend the Dore, that led into the Room thare lay a Big man Before the Fire & he was

1 Stedman evidently was referring to the mill of Mathias Kuglar. It was the first paper mill in southern Ohio and was built by Christian Waldsmith, a native of Germany, about 1811. The mill and other Waldsmith property on the Little Miami River about twenty-two miles above Cincinnati was taken over by his son-in-law, Kuglar, in 1814 at the death of Waldsmith. Fire destroyed the mill in 1828. Marie Dickorč, “The Waldsmith Paper Mill,” Bulletin of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, V (March, 1947), 6-24.
2 Stedman was close to the correct date, which was February 8, 1815.
Shaking & groning. I soon Run back & told the workmen that thare was a crazy man In my Room, & he had fell Down Before the Fire & was Burning up. They Soon found it was one of the Hands in the Mill that had taken the Feaver & aguer, & was trying to get warm. They Joked me about it, for a long time.

I Borded with william Webb the man that moved from Geotown. He was an Englishman, A fine workman. He was verry Fond of whiskey. By the time he got his Days work Don he was in A fine Humor. He had a nice little woman for A wife. They had no Children. Webb lived in a Frame house not far From the mill, Something like the House whare Mr. Games lived so long. I Slept up stairs. Thare ware two Beds in the loft, one of then ockupid By a Girl that lived with Webb, & the other By myself.

I am This particular Because i want to Relate that I was an Eye witness to the meeting of two of the Best of Friends that had not Met Nore Seen Each other for Manny years. They Both ware Englishmen & they Both ware in the Battle of Lundy's Lane in Cannady, in the war of 1812, Between us & Great Brittan. In one of the Charges Webb was struck By an american officer, on the head, with a Sword. I Supose he Struck to Cut his head of But He hit Webb on the top of his Forehead, & took the Scalp of as neat as an indian Could have Don it. Webb Fell to the ground. His Friend Kenarday Saw him Fall, took him up and Caried him out of Danger. Webb like to have Bled to Death Befor the Surgeon Could attend to him. Kenarday & webb ware Great Friends Before they left London. They Both ware good papermakers & Both ware Fond of King Alchacols Company. Kenarday was Sepparated From webb, on the Battle field & had never heard from him. But from the appearance of the wound he Sup­posed He was Dead. Kenarday Went Back to England After the war was over & Reported to Webbs Friends that he was killed or had Dide from his wounds that he had Carried him of the Battlefield with the top of his head Cut of & he Suposed he had Dide.
As a Roving Class the papermaker took the lead. After Staying in England For Several year, He Come Back to America. In one of the Mills in the State of New York He heard that webb was alive. He was so Delighted, that he immediately Started to Find him. Whare to look for him he Could not tell, But after tramping through Sevral States & Hundreds of papermills, he found A Big Scotchman By the name of Bob Mars. & hear i must tell Something of this Big Scotchman. He was the tallest Biggest, Raw Bone, papermaker, i Ever saw. The Spring Before, i went to ohio, i Slept with This Mars on a straw Bed, on the Flower [floor], in the Room that was afterwards Brother Leander Fine parlar. This man webb had got Drunk one Evning & verry Drunk By Drinking Fifty glasses of porter on a wager of the Cost of the Same. He was two Drunk to get to the Mill So he laid Down on a cot in the Room where we slept. Never Shall I Forget that Night. My Companions ware Mars & webb. Mars had a fitt & webb was Beastly Drunk. Some time In the night, Mars got over his fit, & webb had got Sober Enough to wake up & Had to get up, & when he got up he waked me up hallawin to Mars, “O Mars, pleas Get up & Show me the way out of this Room.” Mars told him to go to hell. He would not Get up, so i got up, for fear that Some Axident might happen, opened the Dors that lead into the Hall, then opened the front Dore. You Recollect them marble Steps. Well web Forgot they ware thare & he fell the whole lenght out on the Ground & He bursted & made a noise like pulling out one of the Corks of a porter Bottle. But the Explosion only Colapsed a Flew & as the Spring Branch was not far of he soon Had the Boiler Clean. I wish you Could Have heard old Bob laugh (in fact he was A Sour old Curse). But this Explosion was so loud & windy, that Mars Swore twas the Biggist porter Bottle he Ever heard Explode. So you Se that Mars Could Tell all about webb to Kenarday and His Porter Scrape also. Kenarday gose to Kentuck & finds webb had moved to ohio. Kenardy Follows him to ohio.
Twas one of those warm Days in august, in ohio on the Miammi whare there is so Much sand & the ground gets so hot, or Rather the Sand & gravel. Our Days work was Done. I had Croosed the Race which Ran Before the house. The house Stood on the Bank. I went to the still house that Stood oposite webbs house For a gallon of Whiskey that was, as Col Cox usto Say, a weak old lacking Five Days. I had Got Back then went & Got a Cool Bucket of watter from the Spring. To this house was a porch fronting the Mill Race & the Still home. On this porch was a table. On this table was the galleon of whiskey, a cool Bucket of watter, two tumblers, Four Cheirs, webb in one, Mrs. webb In another & the Big fat Servant girl in another. The Sun was near Setting. The Fine Shade trees on the Bank of the Race Threw a fine Shade on the porch, & to State facts as i want to Do, we ware all in a fine humor for we all Had taken a Big Nip of that new whiskey. This one, in adition to Twenty that webb had taken Through the Day, put him on a high key for Sin[g]ing one of his war Songs—The Service he had Rendered to His Loving King. The Memory of Battle Fields, the Deeds of Valor he had performed, The Manny harbreadth Escapes he had Made, the Loss of his Skelp & that his life had Bin Saved By the Act of that Kind Friend Kenardy, that he never Se him again. Under the Stimulus of new whiskey & these old Thoughts of the Battle Fields, his voice Begins to falter & the tear Drops of Whiskey and Memory Combine to produce that State of feelings Called the Sobs, When who Should Make an appearance But Kenardy. This Kenardy, was a common Sized Man. He was what we Called a tramp In that Day, & Looked Like the modern tramp of this Day. (Papermakers in those Days Did Not Ride on Rail Roads, for thare ware none. They all travveld on foot. They never wanted more Money than woold Carry them From one Mill to another & Seldom woold they work Longer at one place Than to aquire the money for that Purpose. They ware all fond of whiskey. I Never Saw But one papermaker in that Day, out of thousands, But what woold Drink.)
This man Kenardy was tired, was Hungary, had traveled hundreds of miles to find his dear friend that he had carried from the battlefield & left for dead, & hear after so long a time hunting for him he had at last found him. He at once recognized his friend Webb & the big belled bottle of whiskey at the same time. Webb was two full of over joyfulness to recognize Kenardy. But when Kenardy took him by the hand & exclaimed, "My God! Can it be possible that this is William Webb, whose life I carried from the battlefield?" Webb hardly could get out the name Kenardy. Then they clinched and such hugging & kissing. The crying part Webb was the only one of the two prepared to perform. Perhaps if old or rather new King alcohol had not interfered the meeting might have ended with this first performance. But the fact was Kenardy had hugged one dear friend and he wanted to hug another.

& hear I will mention that we were all sober but Webb. We had taken a nip to be sure, that only make [made] us wonderful kind. But seeing the situation of things Mrs. Webb says, "Mr. Webb, the stranger is tired. It may be he will take some of this whiskey." Web sais yes with a sob & a hick & Kenardy soon shook hands with the old bottle to the tune of near a tumbler full & a small sip of water to wash it down. Then they had to take another hug & Kenardy seemed under the influence of the tumbler full to feel much happier than he did at the first hug. Then they held each other by the hand & surveyed their looks.

"Kenarday," Says Webb, "I am so glad to meet you again. You look so well. Let us set down. I want you to tell me all about what has happened since I saw you last."

"O," Sais Webb, "we must take something first."

Kenarday is more than willing. I can see him now how he looked standing with the tumbler in his hand & with the other taking hold of the big bottle & saying to Webb, "This is the best old whiskey that I have drank in many a day." Mrs. Webb smiled, I thought, & Webb says, "Yea, I always keeps it, & thare is that good distillery that makes the best."
They Both Set Down, & By this time Kenarday was as Drunk as webb. Whiskey did not have the same Effect in those Days as it Duse at This time. It then made them overjoyfull & instead of Relatin their History of the past, they Both Com­menced Singing War Songs. This Brot over another paper­maker & of Corse they Had to Drink with him. Then he woold not Drink unless all Hands woold Drink. Mrs. webb was in the habit of taking hur nip. The Girl was not. Well i Could Drink all Day & not get Drunk. You may think this was a Drunkin Croud. Webb & Kenarday, ware Crying Drunk. Kenarday Fell of the porch & Cut his head worse than the Head of his Friend webb had Bin Cut in Battle So his head had to be tide up. Mrs. Webb put webb & Kenardy in Bed.

Smith, the near Neighbor that Had Come in, was gest Drunk Enough to Make Love to the Survant Girl. She Came up into hur Room in the Loft whare my bed was & went to bed. Smith in a few minutes Slipt up Stairs. Mrs. webb heard him. In half an hour She told webb that Smith had Gorn to bed with the Girl. Webb[’s] nap that he had taken soberd him Enough To have Some Fun. So he Gets up, & went over & told Smith’s wife whare Smith was. She, it was said, was one of them Temagrants of a wife that was in high Glee when thare was a good Chance to play the Devil & Kick up Jack. Over the Fence She came [and] into the house. As She Came in Smith heard hur. He jumpt out of the window at the Gable End of the House, which must have Bin 20 ft to The ground. His wife got a glimpse of him As he went out. Down Stairs She went & took after him & Run him over the Bridg. Then Finding that She Could not not Cetch him She was Determined to have Revenge. Some way She Roused up 8 or 10 of Couglers work hands & told hur Grevience to them, & purswaded Them to go over to webbs house, & take the girl out & tar & feather hur. They all agreed & hear they Come, to the house. Thare was But one Dore in Front. In that webb stood with his ax [and] Swore he woold Kill the first man that tride To Come
in. So he Kept them out. The girl Was up in the Room near Frightened to Death. Finally they Left. Smith went on to Cincinnati that night. The next Day The Girl left & went to Cincinnati & this Ended, as most of the pranks that King Whiskey has a hand in.

This night I often think of & have a good laugh over. The Characters that took part that Night in the war Dance of Delight, Ending In Sorrow & trouble to one woman & the Loss of hur husband. In the Morning Kenarday Looked the worse For the Battle He was in. Altho thare Ware no Laurels to Deck his Brow, his head had the Benefit of a Bandanna hankerchief Stuck fast to his Bloody Head that Took an hower to Soften the Blood So that it Could Be Taken of. The Bond of Reunion had bin So Strong the Evening before that they ware Both Sick next Day & as usual they Laid All the Blame on Smith. This Scrape Ended My Bording with webb.
9: I move to Mr. Couglar's house and undergo persecution from a girl; I attend my first camp meeting.

FATHER THOUGHT it Best for me to Bord with Him at old Couglars House. This house had Bin Built By a pensylvanian Duchman. He Came to Ohio Like Manny other Who had Left a Good home with Every Comfort The Heart Could Desire, But Not Land Enough For his Children. His name was Goldsmith. This house was two Storyes with a Long Ell Run out for Dining Room & Kitchen. In front of the Kitchen Dore was a fine well of Cold Spring Watter with the old Sweep & the old Moss Covered Bucket. Hear was the house whare your papa now had to Bord & Lodge. I much Rather Bord Some whare Else i told Father. He told me thar was no other place that he Could Bord Me Altho i Supose thare ware in the place 21 Families. The Reason that i Did not want to Bord Thare was on account of his youngest Daughter. I was [a] verry quiete & Bashfull Boy & this Girl was about 15 years old & as Full of triks as a Monkey. She Soon found out My Disposition & took Evry advantage of me in hur pranks She Could.

One Day Before i went to bord Thare i went for a Bucket of wattr to the well. As i Drew the Bucket up this Girl Slipt up Behind me & turned All the watter out. I Said nothing But, thinking She woold attempt the Same thing
again, i was in time for hur, for jest as She was in the act of taking the Bucket i Empted the Bucket of Watter on hur Red Hcad. I then got the prais from Hur Two Sisters. [It] Surved hur Right. She Said She would pay me the first Chance & it was not long Before She had a chance.

The Boss of the papermill Sent me to Mrs Couglar for Some Soap for the Mill. This was the First time that i went into That old Stone house. I Saw Mrs. Couglar. She was a large Motherly Looking woman of 50 years, Very Fleshy. She had a Mild Good face. She Spoke Quite Broken English. She Called for Kate, For this was hur name, to Light the Candle & go with me into the Suller for the Sope. I Did not want to go with hur & told Hur that She Could take the Bucket & Bring Me the Soap. She insisted that I Should go with hur. This Sullar was As large As the house. One Main isle Ran through it. On Eather Side there ware Compart­ments. I Followed hur into the Farthest part of the Cullar & She turned into one Compartment & Blew out the Candle. I Could Not Se the least Ray of Light, all was Darkness. It took me Some time to Find the way out. Thare at the Dore i found Kate in high Glee at the trick She had played on me. But wasnt i Mad! I felt then a perfect Contempt for hur & woold Like to have Slapped hur Jawes, if i had Dared to of. I went Back to the Mill Without the Soap Altho She Beg me to Come Back & Get it. I told the Boss what had hap­pened & he Sent another Boy after it. It was This girls tricks that Made me unwilling to go thare to board. Woodent some of your boys Liked to have had Some fun with hur? I think June1 Could have Kept up with hur. She had two Sisters that ware nice Industerious Girls, that Did all the Cooking [and] washing with some other help. Old Mrs. Cuglar She was at the head of Evry thing When the old man was out.

The first Meal that I Eat In the house was Supper. Old Couglar had a practice of a Kind of Enciating [initiating] Every New Border. He woold Say to them, it made No odds to him Man or Boy, he used to tell them, all the provisions

1 Sophie's son.
on the table was Cooked for the Borders & the Family to Eat & Each one was Entirely Welcome to Eat as Much as they wanted. But all they took on their plates They Must Eat For nothing was Cooked to Throw to the Dogs, or hogs. & this Lesson i have Followed to the present Day. He kept a fine Table of all the Substantials of Life & plenty.

I now Slept in the Bed Room up Stairs with My Father. But i always went to bed before he did. This Room was next to the Girls Room. One night i heard, after i had went to Bed Early, Laughfin & talking in Their Room. Presently the Dore in my Room opend, in comes Kate in hur night clothes & Deliberately Got in Bed with me. Didn't i Lay Still; Made out that i was Sound asleep. She knew Better & Laid hur arms around me & Give me a hug. But i Did not Move. I suppose She would have played Some prank. But the fear That Father woold Come in Made hur hurry out. As Soon as She was in hur own Room, Such fun they had about Kate's Venture. The next Morning as i Went out of the house after Breakfast, She was standing In the dore with hur Brother, a man grown That attended his father's store (a Nice Man and Dresed fine). As i pased out She Says, "Brother, what do you think? That handsome Boy, was in Bed with Me Last night." I had not the Courage to Say Annything. But i Have never Bin Made ashamed of annything in my Life as i was at what She told Hur Brother. For an instant i expected he would Say Something to me. But was Releived By hearing him Reprove his Sister for playing So Manny pranks. This was the Last trick She played as we Soon Left Couglars.

As i have Before Said, a man By the Name of Smith was Boss of the Papermill. He was a verry Religious Man & was a Methodist preacher. Thare was a Methodist Camp Meeting held not far From the mill about three miles. Smith purswaded all hands to go to Camp Meeting. All hands went. Father & Smith ware warm Friends & as [we] all Walked, Smith preached to him all the way to the Meeting. How Plain i Can Se him Spreading out His hands as he talked on the
way. Thare was an immence Congregation of People when we got thare. We listend till one Man was Don preaching and they Commenced Singing & Shouting. One young Girl that Stood near whare i Stood Commenced Shouting. She jumpt on a Stump & Shouted [and] Clapt hur hands. Then another fell on the ground & to all appearance fainted. I Bact out of the Croud & told Father we had Best go to the Mill. All the people ware going Crazy. So they appeared to me. Soon all the papermakers got Dry and as Thare was no Whiskey permitted on the Ground, they Left for the Mill.
It was now Some time in September And i was Begging Father to start home. Instead of Starting for home he quit work & Started for Milgrove, a place about Fifty miles of. We walked it in a Day & half. We Staid thare 4 Days. The mill was not Doing much. But the hands Drank a great Quantity of Whiskey. It was a Beautiful Place, Rich Lands, Fine Farms, From thare we Came Back to Couglars & Staid 2 weeks, which Brot us in to the middle of october, when Father told me one Evning That we woold Start for home in the morning.

Did anny Boy have Such Joyous antispations as i had that night, of home, Sweet home, of Seing Dear Mother, Dear Sisters, Sophronia, Mary, & that Dear & ondly Little Sister then ondly a Little girl. Still She was the youngest. All the Rest have gorn to pay that Debt that The old hand that pens this Must pay Soon. I was happy in antispating to morrow we Leave & after Breakfast we Started for Cincinnati. Father had one Hundread Dollars or more In Cash. He had Got me a new suit of Clothes. I had my Duds in a Large Bandanna Handkerchief, that on the End of a Cane & that on my Shoulder. I was wending my way Homewards. We
walked to Cincinnati that Day in the Morning. Father thinking goods ware So much Cheapper in Cincinnati than in Geotown, he Baught a Dress a piece for all the Family & put part in my bundle to Carry. I think my Bundle wod weight at least 25 lbs. I thought So when we Crosed the Ohio & Landed at Coventon. But altho two much for a Boy to Carry So 80 miles on foot, it seemed Light to me in antisipation of getting home. In Leaving Coventon, we took the Rong Road, a kind of Country Road that came into a noted place on the Road, Gaines Tavern. I Dont Think on the Road we Came Between Covington & Gaines Tavern, thare was But 2 houses in a distance of thirty Miles. I was verry tired. The Bundle was two heavy For me to Carry & this night I Slept but Little. In the morning we had the Ridg Road Before us, a Wilderness in that Day, ondly two taverns Between hear & Georgetown, Theobalds tavern Kept by Tom Theobald's of Frankfort Father & no watter on the Road. At one time we had to Leave the Road & go one mile to Get a Drink & Back to the Road. The weather was pleasant & getting Cool.

About Forty miles From Geotown Father meets in the Road A Celerbrated Hunter2 that had Brot him manny a ham of nice Fat venison. Nothing woold do him But we must Stop with him That night. He Lived about 5 miles from the Road. I Don my Best to purswad Father to go on home. But he was a man that thare was no use talking to when he had made up his mind. So with tird, Mornful Step I follerd them in a narrow path, thick Bushes on Eather Side up hill & Down hill. What a burden Annything is when we Dont want to do it! Soon we Saw a little Log Cabbin, on the Side of a hill, one of those primative Log Cabbins that you have Read about. Mud & Sticks Composed the Chimbly. The Fire place ocupide nearly All the End of the house. The Space

1 This probably was the second paper mill in Ohio, the Union, about 6½ miles above Lebanon on the Little Miami in Warren County, Ohio. It is a reasonable assumption that the elder Stedman knew John Cross, one of the owners, since he had been chief vatman in the Georgetown paper mill. Dickoré, "Waldsmith Paper Mill," 20-21.

2 The name of the "Celerbrated Hunter," Ben Burnside or Burnsides, who claimed to be a friend of Simon Kenton, has not been identified.
Between the logs ware partly Stopped with Blocks of wood & yellow Clay. In fact, the Cabbin was not much Larger than your old Smoke house at home. On the out-side Thare ware all kinds of Skins Streached to Dry.

I wish i Could Draw a picture of this old Ky hunter. Do you Recollect of seing the picture of the old Arcansas Back woods Setler that was trying to Play the arkansaw traveler on his fiddle? If you have, you have the picture of this old Hunter. In this Cabbin thare ware near as Manny Skins on the wall as outside. Did you Ever Smell a Coon? That was the way the house Smelt to me. He had a wife & 2 small children. As soon as we got to the house, his wife new that Some one ware Comming for the Dogs Commenced Barking, & i tell you Thare ware Dogs in those days Shoure Enough. I think two of them ware near as tall as A yearlin Calf. He told us they ware his Bar Dogs & Said he did not allow them to hunt anny thing—in his words, “varments”—But Bar. I have Never Saw But one as Large Dog since & that Belonged to John Church’s Father. The other two Dogs ware not So large. He Called Them his Coon Dogs & they must have Bin good ones from the quantity of Coons Skins about the House. He wore a Coon Skin Cap & So Did his oldest Boy. Close By The Cabbin thare was a Small patch of Corn. On the Side of that was a Rail pen Coverd with Corn Stalks. This was his Stable & the ondly Building, if i might Call it Such, out side The house. In this Rail pen he kept his horse. He Called him Simon he Said after Simon Kenton, his Warm Friend. I Cant think Si Got much to Eat from his Looks, altho in the Stable, as they Called it, was The Half of a hollow walnot Log, for a trough. In fact they Raised ondly Enough Corn For their Bread & often not Enough for That. Then when the Corn gave out they Eat Beach nuts. As for Mills to grind their Corn, they hat no other kind but hand Mills. They used the Common Lime Stone Rock for their Mill. The Rocks ware About Fifteen inches in Diameter 3 in thick. He with much pride & Bostin Shode us his New Mill. He Said Twas the Best Mill in all the Neighborhood,
woold grind Faster & Make Better Meal Than the widdow Jinkins Ever Did. (This widdow Jinkins I Shall Speak of in another place.) He Says to Father, "Mr. Stedman, as you are Aquainted with Mills, i Must tell you to take a good Look at My Mill."

How plain I can Se that primative Corn Mill. He had put Down Four Posts with forks on Each. In the forks he had Laid Four Beach poles. On the poles, he had Fastened two puncheon plank. This was the foundation or husk frame of Burnsides Mill. On this Foundation he Fastened his Mill Stone By driving in four inch woorden pins to Keep the Stone from moving. The pins was on the out side of the Stone, But Close Enough to hold it fast. He Drove peices of Clapords as Wedges to make it Level. In the Center of this Stone was a hole of about two in Diameter. Into this he Drove a plug of hard wood, & Made it Sharp at the point For the upper Mil Stone to turn on. In the Eye of the upper Mill Stone was a Peice of hard wood. This was to fit on the pieces in the Lower Stone. On the out side, near The Edg of the upper Stone, was a hole Drilled to put in a handle, one End [was put] in this hole & the other in a piece Fasend in to the [trunk?] of tree above Five feet, This was the handle to the Mill to Apply the Motive powr to grind. The Surface of these Rocks ware Rough—noe Furrows in them. The old Hunter was more proud of this Mill than i Ever was with Anny Mill that i Ever owned & this was Burnsides New Mill. Hear was now Don all the grinding of most of the neighborhood. Altho the people ware few & far between, here they Came to Do their own grinding. They Came on horse back [with] the Coon Skin Cap, the Huntin Shirt, Buckskin Breches, mocksin Shoes, the Rifle. & from one peck of Corn to half Bushel, was the Extent of their Grist. They Ground the Corn themselves & had no tole to pay. The pride of having a Mill was Enough without taking anny tole.

I must tell of my Reception at this hunters Home. Mrs. Burnsides was glad to Se us. Altho She had Nevr seen us,
She had often heard Ben tell about us. When he had come back from his trip to Lexington, he always made it a point to stop and stay all night at our house so he could get home next day. So I suppose he had often told his wife about us. I am now seated on a puncheon stool. (They had no chairs in the house.) There before me was the big fire place [with] the half of a big beach backlog that made hot large fire coals for the bake oven, that contained the corn doggers that we would have for supper. Soon they were baked & placed on the table if such I might call it. There were 2 puncheons planks that had been split out of a yellow popular & made as smooth as they could be with an ax. They were fastened together with two strips across them by pinning them to the planks & four holes were bored for the hickory legs. This was the table that the bread was put on in a big buckye tray—no table cloth. The bare plank that had a considerable gloss, made by grease & usage. The oven now being empty was used to fry meat in. Soon Mrs. Burnside had some nice strips of venison laid in the oven & between them she placed a thin slice of mast fed midlin bacon, the rich sweet oil from which filled the room (an odor that whetted my already hungry appetite to an extent that fairly made my desire strong for supper).

While she was cooking the venison I had a good chance to take a good look at her. She was a woman I should think about 35 years old. She had black hair [and] black eyes. Her face was not handsome but still there was something pleasant & agreeable in her looks that had a tendency to make a stranger welcome & feel for the time being at home. She was dressed in a home spun dres of a yellowish coulloir. Her hair was tucked up with a home made horn comb. She was bare footed & stood on her bare feet about six feet high. Frequently she would stir the contents of a coffee pot that set on the coals with a wooden spoon.

Soon all was finished for supper, the bread in the trey, the venison in a large tin pan, the tea for such it was and sassafras at that. But sweetened as it was with home
made tree Shugar, i thought it fine. This was Drunk out of tin Cups. They had tin plates. One of the plates that father Eat out of was A Big puter plate. I Supose it was a Relick of Some former generation of the family & they Suposed it was Confuring an honor on father to Eat out of it. This was amoght one of the Best Suppers that i Ever sat Down to. I was so hungary, having Eat nothing since Breakfast. (I had to Carry a pack of 25 lbs.) You may Surmise the Situation & what made It So agreeable was the home Made Free & Easy Hospitality By which we ware invited to Eat. At old Couglars i had to Eat All That i took on my plate. Hear i Failed for They kept piling on the Sweetest Venson Stakes that anny tired Hungary Mortal Ever Eat. Father was as hungary as i was & Rellished the Supper as much as i Did.

I wish i Could Relate to you The talk at the table in the home Spun Language that Burnsides & his wife made use of. If annything, it was more outlandish Than the East tennesans "you uns" & "we uns." I tell you in that Small Cabbin thare was told after Supper Some of the Biggest Bar Stories That i Ever heard of Before. The Manny Narrow Escapes that he had made & then he woold almost Sink in a Sorryfull tone to Relate when his Life was in Such Danger that his Big Dog Tiger Came to his Resque & Saved his life by Sacrificeing his own.

"I tell you, Stedman if i had lost that Boy Bob i Don think i would have tuck it anny harder. That Dog Tiger was the Best Bar Dog i Ever had. You se old Betsy Hanging over the Dore? That is the Best gun in all of these woods. If Ever i Draw a Beed on old Betsy, you may Suare The Ball gose Right thare. This Bar was the Biggest one that had Ever Bin Seen in these hills. I Dont know How it hap­pend that Morning that My two dogs Dident Follow me & i Did not Discover that ondly tiger was Along till i was a mile from home. Then tige Struck his trail & on the next hill he treed him Side of a Big popular tree & tige Kept him thare till i come & as Soon as the Bar spide me He Started to Run. Tige grabbed him By the thy. The bar wheeled So quick &
with that Big paw Struck tig on the head & knocked him Farther than a Clap of thundr Could. & then the Big Black Devil Made for me. I leveld old Betsy on him But as he was comming So fast, thare was No time for taking aim & Drawing Beed, so i missed whare i wanted to hit him & struck him on the top of his head. That made him in prime order for a fight & he was So close to me that Before i Could hit him with my Gun he knocked me Down & i thought my time Had Come. But thank God, Before he had time To Com­mence his work tige Recoverd from his Blow & i gest tell you, Stedman, he had more hard Sence than one half the folks Down hear. He new what that Bar was at & he gest Lit into him & i Jumpt up Commenced to Load old Betsy, when i seed that the Bar had tige Fast in his arms. I Could not stand This & with that Long nife i Jumped into the fight & i put old Long nife to the heart of the Bar & that old Devil woold not Loose his hold on tige till Both ware Dead.

"Can you immagin how Bad i felt? It takes a Moughty Sight to make me Cry, But I Could Nop hope [not help] from crying when poor tige took his Last Farwell Look at me as Much as to Say i Dye for you & if the other Dog had Bin hear i woold not have Bin hurt. Stedman, i cant Splain how mouty Bad i felt. I was never £raid of Ingins nor Bar nor annything Else. I have Bin In Manny Close places in my Life, & i nevver qiverd, But the loss of tige Seemed to give Me the Blind Staggers & i trimbled like one of My Cows that Had Eaten the Milk sickness weed. I tell you i Hadent Strength to Skin that Cretter & went home & sent for tom white to Come [saying] that i was sick. Soon tom Came & so Did Bill tomkins & the Best of it was they Brot along a Bottle of old mongahaly whiskey. I tell you Stedman the doctors & preachers May Say what they pleas, But thare is nothing in an apothacary that will do a feller as much good as a good dram when he is in Such a fix as i was. Stedman, I wish we had Some of it to night. But way down Hear we cant often have it. Cant get it ondly when we go to Lexington or geotown. Well tom & Bill & myself & old si started
for the Bar. Thare laid the Bar. Tom and Bill swore that He was the father of all the Bars. Thare laid poor tige. Well we took his hide of and the meat was two loads For old si to pack home. I tell you i have got Some of that Bar meet yet.” & turning to his wife he Said he wanted us to have a taste of that Bar fixing for Breakfast in the morning. “Tom & Bill Said it was a maricle how i Escaped in that fight & if i hadent Bin a Bar hunter . . .”

Supper Being over, we went out in front of the house & Burnsides Commenced telling about the Different Skins that Coverd the outsides of the Cabbin. It seems that he was a Great trapper. Hear was the first Beever Skin That i had Ever Seen. Thare ware Sevral of them & More of them he Said pact away in the Loft. Next week he Said he was goin to Lexington, to sell them. He said that he Found late in the fall he Could get more For them than he could in the Spring, when Evry fellow was Running their Skins into Market. I Expect it woold Be two much of a coon Story to Relate all that he Said Before Bed time, But i will Say that we ware listening to his Storys as he pointed to this Skin & to that. Thare ware amongst the Skins in the Loft he said Deer, Bar, wolf, Beever, Mink & otter. It was now gettin Dark, the air Chilly, the leaves Falling from an october frost & all three went in to the Cabbin. & By this time i had Bin thinking About Bed & whare we ware to lay Down & Sleep. I was so tired & my mind fix on home & loved ones that i had not seen for Months.

I have Spoke of the fire place. In one Corner was the Cup Bord Consisting of 5 wide Clap Boards, the Ends Resting Beteen the logs of the Cabbin. Of Course thare ware no Dores. Hear Rested in Safty on one Shelf 4 Black Bottles, one Round Big Belly Bottle. (They Seemed Lonesome Being Empty.) [There was] A Big gourd to hold egs. On the next Shelf was Stored away the table ware of tin plates, tin cups & Some woodden Spoons. The others Contained Sundaray
other things, as old Bob Collins would say, a lot of super-
mummary articles. On top of all, one article in particular
[which] drew my attention was a new Bell Crown hat. They
were in fashion in those days. That was long before I was
married. Up to that time all hats were
made by hand. The Bell Crown was
made in this form

The fine hats were made of beavers
fur, or the finest fur that the different
animals would afford. There were three
Grades. The last was made of Coon Fur. This fur was the
longest fur but rather course. But the object of the hatter
was to make the fur show as long as possible. The longer
the fur of each kind, the more beautiful the hat. I once
heard two negroes disputing in Georgetown, that had new
Bell Crown hats. One said his hat was napt with Coon Fur,
the other said it was Bar fur & so they came to a hatter to
decline, & he told them one was Rabbit fur & the other said
it is possum fur & they walked of as proud as a king with
his precious Crown on his head. What fun would be for the
boys this day to see a man walking the streets of Frankfort
with a big long napt Bell Crown hat that John Baltzwell
usto make. 3 (Lexington was at this day the Great Hat
Market. A man by the name of Clark, another by the name
of Patterson Bane, another by the name of Lowry, & several
others that I cannot recollect, manufactured a large
quantity of hats in that day. 4 Clark as late as 1824 worked

3 John Baltzwell, who arrived in Frankfort from Maryland in 1815, was a
very successful hatter. His sign, a "representation of an old-fashioned bell
crowned hat, done up in black paint," was termed an "ancient landmark"
when it was removed in 1881. For many years Baltzell served as treasurer of
the city of Frankfort, as councilman, and as a director of the Farmer's Bank.
Frankfort Yeoman, August 6, 1868 December 8, 1881.

4 Patterson Bain was one of the leading businessmen of Lexington. He
came from Maryland, apparently to join an uncle, Montgomery Bell, who
was also very successful. The hat-making firm of P & W Bain was located
on the corner of Main and Main-Cross (now Broadway) streets. In 1805
Nathanial Lowery was in business in Lexington; later he took Clark as
partner in his hat-manufacturing shop. In 1805 there were also Hiram Shaw,
Samuel Calvert, John and George Adams, and William Smith, all making
hats for the residents of the village. Abraham Shoemaker (comp.), Charles's
Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio Almanac for the Year 1806 (Lexington, 1805);
Coleman, Lexington's Second City Directory.
20 negroes in his Shop. No hats imported In this Earley Day. A good Beever hat would Cost 10 Dollars & would ware 10 years. These manafactories made a good market for all the Firs that ware Caught. To this Market our Landlord was Saving his pelts for Sale.) I wont tell anny more about the hat Altho he talked Long about it.

In another Corner was the Bed. It was made By two forks Being Drove in the ground Two poles placed in the forks & Ran through Betwene the logs on these ware placed Some Clapbords, then the Straw or Bed filled with leaves. This Composed the Best and ondly Bed in the house. In the other Corner was pins on which hung their ward Robe. Dont you Surmise Daughter how your papa looked in this Strange Little Cabbin, how Sleepy & tired he Looked, & how he wondered where He woold Rest his tired little Boddy? Father Sugested That it was getting Late & that his Little Boy was Sleepy. The old hunter Said, “Stedman, i cant acomodate you with as good a Bed as you Did me, But you and you little Son Shall have the Pleasure of Sleepin on that Big Bar Skin.” & he soon Had it Spread Before the fire on the puncheon Floor & a Bundle of Coon Skins for a pillow for Each of us. Well Daughter i had Slepn Manny a night on a pile of old Rags, Some times in Summer on the Bare Flore. But to Me, tired as i was, this was the most uninviting Bed i Ever saw. Thare lay that Big Black Skin & after hearing him Tell of his fight & narrow Escape, i tell you that I felt as his wife told Father, that she felt “a little Sorter & sorter not” when She first Looked at that Big Skin. Imagin now my Situation. Thare lay that Bundle of Coon Skins, the long tails all hanging the Same way like so many Big Striped Snakes, a good thing to Dream about.

Well Down we laid with our Clothes on. The old hunter Said he thought we would Be warm Enough that that Big Back Log would Keep a good fire all night. Mother at home had taught me always to Say Before i went to Bed “now i lay me Down to Sleep.” But i Did not Say it that night For i Did not Expect to Sleep anny, Shure. But i was mistaken for tired nature Can adopt most anny thing to Repose on
& Soon i was in A Deep Sleep & in my Dreams that Home Dear Home, mother & Sister, was the uppermost thought In My Mind. But the Mind or soul that Never Sleeps was Soon At home. Aint it a Gods Blessing that in this Life, we are blessed with happy Dreams & we are Shure to have them if the mind is Contented [and] The Boddy in good health, Kept so By temperance in all things. Well Daughter, i Drempt i had got home & the First one to Meet me was Dear Mother with out streached arms. She took me to hur Brest in a Mother warm imbrace & the tear of Joy Freely Flowed on the Cheek of Hur Long absent Boy. Then the Sweet imbrace of Sister Sophy & Mary & that sweet Little Sister Caddy. She Seemed to Shed the tears of Joy more Freely if posible than any of the Rest of the Family. She was the youngest & hur affections ware Strongest & Brother Le & Sam & anson & John ware all at home & all So glad to Se us. & In my Estagy of Joy i awoke to find It all a Dream & for a moment Did not Realize whare i was. But Soon i was consious That i was not at home. The Big Back log afforded a Dim light to Satisfy me that Father was Close By me & the happy Dream must be post poned till next Day, if then, for we ware forty Miles from Geotown, a Dry Road to travvle. & father Said in the Evening that if we got a good Start in the Morning we woold get to Thornsbury tavern, six miles from Geotown.5 Daughter, Dont you think you little pappa Had a Good location to think of Every thing after waking from his happy Dream to find Himself 40 miles from home—5 miles from the Main Road that lead thare & in the Little Log Cabbin & Room to think of that Good old Dog of the Hunters?

I was glad when the morning light Came through the Cracks Between the logs & Soon we got up. The old hunter was Soon out of his Bed. Then we went out of the Cabbin to find that it was a Beautifull october morning. You have often Read of Discriptions of autumn, of all the Verious

5 Thomas Thornbury's (or Thornsberry's) tavern, six miles from Georgetown at Petersburg, was succeeded by that of Mrs. Fielding Hambrick. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 113-14.
tints & coullors presented in Hill & Dale. I thought the Sight Grand. But the old Hunter had seen many Such scens Before & he new this was the Time for hunting. (Hear i must tell what i Have Seen from the time we mooved to geotown Evry Fall. From the first of october, one Could Se Evry week From ten to twenty pack Horses loadend with Venison & Skins. Geotown was their first market. Hear they woold Sell prehaps one quarter of their venison & Skins. At that Day thare ware Four hat Factorys: geo Brown, William Brown, Jack addams, Sam McMekin. They made a Large quantity of Fur hats & Baught the Fur From the Hunters as they passed through. Then thare ware in town 2 large tanries that Baught manny Skins.) This old Hunter was a Kind of Boss hunter in those hills & this is the way he Became acquainted with Father in Geotown.

He had made a Rousing Good Fire For his wife to get Breakfast & while Doing So Father & i went to the Spring which we Soon found on the Side of the hill Below the house. It was a verry Primitave Spring. All the improve­ments that had Bin Made was some Forks poles & Brush to make a Shade & the Everlasting old Strong Smelling gourd. Dont you Know how Strong they Smell when Kept in the watter? He soon Filled his bucket & i carried a peggin. I Dont Recollect whether you use them or not. Soon we ware Back to the Cabbin & tooke a wash out of a wooden Buckeye Bowl & i Do think that old Burnside that morning was more full of Buck talk than the Cow Boys out hear of Cattle talk. The Sun is up & The Bright Rays is giving a Bright golden Tinge to the variety of Butifull Collors on the Forest trees. & the good news to me was that Breakfast was Ready, not that i was So hungary But my mind was on home & i wanted to Be of. Well we had a good Breakfast. For a Rarity Mrs. Be had made A good John a Cake & had Fride Some Bare meet & Some nice slices of venison. I tell you that Bread & Bare Grees Eat Better than Butter.

6 The hatmaker William Brown arrived in Georgetown about 1806 and was very successful. Of the others mentioned by Stedman, only John Adams has been identified. Gaines, History of Scott County, II, 240, 243.
Breakfast Being over, the old hunter concluded to go with us as far as the Ridg Road that Leads to Geotown. Old Si was Soon geard up with an old saddle & Burnsides with his old Rifle & i feel thankful to him to this Day For he took Me Behind Him to the Road observing twoold help me Mottley [mightily] as i had a Long piece to walk. I was Delighted when we ware once More into the Main Road. We Bid our old Friend Good By, with the promise that he wold Start For Lexington next week with a Load of peltre and venison. We Left him & i felt once more that i woold get home That night. In that time we woold walk for Fifteen or 20 miles without Seing a house or the face of a person. I Do ashure you i felt Like walkin. Father Said he Believed i Could walk faster than he Could. By two oclock we arrived at Jones Tavern.7 Hear i must Rectify A mistake i made about the numbr of tavern on the Road From Cin­cinnati (Covington). The first was Gaines, then the half way house Kept by Gouge then Jones 20 miles from Geotown. Hear we got Dinner. This tavern in that Day was a great resort on account it was the ondly place whare they kept “Good Entertainment For Men & Beast.” The 20 miles walk Made me Have a good appetite for Dinner. Hear we Rested Till three oclock. With 20 miles Before us we started [and] I felt Determined to get home if posible & i almost Counted that Evry Stept was that much nigher home. The First place we Stopped was Six miles from Geotown, Thornsberys tavern. Thare we took a Good nip of Whiskey that made me in good trim For home. About 3 Miles further we Stopt to get a drink of watter & when i took the bundle from my Back twas the first time I realized how heavy it was. As soon as the Load was of i felt as Light as air. But hope makes mannny things light. This was the Last Drink untill i woold Drink at home. In fact, the Country now Reminded me that I

7 John Jones’ tavern in Scott County was one of the oldest along the road to Cincinnati. Stedman recalled that it was about twenty miles from George­town, and it probably seemed that far to a small boy. Actually, it was at Slattenville, about fourteen miles out of Georgetown, and was, of course, a well-known stagecoach stand. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 113, and J. Winston Coleman, Jr., Stage-Coach Days in the Bluegrass (Louisville, 1935), 152.
was near home. Thare stood Ben Osberns house. I new him well.

It is now Dark. I says, “Father, wont we Suprize them at home to night?” As anxiety increased i Seemed to walk the Faster. Thare is old Elkhorn. Never Shall i forget The Thrill of Joy that the Sight of its Lovely waters & its autum leaved Clifts gave me that night. How Little Did i think then, the toil, the hardship, The work, Day & Night amidst snow & ice—years of prosperity & year[s] of Adversity that awaited me on the Bank of Elkhorn in after years. Hear is the Elkhorn Bridg. It seemed Like an old Friend & gest below is the place whare all the Boys go in Swimming. Soon i am in Sight of the old Mill. Then i Se home. Now after walking Forty miles i feel that i could Run. I have Fogot the weight of my Load. It is now near Ten oclock. All is still. We aproach that Long Looked for home.
Hear it is. Daughter, Do you Realize how you Little papa felt Jest at this Moment when he put his hand on the Gate To open & the next few Steps to nock on the Dore & then to hear once more the voice of Dear Mother? I Rap. Then i hear, “Who is thare?” That is Mother. I Speak. She new my Voice. But didnt She get up quick & the Dor open quick & Didnt She have me in hur arms quick. Home, Sweet Home again! [It is] Month[s] that have passed Since i Left home with So Sad a heart Beleiving that i never wood se home again, the Joy Can Not Be Explained In words. Dont you imagin how Jake1 will feel & how, Dear Daughter, you will feel when he comes Home from his Long absence & from so great A Distance? As father Stept in, Mother let me go to Bid father a hearty welcom, & then Hear Comes Dear Sister Sophy. How plain i Can Se hur form & looks! She was in size much like you Before you ware maried. Hur Face [was] Round. I Dont think She was anny Taller, But in Disposition much like you, as i Said, Before Mariage.

(What is more Stronger than a Sisters Love? Thare is no purer Feeling Kindled upon the Altar of Human affections, than a sisters pure uncontaminated love for Hur Brother. It is unlike all other affection, So Disconected with Shelfish...
Sensuality; So Feminine in its Development; so Dignified
And yet, withal, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can Alter it;
nothing can Suppress it. The world May Revolve & its
Revolutions Effect Changes in the Fortunes, in the Character
and In the Disposition of her Brother; yet he wants whose
hand will so Readily Swell his advocacy. Next to a Mothers
unquenchable Love, A sisters is pre-Eminent. It Rests so
exclusively on the tie of Consanguinity For its Sustenance.
It is wholly Divested of passion & springs From Such a deep
Recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once Deeply
& Fondly Regards her Brother that affection is Blent with
her Existance. In all the annals of Crime it is Considered
Something anomalous to find the hand of a sister Raised in
anger against her Brother. In all the affections of woman
there Is a Devotedness & Strength which Cannot Be Properly
appriciated By Man, in those Regards where the passions are
not at all accessory. In increasing the strength of the affec-
tions, More Sincere truth & pure feelings may Be expected
than in Such as are Dependant upon Each other for their
Duration as well as their Felicities. A Sisters love in this
Respect is peculiarly Remarkable. There is no Selfish gratifi-
cation in its outpourings. It Lives From the Natural impulse
& Personal Charms are not in the Slightest Degree Nessary
to its Birth & Duration.)

Then Came Mary. She was the Beauty of The Family, in
form More like Nelly.\(^2\) Sweet girl, She Loved me, She Said,
more if possible Than all the Rest of her Brother. \& then
little Sister Caddy. It seems to me that she favored your
little Daisy, [but was] not so large. I can almost feel The
tight Clasp of her arms around my neck this Morning \& that
little girl is now my only Dear Sister Caroline Church.\(^3\) The
three Sisters Slept together \& as the Boys Slept in another
Room they Soon waked up at the Regoicing of the Rest. \&
the First one to welcome us was Brother Leander \& Sam &

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\(^1\) The reference is probably to Jacob Cox, Sophie’s son, who was sent
to Texas for his health at the time Stedman was writing from there.

\(^2\) Stedman’s four children were Sophronia, George, Nellie, and Harmon.

\(^3\) Caroline Stedman married John F. Church, a member of a pioneer Franklin County family, in 1838.
John & anson. In fact that night all, if alive, well Remember. Dear Sister Caddy Is the ondly one alive of the sisters & Brother John Storm & that good old puritan, Brother andson turner, & Brother Sam, whouse Life has Bin like Some fiery Commit not of much use to himself nor nobody Else.
IN NOVEMBER of this year the Mr. Denormandie The Man that i have Spoken of that had Rented the old paper-mill, he was Bording with Aunt prentis at the house whare Brother Le Dide. He was taken Sick & Dide Verry sudden. He had made Money verry Fast. He had Two half Brothers living with him. They Claimed all that he had & one of them Rented the old mill & as Soon as the watter Rose Commenced Making paper. Brother Le, Father & Myself went to work in the Mill. (I Should have mentioned the winter Before i went to ohio, Denormandie had the Contract to make the Bank Paper For the State of Ky To print the Commonwealth Money on. This was the most particular work for a lay Boy That i Ever had to do. The Sheats Bein made of Entire Linen Rags & the Sheats so thin It was very Dificult to handle. But i handed Evry Sheet of that paper that the State issued For money that took Two Dollars to By one of Silver.) The Same Rotiene of work this winter as in year[s] past, in work Day & night was my portion.

If i Rember Correctly, this year Jenral Jackson & president James Monrow Came to Geotown Together on their Excur-
sion trip through the States. The Citizens of Geotown made arrangements for their reception. The Military Company, the Light horse Company were out in full parade. I think John T. Johnson delivered the welcome address. I think F. H. Hodges twenty years ago favored Jackson very much at that in form & face. I recollect Jackson I thought was the roughest man in his speech I ever heard. That is, he, as I thought in his answer to Johnson, rather criticized what he said. There were thousands of people in town that day. Munrow, if I recollect, did not make any speech. The Military Spirit was in high favor with the people then. John Lemmon that commanded the cavalry had a large company. A number of the horses had done service in the last war. One, that Capt. Lemmon rode, had charged Proctor at the battle of the Thames. He was a fine horse. His owner took great care of him & in the sham battles that they used to have frequently he would always go through the lines. This was a real Jackson day in Geotown.

This summer, Father & Brother Leander fixed up a small mill to make roppin paper that belongs to James Johnston, one & half miles below the Great Crossings. It was Johnston powder mill. He made large quantities of powder there during the war of 1812. The property had been lying idle for several years. There was a good tile water wheel that answered for to run the little rag engine. Father & Brother,

1 The distinguished visitors spent the night of July 1, 1819, as guests of Richard Mentor Johnson at his farm, Blue Spring. His brother, John T. Johnson, who made the speech of welcome, was a noted lawyer, judge of the Court of Appeals, member of Congress, editor, orator, and minister. It was he who delivered the speech of welcome to General Lafayette about six years later. Biographical Encyclopaedia of Kentucky, 424; Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 139; Meyer, Richard M. Johnson, 314.

2 John may have been the brother of Joseph Lemon, who built Lemon's mill on the North Elkhorn about 1830. William H. Perrin, History of Fayette County, Kentucky (Chicago, 1882), 511.

3 Henry A. Proctor was one of the commanding generals of the British forces during the battle of the Thames. The hero worship accorded the Johnson brothers' actions during this battle is the basis of I. W. Skinner's poem, Kentucky.

4 Lieutenant Colonel James Johnson was a brother of Richard M. and John T. Johnson. He also distinguished himself in the Battle of the Thames in the War of 1812, and he also served in Congress. He apparently stayed, more than his more noted brothers, on his family's extensive lands in Scott County.
By Removing the powder Machinery, Soon had the paper machinery in the old Powder Mill & that Fall Commenced making paper. We had a small Room in which we do the Cooking. Sam Stedman was Cook. In the spring & fall he caught all the fish we Could Eat & he Cooked them. We slept in one End of The Room; made a pen & put in fine Flax tow & Called our Bed "tow harvest." We wouold Go home Evry Saturday Evning & Come Back Monday Morning.
Herein I describe the visit of the illustrious General Lafayette, and particularly the victory of Mary Steffee.

I recollect Sam & MySelf were fishing under a Big oak tree one Evening on the other Side of Elkhorn In Sight of the georgetown & Frankfort turn pike. We were pulling out fish fast when we heard the Stage From Frankfort Comming. I tell you the Stage Coach was looked upon at that time with more interest Than the Rail Road Car is at present. Evry Few Miles he, the Driver, would Blow his Bugle & Some of the Drivers Could Blow them Fine. They had More Pride in Fine Coaches & fine teams than the Cariers Do now a Day. As he Come Down the Road from Capt Craigs to Elkhorn He played Washington's March & when he stopt in Front of a store Kept thare he told of the news that [of] General Lafayette arival in Frankfort. Hear i Must tell you that the news of his arival at Frankfort had such an affect on Sam & Me that we quit Fishing & went to the Mill to Carry the news.

Hear i will Make a Small Extract to inform you of the Feelings Amonght the people Concerning Lafayette, He landed in New york in June 1824 upon the invitation of the president & was Received In Every part of the Country, with the warmest Expressions of Delight & Enthusiasm, He
was proclaimed by the popular voice the Geust of the nation & his presence Evry Whare was the Signal For Festivals & Regoicing. He passed through the 24 States of the union, in a sort of triumphal Procession in which all parties Joined to forget their Dissensions; in which the vertans of the war Renewd their Youth, & the Young ware Carried Back to the Doings & Suffrings of Their Fathers. Having Cellabrated at Bunker Hill the Anniversary of the first Conflict of the Revolution & at yorktown that of its Closing Scene, in which he himself had borne So Conspicuous a part, & taking leave of Four Ex Presidents of the united States, He Received The Farewell of the President, in the name of the nation, & Saild from the Capital on A Frigate named the Brandywine, Sept. the 7 1825.

I am more particular in Speaking of Lafayette, Because no Man Before & no man Ever will in all time, have Such Exibations of Love & attention paid him as he had. & Hear i must tell you that in Kentucky thare was nothing But mud Roads. It was in the Month of May 1824 that Lafayette landed in Frankfort. The Roads ware almost imposible on acount of Two weeks Rain Evry Day. He left Frankfort in a fine coach drawn by Six Horses, The Govner & 2 others in the Coach, And the Roads ware So Muddy that they Could not Reach Lexington that Day. He stopped Four Miles [from] of Lexington.1 The next day he was Received in Lexington as no man was Ever Received Before. The next morning he left for Geotown.2 The Road from Geotown to Lexington was lined all the way with people From All parts of the State. You Recollect Whare the present Cemerty Gate is on the hill at Geotown. On Both Sides of the Road then was a Strong Staked & Rider worm fence & i was opisite the Gate on top of the fence When General Lafayette Came

1 At Keene Place.
2 Lafayette's visit to Georgetown in May, 1825, was “one of the grandest occasions ever to take place in Scott County.” A barbecue was prepared from twenty-five 1,500-pound choice steers, and fifteen fine lambs. The women prepared a cheese which weighed more than 500 pounds. The event took place at Johnson's Blue Spring, with an estimated 5,000 persons gathering from miles around. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 138-39.
along. He was in an open Barouche with his hat of Bowing to Each Side of the Road, & from thare to geotown was one live Mass of Men Women & Children, Negros & Horses & Such Shouts with the Roar of Cannon & Musketry, the like no one will Ever witness again.

& hear i Must Relate what you have often heard [your] Dear Mother tell as one of them Victorys that She prised verry much. The General Dined at the Geotown Hotel. Thare was much Talk amounght the Young girls who Should Eatt out of the plate that Lafayette Eat out of. (Your Mother then was 12 years of age. She was full of life & fun. Hur Cheeks ware the verry picture of health, alwais Rosy. She was a kind of bully amounght the girls, was in for anny kind of play, Run foot races, play[ed] Bandy to Beat Most of the Boys & was alwais Ready to fight at the first insult. She was the Darling Youngest pet of Both Father & Mother.) She was determined to have the Plate As Soon as the General was through. In the parade of welcom i Supose thare ware Fifty young Ladies, all Dressed in white, with Reath of Flowers. They looked lovely. They Rode to meet him in open cariages. When they Arived at the hotell they ware all present at the Dinner Table. You Mother was fast Enough to Sit Beside Lafayette & as Soon as he had finished his Dinner, She took his Plate. Of Course i Did not se hur Do it, But i Recollect the Praise awarded to hur By hur Friends. It made Much Talk & fun amounght all the girls as Seveal of them Had Determined to have the Honnor of the plate.

I Cannot give you anny idea of the feeling amounght The people. It seemed to prevade all Classes, women & Children, From the first Day he landed in the united States, Lafayette was on Evry toung & in a Short time the pattorism [patriotism] & Love for the Companion of Washington Ran So like Some Epidemick That Evry thing was Lafayette. All the new fashions ware Lafayette. It Ran to such Extrems that you Could not By a Hat nor anny thing out of A Store But it was Lafayette. (I had a good Look at him & hear i will Say that the likeness That Jo Cox painted
of him was perfect & Better Than the picture in the State House in Frankfort which you have Seen.)

Soon after dinner He was Ready to leave for what was Called The Blew Spring, The Residence of Richard M. Johnson. I Supose that He, Lafayette, woud not have visited Geotown had it not Bin for Johnson. He then was at his noon tide of prosperity. The Honnor & praise paid Johnson after the war of 1812 For the active part He took in the war, His vote in Congres For the war & his Comming home to Ky & Raising a Rigment of Cavillry, & at the River Thames, Distinguished Himself in the Charge he made & the Honnor awarded him of killing Tecumtsy one of the Brightest & most intelligent indian Warriors that History gives any account of, & the wound He Received in the hip, which made him quite lame. The first time i Saw him in Geotown in 1819 he walked quite lame. In fact that wound Made him very Popular Evry where he went. Evry year when he Returned home from Congress He was, on his arival in Ky. as well as all The way from Washington City, Met & Saluted with the parade of Soldiers & the firing of Cannon & in fact they Knictnamed Him “old tecumtsy.” Of Course Layfatt Could not Come to Ky. without paying Him a Visit. I am not Certain But i think He Staid in Geotown that night & thare was A Great Ball in Honnor of the ocasion & i Well Recollect of Going with the Emence Crowd of People to the Blew Spring, the Residence of Richard M. Johnson. & Such a geathering of the people! He had Cannon at the Spring & Commenced firing long Before we Reached Thare. Evrything That was nesary for the ocasion was prepared in fine order. Johnson[’s] two Daughters Played on the piano fine. They ware Dressed as fine as money Could Dress Them & to one that Did not no they ware As white an any of the Laydes thare & thare ware a good manny. I will hear end My story of what i have Seen of Lafayett.

8 This was probably the Joseph Cox who married Minerva Steffee. He painted a number of portraits, although that of Lafayette has not been found. The Statehouse portrait was painted by Matthew H. Jouett in 1825.

4 The mother of Johnson’s daughter was Julia Chinn, a mulatto servant whom he had inherited from his father’s estate. Julia was in charge of his household during his absences, and many of his contemporaries believed that he had actually married her. Meyer, Richard M. Johnson, 317-23.
14: More about life in the little powder mill and “Tow Harvest” and Sam’s pranks.

Father & Brother Le & old sam Brown, Sam Stedman & EHS were all the hands nesary to Run the Little Mill. Sam was Cook, in the Little Room we used as A Cook Room & Sleeping Department that I have Mentioned as “tow-Harvest.” It had Bin Long used as a powder Room where they Ground the powder after it had Bin mixed in the Mortars. Two large Hogheads ware placed on a Shaft. In these hogheads ware about a Bushel of Copper Balls, about the Size of musket Balls. The powder That looked like pounded Charcole ware Put into these Hogheads, through an opening on the side, then Started to Revolve Round & in time the Balls Ground the Mixture of Charcole Sulfer & Niter as fine [as] Dust. The Room was as Black as Lamp Black. The flower was at least Five in[ches] thick with this powder Dust & Dert That had Acumulated for years as the workmen went in with their muddy feet & it had Become as Hard as Cement, So that we Could not Dig it up & had to let it lay. I think you will imagin That this was a Dengerous place to Cook.

I am Thus particlur in Discribing the Room, on acount of one of Sam Stedmans Mischievous pranks That he played on this old Sam Brown. Brown had got Drunk the Evning Before & was in this pen that we Called “tow harvest.” In fact there was nothing But flax tow to Lay on & unde[r] this
tow was the hard Baked Powder dust. After Sam had got Breakfast He tride to get Brown up to Eat. Brown Refused to get up. Sam told him if he Did not get up he woold Blow him up. Brown told him to Blow & Be Damd. No Sooner Said than Sam took his Skillet of the fire (the legs ware Red hot) & Set it do[w]n on the Baked powder. Of all the Big Squibs that i Ever saw this was the Bigest. It Did Not Explode But Burnt like Boys usto use powde in a quill, & the House was full of smoke in an instant. Never Shall i forget old Browns looks, as he came Bouncing out of that pen. He was near frighten to death. The fire was Between Him & the Dore, & he had to Run through it to get out. The first thing he Said to Sam was, “You Little Damd Rascal, i alwais told you you ware Cooking in Hell & now you Have set it on fire.” He Grabbed a Bucket of pulp & Soon had the fire out.

This trick was fun for all hands for a long time & it prepared Sam for one that near cost him His life. It was Chrismas Eve. The 2 Hogheads That Belonged to the Room That i have Spoke of Had lain out in the yard for over a year. Sam told me he Was goin to have a Chrismas Gun. He Took a Chunk of Fire & threw it into one of the opnings & of they went. Such a Explosion i never Witness. They ware Strongly mad[e] & hooped. The Heads Blew out & Struck a post & Rail fence & Cut the Rails in two like a Cannon Ball had Struck them. I was much frightend for after the Explosion thare was at least two acres of Dense Smoke & i Could Se Nothing of Sam. The first Glimpse i Got of him, he threw himself Through the Fence, The worst Scared & Scorched Boy you Could immagine. His Hair was near all Burnt of his head, his Eye brows & Eye lashes Burnt & face Black & Clothes on fire. He looked Awfull. This was one of the Most Narrow Escapes That i Ever witnessed. I Never new him in after life to Celebrate a Christmas Eve.
15: In which I become a potter—temporarily—and ring the bell for church services, and learn to know the Steffee family better.

At this time, the Beginning of 1825, My Memory Seem at a loss as to the Date of Sister Sophronias Mariage To John Steffee. In fact, i have No date nor any transaction to Remind Me as to the time. I think that Father & Brother Run this little Mill that i have Spoken of till 1826 when they Abandoned the Mill. Brother Le went to Ohio to Work & i went to learn the potters trade with John Steffee. I Staid With him three years & during This time He was keeping House & i lived with him. I learnt as a potter to have power over the Clay To Make one Vessel to honor & a nother to Dis-Honor. I Could make any vessel that i pleased from a pipe to a Clay goard. These three years of my life I have alwais Considered thrown away as to any practical good. During this time Ferris Steffee was Born.

It was my practice to Rise Early, Make a fire, go to the spring, Put the kettle on the fire & then take up Ferris & nurse him till Sister got up to Cook Breakfast. Altho these years that i Staid with Steffee Did not give me a trade that was Ever to Benefit me any in after Life i had a good time [and] not much work to do. The Shop Was in the Basment of the House where old Mr. Steffee & Family lived. The
Family then Consisted of the old Man & wife, George Steffee, Margaret, Deborah, Mary, & John. It was a very happy Family. (I forgot to name Buzzy then a little girl.) They had plenty of all things necessary & Manny happy hours have I spent in laughin & Joking Ammonght the family. About this time Mrs. Steffee dide. She was a kind good Religious woman loved & Respected By all that ware acquainted with hur.

During these three years Stay with Steffee I Frequently went hunting and Fishing & I attended Church Constant. I had no way to Make anny Money & no one to give me anny. I agreed to Keep the old Baptist meetin house & Ring the Court House Bell when thare was to Be preaching, as Each Church had the use of the Bell. The Churches then ware the Baptist, Methodist, New Lights. Each one had to have a difrent Ring So that people wood [k]now Whare The Meetin was. I had to go up the Ladder into The Cupalow of the Court House, up to Whare the Bell was, & take hold of the Clapper & Strike one Side of the Bell as fast as i Could hit it. This was the Signal that thare was preaching at the Baptist meeting House. How Manny times have i hammerd That old Cort house Bell For Therodrick Boullar, Jacob Creath, Jeremiah Vardaman, John Vawn, old man Tailor, the Father of the Buck Run Church & Spencer & Suggit, & Corhan, & old Mr. Campbell & Alexander Campbell, his Son & young (as we Then Called him) Jacob Creath & manny More that i Could Name. & for my work i got one Dollar per month.

1 Theodrick Boulware preached at Georgetown 1812-1819. Jacob Creath, Sr., was at Stamping Ground. The editors have not been able to find whether Jacob Creath, Jr., his nephew, preached in Scott County. Jeremiah Vardeman, after serving at Crab Orchard and other Lincoln County churches, went to David's Fork, Fayette County, where he stayed for twenty years. John Vaughan emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky and settled in Scott County in 1788. John Taylor was the pastor of Buck Run Church at Forks of Elkhorn in Franklin County. James Suggest followed Jacob Creath as pastor of Stamping Ground Church 1810-1813 and again in 1820-1825. The editors have not been able to identify Spencer and Corhan and "old Mr. Campbell." J. H. Spencer, A History of Kentucky Baptists. From 1769 to 1885 (Cincin­nati, 1886), I, 54-63, 219, 237-38, 312-13, 315; John Taylor, A History of Ten Baptist Churches (Frankfort, 1823).
16: Which contains an account of my life in Lexington and how a ten-year-old girl deceived her father.

I shall leave this part of my life till hearafter & will say something. Brother Leander came home from Ohio & went to live in Lexington & work for Joseph Bruen in his wool Factory. I quit work or rather living with Steffee & went to Lexington to work for David Sears, afterwards the Lexington Banker. My work was to run the Carden Machine all night & sleep in the Day, if I could. But that was impossible. The factory was located on Market Street. My sleeping place was a warehouse where the Wool was kept. The great abundance of Flees & Flyes & the heat of summer prevented me from sleeping much. The boys that worked in the Factory with me were Hiram Shaw & Tom Dolin, who in after years became a rich merchant of Lexington.

Hear I learnt more in six month than I had learnt in my life. The factory was run by steam. The Engineer was a man by the name of Huticeon. He took a liken to me & took all the pains he could to learn me all about the working of the steam engine. I will mention hear that the large cotton Factory near Lexington called Sanders Factory or Sanders ville was in litigatation from 1825 to 1827 & this man Hutcherson was watchman & he told me he three years did not sleep one hour in the night in that time. Each party
in Litigation wanted the Property. The one in possession thought that was Eleven points in Law, & the other party was all That time trying to get possession & he said He had to be on the Look out all the time. When Releived from the three year night watch, He Said that it was Month Before he Could Acustom himself to Sleep in the Night. In this establishment where i Was at work was a Foundry, a silver plating Shop & Blacksmith Shop & as i had the Day to Rest, it was hear That i learnt Much that has Bin of Much Survice in after Life. All the Spare time i Had that i Could Spare from Sleep was Devoted in Mouldin Something, Making Something at The Fourge, or turning at the Laythe.

I spent the Summer & fall & part of the winter in Lexington. I Bordered with the Forman Whose name was Woodruff.3 He had his second wife. They had Bin Married Some 5 years & had no Children. When Woodruff was Maried the first Time, he Maried a Farmer’s daughter near Lexington that was wealthy & Woodruf was In Fine Buisness & was Considerd one of the Rich Business men of Lexington. By this Mariage, he had one Child a Daughter. After the Death of his wife, He Failed in Business & his Father in law lost heavily By him. This made the old Man Dislike wodruff. When his wife Dide, The old folks took the Child to live With them & woodruff often went to Se his Child. Things went on as Smoothly as Circumstances would permit. The old folks Altho they disliked their Son in Law, woodruff, they Did not Forbid his Commin to Se his Child untill he

1 David Sayre came to Kentucky from New Jersey in 1811. After serving an apprenticeship to a silversmith, he opened his own business in 1820 and operated various enterprises, including silverplating, foundry work, and blacksmithing. In 1829 he began his career as a banker. In 1854 he founded Sayre Institute, which became one of the leading schools for women. Kerr, History of Kentucky, III, 201-202; Biographical Encyclopaedia of Kentucky, 399.

2 Hiram Shaw, the son of a pioneer hat manufacturer in Lexington, was born in 1809. He was apprenticed to Joseph Putnam, who produced wool-machines cards. By 1835 Shaw was able to buy a partnership in the hat factory operated by his uncle, Nathaniel Shaw. The 1838 Lexington directory mentions a Thomas Dolan as a partner of William Leavy in the dry-goods business, but no other information has been found about him. Perrin, History of Fayette County, 714 MacCabe, Directory of Lexington, 47.

3 This was evidently Ezra Woodruff, who advertised his brass foundry in Lexington about this time. Lexington Western Monitor, June 21, 1816.
Got married the Second time. Then the war Commenced in Ernest. Woodruff went to get his Daughter (he Wanted her at home, as he was keeping house). The old Folks not ondly Refused to let him have his Child, But they Forbid his Comming to the House anny More to Se his Child. You Can immagin Woodruff Feelings, at this announcement of Their Determination.

This old man, his Father In Law, was one of them kind of men that woold as Soon Fight as Eat. He was about Six Feet 5 in in high, Raw Bone thin face, thin Sharp nose & thin lips, & was as keen & as active as a tigere, & the Bump of tigerism was fully Develloped. The old woman Especially Doted on the Child, as grandMars often Do. I Am this particular in Relatin the Story For i was in the midst of it while Bording with Them. Woodruff imployed Sevral persons to Steal the Child But all Their plans Failed. Then he Brot Suit in Court & imployed Two of the Best Lawyers In Lexington. His Father in Law left nothing onDun to Prevent the Loss of the Child. The old Man Kept the suit in Court as long as possibl & it was Decided while i was Bording with him in the Fall In Favor of Woodruff.

The next thing Was to get the Child. The Court had to Send an officer for the Child. Then the next thing was to find hur. But two Determined Men can do Much & Especially if they have plenty of Money to work on. You can Immagin What a fuss That thare was in the Family on Both Sides. At Breakfast It was the theme of Conversation & at all the Meals The same thing. But to cut my Story Short the Child was Found at some of the old Mans Relations & taken By Force & Brot to Lexington. The old man Had got wind of what had hapend & was in hopes of over takin them Before their arival in Lexington. Jest as they ware takin the girl into the front dore The old Man Jumped From his Horse & Run in & Siezed the Child. Thare was Woodruf & Wife & two persons that had Brot hur & the old man In the Scuffle, the Child Screaming at the top of hur voice. This was the greatest Scrimmage i Ever Saw. The old Man had got hold of the Child when one of the Men Struck him on
the head & Noked The old man out of the Dore backwards on the Pavement & i thought for Some time the old Fellow was Dead. They Fastend the Dore So that He Should not Come in again, & as i had got out Before they Noked the old man out, i had An opportunity to witness what was Do[ing] on the Street. Old Norwood, the Day watchman, was Soon on hand. When the old Man Revived he was perfectly Furious & he Would have broke the Dore Down had not the Watchman Prevented him. In all My Long Life i have not Witness such an affray. The watchman took the old man of & this Ended the affray that Day.

The girl was ten Years of age. She was a beautiful little girl, The fond pet of her grand parents. The little girl was as near Crazy as a Child Could Be. She Seemed to hate the looks of her Stept Mother. I imagi[n] that her grand Ma had told her such Stories of her Stept Mother & it had Made Such An impression on her Youthful Mind that She looked uppon her as Something awful to Behold. She would not let her Stept Mother touch her.

Aint woman the Devil against one another When they try? Altho the girl had Some Respect for her father, She had Bin taught to hate her Stept Mother. Her mind had been Filled with hate for her & her Father could ondly Pasify her By taking her out of his wife's presence. In the morning at Breakfast She Could or Wood not Eat any thing & for 8 or 10 Days her cry was to go home. In this time She was Not permitted to go out of the house. The house Was kept locked up & when i Went to my Meals i had to nock on the Dore to Get in. & hear i Must Say Something of woodruffs wife. She Was one of those Sociabell, Kind women that had Bin Brout up at home, a home Made Woman. She Was Rather tall with a graceful Form, But not an aristocratick woman, Nor of that kind of a Family. She had a Common Edication. Her parents Ware Not Welthy Nor Did Not Move in Fashionable Siclety, & Her originated all the Trouble. Woodruff's First wife was of the First Families of old Virginia aristocracry & you have Read Enough to Know What they ware.
I Could tell Much more but i have Made my Story too Long already. One Morning at Breakfast the Subject was Discussed of Letting hur take a walk on the Street. She had Bin loct up in the house now two weeks & She Begged Hur Father So often and with Such Earnest promises to let Hur & a Miss Swift4 take a short walk Down the Street. They went & Soon Come back & She Seemed So Much Better Contented & Cheerful that when Hur Father & Myself Came to Dinner we ware surprised to See the Change. She told hur Father the walk had Done Hur So much good & his wife Said She was Not Like the Same girl. The next Morning She Requested Permission to walk again Which was suspiciously granted. Woodruff and Myself went to the Factory & Some time Between then & Dinner Miss Swift Came for hur to take a walk. But Yound as She Was she had Bin taught Stratigy. She new Where to walk & the time to walk. We had gest Come from the Factory to Dinner & Hur Father asked his wife whare Mary was. She told him She had Bin goen about 20 Minnits to take a walk with Nelly Swift & while She [was] telling in Comes Nelly Swift near out of Breath & Said, “Some Man In a Carrige has Spoken to Mary & She Ran & Got in So quick that She Did Not Say Good By to Me & the Driver laid whip & of the Carige wen in a hurry.” Woodruff Did Not Eat anny dinner that Day. Defeat goes Hard with Some people. He had Bin Defeated after Struggling so long. Had Bin Deceived By his own Child & his Looks was as much to Say She is lost to Me. The First thing He Said Was that old Raskal has Got hur again & Nelly has helpt him to do it. Years after, For i Soon Left Woodruff For Home, I was informed that Woodruff Never got the Child again. Hur Grand parents Raised hur & Left hur Rich & She Maried well. Woodruff Moved from Lexington & i never new what Become of him.

4 She probably was the daughter or sister of one of the two Swift brothers who came to Lexington from New England. William Swift served as the city’s mayor from 1855 to 1858. Leavy, “A Memoir of Lexington,” 113.
17: Being more about Lexington and its people, including John Bradford; also a description of Shin Bone Hotel and its inhabitants and their pranks.

While Working in Lexington, The Factory that I worked in was on Market Street, Running Back to Main to a front Building octupide By old John Bradford as a Printing office, the old Gasett office. He was the first printer That Established a paper in Ky., The Lexington Gasett. The picture on first page was the Post Boy, on his post Horse in full Speed with his post horn & the mail Bags & the Motto, “Hear Comes the Hearald of a Noisey Wurld, News from All nations, Lumbring at his Back.” If i Mistake not the paper Was Commenced in Lexington in 1786 or 7. John Bradford Was an old Man When I Saw him Evry Day. He was a fine looking old Gentleman About 6 ft 3 in Raw bone, a fine Intelligent Face—The very picture of them old Varginia Gentleman.

My Work all Night gave Me Much time in the Day Not ondly to Learn the working of the Steam Engine, Mouldin & Castin Mettals & so, But i Had time to walk Round to Se what was going on in town. & hear i Must Mention a Young Man in particullar By the name of Frank Hostutter. His organisation Seemed to Be fun & “Laugh & Grow Fat.” There was not a Day that he did not Play Some trick on Some
one & as I had leisure I enjoyed it as much as any one. Not far from the factory on the other side of Market Street was a two-story frame house on the corner. It had been used for a tavern & store room in this house. I must mention some of hostettler's tricks. It was occupied at this time by an old man by the name of White. Old White, as they called him, was an odd old fellow & there is a few left of the same sort that never in life don any good or harm. In many respects he favored Jim Shackleford. The owner of the house permitted Old White to live in the house to take care of the same until he could rent it to someone. The house was a good-looking building painted white. The large room on the first floor had been last used as a grocery room. There were the empty shelves & at the end of the room was the large fireplace. Up to this time wood was plenty at two dollars per cord & but little stove coal used in Lexington if any besides the blacksmith.

Old White [was] in peaceable possession & no family & no furniture & no money & nothing but himself & not much of that. He had an old chum by the name of Feasters. This old Feasters was a German, talked broken English. He was almost equal to Hiram the great metal workman spoken of in the Bible, as connected with Solomon in building the temple. This old Feasters could execute work that no one in Lexington or the State could do. This old Feasters was a drunkard & as soon as he could make a little money he would get drunk. He got a job of work with Warner the clock maker in Lexington (& Manny of Warners clocks are running in the State to this day). This enabled old white to borrow 50 cents of old Feasters to

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1 On January 3, 1804, under the editorship of Daniel Bradford, the inverted quotation from Cowper's "The Task," Book IV, was first used in the Gazette at the head of a column on page 3. Under a crude device of a simple scroll, crossed quill pen and post horn, appeared the words which continued to be used as long as the Gazette existed: "True to his charge—He comes, the Herald of a noisy world, News from all nations lumb'ring at his back." The issue of December 6, 1817, introduced the well-designed device of a galloping postboy.

2 Elijah Warner was listed in the 1818 Lexington directory as a "cabinet and wooden clock-maker" on Upper Street. Coleman, Lexington's Second City Directory, 18.
Commence Keeping a Bording House of the Cheapest Kind. At the Factory thare was an old ten gallon Kettle that they had no use for. Old White asked Woodruff to Loan him the Kettle for a few Days. He get the Kettle & his Capital of Fifty Cents Enabled him to open a Bording house. He Spent 6 ¼ Cnts for a Shin Bone in Market, Baught tin Cups & some pepper & Salt & now he Was in Good trim. All of the taverns & places in those Days that Sold Whiskey Sold it in Little Bottles that held about a gill. This was the Universal Custom. When any one Called for a Drink They Called for a Cruit of Whiskey—that was 6¼ Cents.

& now we will look into old whites Bording house. Thare Was the 10 gallon Kettle in the Fireplace. On The Shelves was two Broad plugs of Musty Chewing tobacco & Four Cruits of Whiskey. Old White was proud. He Felt Rich—Never So well Fixt to make Money (& it Dont take much property to Make Some Men Feel their Keeping). Old Feasters Was his First Border For old White was indetted to him for Fifty Cents. I Cant Say Wheather this was the Cause of his Establishing Fifty Cents per week for Board & Loging or Not. But This Was his price & he gave them Regurly three Meals a Day: a pint of Shin Soup at Each Meal, No Bread, Nothing But the Supe & one pint in a tin cup, At Each meal. Old white Lodg them one on the Counter & the Rest on the Flower. No Clothes ondly what they had on & this was Convenient as Drunk or Sober they Could lay Down & Rest.

In one of my letters I Spoke of Lowry as one of Lexington Hat Manafactures. He had a son By the Name of Elisha Lowry. He was a Young Man of about twenty years of age. He had a good Edication But he was the Most degraded Drunkard I Ever New. As Soon as he woold get Sober he Could Tell Anexcdotes & Make Fun So that he woold Soon Get Drunk again & whiskey Was Cheap. Every Boddy took it. It ondly Cost Twenty Five Cents pr Gallon. Lowry Father was Rich But Elisha had got So low Down that his father woold not permit him to Come to his house. So old Feasters & Elisha Made two Borders.
Then Thare was another By the name of James McClain. He was a painter By trade & that is Called an unhelthy Business on account of the White lead used in painting giving the Workman What Is Called “the painters Collick” & nothing Was So good for it as whiskey. So Jim had the Collick So often & had to take a Nip So often that He Bacame a Regular Drunkard & one night Fell in the Fire & Burnt his hand in Such a Manner as to disable him from Ever using It again. So Jim was in a Bad Fix—out of Money, out of Caracter, out of Friends, no whare To Eat or Sleep. He applide to old white for Board & lodgin & promised to pay him as Soon as he was able to work, & as Birds of a feather like to be together, old white took him in as one of his regular Borders. This made Three.

I will Mention one more which was a Free Negro about 20 years of age. He was As Smart as Negros Get to Be. I wish you Could have Heard him Sing & Dance Which in anny Cround woold give him Money Enough to get drunk on & he got drunk Evry Day But Saturday. He was imployed then in particlular By the Students in the Medical Colledg at Lexington To help them get Dead Boddies for Desection. He drove a one horse waggon to Bring the Dead to town. He Woold drive out to the place where the Students wold dig up the Dead. He Woold Take them on his Sholder & put them in His waggon & Carry them to Lexington. He was a little late one night in getting to The grave yard. The Students had Reserected the Dead & one of them Full of Fun had Brot a Sheet Along, wound it around him & Stood against a tree. When the Negro, harry, Came The Students Chided him For Being So late. They had the Corps out

3 Dr. C. C. Graham, once a student in the medical department, describes the difficulties the students faced in obtaining cadavers. Since dead bodies could not be purchased, students sometimes disinterred them in the old Baptist graveyard on West Main Street in Lexington. The famous “Battle of the Graveyard” took place when city authorities discovered the students as they were attempting to steal the body of an Irishman who had caused a duel between two of the most illustrious members of the faculty. The judge ruled that there was no law making the dead private property. The resulting fine of one cent was levied for the theft of that much “clay” or soil. Robert Peter, The History of the Medical Department of Transylvania University (Louisville, 1905), 33.
wating & told him There it was against the tree. Harry Grabed What he thought Was the Corpes threw it over His Shoulder & Started for his waggon. He had not Gone Far Before the Student on his Back Wound in the Sheet Cryed out "Dam you Harry, Go Easy." If harry Dident drop that Man quick & Never Stopped Running till he Got to Lex­ington, left waggon & Students & was as Near Scared to Death as one Could Be. He went to his Bording House old whites & got Drunk & was Drunk the next Day.

This brings me to My story of Frank hostutter. He & Jim McClain Had Bin in Manny a Drunken Scrape & as Jim's hand was Sore & he Could not work to get money to get Drunk on Frank Hostutter proposed to Jim That they go to old Whites & Drink all his whiskey. That was good News for Jim. So of they went a little Before Supper time to old Whites & Frank Called For Two Cruits of whiskey. The old man had Four. Frank & Jim Drank the Two & then he Called For the other Two. That Broke the Bank. As i have Described the House you Can immagin old white Slipping out of the Back Dore With a Gallon Judg (He had made money Enough to By whiskey By the Gallon now) to Get his Judg filled. As Soon as the old man was out Frank Hostetter Slipped over the Counter & got one of them long Broad Slabs of Musty tobaco & Put it in the kittle of Supe that was Cooking for Supper. Old white Soon Come Back With his Judg full in a fine Humor With the prospect that he Could Retail its Contents to Frank for the Cash.

Whites Borders Ware all In For Supper. Thare was old Feasters (he was part Drunk). He was a Short heavy Set Duchman. He Always Wore a Roundabout. Whiskey did not have Much Effect on him for he had a Round Jolly Face & alwais in a good Humor. He was not qarelsom when Drunk But Sleep was his Main Fort to get Sober. & thare was Elish Lowry. He had Bin Drunk Half Dozen times as usual that Day. Intemperance Had Made its Mark in Evry Feature. Nature had don Much for him—had givven him an intel­ligent Face—But Whiskey had nigh hid Evry Feature. The
Bright Clear Eye Was now Red & Swolen & Bleared. The Rosy Cheek of Youth & health Was Now Bloted & fiery. The Speach that was once Clear & Distinct had Bin so Long usto A Hick [that] was the language of intemperance, The mind a wreck, the Form weak & Bloted & Such was Elisha Lowry. & poor Harry that had not got over his Fright & got Drunk So Quick he had told No one of his Disaster. He had more need of a Good Cup of tea or Coffee to Steady his nerves & as he now was getting Some What Sober the Gost was uppermost in his Mind.

When old Feasters Caulled out, “Mister white, aint Supper Most Ready?” Old White gose to the old Kettle & Fills the three tin Cups with the Supe. Old Feasters was the First one helped as he was Considered worthy of the First notice. Then the Rest Was all helped. Elisha had at Least a Gallon of Dead Whiskey In him. Harry Was Sick with his Fright & old Feaster was hungry Enough not to discover untill he had Eat the Contents of his Tin Cup When he Says, “Mr. White, the Supe is Got Two Much Pepper in it. Seasoned two Strong.” Old Feaster was the First one that the tobaco Juice in the Supe told on. He Commenced Pukin, & then Elisha. The Dead Whiskey Came down on the Flower like a Watter Spout & Harry, whose Mind Was filled with Something Different from the Rest, Thought he Was Goin to Die & Hell wod Be his portion & he Could Se the Gost of the Damnd as he Saw them last night. First one would puke then the other, then all together untill old white Concluded it was not Whiskey puke for He witnessed that Evry Night. He asked Frank What he thought Was the Matter. Frank told Him they all had the Collera & he had Best Get a Doctor. So old white starts for old Dr. Cloud. He Came & Soon Discovered the Big Boild Plug of tobaco in the Pot. Frank got the Prais on all hands of Playing the Best Joke of

4 Caleb W. Cloud was a versatile citizen. In 1822 he served as Masonic grand chaplain. Some of the time he preached in the Fayette County Courthouse. At his address at 14 West Main Street he served as pastor of St. John's Chapel and as a member of the firm of C. W. and R. T. S. Cloud, physicians and surgeons. MacCabe, Directory of Lexington, 45; Lexington Public Advertiser, April 19, 1820; Masonic Miscellany, I (March, 1822), 321.
the Season & people did enjoy a good Joke in them days. Frank Was treated to all he wanted to drink any Whare in the City.

I Might as well tell all about Frank Hostetter & Jim McClain as they were two of the noted Caracters in Lexington for fun, tricks & Devilment. This old white was a Catholick & So was his warm Friend Feaster. The Catholick Church at this time was located at the Subards [suburbs] of the Citty. One of Franks tricks this week i will Relate. His Brother Jake Had a large tan yard near whare the Lexington Rail Depot now stands on Watter Street. There was a high Fence around the yard. One Gate opened on the street. In the yard ware kept Two large Bull Dogs. He kept them to watch The yard. On wensday Night of the week i am Speaking of Frank went up into the Citty & made out he was very Drunk, Commenced Making a noise like he wanted to Whip some one & Shure he did. Thare was a night Watchman In Lexington by the name of tom green. He was A large Stout Man. He had ar rested Frank one night & Put him in the watch House. Frank wanted Revenge. This Watchman Could Handle Frank or Two like him But Frank Could out Run him, & While Making a Noise aluded to, green tride to Cetch Frank. He Run him down to the tan yard & as Frank Run in he threw the gate open, That Green might Follow him. & Green did follow him into the tan yard & Frank set the two Bull Dogs on him & they would have Soon tore him to pieces had not Jake, Franks Brother, happened to come in at the time. & this trick Made Much fun at greens Expense. In Fact thare was not a Day But he was ingaged at Some kind of Pranks & Fun. So that the talk amoungt the people of Lexington was "Well, what is Hostutters last prank?"

Twas near ten o'clock Saturday Night, when Frank met

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5 In 1801 Father John Thayer contracted for a lot "adjoining the Baptist graveyard." The actual deed was given in 1804 by Samuel Ayres and Jane McNair to the Reverend S. T. Badin. Benjamin J. Webb, *The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky* (Louisville, 1884), 328; MacCabe, *Directory of Lexington*, II.

Jim McClain, his old Chum. Jim was a Painter By Trade. He had Bin in the Cuntry Painton for two weeks; Had kept Perfectly Sober & Finished his Job & Came Back to Lexington that night when he met Frank. They took a Drink together & Frank Purposed Some Fun with old White & his Borders. So down they went to old whites Bording House or as Frank Called it The Shin Bone Hotell. Old white had two More Borders This week. That Made his Number Five or Six & he Began to Feel that he was prosperin in Business &, as Saturday was pay Day with his Borders, he Could Se plainly that his pile was increasing & the suroundings ware So Good for the Future that old White was Much Happier than he had Bin for years, & to increase his Happiness White & old Feasters Both got Sleepy Drunk Proving the old Proberb that prosperity has its Dangers. Frank & old Jim McClain Found the hotel dore had not Bin Closed. But all had Retired. Sleep, Natures great Restorer! White & Feaster had the Best Bed in the house. They ware Both Drunk Laying their Full length on the Bare Counter. Frank & Jim Surveid the Sleeping Worshipers At the Shrine of Bacus & the words of the poet Was Running in Franks year—that “Earth has no sorrow That Whiskey Cannot heal.” Thare the five Borders lay Flat on their Backs Each one Making a Nois at Evry Breath like the Escapements of Steam on the old Steam Boats. Jim in after years told me they Reminded him that Night of that Manny steam boats Running a Race Side By Side, Such Puffing & Snorting. They Seemed to Enjoy themselves So Gloriously that Frank & Jim Was at a loss to No what to do or how They Could Play Some trick that Woold Make Fun the Next day. As White & Feasters Ware laying Flat on their Backs, The idea Struck Frank that He woold Black Their Faces & hands So that they woold Not know themselves in the Morning. So Jim McClain went to his Shop & got Some Ivory Black & they took Much pains to put it on & Make a good Job. & as it Could not Be Washed of, they ware likely to have Black faces for Some time.

Paraphrasing Thomas Moore's poem, “Come, Ye Disconsolate, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.”
After Finishing Their work, they left Them to their Happy Dreams, Knowing from Experience That By an Hour Before Day they They woold Dream that they ware Verry dry & woold Wake up & knowing their habit of Early Rising of Sunday Morning to go to Church by Day Light, that they woold not Discover that they ware Black till they got to Church, as white never Was Rich Enough to By a Candle & have Money Enough Left to By Shin Bones & Whiskey. It was a Bright Sabath morning in the lovely Month the last of June, when old White awoke as Dry as a fish out of Watter. He did Not know By the Bright Stars What time in the Morning it Was, But he awoke Feasters & Told him it was time to Start for Church. & By the time they ware Readdy to Start day had Broke, But Not Suficiently light to Se their Situation. Jest Before they got to the Church old White Says to Feasters, “You are as Black as a negro.” Feasters Says to White, “Mr White, you are as Black as hell.” & they Both went Back to the Shin Bone Hotell & tride to wash of the ivory Black. But that they Could not do. It had to Ware of & that Made Them for Months the laughfing Stock of Hostutters & Jim McClain’s prank. I Could mention Manny more of the tricks & Pranks Enjoyed By Evry Boddy that day in Lexington. They ware Carracters of Fun & Devil­ment While Some are Carracters of odity & vain glory.

I think i will Relate one more prank of hostutters That he performed in Louisville. He was thare on A Carousel, Fit & in full Bloom for annything That Might turn up. Some lover of Fun that was well acquainted with Frank Bet him Five dollars That he Could Not Dance with the girls that ware to attend a dance that was to Be held that Night At a duch Salloon. This Story Frank told me Himself. He Said he was about half Sea over in a Good trim to Weather anny gail that Might Spring up & he took the Bet & of he went By Himself. In the house was on the first Floor The Drinking Salloon. In one Corner the Stairs Run up into the Upper Room Whare the Dance was to take place. Frank went to the Bar & took a Strong Nip, that he Might Be More Full of
Fun. But unfortunate for Frank he could Not understand one Word of Jarman Language. So the Bar keeper pointed up Stairs & Frank Said up he went. In the Room he Found Some 6 or 8 Big Bouncing Fat dutch Girls. Neather of them Could Speak one word of English. Thare was one duchman in the Room In the Same Fix. He was the Fiddler. Frank asked The First Girl, then the next and So on till He had Went the Round of them all & they all Refused to Dance with him. I asked him what they Said to him. He did Not know But Sounded Booby Booby. So Frank Purposed to the dutchman to dance. But he refused. Frank Said he was determined to have a Round with Some one & he grabbed the Duchman & whorled him Round the Room Sevral times till he Saw the Duchman was mad. Then he Concluded to throw Him Down Stairs. But the dutchman held on to him & they Both Rouled over & over down Stairs Together in to the Bar Room whare a dozen had Collected to take a drink Before they went Up Stairs to dance. Frank Said as Soon as he got on His Feet, he Saw the Situation he was in & Backing Into the Corner of the Stairs, thare Stood a heavy Boot Jack. Now Frank Said he was in a hornet nest & he Must Make the Best Fight he could. So he Seized the Boot Jack & No Sooner don than a Big duchman Made at him & he hit Him on the head with the Boot Jack & Spralled Him on the Flower. No sooner down another fell & he knoct down Every duchman in the Room. The police Came in as the last one fell & took frank prisioner In the Midst of his con­quest & Put him in the lock up.

The next morning he was led into Court to answer Before the magistry of the law. Frank Said in all of his pranks & devilment, he nevver Engoyed the Result of a victory As he did that Morning, When the 12 Germans Came into Court with their heads Bound in hankerchiefs. Thare they Sat Sollom—Each head with a bandage of a different Cullar, Some White, Some Red, Some yellow. Thare they Set on the Witness Bench, Sollom & Firm in the Justice of their Cause. Frank Said he had More difficulty in Surpressing his
usual loud hearty lafture than He Ever did in his life. When the Case was Calld, William Bumbarger was the first witness. He was Called first as he was the proprieter of the Fatherland saloon. He was a short Heavy Set man with a Face Some what like the full Moon & his Belly not quite in Shape of a ten Gallon beer keg. His head was Bound in a nice linen Hankieheif; his Eyes Badly Swollen from the Effect of hard Drinking & the Lick Frank Gave him with the Boot Jack. When Called on to testify on Sollom oath, who hit him he Said, “Vrank ostutter.”

“What did he Strike you with?”

“He hit me with the Boot Jack.”

The Court Sais, “Mr. Brombarger, you may take you Seat.”

George wartz was the next witness Called. The Court Says, “Mr Wartz, it seems you have bin In the Fight. Who Struck you on the head?”

“Vrank ostutter He hit me one the head with one Boot Jack & knocked me down.”

At Evry mention of the Boot Jack Frank Said he Thought he woold Burst. Another witness was By the name of peter smaltzs. “Well Mr. Smallzs, what do you know of this Fight?”

“About all i nose i was nocked down.”

“Do you no who hit you?”

“Vrank houstutter Hit me with the Boot Jack.”

The Honarable Court now Surveyed the witness Stand & Saw a Dozen Big Fat Duchmen with thure heads all tide up. He Said he woold dismiss the Case as thare was Two Much Boot Jack on one Side of the Case. He then Called on Frank.

“Mr Hostutter, what do you Follow For a Livving?”

Frank answerd in a Firm, Comcal voice, “Rough Gamblin, Sir.”

The Court inquired what he Called Rough Gamblin. Frank Said when he gamble for money with a man he woold win it Fair if he Could; If not he woold knock him down & take his money away From him. At the hearing of this Interpation of Rough Gambling The Court Pronounced Judgment that Frank Hostutter leave the Citty of Louisville
with[in] two hours & never Return under penalty of Being hung & Frank Said he was glad to get of So well. Manny more Storyes Could i Relate of him as one of the noted Caracters of Lexington who In all his pranks meant nothing But Fun. Before i Finish my History i will have to attend To these noted men Frank & Jim McClain.

While working in Lexington at this Factory that i have Spoken of, an old man Came one morning to the Foundry to Enquire if anny one had Sold Brass or Copper lately. He was talking to one of the workmen & i had no Buisness To Say annything. Before the workmen Could answer i Put in my Gab & told him Bill Wigart had Brot some Brass & Copper, Showd him the articles & they ware the mettal that had Bin Stollen from him. Never Shall I Forget that old mans looks, When he said, “Young man, I will have you Summond as a witness.” That i thought was Somthing as Bad as Stealing & it had Such an Effect on me that i Shall alwais Remmenbr. [It was?] old man Bosworth, David Bosworth['s] Father. Thinks I if i had kept my mouth Shut about somthing That did not Concern me i woold not have This Fear of Being on the witness Stand & this one Circumstance has Bin of much importance to me in after life. I left Lexington Soon after this & never heard what Became of The Case. This winter two men By the name of tomas Garret & willis Brag Rented the old Geotown paper mill. Leander & John Stedman & myself worked this winter & Spring in the old mill. Nothing of importance happend worth Relation Through this winter. In the Spring of this year i worked in the mill till the mill Stopped some time in May.
18: News about the death of two great men and an account of their funeral honors in Georgetown, for which I buy my first new coat.

This Summer in July, Georgetown had the Honor of Paying Funeral Honors to Two Great Men, John Addams & Thomas Jefferson. (I will hear give A Short account of these Illustrious Men. John Adams was of Medium height, Braud, muscular & strong. His head Was Broad, his Emotions Earnest & deep. He was Fiery and Forcible. He was a Man of talent Among the Mighty men of 1776. He Was Born in Braintree, Massachusetts October the 30, 1735 And died on July 4, 1826 aged 91 years. Thomas Jefferson Born in Virginia April 13, 1743. In 1775 he was Sent to Congress & Drafted the Declaration of Indapendance; in 1800 Elected president of the United States & Relected in 1804. He died July 4 1826 Aged 83 years.) The Celebration of the 4 of July at the time I Am Speaking of was Something not to Be Forgotten. I think the Celebration was universal in all the States & towns in the States. In Georgetown It was alwais Celebrated in the Best Stile posible. The 4 of July, the First Celebration that I Can Remember of taking Notice of, The 4 of July 1826, Was announced in Georgetown by Lidilton Loyd, The Drummer, & Jake Luke, the fifer, Marching up & Down Main Street with all the Boys & Negros about town
Following of them, & the old Johnson Cannon that had Bin Borried For the ocasion Belching Fourth prais for the sons of 1776. The Barbacue was held in a woods in sight of whare Geo Steffee now lives. The Geo.town Infantry turned out in Fine New uniform & as Manny of the old Soldiers of the war of 1812 As Could Marched in its Ranks. They gave life to the Young Sholdiers & Fired their patrisom.

Much more attention was paid then to love of Country & Respect Paid to those that had Ben The Means of giving us the land of the free and Home of the Brave. About the time that the Dinner was Spread the Rain Commenced & As heavy Rain Fall as Ever fell on Earth. But Men had Got hungry & Eat they did in the Rain. All got Soaking wet & when they Marched Back into town Wet as Drounded Rats i did not think they had one half the love & patriotism they had in the Morning. So ended this 4 of July. Not So in other places! In Washington Citty the news of the Death of John Adams was not known & prehaps not 50 Miles from Boston. In Varginia Tomas Jefferson dide the Same day & if i Recollect Correctly they Both Departed this life about the Same time of day. Two Most Remarakable Men whose Names are Engraved So lasting on the page of American History, whose lives ware so usefull and whose death the same day on the Fiftyeth aneversity of American Indipendance Was So Remarkable.

Daughter, when i look Back to that time 1826 & Remem­ber the Facillites for Carrying the News of the Day—The almost imposable dirt Roads (Manny Times imapsible in winter & Spring. The Mail Coach Could Not travel Between Geotown & Lexington & the old post Boy & his horn had to take the Place) & it was a Day’s Ride to travel twelve miles to Lexington & Louisville papers Could Not Reach Geotown in a weak & Some times More—I look back at improved Facillitys With Astonishment & almost lead to Believe it Some Fairy Story. The turnpike, the Rail Road, the Tilli­graph, They ware Strangers When the Two Ex-presidents of the United States dide.

Constrast for a moment the difference in this day. The
News of their death would have Bin known in all Parts of the world where a wire had Reached. I Cannot date the time when the News Reached Geotown But from Memory it was the Last of July or the first of August. I dont think Thare was a Citty or town in the united States But Felt it a duty to pay the Last Respects In Funarial Honnor to these Great Men.

I Recollect The First New coat that i Ever Bought & had Made was For this Funural ocasion. Young Men ar inclined to have Something nice To Ware when they [are] at the adge of 16 or 18 years. This Coat was what Was Called a Bottle greene. It was a Nice Fitting Coat. It wasant a frock Coat Nor a Swallow tail. In fact, Daughter, i Cant Say what the name of the Coat was. But it had pockets in Each Side of the tail. In one of these pockets i had a Blank Book about the size of a pocket Book. Thare was an immence number of people In the Furneral posesion, The Best Hurse The town Could afford. Behind the hurse ware led Two Fine Black Horses Equipt with Saddle & Bridle & Boots in the Sturrips. It was a verry Sollom acasion. The posesion Marched out to Keens pasture & thare was A Splendid oration delivered on the Life & Times of these Two Great Men. The pasesion Marched Back to town. I went home & When i had taken of my new Coat i found that Some pocket theif had cut thro My Coat & Pocket & into the Back of the Book. As far as i No this was the first attempt to Rob me, altho there has Bin Many Since.
19: More papermaking, and at last my first journeyman work; a boardinghouse called "Cold Comfort," and the beginning of love.

This summer I worked about home helping Father make sand paper, of which he made a considerable quantity. This summer Brother Le had started a small Cardin factory & I worked in that until the Cardin season was over. As soon as the water rose I went to work in the old paper mill at Georgetown again for Tom Garret. This I think brings me to 1827. I worked through the winter & spring. In the summer Frank McDonal, an uncle of Will McDonald & My self went to work at a mill one mile below the Great Crossing. This mill house had been built for a grismill by Col. James Johnston & when the mill in Lexington that belonged to the Prentices was sold the paper machinery was bought & placed in this mill. At the time I went to work it belonged to old William Sugit, Jack Sugit, Daivd Sugit, and Andrew Johnson.¹ They made paper by hand, some printing, but most roping paper. The above owners were all farmers & I think the reason they bought the mill was that they thought they could run it cheap. Frank & My self were the only white men in the mill. The balance were Negroes that had worked in the mill for several years under a white Forman. The owners, thinking a forman too expensive, let the mill run itself, one of them coming down to the mill every
Day to see that it had Not Run of. Altho they new nothing about the manufacturing of paper, they ware good Salesmen & new how to keep the Money. I am this particular in telling of this, the first "Journey work," as it was Called, or in other Words I was old Enough to look out for My Self or to work for my Self.

Thare was one Stone kitchen near the Mill agoining a hewed log house where A Black Man & his wife lived. His wife don the Cooking For the hands that worked in the mill. This old woman was about as Large as old aunt Sally. She was a nice old aunt Sookey & hur Husband was Considered the Best negro paper Maker In the Mill. This Stone kitchen was Built By Some one that was afraid to use any Mortar. The Stones that it was Built of Ware thin like Tom Tenin used to Build the wall around your house, ondley this house was laid up Rough & you Could See through the Walls. One End was the Fireplace. Hear the Cooking was don & altho Frank & my Self had to pay one dollar & fifty Cents per week the Fare was not Much Better than old whites at the Shin Bone Hotell.

Making ropping paper By hand was Hard Work, Especially for me, For i was Not verry Stout nor Strong. My weight was But one Hundread & ten Pounds. To do the work of a Vat Man, that is to dip up the paper, Required for me nourishing Food. & now daughter I will tell you of the Bill of Fare. After a Nights Rest on an oak plank without any Clothes But what i had on we would Commence work Before Sun Rise & work till they Bleu the horn For Breakfast which woud Be about 8 oclock. As Frank & Myself ware the ondley whites we Both took the head of the table which was Formed out of 4 wide oak Slabs From the Saw mill Fit together with an ax & Pieces pined on Them to keep them togeather. This was the dining table that Frank and i had the Honor to preside over. The table ware Consisted of a Buckye tray and a woodden Boul for Each of the Negros & as it was Necessary to Make A distinction Between White men &

1 The Suggetts were relatives of the Johnson brothers, whose mother was Jemima Suggett of Virginia.
negros. In that day, Negro Equallity was not thought of then. Frank & My Self were provided with Each a Pewter plate Full of dents that Showed For Each dent at least 5 years of age. Then we Had in our plate what had Bin a Nife & Fork. But like Some old Vetrans that had surved A Life time in the wars they ware the worse of ware. The nives ware now thin, narrow. One Side of the horn handle was gorn. The Same with the Forks ondly they had one prong left. Then we had a tin Cup without any handle. We had a Woodden Bench to Set on Made out of a Slab. Our Breakfast Consisted of Fride Hogs Joule & Corn Bread Made Without Sifting the Meal. The loaf was one foot thick. In our tin Cups thare was Buttermilk thick and old Enough for a Duck To walk on. I never used any of it while Bording thare. But when i looked at the Cup i thought of the Irishmans Song,

When Butter Milk Gets to Be Seven Days old,  
The Flyers & the Scippers Begin to Grow Bold.  
It woud take any man with a Jolly Surprise  
To Se how they turn up Their Big Gogle Eyes.

For dinner it was the Same. In Fact, all the weak the Same. This was the top of the ladder to any place that i Ever lived or Borded Before or Since in my life. This Bording House we Called "Cold Cumfort."

I worked at this Mill untill Some time in Sept. When I quit work i was So weak & thin that i did not weigh But one Hundread pounds. After a weeks Rest I went Back to Settle up. William Sugit was the head of the Firm, if it had any head. He was the old Man. I went to him First. He said he had no money, I Must go to the other partner, andrew Johnson. He had Sold the last paper & he had all The money. Of i went to Johnson. He was Mad. He Said the other partners alwais Sent men to him for Money. He had None & he wished the damd old Mill in hell. After talking He told me to Go to Jack Surgit. I did So & he had no Money & Sent me to David Surgit. He Said he was the Business man of the Firm. I Found him the next day & he had no Money. He
Said times ware dull & i Could afford to take my pay in Store Goods. After Spending 3 days In hunting up these Men, i had at last to take My pay in Store Goods at Two prices. This Ended My First attempt to work for E. H. Stedman.

This winter of 1828 Was cold & disagreeable. In the Spring i went Back to “Cold Cumfort” with my Father to work with the understanding that we would live Better which we did. I worked till Some time in May when i had the Misfortune to Cut of My Thum in making a wedg. For Some Month I Could Not use But one hand. I took advantage of this leisure time to often visit Mr. Steffees & hear Commenced the warm love & affection For your Mother that in a few years Resulted in our Marige. Margaret & Deborah ware living at home. They ware very kind to me, alwais Ready to dress my hand & i was fond of going thare Evry day As much to Se Mary as anything Else.
20: Relating such matters as coffin handbills, railroads, a blind old mare, and a little more about love.

This Summer Polleticks Run high. You Could Se hand Bills Stuck up in Manny places with the Picture of Coffins on them in Referrence to the Men Jackson Had Shot. Jackson had Extremely warm Friends & Bitter Enimyes. The party lines ware drawn Close.

For More than two years we heard most Remarkable Storyes about Rail Roads. Some People Said that They had Seen Cariges drawn on a Rail Road by Steam. He was put down as a Munchawson. Another Said he had Road on a Coach that went so fast that he had to Breath Through a Brass tube made on purpose So that the Speed woold not take their Breath away. & Some told Such Storyes that people woold not Believe anny Thing they woold Say. If i Rember Right This Summer, Cox, of Louisville of the Firm of Cox & Bridgford, Made a Small locomotive & portable Rail Road to Exhibit through Ky. He Come to Frankfort then to Georgetown. He laid his Rail Road in the old Masonick lodg Room & had it on Exabition for Sevral days. “Admitance one dollar to Se the Great wonder.” The Rails ware laid So that one Person Could Ride Round the Room. Evry one Must Ride By Steam & Such talk & Excitement at this time about Rail Roads. From hear he went to Lexington. The
Excitement Got up By this little Moddle of a Rail Road In Lexington did not Stop till a Company was formed & a Charter obtained for the Lexington & Louisville Rail Road. A Flying Maching in this Day woold not cause one half the Excitement that [the] Rail Road [did.] I think that the Little Car & track is in Lexington at this Day.

After my hand got well in the winter of 1829 i worked a Short time For tom piper. The old mill had lain Idle for More than a year. This tom piper is the Same Man that afterwards moved to Amos Kindals old Mill at Mount pleasant. Tom piper Moved From Logan County, Ky. He was not much of a Business man but A Kind Sociable Fellow that loved Whiskey & Fun More than attending to Business. When he Moved to Geotown, tom Enis Came with him. I do not no Wheather you Recollect Tom or not. Piper Rented the Mill for two years. He managed things Badly & did Not Make Enough Money to pay his Rent. He then Rented Amos Kendals mill that Sam Stedmen & E H afterward Baught. He Left the old Georgetown Mill in My Care till Richardson, The owner, Could dispose or Rent it to Some one. When piper Moved John Stedman went with him &

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1 The coffin handbills were titled “Some Account of Some of the Bloody Deeds of General Jackson.” The general had been charged with brutally ordering the execution of six Tennesseans who led a mutiny in Alabama in 1814. Actually, the record proves that Jackson gave the order only after he had carefully weighed the findings of a court martial. His political opponents made the most of the incident during the campaign of 1828, when “the art of character assassination attained a perfection as yet unsurpassed.... The Coffin Handbill [was] perhaps the most easily remembered political broadside in our history.” Marquis James, *The Life of Andrew Jackson* (Indianapolis, 1938), 254, 468, facsimile between 464-65.

2 John A. Cocks and James Bridgford were partners in a sheet-iron, tin, and copper business on Main Street in Louisville before 1836. Their engine and car must have been similar to one built by Joseph Bruen and Thomas Barlow in 1826-1827 and exhibited in Lexington during the summer of 1828. Two people could ride simultaneously, for which privilege they paid fifty cents. This engine later was purchased by Samuel Robb and exhibited in many cities. Gabriel Collins, *The Louisville Directory, for the Year 1836* (Louisville, 1836), [8] D. L. Mikkelson, “Thomas Harris Barlow and Milton Kirtley Barlow” (thesis, University of Kentucky, 1955), 20-21.

3 This road was established by an act of the legislature on January 27, 1830, under title of the Lexington and Ohio Rail Road Company. The Lexington Observer and Reporter, March 2, 1833, states that a “steam locomotive constructed by our ingenious townsman, Mr. Bruen, is hereafter to make regular trips on this road.” It was not, however, until 1851 that construction was completed to Louisville. Lafferty, *A Pioneer Railway of the West*, 20; Kerr, *History of Kentucky*, II, 732.
Staid a Day or So. I think This was the First trip From home that John Stormes Made. John was alwais a wide awake Boy. Thare Nevver was anny “Set still” about him Eaven when A boy.

& hear i Must Say in all My life I have Never known anny thing to get away with John Stedman Except an old Blind Mare that i had Baught about this time. I had hitched the old mare to a one horse Waggon That i had Baught But a Short time Before. I think John Was about 12 years old. He Grew up thin & Lank. It Was Fashionable For Boys of His adge to ware A Red Moroco hat. He used his hat For a Sunday IIHat But he wore his Evry Day. The hat was Flat on top with a rim in front 1/2 in wide with a Nice Button Strap & tassle Run up the Side. His Red hat had Bin worn untill the tint & coullor was Gorn & it now fit on his Head as Close as a Bladder. In Fact, one might have Taken it for dirty old Sheep Skin.

About this time he was a Great Boy to Fish for Sun & log Perch & he usto Carry the worms & Crawfish Bait in this hat. Wheather the Smell had anny thing to do with the Bite or not i Cant Say. But While he was holding this old Blind Mare He was Jest tall Enough to Rich [reach] this old Scul Cap against Hur Mouth while he Stood Square under hur head. He had Mede two or three Rubs acrost Hur Mouth when She Made one Frerosious Grab at the top of his head. It was no little Nip, But She intended to take in his Entire Had. If it had not have been for the protection of the Close Fitting Cap She Might have Got his Scalp. But as We Se the Flash & hear the thunder So i heard the Crack of hur teath & then the way John thunderd, “The old Mare has Bit my head of,” was Dangerous to hear. I Run out. John had His hands on his Head & the old Mare had The old Cap in Hur Mouth with a handfull of Hair from the Crown of his head. It was Some time Before Mother Could Recon­cile him that the top of his head was all on. As i Said this was the first Time that Storms had a good Bite & not the last By Manny. I will have to mention Capt John Storms Before i get through with my Story as he was a great Boy. Brother
Leander had This Summer a nice wool Cording Factory. This year we Boys helped him in the Factory. But i am two tegious to you in Mentioning So Manny things connected in to my life.

I was at an age now that young men Feel a warm desire to Be with young Ladies & hear i must Say that I never went to Se But one, never Kept Company with But one, never Walked to Meetin with But one & That one was you dear Mother. At this time i loved Hur Most dearly. In fact i did not like for other young men to pay two much attention to hur. Several Young Man paid Much attention to hur, But She ashured me She thought more of me Than anny one Else. This Sattisfide me for i was determind Some day she Should Be mine. I had Joined the Baptist Church under the Preach­ing of William C. Buck. I think i was In good Reputation with all that new Me. At This Early Day in my life i felt that i woold Some day Be of Some use & my prayer was That God woold Bless me in what i undertook.

4 William Calmes Buck traveled among the churches and eloquently ex­horted them to missions. Spencer, History of Kentucky Baptists, II, 171, and Gaines, History of Scott County, II, 313.
MOTHER IN this year was in Lexington one day. She was well aquainted with Dr. William Richardson. He was asking hur about his Mill. She told Him i was taking Care of it. He was pleased to hear that i was. He told hur that if i woold Take Care of the Mill i Might Run it & he woold not Charge me anny Rent untill i felt able to pay him Rent for Same. When Mother Came Back & told me what Dr. Richardson Said i amediately Felt Poor & Rich. [I] Felt Poor Because i had no money, nor anny one to help me get anny. I Felt Rich that now i had an opertunity To Make Money & Strong Faith in a Kind providence To assist me in My Efforts. I Recollect that i Told Mother that the Mill woold Be of no use to Me, That all the Money i had was one dollar & fifty Cents. It was in the old pocket Book that i have In My trunk this Day.

How often Do i look at that old Red Moroco Pocket Book! I Can Se Myself Walking up Main Street in Geotown with the ondly quarter that I had & the First one that i Ever had to Spend. On the left hand Side of the Street was a Row of houses—Frame houses painted Red. In one of them a man By the name of Pullen Kept a Small Store of notions. From him i Bought that old pocket Book. To Me, It is a Book indeed. In it i Caried What money i could Pick up. In it i
had one dollar & fifty Cents & lost it. Issah Vincent, Sam Stedmans Boss that he was learning His trade with, Found it & sent it to me. It seems like Some old Rellick of a past age. In it was the ondly money that i had to By My license & Pay the Preacher when I got married. So you se that i prize it very highly.

The old geotown papermill [was] Built in 1791 or 2. That old mill! How plain Can i this day See Evry Room & window & almost Count the Shingles on the Roof. Thare was not a Cut Nail used in the Building. Evry Shingle was Fastened with pegs. In this old Mill i was to Make my Start in life, in Buisness without Money, without Friends to help me to one Dollar, i might Say. I Saw how Easily i Could Make a Start If i had Anny thing to Start with. The next Morning i went to the old Mill. I had Fastened the windows & dores as Best I Could as Soon [as] tom piper left. The Rooms ware Dark & Musty, in fact looked more discouraging than you Can immagin. Whare thousand of lbs of Rags Wonce laid thare was a few Scattering Bits of Rags & hemp tow. The Rag Engines & vats dry & Rotten. & Dear Sophy, you must immagine thare was Some Stronger power than I Possess to urge me to undertake to make Something, To me it apperd, out of Nothing. If i had the paper moles & Some woolen Felts, i thought i woold try & Commence. In this Trouble of mind & So anxious To make a Start, i Recollected an old pare of paper Mold Frames that had Bin worn out & Set aside. I Soon Found Them But they ware Empty Frames like my Empty pocket. They had no wire on Them. I went Back home & told Mother that i had Found a old pare of paper Moles In the mill. That dear old Mother gave me incouragement. [She] Told me that with the Money i had, $1.50 Cnts, i Could By Some wire in Lexington & Father woold lay the wire on the Moles. Father Coming in at this time he gave me incouragement By Saying he woold Fix them For me.

The next Day i went to Lexington & Made My First pur­chase of materials—Brass wire. Well do i Recollect That i
Bought it of Norman porter & it took My dollar & fifty Cents to pay for it. You Can Congecture The Castles that imagination Built while Comming Home with the wire. I must date this in the fall of 1829. I have in one of my small books in my old Beaurow at John Churches a Memorandum of the Dates. Brother Sam had Gorn to Learn a trade with a plain Maker. Brother Leander was Working in Lexington having sold out his Carding Factory in Geotown. So thare was no one to asist me Much in My Start at the old Mill. The next morning i went Down to the old mill to Get the old Frames. Father was a good Workman at wieving on the wire Face.¹ Mother told me If i Could get Some Rags or hemp tow She wold lend me Two old Blankets to cut up into Felts & i Could give hur Two new ones when i made paper. I Began to feel incouraged So that day i Spent In the mill in picking up Every Bit of Rags & Evry particle of Stock to Make my first Ream of paper. After Cleaning the Rooms i then thought the Rats prehaps had Made their Beds of Some Stock. I tore of Some Sealing & to my Surprise i found & Geatherd of the Rats nests at Least 50 lbs of Rags. The Mill Wheels all Except the watter wheel ware worn out. I concluded that i Could patch them up By Putting in Some new Cogs. I went to work in Ernest. In a weeks time i had the Mill Pumping watter. Evry thing Standing So long Empty the Engines & Stuf Chest leaked out the watter as fast as I could pump it in. In a few days i had Them tight By Soaking. After i had got all my Rags & Scraps of Stock toegether i supose i Had 50 lbs. I Did not need anny Rag Cutter For this My First Engine[ful.]

Never Shall i forget The First Barrel of Rags i Furnished into the old Rag Engine. Thare was Something inspiring In my Feelings all through [although] my Surroundings ware So dark & gloomy. This first attempt To Commence Bussiness for Myself altho it was Commencing on the Bottom Floor of

¹ This corroborates Stedman's high opinion of his father's skills. "A person who could make moulds or reface them (if wire could be gotten) was a rare individual whose work was jealously guarded." C. T. Davis, *The Manufacture of Paper* (Philadelphia, 1886), 54.
Poverty, Still thare appeared a Bright lining to the Dark undertaking. Soon i had My small Stock in the Engine & the First Roar of the Engine on my Rat Stock was the Sweetest Mill Musick that i have Ever heard Before or Since. The nex day Father & my Self made the pulp that i had ground Into Ropping paper. I hung it up to dry in the large drying loft to dry by air. So all My Capital was hanging on them old popular drying poles & i Could not Make any More paper till i Sold what I had made.

In a few days i had it all finished & Ready to Sell. John McMekin was Keeping Grocery in Georgetown. I sold My first paper to him for groceries. My first paper sold amounted to 4 Reams for which I got one dollar & fifty Cents pr Ream in trade which was as good to me as the Money, as i had to Help Suport fathers Family & could by tow and Rags with orders on the Grocery. At this time near Evry farmer Raised A Crop of hemp. The negros that Broke the hemp ware Entiteld to ther hemp tow & they ware glad to Sell at fifty Cents per Hundread pounds & take their pay In Groceries. I now had a Start of a thousand lbs. of Hemp tow & in the Course of two weeks i had Enough Stock to Keep the Mill Running on one Engine.

Charles prentis, Luthers Father was living In Geotown. I Employed him & father & John Stedman. These ware the first men i imployed. John was lay boy. In a few weeks i hired Luther prentis to cut tow on a Block. I now Began to Make Five Reams of Rropping paper Evry day. The first Paper i took to Lexington i Sold to old Schoolly The Baker & took an old English Bulls Eye wach Something Smaller than the Bottom of a tin Cup. Wasnt i Rich with the first watch I Ever owned! I needed it So Much to tell The Time of Night as i now Run the Mill day & night without annyone to help me. After i Got the Engine Furnished i Could take a nap of half an hour & now i had My Big wach i Could acustom myself to Get up at anny Time i pleased.

I Borded at home. The house was not far from the old

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2 James Schooley was a grocer and baker who lived on North Main Cross Street. MacCabe, Directory of Lexington, 65.
Baptist Church. The Family Consisted of Father & Mother, Leander, Sister Mary, Sister Caroline, Sam, John, anson. Sam Had Bin learning his trade with A man in Geotown, Staid with Him two years & Run of & went to Cincinatia. Brother Le had went back to Lexington. So i had to row my own. Row & help all the Rest of the family.
Herein I begin my life as a bandbox peddler with the aid of a hipshot old mare and a striped ancient wagon.

I worked day & night as the water for the mill did not last more than six months. I worked through winter & spring & made some money. I bought an old mare that was entirely blind & hip shot & a one horse waggon that had bin used for several years. I painted it up nice & in putting on the stripes I did not put it on very nice. The next day Mary Steffee was at the house & asked mother what I let the chickens roost on my waggon for to dirty it up so. But wasn't I mad when she told me. I thought I would never speak to her again. My object in getting my waggon I thought I could make something in peddling in the spring. I made several hundred lbs of rolds to make band boxes, mother being a good band box maker.

So in the spring some time in May the mill stopt & I prepared to go peddling. If you could have seen my waggon & old blind mare you would thought it was home spun. The boddy was painted lead coulloir with yellow stripes; the top was of coarse hemp linen painted black. My old mare was a pale sorrel one hind leg about two inches shorter than the other. But blind as she was she was full of life & game to the last. My first trip out I took provision along enough to last me one week. My load consisted of three
dozen of Band Boxes. All the Ladyes in them days used Band Boxes To Keep their Big Leghorn Bonnets in. One of them woold hold half Dozen Bonnets of the present day. I had them Made So that i Could put in Three different Sizes into one large Box. I went through Lexington to Winchester Which i Reached the Second Day. Between Lexington & Winchester i Stopped at a large farm House where thare was Cross Roads. The house had a large porch in front. It was about 12 oclock In the Day, a Beautiful Clear warm day, & i wanted A drink of watter. I Drove up & Stopped & got out. The farmer was a Big Red faced man & comming to meet Me asked Me if i was a pedlar. I told him i was. He Said he did not want me to Stop thare as he did not want anny pedlar At his house. I put on a good face & Told him All i wanted was a Drink of Watter. In an instant he invited me in & Set a Good bucket of Fresh Watter & he Asked Me to take a Seat. We Commenced a Social Chat & at this time dinner was announced & he politely invited me to take dinner with him. I was glad to do so as i was hungary. After dinner, he invited me to take a Seat on the porch & Rest a while. In a Short time his Wife Came out. She was a large fine good looking woman and Said, “Young man, what have you for Sale in your waggon?” I answerd i did not wish to Sell annything as it was not hur Husband’s wish i Should. He heard me & Said, “Dam it, young man, Sell the old woman annything She wants you have to sell.” I then told hur what i had & She Said that She wanted Some Boxes Badly. I think I Sold hur about Fifteen Dollars worth. As i was the first Box pedlar i Got a big price.
As I said in my last letter speaking of Brother John Stedman that I wold have to Mention him Before I Got through with My history. God Bless my dear Brother, I love Him as a Brother & hope that them Trotters of His has Got well Before this time. How plain I Can See them little legs as I first Saw them on Vessel on long island Sound. Mother was Sea sick. I was the same. John I think enjoyed it. Two young to talk, But from the way that he handled them trotters when Mother asked Me to nurse him, I dont think he was sick. I Recollect that I had Got over My Sea Sickness at that time. I loved to nurse him For he warnt none of your common Babies. He was Born full of life. As young as He was then when the vessel woold near turn over & the thunder Role & the Lighten flash, Sweet little thing, he woold look up & laugh as much as to Say, I Can Brave all the thunder & lighten Flashes that will attend My Checkered Seen in life. My dear Sophy Believe me when I tell you that John Storms Has his correct name, For it was in a Storm that I first nursed him & in that Storm I Rould over with him in my arms out of the Room under the the Table against the Stove. & I Recollect I was So Feard that I had Burnt them little Sweet legs. But when the vessel Righted he was O. K.
as much as to Say, "That aint anny thing." But he was almost Born in a Storm—The Troublesome Times. Father had lost all of his mill Property. Napoleon the first was in his glory & Father was one of the Most Radical admirers of the man. All these things had Some thing to do with Johns organisation as well as the Political Horizen which was dark & full of war.

I Mention these things that you may understand that Storms Has so many Traits of Carraxter. In the First [place] he like Bonaparte woold undertake anny thing. From acting as Midwife to curing Chickens of the Gaps, From Curing the yellow Feever to killing Bed Bugs, From Rowing a Dugout to Commanding A Steam Boat, Fame was his polar star. To attain that he has had more Battles, More Retreats, More advances Than the Most of Men. John Stedman was Born a Man, & had Napolian Bonepartee dide about the time John was Born, i woold have Believed In Evolution. But his Misfortunes commenced about the time John was Born & I think he Must have In herited Some of that. It seems To me that Most Evry thing works against Him Sometimes. But then again victory, proud victory, is Seen perched on His Standard & John Storms has the Bright Sun of Austerlize to Crown his Victory & then his path is Strewn with Flowers. I alwais loved Brother John Storms for all the good quallities that nature has Givven Him & the few windy ones. I do not Purpose to write his History By Anny Means, For he is More Capable of doing So, if so disposed. & perhaps some day he will & he may Flitch Some Items from this letter that he was too young to Remember. But in my long life, as in the Seens of child hood, John is So Connected with Evry thing that is worth Remembering That i love to Speak of him & enjoy the long past. Recollect i think as Geo prentis Said of pomeroy, "He was a Brick."1 So John is & has Bin a well Burnt Brick.

1 "It was during his [Mark Miles Pomeroy's] editorship of the Horicon (Wisconsin) Argus in 1857 that a playful skit on the neighboring town of Beaver Dam won for him from George D. Prentice, then editor of the Louisville Daily Journal, the sobriquet of perfect 'Brick.'" Dictionary of American Biography, XV, 53.
In Abbots History of Napolion Bonepart² He Speaks of his Entirely Energetics Feelings, up day & night with a Half Million Soldier unde him. He was Seen Evry whare night & day planning some scheem to Beat His adversaries. I do say that the Boy Nevver was Born that had more Life, that Entiring persaverience to allerte and object. No Cold Storm, No Burning Heat of Summers Sun Could divert Him from what he undertook. His First Commencement in Trade was In Hogs Bristels, Dog skins, Sheep Skins. [There was] a trapper that could have taken the fir of of anny Hudson Bay trapper, A Fisherman That Could Cetch fish in winter as well as summer, Could Beat six Isack Walton, & an old man that usto Come to the Mill By the name of Gravit who said he Could Cetch fish without Bait, as well as with it. Nelly i do wish you Could have Seen John Stedman at The time i Speak of, tall Slender, Keen as a Razor, Sharp as a fox, as quick as an antilope. [He could] out Run, out Jump, anny other Boy. In fact he was Boss dictator, Sole Emparazor of all he survayed. He looked upon all other Boys As Small Fry. & hear i Must Speak of one of his Comrades as they ware often together. Luther Prentis & a Young Man by the name of Theadore Eliot—three experts That woold Carry out John Storms plans.

In the fall of the year at Hog Killing they woold commence Buisness. For five miles around Geotown one or the other woold visit Each farm or place whare they killed Hogs & Secure all the Hogs Bristles to Be had. At home thare was a Back Shead which answered For their depot & hear was deposited all the Bristles. Heer they ware Commed & fixt Ready for market. As Storms was Commander in Cheif he was also Salesman & treasurer. They Collected A Large amount of Bristles & Sold them In Geotown to an agent from Louisville whare thare was a small Brush manafactery Started. But the immense quantity of Brisle Storms Collected gave the Business a Start having plenty of material & has grown From Storms Supply to Be the Largest Munafactory in the Country.

At home Thare was a Book of Clark & Lewis travels From the Citty of St. Louis to the Columbia Rivver. They gave Such acounts of varments & trappers that hear i think Storms took Such Liking for trapping. Storms with his Force woold Commence Soon in the fall Setting traps, dead falls. For miles up & down Elkhorn his traps Could Be seen & he attended To them. He alwais made it a point to visit his traps, get all that they had Caught & Get Back Before the other boys got up. Sometimes he would Leave a pole Cat or weasel, to keep them in workin order. By Spring he would have a large lot of all Kinds of Skins. Mink was the most valuable. After disposing of the winters work then as Spring aproached He would go into the Fish Business. When Fish Commenced Running, Storms Had a Net which he set in the Spring Branch So fixed that all the fish Run into it. He wanted live Fish & in his Net he Got them. He had a Big Box Full as long as a waggon Bed, wide & deep. This Box he had Sunk in the Mill pond. In this Box he Kept His fish for Sale at a Big price. I Have Known him to have Bushels of all Kinds Especially Sucker in this Box.

You have heard of the Maliatia Musters. The First Muster woold Come of in June. All the Young Men & all under Forty Five ware on the Muste[r] Roles & all had to appear Armed & Equipt as the law directed. You have Read the appearance of a Country Muster & i Need Not attempt to describe it. But i will Say thare Seldom was anny Martial Musick. Corn Stalks took the place of guns. Muster day Evry Boddy must go whether Young or old. It was a kind of hollow day & Every Boddy Seemed to have Business at the Muster at prewits Mill, From the Sheriff & Constable down to Some old toper that was Shure To get a good treat of whiskey.

8 Until 1850 every white male Kentuckian over sixteen years of age was considered to be a soldier. The law required that at least one military muster be called annually; some communities had two. The only persons exempted were preachers, bank cashiers, printers, and county officers. For captans and subaltern officers of the 77th Regiment (Scott County) the uniform was a deep blue hunting shirt and pantaloons, with red trimmings, half boots or gaiters, round black hat, black cockade, red plume, and small sword or hanger. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 165.
I tell you at a Kentucky Muster there was a Motley crowd, in that Day. Most of the Country folks Brought their old Ky. Rifles, powder Horns, Shot Pouch along. Each one Believing he had the Best gun was the Best shot in the County. The Result of this Beleif Was that the Business of the Day opened with a Shuting Mach. The Ky Rifle with the flint lock was an institution. In that day, no percussion Cap nor Revolver Pistol had Bin invented & if the gun Mist Fire it was [necessary] to pick the flint & try it again. The First thing Seen on the Muster Ground was the Curling Smoke from the fire of Some Hunter & the Sound of the Keen Crack of the Rifle & how often have i heard the Sound From Some one near the target, "Noched Center." & them Boys Could do it often Eight times out of ten.

Sweet month of June in Ky! How often do I think of thee! All nature is gay. The Forest Is Clothed in Living Green. The Beautifull Fields of Grain is tall Enough to waive its Green tops at Evry Gentle Breese that is Filled with the Fragrance of the Rose & wild Flowers. The Corn has Bin plowed & thare is one day of Rest—Saturday to all & it is Muster Day. & all have a wish to attend. The Captain Calls out that the Role will Be Called. [The men would] Form into line & as thare Names ware Called woold answer "hear." The officers had Great difficulty in Keeping the men in a Streight Line with toes out, altho Manny ware Bare foot. The Roule [was] Called, absentees notied, now for the Millitary Moovements & to march & keep time with the Musick. Altho thare was no Musick except some Whistling Some tune & some another. But all wanted to get through as Soon a posible, as they ware getting dry & Hungary.

At these Musters Thare was a Black Woman By the name of Beck, that had for years Had a Huxter Stand at all the Musters. She was as Black as a Crow, one of them Round Shiny Faced Slaves that had Enough of old Ma's Bacon Greese to Make them Shine like they had Bin greased. She Kept a Good table & amongst other good things She always had a Bountifull Supply of John Storms Fish. This Month of
June was a Happy Month For John Storms. It wash a Flush time in Money Matters, the Bank was full. But I dont Recollect whether it Ever paid any dividends to its Stock Holders. All that I Recollect about it is one of them Joined the Baptist Church & in Giving in his Religious Experience He told the Church That he felt he was a hell deserving sinner. Capt. Storms was there & heard it. Some time after they fell out about Something. Fishey John Storms told him he had never Known him to tell the truth But once & that was to the Church & That was that He was a hell deserving Sinner. & he had Reasons to Belive he was. He was No longer a Chum.

The Cold icy storms of winter trapping & the pleasant delightfull Season of Fishing & Selling fish Being over, The next thing on hand, is the hide Trade. I Have known Storms to Take the hide of of Six dogs, ten sheep & three Hogs & one horse, in one week. I tell you Daughter, Storms always did Rush things. In Geotown dog hides ware a Good price at the tan yards. So Storms Skinned all the Dogs that dide & all he could kill. I have known him to Cetch them in traps. A near neighbor had a Vicious dog. At this neighbors ware Two Apprentis Boys By the name of Raw Mire Neesle, & nemire Rosle. They thought much of old Bitim. But Storms had long ago, in violation of the Commandments, Coverted his hide. He was a big dog & i have No doubt that Storms had Calculated What his hide wood Sell for at the tanners. But to take that hide thare ware Manny difficulties in the way. In the first place he was kept Chained In the day time & at Night he woud Bite anny Boddy. But as the old adage is, “where there is a will there is a way.”

Luther prentis was Called in. Luther, alwais Even when a Boy, was ingenious to devise Machienry, not ondly for manufacturing purposes, But to Make Traps. In fact Having Bin a trapper with Capt. Storms Two winters had improved his Enginuity. So Luther was Called on to make a trap To Lariet this Big Dog. Twas Seldom that the dog left the yard, & if eather of Them went into the yard they ware shure
to get Bit. So they Gets an old negro Man By the Name of
Humphrey To Charm the dog while they Set the Trap.
Storms & prentis ware up Before day light & Shure enough
They had Caught the dog. They Skinned Him Back of the
Gardens & while Stormes ware at Breakfast the Two Boys i
Spoke of Stole the Skin & Sold it to the Tanner. Marshal the
man that owned the dog never did Find out what went
with his dog. His two Aprentis Boys that Stole the Skin &
Storms & prentis neather woold Say any thing about it.

It was Not long Before a Cyrus Came to town. Amought
their horses was one of the Most Beautiful Spotted horses I
Ever Saw. It took Sick the Day they got to Geotown & dide.
In the Evning The Ring Master had it taken out Some dis-
tance from town. When the Men that took it out Came Back
about dark the owner was disapointed. They had not Brot
Back the Skin, as he vallued it highly. But [he] Instructed
them to get up early in the Morning & Bring in the Skin.
But Capt John R. Storms, he was two Fast for them. He
had went out & By the time the owners had got thare he
had the Skin at home taken in the darkes Mudeyest Rainy
night I Ever saw. So he felt Satisfied he had Made up losses
of the Big Dog skin. About this time i thought thare was
Every Indication that Some day he woold Be a doctor. He
Saved Mink oil, muskrat musk, polcat oil, coon oil, horse oil
& dog oil & i Supose he might have Bin Standing at the head
of the profession If it had not Bin for an Experiment he
Tride on his own Dog he Called Bylo with Some dog oil
taken from a dog that dide with Some disease. It Killed Bylo.
& hear for fear that i have Said enough for the present will
leave prentis & Capt. Storms old Enough to go to Lexington
to learn a trade of Carriage Making with a Man By the name
of Lockwood.
I will now return to some of my peddling operations. The success at the old Farmers gave me encouragement & the gingle of silver has its charms & often creates a desire for more. I soon found by experience that I could sell many other things such as pins, needles, buttons, pencils & many things too tedious to mention. I had made two or more trips, had taken in a good purse of money, & for fear of being robbed I took a big dog along. On this, my dog trip, I concluded to go as far as Winchester. Having had good sales I thought I would stop at the best tavern in the place, which was a large brick house. There were no hotels those days. Having eaten supper I sat in the old time bar room till about 9 o'clock when a man that I had taken notice of through the evening came to me & asked when I was going to bed. I answered when I got ready. In a short time I told the landlord I wished to go to bed. & hear I must say that all the houses built in those days for "entertainment for man & beast" had but one large room for beds & often they would hold a dozen beds. When I went into the room with the landlord I saw the situation & saw a small cot in one corner. I tolde the landlord ide take that to sleep on. He remarked that one of the big
Beds woudl Be More Cumfortable. He Waited till I got to Bed.

After a long days drive & Brain work of Pedling i was tired. So Much so that i Could not get to Sleep. Then the Night was verry warm. I think i lay thare Some two hours thinking of manny things & wondering how to Make a living Some other way than pedling. All was Still & dark. I thought i heard foot Steps Softly Come into the Room & direct to my Bed. I lay Still. Soon I felt a hand feeling about for my clothes & as the hand neard my Pillow, i Said in a quick Keen loud voice, “What do you want?” Never was a Thief more Surprised. So much So that he jumped two feet high of the flower & then Said he did not no anny one was in The Bed. & that was a lye for i Believed The old landlord had told him whare i was in the Room, for he Came Straight to my Bed in the dark. I Said to him that he new now whare i was. He lay down on one of the Beds a few minutes, got up & went out. I was The ondly purson in the Room & i con­cluded That it was No place for me. I Got up & dressed & went to My waggon which was in the Stable yard. I had put my Big dog in The waggon & thare was no more Room Than he wanted So i put him out & Concluded to Sleep in the waggon The Ballance of the night. But i did not do So for he Being full of fleas left the most of them in the waggon. As Soon as the land lord was up i told Him what had hap­pened. He Said i Must Have Bin dreeming as no such thing Ever happend at his house. The old Curse i Believe fully intended to Rob me, altho i [was] alwais Cautious of what i Said in Regards to my Business. I paid him for Supper & nights loging & left Before Breakfast. This trip i Sold out Round winchester & made My way home to geotown.

I now had Sufficient Capital to lay in Manny things Besides Boxes. My next trip i went in the direction of Richmond Ky. The first day i sold Some 15 dollars worth & Concluded that I woold End this trip with Entire Suxcess. I think it was the Second Day Some hour By Sun that i arived In Rich­mond Ky. Father had induced me to take Some of his Sand
paper to Sell & as i drove into town I saw a cabinet Shop. I Stopped to sell Some Sand paper. The man wanted Some. I handed him a quire & Jest at this time My old Blind Mare took fright. I Was in the waggon & the way She Run through town would have Bin a Caution to John Gilpin. She was Stone Blind & Could not Se whare She was going & i never was hear Before. I Could not tell Whare i was going. But i knew My ondly Safty was to Keep Hur in the Road & let hur Rip I supose one cause of hur Running of was i had had Good Luck & wanted to drive a fat nag & i had fed hur So well She Began to feel hur oats. I Recon i Cut a comical Figure Farly Flying through Richmond on my first visit. As My Gear was old i was afraid to hold Two Strong for fear the Rains woold Brake & at the Same time i was afraid my old waggon wheels woold Fly to peices over the Rough pave­ment That had gest Bin made—none of the McAdamize Roads,1 But Big Rocks Set on End—& over these Rocks She Farley flew & God ondly knows how mannny thoughts flew through my mind, of life, property, Mare, waggon, Boxes, pins, needes & all Kinds of notions that was flying to dis­truction on that Broad Main Street of Richmond, Ky. Well, as the yankey Says, i put hur through. But no i diddent. She put me through at Two 402 & about Two miles out in The Country Before i Could Stop hur.

But dident i feel like i had Bin Shipwrecked & had gest got into port when She Came to a halt. [I was] thank[ful] for my Safty. I had not lost anny thing Except the Sand paper & that i Could get when i went Back. I was near a farm house & i Cant tell why But through all My Wanderings

1 "Charters were granted for turnpike roads (or artificial roads of stone) from Lexington to Georgetown, and from Georgetown to Frankfort in 1817, and February 8, 1819, from Georgetown to Cincinnati. It was not until 1830 that the state made an appropriation for macadamized roads. . . . The macadamizing of the Frankfort [and Georgetown] road was not complete until some time in 1825," but General Lafayette used it for his visit in that year. The trip from Lexington to Georgetown and from there to Frankfort was made in one day. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 113, 202.

2 Two minutes forty seconds was at one time considered the "ultimate" trotting record for a mile hence its use to describe great speed long after "two-thirty" had become the minimum performance for registry as Standard-bred.
i have Ever Found a welcome. At this time, for my age i look Much younger than i was. I was Slim [and] delicate woold weigh about 100 lbs. I Stayed at A Farm house that night Don all i could to tame the old mare. Curied hur well, Rubed hur head, wispered in hur Ears. In fact don Evry thing that i Could think of Except putting Salt on hur Tail & prehaps i woold have don that if I had had anny. In the Morning i did Not give hur anny thing to Eat thinking She Wood Be More Gentle to drive. So after Breakfast i Started Back to Richmond driving allong verry slow & carefull. All went well till i Came to the Rough pavement which Extended to the Subers [suburbs] of The town when all at once hur hind feet Got tangled in the pavement, one leg Being Shorter than the other. But didnt She Rais & flutter. She Beat old Bob Walkers tune of “Polly” on the pavement.\(^8\) Well hear we Come, Evry thing Clears the way. Some Said that little fellow Is the damdst fastes driver i Ever Saw. He drove Through town the Same way Yesterday. & as i past the Cabinet Makers Shop there he stood with the Money to pay me for the Sand paper. But i was like the man tide to the cow, I had no time to Chat, But didnt I think of “tam o Shanter” as She farly Flew through town & Run five Miles Before i could Stop hur. Then i was afraid to go Back for fear they wood arest me for fast driving. So i made My way for Lexington.

Some ten miles from Lexington i Stopped At one of them well aranged Rich Farms [that] prehaps had bin seteld at an Early day. Father & Mother had lived there to Raise a family of Children & they Grown. I think this farm Belong to a widdow of at least fifty & as Spry Frisky old woman as i Ever Saw. When i drove up i Saw a yound man in the yard. He asked me what i had for sale. I told him Boxes. He Said he mother Wanted one. By this time She was out in the yard & ask John to open the gate So that i could drive up Close to

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\(^8\) This may be a song variously known as “Pretty Polly” or “Black-Eyed Polly” which has been sung in Kentucky and West Virginia. J. H. Combs, *Folk-songs du Midi des Etats-Unis* (Paris, 1925), 166-67; C. D. Williams, *Ballads and Songs* (*Kentucky Microcards*, ser. A, no. 15), 125, 159.
the house. I did so & Soon out on that Beautiful Blew Grass. I had one half of my Boxes. The old lady had Bin to Lexington, Baught hur a new Fashionable Bonnet & one for Each of hur daughters & they wanted new Boxes for them. Now you must Recollect the Band Boxes ware paper with different Kinds of Floured paper, to Suit the fancy of all. The old laydy Brot out hur new Bonnet & wood put it into this then into another. “Them two will do for anna & Susa.” Then the new Bonnet would Go into 2 More. “Them will do for Molly & peg.” & on She went till She had all my Boxes on that Clean nice Blew Grass. But She did not want them all, But wanted the load to pick from. After dabling the Bonnet into So mannny & Setting them aside that She wanted, which was Eight Boxes, She Concluded that She had Enough & told John to hand the Ballance to me in The waggon. She Seemed delighted & after Buying Sevral other articles She paid me & John opened The Gate & I drove of well pleased with my sale at this place.

I Supose I had drove Some two Miles when I Heard Some one hollow, “Stop!” I did So, & who Should i See But The old womans Sun John & i dont Think i Ever Seen any one in Such a fit of Laughter. He Says, “You have played Mother a yankey trick. You have got Hur new Bonnet in you waggon.” & then He wood laugh. Then he said, “young Man, if you had Got of with that Bonnet I woold have give Fifty dollars. She nevver woold have Heard the last of the Yankey trick.” I told him if It was in the waggon i did not no it. He Said he handed in the Boxes & if It was in the waggon i was not to Blame, But it looked like Such a Good Yankey Trick. We over hauld the Boxes & Shure Enough thare was the Bonnet She Had put in the Box. The young man took Box & Bonnet & paid me for it, Regretting that i had not Traveled Faster So that he Could not have overtaken me. Then he wold have had a lastin goke on Mother.

That night i drove to Lexington down to Mr. D[avid] Bosworth to Stop all night. The Family then Contained all the Children, all Happy & Contented (the old Homested,
the old Mill with the Roar of Water over the waste way, from the Race, Above the mill the old tramp wheel) & Then that Business woman Minerva who always gave me a hearty welcom & David Bosworth, a better man, a Kinder Father never lived. After Supper he would bring out his Fiddle & play some of them old Tunes admired long ago & all was peace, industry, happiness—all growing up good moral industrious Children. Mary Steffee was here on a visit, The picture of Health, Full of life. Harriet Cox was here, Single. Sam Bosworth spent the evening. John Steffee was here at work in the factory, Spinning. How time has built up & torn down the hopes of Friends, Children, Fathers & Mothers, Since that day, Scattering them like chaff Before the wind.

John S. Concluded to take a seat in my waggon for Geotown. Things passed on smothly after bidding all farewell till we crossed Can Run. Hear a waggon that had Halled lumber to Lexington, came lumbering along & made the attempt to pass me. But Recollecting the old mares fast qualliates in Richmond I let her out & the way we had it nip & tuck for about a mile was fast. John S not liking so fast driving Pursuaded me to hold up & let him pass. The 4 horse team passed in a Full Run. Now my difficulty commenced in getting the old Mare into a quiate gate. I had near suckseeded when goin down hill, the Brichen [breeching] broke. Then I new the Devil was to pay, for as the waggon Run on her heels She commenced Kicking. The first Broad Side from her heels now the End of the Waggon out & in attempting to hold her, one Side of the Rains broke. I Jump out, set on My old [all?] fores. John S grabbed the Rains, to hold her. Having but one Rain he pulled her into the Corner of a ten Rail fence, The concusson of which noot all the old mares teeth out, turned the waggon over. When I Jumpt out I was in such a head way on my all fours That I Could not stop. But if John S Had not struck the fence She would Certainly have Run over me.

When I got to my feet there lay the old mare on her back, my waggon turned over, John S holding a peace of a Brider
Rane. Then i think i heard his first & last prayer. He Said he thanked The Lord we ware alive. We soon got the old Mare on hur Feet. The gear was all Broke, even the traces; in fact Evry part was Broke. I went to The nearest House & Got a hank of Hemp, made Strings, tide up the Harnis, got the waggon on the wheels & then Started for Home. The old [mare] went gentle Enough after this. I got Home & Resolved that this Should Be the last trip peddling Boxes.
25: I take some wrapping paper to Louisville and have my first taste of river life and rivermen.

It was now getting late in the fall & I turned my attention to the old mill again. I made my home with Father's family. Sam Stedman had gone to Cincinnati to finish his trade of plane maker. John Stedman had went to Lexington to learn a trade. This winter I made all the paper I could. I had plenty of stock, but the most of the paper I made I had to trade off for groceries or dry goods. They, twas true, answerd my purpose. I paid my hands of that way & to them it was as good as money. The old mill being near worn out I had to be continual repairing, altho I made considerable ropping paper this winter. In the spring, some time in April, I sent a load of paper to Frankfort intending to ship it to Louisville on a steam boat. So the next day I went down to Frankfort & found the water so low that the little Steamer Sylph could not come further than Burns landing. But Capt. Burns was at Frankfort with his keel boat & told me he would take my paper on his keel boat & ship it on bord the steam boat at his landing. This was my first trip to Frankfort. The river, the hills that met my sight, looked like I had got into a new country compared with Lexington and Georgetown.

My load of paper [was] on the keel boat, & I the ondly
passenger on my First trip down the Kentucky River Sur-
rounded By Strangers with But a few dollars in my pocket;
Green as a punkin as to the River usage on one of them Keel
Boats So Long used on the Rivers of Ohio & Misipi to New
orleans. I need not describe Their looks or form. They
ware Built To Carry Freight with no accomodation for
pasingers. After getting the paper Stoad away in the Boat
i hardly new what to do with Myself. I had profesed Religion
& hear i was in Company with the Roughest Set of men i
Ever Saw. Evry word was an oath. I Soon found they ware
no Company For me & i went up from the Boat to a Book
Store Kept by woods & Selected a Book to Read to keep me
Company on the trip. The Book was Hall’s Lectures to
Young Men. I went Back to the Boat, Got a seat on top, &
commenced Reading. After a while Capt Burns came down
& Sung out, “All abord!” His Boatmen Soon had their long
Poles which was the means used to Propel the Keel Boat.

Never Shall I Forget My Feelings in Starting From Frank-
fort, as the Boat Rounded out Three men on a Side with
their Poles & all Six of Them half Drunk. They Commenced
the “Boatmans’ Song” & as we went Round the Rivver near
whare the Cotton factory is now they made the Benson Hills
Fairly Echo. Thare Stood Capt. Burns on the Bow of the
Boat as we Entered the narrow Shute opposite the mouth of
Benson. & with a “God dam you do So & So, or you will
Stove hur to Hell,” I tell you i Began to think my little
fortune on that Boat was not worth much. I dont think the
Shute was 15 feet wide But Swift as a tale Race. The Chan-
nel Run Closte to the Bank on Shore. I Recollect a large
Ellum tree on the Bank. We Run under the tree Close to its
Roots. Since then how Evry Thing has altered! Then thare

1 The Sylph, still under the command of Captain Armstrong, was plying
the Kentucky and Ohio rivers between Frankfort and Louisville as late as
1833. Byrne’s Landing was in Owen County about twenty miles downstream
from Frankfort. Frankfort Argus of Western America, May 22, 1833; B. N.

2 William Wood, the Frankfort bookseller, sold his business to Charles H.
Julian in 1832. The next year he died in New Orleans. Frankfort Argus of
Western America, March 20, 1833.

3 Benson Creek empties into the Kentucky River on the north side of
Frankfort.
was a large Sand Bar all the way across the River To the Mouth of Benson.

Safely through This Rapid Shute we Soon Enter Another whare the Lock now Stands. To me as the boat Enterd [it] look[ed] like Entering distruction. The Chanel was on the Right hand Shore as we went down & Such Roaring of the watter, Such a swift Current that took the Boat through like a Shot out of a Shovel. We went Through in quick time. Now we ar oposite The old Leestown warehouse.\(^4\) In the Leestown pool the watter is deep, But little Curant. The Boats Moves Slow. The Capt Points out to me on the Bank whare a Number of Steam Boats have Bin Built, Some of them of Black Locus. The names i have forgotten of the Boats But Some of the ways are thare Still. If i mistake not, Eliga Creig of Geotown Built the Steamer Lexington here.\(^5\) Leestown was named after a man By the name of Lee. This was decided in the Cout in a suit Brot, i think, By Governor Greenup For the land whare Mary tod lives & at one time it was a Great Shipping point. I Could give the History of Leestown But it is not nesary to do So hear. I did not Stop or Rather The Boat did not till we got to Dr. Mills Farm. The Capt asked me To Go with him as he had Some Business with Dr. Mills. Len will Recollect old Dr. Mills. He was at home. This was the First time i Ever saw him. Charly & Bob Mills ware at the House & it Seemed To me thare ware more negrose thare than Could Belong to the place.

On Bord once More, we got allong Smoothly. I was Setting on the Stern of the Boat when Capt Burns Came & Asked

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\(^4\) A tobacco-inspection warehouse was established in 1783 "at Lee's Town, on the Kentucky river, on the lands of Hancock Lee." William Waller Hening, The Statutes at Large . . . of Virginia (Richmond, 1822), XI, 345.

\(^5\) Stedman was repeating a common belief. There is a really amazing lack of knowledge about the career of Elijah Craig, but he probably had been dead for many years before 1825, the date of the launching of the Lexington, which was built in the Kentucky River at Frankfort. Two extensive fires have greatly damaged the records of Scott County. There is, however, a copy of a small portion of the appraisement of Elijah Craig's estate which indicates that he died prior to the year 1811. There is also the possibility, of course, that a different person with the same name actually was a member of the group of Georgetown men which built the steamship. Gaines, History of Scott County, II, 273, 421; Hall, Statistics of the West, 257; Scott County, Will Book D, 448.
me what I was Reading. In answer I handed him the Book, Hall's *Lectures To Young Men*. He Commenced Reading & in a few minits he handed me the Book & Said if I followed the advice I wold Miss the Snags of Life. The Capt then went To Some of the hands that ware playing Cards. How plain do I Remember his words! "You God dam drunken Sons of Bitches, you ought to Read The Book that yonde young man Has got. It woold make you moral young men & a dam sites Better Boatsmen." Never Shall I forget Capt Burnes looks. He was in the prime of life, near Six feet in high, of a Sandy Complection, Bilt from the ground up, a pleasing face as much as to Say, "i never leave the Latch String inside." He was what I call a Man, indipendant, Courtous, open harted & when He took you By the Hand, you had no douts he was glad to se you. Dear Sophy, those Men have or soon will pass away. I can almost weep to think of the Hepocritic Frandship that has taken the Place of that Mandly indipendence of Capt Burns of Burnes Landing.

In my admiration of Capt Burnes I have not noticed the River as we pass down. Hear we are at the mussels Sholes, a place Fixt purminent in my Memory By The Sinking of Capt John Storms Boat. (Thare are So Manny things connected with that Event That i will have to pass it over But i feel So full of laughter that i must Speak of one incident of the Sinking of the I.O. prentis. The head inginear was one of them that Thought what he didn't Know was no whare. I must Reserve the Scene of Meetin Prentis at some other time. It is Full of Fun.) Ariving at Sedar Riffle Capt Burns had to put on his Regimantal. The narrow Shute, the fall of watter, The Roar of the Riffle made all hands wake up. We Enter the Shute & we are through. It never was a Shot out quicker. We are at Burnes landing, Owen County, Ky.

Hear we found little Steamer *Silph*. She Could not nave gate furthe[r]. I felt Releived in Mind that my load of paper wood Reach Louisville. Capt. Burns says, "Stedman, the

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Steamer will Not leave till morning. You Must Stay with me to night.” This invitation was excepted & the place is ingraved in My memory where Capt. Burns lives. Who Can Count the value of a hearty welcom to a Stranger? & to intensify his welcom to a tired Friend, he Sets out his nice decanter of old Burbon. I ingoyed his hospitality & in the Morning the Steamer was Ready to Start for Louisville. The Silph was a Small Steam Boat Built for the Kentucky River Comanded By Capt Armstrong. Never Shall i forget his looks. He was a good Capt, for he new His Buisness & attended to it. Thare he Stands on deck as proud as though he was on the Great Eastern7 Smoking his Segar. Well he felt proud of his Boat, as others Have Felt proud, of Something Greater. He was Reserved, had on a Fine Fur Cap & in all of his Conversations felt he was the Comander of the Silph. On this Boat My Fortune of pape[r] was placed By Capt Burns. He did not Charge me anny Thing for Freight from Frankfort.

Soon we war of for Louisville. Daughter, i was a deck pasinger. The small Stock of paper was My Fortune. Capt armstrong lays all aboard & of we are to Louisville. Nothing of importance Happen Between Starting & Carolton, or as the first name of the place is Pourt william. Hear we landed For the first time. The Mouth of the Ky Rivver, port william, is a small place, a Few scattered Houses. It might have Bin the Cincinnatiai of Ohio But for The old Fogyism of the first Settlers. Hear lives General Butler, one that Deserves his countes praise.8 But there is no Enterprise & it is

7 The Great Eastern, “Wonder of the Seas,” was launched in 1857. Five times the size of any contemporary ship, it maintained its supremacy for many years. Though designed to carry 4,000 passengers, it was used chiefly for cable laying.

8 General William O. Butler’s home on the Ohio River at the mouth of the Kentucky River is now a state park. After his graduation from Transylvania University, Butler volunteered as a private in the War of 1812, in which he had an illustrious career. He was captured at the Battle of the River Raisin, was exchanged, and returned to the army to serve with Jackson at New Orleans. He also served in the Mexican War. He represented Kentucky in Congress, was candidate for governor of the state, and ran for the vice-presidential post with Cass in 1848. His poem, “The Boatman’s Horn,” appeared for the first time in July, 1821, in the Western Review, a magazine published in Lexington, Kentucky.
a Small place. We are on the Beautiful Ohio Bound for Louisville. How Manny Recollections of the past Croud on Memory—the Mouth of the Kentucky River, the poineers That First Enterd the Stream, Those that went on to Louisville. What a field of history! But hear we go. The Beautiful Ohio Bares on its Boson the Silph, as well as the first Boat from pittsburgh, as well as the old Broad Horn or Flat Boat that Rode on thy Beatiful Bosom. Entring the Ohio [one sees] The wide Expangs. Hear is The Beautiful River. On its Banks how Manny happy soull live that nevver new the history of incidents of Stemars! We soon are at the warf of Madison, a Short Stop, & on we go to Louisville. Below Madison is the place whare Capt Storms Tride to Sink a Big Steam Boat. The Circumstances i will tell heaafter.

Arrived at Louisville, i Soon disposed of My load of paper. I need not try to give you an idea of my first vew of Louisville. I had paper to sell & wanted to dispose of it as Soon as i Could. I Soon found a house on Market Street Willing to pay part in groceries, part Cash. I Soon had the paper delivered, paid my Steam Boat Bill, Bought Shugar & Coffee & a Small stock of Groceries, orderd them Ship to Georgetown, & with two dollars In my pocket, Left Louisville for Home. I Staid all night at a tavern In the Suburbs of Louisville. Started next morning on foot By day light, got to Frankfort By Sundown, & the next morning to georgetown By Breakfast. This was in the Month of May. To frankfort from Louisville [was] 50 miles. That was the Best walking i Evr don in one day. At Shelbybille for dinner i took a glass of wine & Some Crackers & cheese for which i paid 25 cents. At Frankfort Supper & lodging 50 cents. So my travling Expenses From Louisville to Georgetown was 75 cents.
26: Containing some thoughts on independence and happiness, and a description of Frankfort as I first saw it.

I

NowBegan to feel that I was some Boddy. I Rented a Room near the Court house & Commenced Keeping grocery or Rather the Grocery Kept itself. It was a Kind of Bank whare i paid for all the Hemp toe i Bought. I Soon had all the Negro Custom in County. Soon i had a Good Stock of tow & felt that a Kind providence gave me assistance. Thare was no one to Say, "Young Man, go on. If you need help call on Me." In Memory of those days, i look Back & Find that this life is all a—what Shall i call it—a delusion, a Bright Light of Some Metor, to lead one on & on for happiness & Nevver find it. At this time, i felt that i wold Be Some Day, a Rich Man. But as Some Men are Rich with little, I supose A little i then had Made me feel that Some day, i wold Stick a feather in my Cap, that i was E H Stedman. Sophy, in My Report of Early life, if i cross my track in the Relation of Circumstances you must Excuse. like Some old man i may tell things twice over. You must Make them all meet.

At this time, Father, Mother, all the family were dependent on My Exertions & industery. I lived at home. Father, Mother, sister, Brother, on Gods Earth thare Is no happerer association. In Memory, it is nevver Blotted out. Father, Mother, Sister, Brother are Mottoees of Eternity, Love & Hope. & now My dearst oldest Child i Must Say Farwell.
Brother Leander had bought property in Georgetown & had his cardin factory running by steam about one year. I was now able to furnish him his groceries, for which he was not in a situation to pay for, & I never received a dime for them altho the amount was not large. But they were a help to him then & I thought it was all in the family & I never asked him for it when he was able to pay. This brings me up to 1833.

In my last letter I spoke of my first visit to Frankfort. It was then a small place. There was not a half dozen houses between the State House & the Big hill. There were several big ponds & brick yards. I recollect that Mrs. Church, Johns mother, told me the first time she went to Frankfort, there was but one cabin & she never saw as many sink holes & big grape vines. Where Frankfort now stands, the Valley was a wilderness of big trees & grape vines. I think it was where Jo Lumus afterwards kept his silver smith shop,¹ I went into a confectionary to get some cakes. It was kept by Renolds. The first thing that took my attention was a large bottle. They called it the big belly bottle. It was full of whiskey. It was on the counter. Over it was a beautiful arch & in large golden letters was the Fountain of Health. I recollect it made an impression that it was the fountain of death. To get into Frankfort the road came down where the arsenal now stands. I thought it a steep hill to travel. The market house stood in the middle of market street & about the middle of the square there was a frame house back from the street, a drinking establishment. The sign was, "Call at Fulxes Eddy, where there is beer & cider ready." & John Baltzwell sign of the big bell crown hat is about all that took my attention on my first visit to Frankfort. How Frankfort has built up since that time!

Sending the letters as I write them, I perhaps will relate things over that I have told before this. You must look over & arrange things as best you can to track me in my early life.

¹ Worham P. Loomis was a silversmith who worked in Frankfort from 1819 to 1854. N. W. and L. F. Hiatt, The Silversmiths of Kentucky (Louisville, 1954), 58-59.
27: Sam and I team up in business, and each takes a wife; plans for a secret marriage and an explanation of the reason for it; I am fooled.

This Fall of 1832, Sam Stedman had got married in Cincinnati & Rote me a letter that he now felt the necessity of settling down to some business & he thought if I would take him in partnership we could make money together. Before he received my letter, he came home bringing his wife. She was handson, very small, I don't think she would weigh one hundred pounds. We agreed to try what we could do together. Heart's before, I had rented nothing but the old mill; now we rented the hole place—the House Whare Brother Le lived & dide, For which we agreed to pay three hundred dollars per year. Sam mooved into the Ell & had the advantage of the kitchen & the two bed rooms. This, I think, was in November, 1832. He had made money enough to buy some furniture while working in Cincinnati. His wife had a fine riding mare which was all the property they had. I did not bord with them, still staid at home. How well do I recollect that old home where we all lived on the bank of the Royal Spring Branch! The mill started soon in the fall & I found great help in Brother Sam. He had business qualities. He was very industrious, sharp in trading, would rush things early & late, but never do much in the mill.
We had plenty of stock. About the first of January, 1833, we commenced making printing paper. I Run the mill 18 hours. John Steffee Run the machine. The First Printing Paper we Sold in Lexington.

About this time I concluded i was old Enough to have a wife. I was now twenty-four years old & had paid Attention & Engoyed the Company of Mary Steffee. But when i thought of marige i felt That i was two poor. We talked the Subgect over, & we Concluded To get maried & let no one into the Secret. So the 29 of January, 1833, was Set for the day.

One of the Reasons That i wanted to keep it Secret was that i Belonged to a Company they called the Anarugins. More than one hundred young men Belong to the Company. We had a Regular Set of officers & Kept things in a Military Shape. Each one had to obey orders. Capt Eliot the Brother [of] Capt Eliot who afterwards Commanded the Steamer A. L. Shotwell, [was in command.] Thare was no Rules how the men should dress. Some wore Coon Skins fixt up in all kinds of Shapes, with a dozen Coontails hung around. As to dress the more odd the Better. Each one Had to have Something to make a noise. Some had Cow Bells, Some tin pans, Some Horns—Tin Horns, Cow horns. Thare ware a number of what we called Horse Fiddles. They made an awful noise. Some ware painted like Ingins. In addition we had Two Kettle drums, Fife & Bass drum.

Sum few month Before I was maried a wedding Took place at Genral Pains. He was a wealthy man.¹ His farm House Stood oposite whare June Ward Built his House. I think it was a large Stone House. He had lately put a Post & Rail Fence which Enclosed Some three acers. The house Stood in The Middle of the yard. That Night thare was a Big turn out. We Marched in Silence From Geotown to general Pains. We all marched Into the Yard without Being discovered as the Marige Sermony was Being Performed. As soon As that was don the order was Musick, & Such a nois i

¹General John Payne was a brigadier general in the Kentucky militia during the War of 1812. Gaines, History of Scott County, I, 57, pictures him as one of the first gentlemen-justices in pioneer Scott County.
never Expect to hear again. Thare was a large Company at
the wedding & Each post in the fence had a horse hitched To
it. But a[s] Soon as the Nois Commenced, Evry Horse Broke
loose & they Made near a[s] much Nois as we did. The
front dore was open, & we Marched through the house & out
of the Back door. In those days Such doings was looked
upon As a Compliment & Honor paid to the Maried Couple.
We Halted in front of the House, Formed a line, & Richard
M. Johnson was Sent Forward By General pain to thank us
for the Compliment paid By the Company. Our First
Lewtenant was By the name of Rigsdale, a tailor By trade,
a yound Englishman, a smart young man, Keen as need Be
for anny ocasion. Coln Johnson Made quite a good Speach.

After he finished, Leutenant Rigsdale was Called upon By
The Company & i tell you he Made a fine Speach. After
Speaking of Beautiful Ky, Hur Fine Climate, Rich lands,
& well Improved Farms (the one we ware then on was
Sufficient Evidence of Peace, plenty & hapyness, & to defend
Such [a] Happy home Col. Johnson Left Home whare Ease
& plenty smiled To Meet the Britch & indian invador of
these Homes, to Conquor or die; He had met Proctor & his
indian allies, Commanded By the great Cheift Tecumpsy;
He Encounterd Him in a almost Hand to Hand Fight; The
Cheif Fell Before Him & Johnson Fell from his Horse,
Severely Wounded), & in Many Eloquent Expreshions of
gratitude For Johnsons Survices & Kind Speach of welcome,
all gave Three Chears for the Hero of the Battle of the
tames. All ware invited to partake of a Fine Supper & then
all was Silence for Some little time, when the order was
given to play on fife & drum, Hail Collumby Happy land,
& all Marched to the musick without anny other nois Back
to town, in fine Sperits & good order.

So you Se the Situation in which i was placed. So we
Concluded to have it So secret that Mother nor Father,
Brother or Sister woold in any way Suspicion that we ware
to Be maried till the preacher Came & we wod Step out for
the Ceromony. On Monday Evening i went to the Clerks
office & i thought it verry Favorable that Thare was no one
in the office But the Clurk & the preacher that i wanted to marry us. After getting my licence i Engaged Adison Lewis\textsuperscript{2} to perform the Ceremony & requested them not to mention it till the weding was over. I Stoped at Mrs. Steffees to tell Mary what i had done & she told me no one had anny Suspicion In the Family. I worked next day till after Sundown, went home, put on a Clean shurt without Mother asking me Whare i was going. No one at home new anny thing about it. I then started for Mrs Steffees, Congratulating my self how we woold Surprise Evry Boddy. But didnt i get Surprised when i enterd The House to find it full of invited guests To the wedding & a long table set for the wedding Supper & that filled with Evry good thing For the Ocashion.

I must Confess i was disappointed, Half mad & half glad. I Soon Come to the Conclushion that i had Bin Sold & i might as well take it Easy. I cannot now Recollect The names of those presant. They ware Marys warmest Friends. No one of my Relations ware thare, altho Brother Leander did not live more than three Hundread yards From Mrs. Steffees. Not one of them Knew anny thing about it. Dont you know when one has Bin desapointed as i was it Kinder Put a damper on my Feelings? I had not put on my Best Suit of Clothes for Fear that the Folks wood Suspicion Something. I was drest neat & plain But Evry Boddy Thare was dresed Better than i was. Well all Had the Joke on us & they Engoyed it to The fullest Extent, with the Frequent Remark, "You Both thought you ware so Smart that no baddy wood know anny Thing about the wedding till it was over."

The preacher came. We ware maried & then Set down To a fine Supper & while Eating the Company of Anarugins Had heared of it late in the Evning. But they paraded & give me a Big Surnade. I tell you as old Bob Collins usto say, i felt

\textsuperscript{2} Adison M. Lewis, a Baptist minister, was in charge of the female academy in Georgetown in 1833. "The next year he gave his membership to the Buck Run church, in Franklin county. He also took the care of Great Crossing church, in Scott county, and perhaps others." Spencer, \textit{History of Kentucky Baptists}, II, 305.
“Sorter Supernumary.” I Believe all the Girls in the House Gave me a kiss & that was Somthing that i was not usto as I was alwais very Bashfull in the presence of laides. But i was in for it & Stood up manfully.

Dear Sophy, Your dear Mother had Some of the warmest Feemale Friends of anny young laydy in Geotown. She was head & Sholders Above anny girl thare, in anny Sport or Play of that day. She woud not take the least insult from the Girls or Boys, it made no difference From what quarter it came. They wear all in Fear of hur & all loved hur & they all new she wold Fight & could whip anny of them. I have seen hur face Scratched Badly But Came out Conquerur. She was Kind to all & She made all of hur School mates & play mates know their places. I Recollect Thare was a Baker had a lottery of gingercakes. She Bought a ticket & drew the highest prize. It was a large numbr. Then She distributed Them to all of hur playmates & in manny other ways She gained their love & affecion & wood always take Their Part in their troubles. As the negro says, She was Boss amounght them all—could not Be Beat at anny thing . . . [page torn]

[One] Circumstance i will Relate altho i have Spoken of it in former letter. When Lafayette came to Geotown, Thare was a Great Ball given on the ocasion & Supper & dinner. All the young girls in town ware dressed on this ocasion, the poor as well as Rich. Those young laydes that Fortune had Blessed ware mixt with those That ware poor, & the Excitement was So great that all forgot that they ware poor or Rich. But all new Mary Steffee & what She Said She was goin to do She woud do it Certain. She Said She was goin to Eat out of the plate Lafayett Eat out of, & others ware as Equally determind. No soonerner than he was don Eting & got up from The table Than one dumpt down in His Chair & at the Same moment Mary Had the plait & held to it untill She Could Set down & Eat out of it & She ucherd them all.

My affection & love For Mary Commenced Ten years or more Before we ware maried. Brother Leander was Continually.plaging me about her & i as Bashful as a Boy Could
Be. He would induce Hur to Catch me So that he Could have somthing To Plage me about & we had manny a Race. But in time i Recollect one day that Brother offerd hur a Presant if She would Catch me & Kiss me. I turnd the joke & Run after hur & in a tight tussel took a kiss. From that Time She never Ran after me again.

Your dear Mother Being the youngest Child was a pet in the family & no Father doted on A Child more than Mary[']s Father did on hur. She was always So Cheerfull, Full of life & fun, & the young girls of hur age, hur asoecates, loved & ware devoted to hur. The wedding Company dispersed about nine o'clock. At 10 we ware in Bed. I got up & dressed & went to the mill at two o'clock in the morning; went Back to Mr. Steffees twelve o clock the next night; up By day Brake & of to the Mill. I Stopped the mill at 12 o clock. This was Saturday night.

& hear i must Relate a little Circumstance that i have Alwais Regretted. Nearly opposite Mr. Steffees House thare lived a Mr. Story. He had a daughter By the name of Levenia. She was a warm Friend of Marys & was at the House near Evryday. She was not Handson, near Six feet tall, Rather Rawbone. But She was a nice girl, Sociable & full of Fun, & was Fond of a goke. She Eat Supper with Mary & at Bed time told hur that She Intended to Sleep with hur that night. Mary Objected & said I wood not like it. But She was determind to Sleep in that Bed. Mary told Hur She might do So & She wood Sleep in another. No they Both must Sleep in that Bed, & to Bed They went. When i came to the house Margaret Told me i could sleep up stairs as Miss Story was in Bed with Mary. Instead of goin in & aving a good Joke as i ought to have done, [I got] mad, Slamed the dore & went Back to [the] Mill almost determind never to [go] Back again. I was So mad that i could not Sleep in my old Bunk at the mill. Sunday morning i went home & not till Sunday Evning did i make my appearence. Mary Seemed much mortifide at what had Happend & She Said She Could not prevent Miss Story from Sleeping with hur
& then She thought i would take it as a good Goke & pull hur out of Bed. But i didnt have always Bin Sorry that I played the fool. I Bet Len Cox would have played a different game & a more Senisible one. Miss Story turned the Joke on me & Said If i had Bin a man i wood not have don So.

We ware maried on Thursdy Evning about Seven oclock. I think Some one had Found out From the Record Book, that we ware to be maried & it was told to Geo Steffee. He imeidately went home & asked about it. Nobody new any thing about it. So he hunted up Mary & he pressed hur So hard that She at last told Him if he wood keep it a seecret, She woold Tell Him. She done so. Geo Blamed hur very much For not telling him Before So that he Could have had time to prepair For a nice wedding Supper. This was about Two o clock in the Evning. Geo and all of the Girls, Mary, Deborah, Margaret ware all living at home. Geo Steffee & John Steffee, After they had got over their Surprize, they Consulted & all went to work with a will & in the mean time i was at the mill Buisy at work, Grinding hemp tow & making Ropping Paper & Building Castles how we wold Surprise The Relatives.
28: We start keeping house; I work too hard.

I think one week after we were married we commenced living at home. In a few weeks I concluded to commence keeping house. Mary had some furniture & I cannot recollect how much. She had a good cow which gave plenty of milk. We commenced keeping house in the large part of the house where Brother Le lived and died. His parlor was the room we first lived in. This part of the house had the most room, but no place to cook. So I concluded to build a fireplace in the cellar, & by building a new to connect with the chimney I had a place to cook, although very unhandy. How easily I could have fixed it if cooking stoves had been in use in that day.

I think Sophy, your dear mother after we had been married & keepin house two months thought we had best hire an old negro woman by the name of Aunt Rachel. She was the neatest, proudest, most industrious old negro & she was as spry as some trap altho she I think was at least 70 years old. We had but one hand to board with us but you mother had never been brought up to any house work, cooking nor washing nor milking. Margaret would never let her do any thing. So you can well imagine cooking, washing, milking was somthing new to her as there was no need of her work at home before she was married. She worked at the Millianary
Buisness, I think, two years before with a Mrs. Hewit. She used to tell me the work was very hard & not much pay.

In fixing up the Cellar for cooking I made a pair of steps that went down from the Closet under the Stairs that went up into the Second Story of the House. The Steps that went down were something like going down a ladder. In going down with something in her hands her dress caught on the top & threw her down head foremost onto the bottom. was a most wonderful escape. I think it was three months before you were born. She complained a little of sourness. Old Aunt Rachal had that little Bed Room up stairs that you have often seen. Everything went pleasantly. Your dear mother enjoyed good health & Aunt Rachal was company & did most of the work.

& hear dear Sophy I must regret that I took the wrong road to enjoy all that happiness, that is to be found in the union of two happy hearts & now while I am penning these lines I feel a deep remorse. I was in pursuit of what I call a Jack with his lantern, & I persuaded it with all my might & strength, night & day, in the ice & snow of winter & the scorching heat of summer neglecting what I now see plain, the small pleasures of life that makes up life's true happiness. How many times have you dear mother's friends come to spend the evening with her after we were keeping house. They would ask for me. The answer was he is at the mill. & when I would come home Mary would say to me, "Why did you not come sooner? They all wanted to see you." The enjoyment of the company of kind friends in these kind social meetings it would at this time, in memory afford pleasant reflections. But I sacrificed them all, to in the morning by day light get up & go to the mill, eat my dinner & go to the mill, eat my supper & go to the mill. How often has you dear mother asked me to spend an evening with some kind friend! The reply always was I have not time & all the time we lived in Georgetown I do not remember of ever once visiting any of her friends with her. In my devotion to the Business of the mill I can't
Say that it was ambition to be Rich. But i was Poor, had no home That i Could Call My own, Had No Rich Kin to Give me Annything. I must Confess my polar start was a Home of My own. Then i woold be happy. Then i woold Engoy Company, Engoy visiting Friends & Relatives. O Vanity, delusive Thought!

Well Sophy, at this time your Mothers Father woold Come to Se us Evry Sunday Morning & She in partickular woold look for him gest as you usto look for me. He was a large Man, of Kind feelings & above all he loved his youngest Child Mary. Hur Mother had Bin dead Some 5 years & all his affection Seemed Centerd on hur. I had to Go to Market twice a week for provisions. How plain i Can Se Myself Goin to the Market House with My Basket on my arm—not much money to By with—But thank providence i alwais provided Plenty & to spare to anny Stranger.

As i Before Stated Sam & Kate lived In the Ell of the Building. Both families Got along very agreeable. I made the paper. Sam he sold it, & keep the Mill in Stock. Now Before we Could work to advantage we must have a team of our own. To do this we Had to borry the First money E. & S. Stedman Ever Boried & that was 400 Hundred dollars of the old united States Bank in Lexington, The intrest paid Evry Four month, & the principal when Called on & that Some time woold not happen in Five years. We now Baught a two horse waggon & two work horses & we ware Running on The Best posible licks we Could put in.
29: Our most important visitor, Mr. A. G. Hodges, who makes a momentous proposition—but cholera comes first.

I mentioned that we were making printing paper & selling it in Lexington. Col. Hodges of Frankfort seeing some of the paper was so well pleased with it that he came up to Georgetown to make an engagement for paper. How plain I can see him now, looking with wonder at the first paper mill he ever saw! He seemed to take an interest in us both & observed that we looked quite young to be engaged in business & then spoke of the Kendall property in Franklin County & held out every inducement for us to come down & purchase the property. If my memory is right his visit was in the Spring of 1833 in April, about the first.

In May the cholera broke out in Georgetown immediately after a uncommon heavy rain which caused a big freshet in Elkhorn.¹ I remember the entire creek from bank to bank was a continuous drift of fence rails & trees & logs. I caught thousands of rails until about dinner time I had to quit as the water stank equal to a dead & rotten carcass. This was on Saturday. In the morning while I was in the market house I met old Mr. Steffee. He looked as well as usual but had been much concerned about the cholera. There had not been any in Ky up to this time. As I quit the creek & was going to dinner some one informed me that Mr.
Steffee was down with the Colera. You mother had Gone to Se him. He was taken, the Second Case In Geotown, after Breakfast & Was dead Before dinner, & By this time there ware Manny More Sick. I went to his Furinal The next day. But few attended the Burial. All was Exitement.

Mr. Branham & Myself came to town together & we parted oposite his house. He Said to me, “Stedman, i feel awful Bad.” He went Into his Home. I think he went to Bed. His Father Came to Se him that night & they Both ware dead the next day. You can Heardly immagine the Excitement. Evry Boddy wanted Some Remedy for the diseas. Some Said Camphor was Good So i took So Much that i Could hardly get My pants on. The Next Morning i had the William matrimpaty,\(^2\) that is what John Church\(^3\) Calls it. I Shook all over & no one in The Room but me. Some Said French Brandy was Good. So i Got a pint & Took it in Broken doses. That was Better. I did not take any other kind of medicine while the Collera was in Town. No one in the Family had it But the old man & Buzzy. She was quite small. But i did not Se annyone with the desease, Believing it was contagious & i Believe it to this day. I cant Say how Manny dide But a good manny. It Broke out in Lexington near the same time. The disease thare was dreadfull & also a number dide in Frankfort.

The watter getting low at the Mill we Concluded to Fulfill our promise to Hodges & go to Franklin & look at the Kendal property. Immagine a Bright Beautifull Summer Morning in July 1833 & Se your Father & Sam Stedman in an old Fashion Gig, John Steffee & James Story\(^4\) on horse Back. Leaving Geotown for Franklin County, we ware in high sperits & when we got to Combs tavern near the Cathlick

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1 Stedman’s memory is corroborated by a note in the Frankfort *Argus of Western America*, July 31, 1833, which said: “The cholera commenced its ravages in Georgetown about the last of May.”

2 This name appears in several forms in children’s counting rhymes. W. W. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children* (New York, 1903), 203.

3 The Church family first came to this district in 1773: many of their descendants still live in central Kentucky. Darnell, *Forks of Elkhorn Church*, 92-93.

4 James Storey married Elizabeth Bradford, the daughter of Kentucky’s first printer, John Bradford.
Church we all got a drink of Good old Burbon Sperits. Nothing of importance happened untill near Wrights tavern when Story’s nag Stumbled & threw him over hur head & Busted the Seat of his pantaloons open. All abord again. His axsident afforded fun the Ballance of the trip.

We hove in sight of The Mill about ten oclock or Rather Three objects in the Shape of Houses. The First was whare John Stedman now lives. I think it was a log house. The next was a log house where Judg tompson lives. It had Bin the Redicence of old man Kile, The Father in law of Amos Kendals last Mariage. It was a third Class poinear house. The nex was the old Mt pleasant meeting House. It looked at first Sight like it Had Bin Built Before the flood & had Floated & lodg[ed] on the Hill like Noahs Ark. A look inside Showed the Seats made out of popular Slabs from the Saw Mill with 4 legs & they Came through The Slabs which made it quite unpleasant to Set down on. Near one half of the weatherbording hung By one nail. The pulpit was of the wilderness pattern. In fact the workmanship looked like it had Bin don By workmen that had Spent Some time In digging out Buckeyes trays. The Next obgect was the Sheep Ranch on the hill whare i Built my house. I never was Sucksfull in all My Enqires in Finding out when it was Built, But i have no doubt the Same workman that Built the meeting house. I have thought it must have Bin in indian Times as the Chimbly Stood in the Middle of the house. It was ten ft Sqare & had Four Fireplaces, Two above & two Below, & the Flues ware So Crooked that the Smoke Could with difficuly Find the way out. My first & last impreshions [were] that it was made that way to hide from indians. The windows ware Small—No glass or Sash in them; Part of the weather Bording off, the Rest loose or hanging down. With the

5 Kendall’s second wife was Jane Kyle.
6 First known as Mount Gomer, this congregation of Particular Baptists was organized in 1790 and augmented by additions in the same year from the Forks of Elkhorn Church. The first church was built in 1791, and its name was changed to Mount Pleasant in 1801. L. F. Johnson, The History of Franklin County, Ky. (Frankfort, 1912), 246. G. C. Downing, “Forks of Elkhorn Church: A Pioneer Church,” Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society, IV (January, 1906), 41.
Exception of where John Stedman lives, there was no Fence. I don't think there ever had Bin. It was all Commons & all the Cattle, Hogs & Sheep in the neighborhood pastured there in front of the House & in fact it was surrounded by Blackbury Bushes.

There was no Road & we drove into the pasture near where the School House Stands & up on the Hill near where Henry James usto live Before we discovered the top of the mill. We drove down as far as where the Gate now Stands & could go no further. From the looks of the Road there had Bin no vehical down the hill for years. We walked down the Hill to the Mill. There was no fence around it. The mill House I found in good Repair. It had Bin Built in 1823 which made it ten years old. A look inside Shoe'd that it had Bin used as a hog Pen for three years to Fatten hogs in & the cobs & manure was at least two ft deep. There was one Small Rag Engine, one vat & Press, small stuff Chest, but all Rotten. In the Second Story there were a few poles that had Bin used to dry paper on. This part had bin used as a Barn for oats, Corn & hay. After looking inside, on the outside we found the old under shot Water wheel that had stood where it had Stopped with no Shelter & it had near Rotted down. The Forebay was in the Same Situation, Rotten and Half full of Mud.

Between the mill & mill dam stood the old Saw Mill & Corn mill. & Such mills! The Corn Mill was the Remnant of a Two Story Mill that had Bin Burnt down. The walls had Bin taken down & the large Burnt Stones lay scattered around. A plank Roof had Bin put on, & a pare of Mill Stones from the Ky River Cliff put in. In one Corner was a Bolten Chest Half full of mud. The Water wheel that Run the Mill I Could Not See. It was Cover'd up in Mud & drift wood. The walls ware Burnt, of a Redish tint, Showing there had Bin Great heat; no Flower But Mud Three Ft deep. The old Saw Mill had lost part of its Roof. The timbers were partly Rotten. I Cant Rememr of Ever Seeing as many water snakes & lizards as I Saw that day, sunning &
scrambling over this uninviting desolation. Not far from where the Head gates stand now was the Rotten Cribs, that had answered in keeping out the water. The Cribs were built of small round logs & filled with rock. Most of the mill dam had been washed away three years before. On some twenty of ft left, was piled up with drift wood.

I now look back & think of the most uninviting desolation that two young men ever had the nerve to undertake to repair & build up. The tail race from the papermill was half full of mud. After looking around we took a rest in the old saw mill & each expressed his opinion: that to fix it up wood cost more than it was worth. There was nothing to be seen but desolation & neglect & decay. We concluded to go to Frankfort & get dinner. I should mention that Story, who afterwards worked for us, got J. S. to go to the old sheep ranch & get a needle & thread to mend the seat of Story's pantaloons & while we were looking around Story was in the mill tailoring & I do assure you we had our fun out of Story that day. We stopped at the stable kept by Downey, the old place where Len always stops, but it then was a small stable. We went to the old Whisigener tavern to get our dinners. We were hungry & met with a good substantial dinner. Amongst many good things were apple pies made in the shape of half [a] common plate. One of them was as much as I could eat but Story eat three & then in the most innocent way asked the waiter if he had any more of those small pies. This was another good joke to be thought of & Story eat three more.

We paid A. G. Hodges a visit. He was very glad to see us & soon introduced us to Tomas S. Page. We told them

7 Captain Daniel Weisiger's famous tavern, "The Sign of the Golden Eagle," near Frankfort, dazzled one traveler, who "sat down to a sumptuous breakfast with two green silk fans kept in motion over our heads, by a little negro girl with a string from the ceiling, in a room seventy-two feet long." Fortesque Cuming, Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country (Pittsburgh, 1810), 169.

8 The records of Jefferson County, Kentucky seem to substantiate the fact that Thomas S. Page and Amos Kendall married sisters. Kendall had placed his property in Frankfort in the hands of Thomas S. Page when he left there to go to Washington. Jefferson County Will Book 2, 204; Jefferson County Marriage Book I, 99, 147.
the property was in Such a delapidated Condition that we Could not think of purchasing the place. They Both ware Extremely anxious for us to Take the place. Page Said if the property was his he had Rather Make us a presant Than for it to Rot down. He held a morgage on the property & Kendal had Rote For him to Sell it to pay the morgage. A. G. Hodges Said he wood Bind himself To take all The paper we Could make to pay the Cash & further if we wood By the Property he wood Get time on it & make The payments if we furnished the paper. We Told them we woud go home & Consider The Matter & Report in a Short time What we wold do.
30: Long thoughts about our future, and we decide to buy the mill; we visit our future neighbors, who are skeptical.

We got back to geotown some time after dark after spending a pleasant day & had many a golly laugh at Storys Expense. Your dear Mother had Supper waiting for me & was anxious to hear what kind of a home I had bin looking at for her Future Home. I had made up my mind to purchase the property & had to put the Best Foot foremost & told her the property was in Bad repair, But it Could Be Made a desirable Home. I did not induce her to believe it was paridice. Sam Stedman was Rather discouradge at the prospect & Said if we had The Money to fix it up, then thare would be no difficulty in the purchase. In about A week Sam Came into the Mill one Morning & Said he would not have any Thing to do in Bying the Kendal Property, that we ware not able to Repair it & it would be Foolish to undertake so much. I then gave him my opinion. In the first Place I told him, altho we ware poor, to Stay at this old mill that would not afford watter to Run it More than six Month in a year, we never would be [in] Much Better Circumstances; we ware Both yound [young], that the property was Cheap & we had the Best of Chances to pay for it. A Company ware Building a Rail road to Frankfort, the Seat of Government, Capital of the State. We Could Sell all the paper we Could
make & Further we had to go some whare. We Both ware
Maried & Must look a head; that i had made up My mind
 to Get this Property & if he wod help me to get it & work
if he then was dissatisfide i wood Find Some one to take his
place. He Then Concluded we woold go down & By the
property.

In a few days we Started. No one [was] with us. In the
same old gig we made an Early Start. Our object was to
ascertain wheather we Could Get the timber in the neighbor-
hood to Build the dam & for other purposes Before we Baught
the property. This question Came up when we ware in
Frankfort & Hodges & page told us thare woold Be no dif-
ficulty in getting timber, as Mr. Fennick, Mr Church, the
widdow Enis had an abundance of the Finest Kind for that
Purpose. So about ten o'clock we drove up to Cornelius
Fenwick. The old man invited us into the House. He then
was quite Spry; had his Eye Sight. Mrs. Fenwick Came in &
we made our Buisness known. He Said he woold not Sell
anny as he wanted it for The Farm for Rails & Fire wood.
We told Him that we intended to Repair the paper mill &
put up a good grismill & the Property wad Benefit the Neigh-
borhood & County. But i dont think he had much faith In
what we Said as he Remarked that Amos Kendal & others
had promised the Same thing & instead of what they had don
Being a Benifit, it had Bin an injury To the neighborhood.
They had Stole his wood & hear Mrs. Fenwick Said, Before
the dam washed away, Pose woodruff had Stollen a Sapling
under the Clift to make a pitman for the Sawmill & from
their Conversation i thought They did not want anny one to
Come thare. & then we Both Looked so much like Boys In
our teens, that we did not Make a Favorable Showing. We
inquired the way to Capt Churches.

From Mt Pleasant Meeting house down the Road it was
all thick woods & not fenced in. So we Mised the Road &
drove down to whare John Church lives. A number of hands
ware Cutting wheat in the Fields, Between the present Gate
& the House. Some of them gave us the direction & we found
Capt. Churches & Staid Thare all night. His house was then
in the woods & not fenced in. He had a little corn Mill & Small Distillery that made as much "Billy S" as the loafers around him Could drink. He treated us kindly. He gave us a good Supper & Breakfast & Rather seemed Pleased that we ware Cumming to Start the Mill & as an inducement wood Sell us all the timber we would want on the hill Above his House at three dollars per acre For the timber. At that time thare was fine timber & not far to haul it to the mill. We though from his Conversation that we had Struck oil & shure Enough, we found it so afterwards.

But we left in high Sperits For Frankfort. We met A. G. Hodges & page Had the deed Made, & from Memory we ware to pay Twenty Three Hundread dollars For the mill tract & including all upon the Fifty acers of land. A. G. Hodges then as Before promised to Give us all the Asistance in his power, take all the Paper & do all he Could for us. We went Home the next day & as this was the First Time Since we had Bin Maried that i had Bin So long from home, you Mother was Rather Glad to See me.

Hear i Should Mention That we had made a Big purchase without Money & i Began to think we ware in a Tight place. We had Sevral Hundread dollars worth of Rags in the mill, But no watter to Grind it up. But whare thare Is a will thare is a way. When we made the Purchase in frankfort Being Entire strangers we asked Mr. page & Hodges to give us the names of men living in the neighborhood & their caracters For Fair deeling. This they did Commencing with Cornelius Fenwick, Tomas Hampton, Col Jacob Cox, John Church & John Churches Father, i forget his name. All these men you can Rely on. Their word is as good as their Bond. So is Rice & Willis Olliver. But we Regret to Say, that if you have anny dealings with Capt William Church you had Better have it in Black & White. We Began To think that our Kind Friendly Man whose words war So Much in our Favor Might Back out & then we wold Be in a Bad fix. So in a few days we went down again to Fasten him to his Contract in Black & white. We went to se Him & he
thought there was no need of a Contract, but as we insisted he soon wrote out one, & instead of three dollars per acre, for the timber, he had it five. I told him that was not the Contract. He contended it was. we told him we would not give that & so we left. You may imagine our feelings. The prospect seemed gloomy & more so when the widow Ennice refused to sell any although she had then seven hundred acres in woodland.

Our next prospect was with Jack Birchfield. He was willing to sell us five acres for fifty dollars, that is the timber & take it anywhere on his place. All his land joining where you live was heavily timbered extending near down to his house—not fenced in. After looking over the tract we selected five acres where Mrs. Games now lives. There was the best timber & the most convenient to the mill. We were anxious to get some time to pay for it but he laughed at the idea & then for the first time we had an intimation that we were suspected of being young tramps. Young Boomerangs, in fact they called us young Yankeys that could not be trusted. Birchfield remarked that if he should trust us for the timber all the neighbors would make fun of him & as we were near boys & entire strangers he must have the money before we cut any timber. This was bringing things to a point. Birchfield gave us a week's time to close the trade with the money & hear I will say how little do young men think how close they are watched by the community in which they live. We had commenced business with near nothing—with an old worn-out mill—and all the community saw the effects of our industriousness; for in so short a time we could get credit at any place in town. But money was what we wanted immediately. The next day Sam Stedman was in town & met a Mr. Moore. He asked him if he would lend him fifty dollars for four months. He pulled out his pocket-book & told him he could have more if he wanted it. Sam took fifty dollars & when he paid it 4 months afterward he would not take any interest. Men don't do that now. We went down paid the money & fixed the contract.
31: Wherein we lay our plans, hire hands, and gather supplies and provisions; the importance of whisky and squirrels.

IN THE OLD HOUSE on the Hill, a man lived Thare by the name of presly Neal. He had a Pach of Corn in the Bottom not far from The mill. He was a Kind of Rough Carpenter. So we employed him as a Kind of boss in Building the dam. He said he had put up sevral Dams. He told us of the Best hands in The neighborhood that we could get at Fifty Cnts Per day & Found. We made arrangement with Him to Be down the next Monday to commence Getting timbers For the dam. At home again we Commenced making preperations for The work. We Baught two Horses of Geo Steffee on time which gave us a Four Horse team, new waggon & Gear. We had to By Blankets, Bacon, Bread Stuff, Cooking utensils—in fact all that was nessary to A Com mencement, To Make a new Establishment. Immagin, Two young Boys, & we looked young. To give you an idea, i was near 26 Years of adge. The first Time i attempted to vote, in frankfort, the Judg Made me Sware i was 21 years old. My weight was one Hundread & twenty Two lbs.

All had to be New Except the paper mill House, new Head Race, New Head Gates, new dam, new machienry Entirely in the Mill, new watterwheel, The tale Race to Be Cleaned of Three ft of mud, & then the Race Blasted two
ft lower, as Kendal had not finished it when he left it. & then as I said before, all looked upon us with suspicion & perhaps they had some reason to do so, for the neighborhood had been sorely disappointed in the promises of Amos Kendall. Instead of building up a manafactory, that would be a benefit to the county & neighborhood, it was a curse, of old drunken papermakers, that had not work enough, nor money enough to buy what whiskey they wanted & would by all the provisions they could get & never pay for them. Kendal quit it, having mortgaged it to Tomas Page, & turned it over to Noel Johnson & he did not any better than Kendal. Then it was rented to the Millwright, Finnel & Len is posted as to what he done in business. Then it was rented to Tom Piper. He kept it till the mill dam washed away & he did not make money enough to pay for the whiskey he drank, let alone paying any other debts. I mention these things to give you an idea of the character the place had & our appearance for men of business did not give them any hope for the better. So you may suppose we labored under many disadvantages. But where there is a will there is a way.

Monday morning came. It was the last of July, 1833. One might have seen E & S Stedman loading up their new wagon, full of youth & determination either to make a spoon, or spoil a horn, your dear mother & Catharine Stedman, looking on & asking many questions about the new home that we had purchased, the most diligent enquiries about the houses they were to live in, how they looked, what kind of society there was & many other things to mention. [We] had bought the place & as the old adage is, we must please the woman if we don't want a fuss in the house, so we had to tell about one half truth, that the houses had roof on them & did not smoke. The wagoner was by the name of Jack Herin. Never shall I forget that morning. I can't tell Sam's feelings, but my own was distress in the idea of taking your mother to such a place. To me, after living so long in the Blew Grass Regions, the place looked wild & it was wild, both in formation & society.
Leaving a Good Brick House, the home where She was Born, Georgetown, the playmates of Hur youth & Hur Relations & to go to Such An uninviting Home, it was hard, & i do beleve If She had Known the Sittuation She wood Not have Come, Nor Catharine, Eather.

We arived Before Sundown, at the Mill. It was Reported we ware Comming & Sevral of the Neighbors ware wating to Se what Kind of an out fit we Had. I think we disipointed Them, For when we Commeneced to onload the Blankets & Cooking utensils, table ware, provisions, Tom Hampton Remarked that it looked Like we had Come to Stay & one other Said it looked Like Buisness. All of them admired our Waggon & team for they ware first Rate. We Brot But one Hand, Besides the wagoner To work on dam. Also Brother turner to Cook. The Next Morning all hands went to the woods. We hired Two hands to Cut down trees & two to Saw them of & help load the waggon. The First tree we Cut down was in Mrs. Games Front yard. The Streight oak timber Stood Thick then. We Soon had to imploy another waggon, as one Could Not keep up as fast as we Cut the logs. We worked the week out & Satturday after Sundown Started home: Sam, Story & Brother anson [with] Herin driving. Your Mother & Catherine ware Glad to se us after a weeks absence. They had got along Very well.

The nex week we Continued Cutting & Hauling logs. We increased the Number of Hands this week in digging out the Foundation For the dam. The old dam Being out so long, Thare was a Bank of Gravvel on this Side Six ft. deep that had to Be Removed Before we Could Commence Building the dam. This & Removing the old dam was a task near haff as much work as Building a new dam. The Third week we had Thirty men imployed. All the neighbors began to Believe we ware in Earnest. Piles of logs acumilated. The old dam was Removed. Evrything went along S[m]oothly & Fortune Seemed to Smile on our undertaking. Whiskey & Bacon ware Cheap, meal & flower & of grey Squirrils we had the Greatest plenty.
This was the Great Squirrel year. They were very fat. In frying them the oil would come out like fat bacon. After breakfast anson wood, with my little Smoothbore Shot gun, go up The Creek & kill thirty for dinner. After dinner He would Kill Sixty for Supper & Breakfast & he would not go half the way to the Head of the Mill pond to kill them. I have often of a Morning Got up Soon & Could See Hundreds Crossing Elkhorn. In fact, they were everywhere on every panel of fence & the farmers had to keep hands to keep them from eating up all the corn. It was a continual drove, black ones, yellow fox squirrels, white ones. They were a God Send to us. We needed no other kind of meat. We had the finishing room to dine in with a counter all around the room. It answered for table & also for bedsted. We brought down with us two gallons of whiskey every week that cost seventy-five cents that is for the two gallons. At breakfast & dinner & supper we gave them a dram & no one can make me believe to this day but they don more work. They had it at no other time. It gave them a good appetite & they eat.

The 4th week we commenced putting in the Mill dam. We put in round logs notched into the ties & as we raised the dam it had to be filled up with stone. We hired two carts from Frankfort, one from old man Goin—Sanford, his son, as driver. He was then quite young & a first rate hand. The other belonged to old Harry Mordica the plasterer. We now were exceedingly anxious to finish before the cold weather set in or a rise in the Creek. It frequent rained near every week only enough to stop us from work a few hours at a time. By the middle of October we had the dam seven feet high & all filled in & secured so that it would be safe till the next Summer.

A. G. Hodges was kind enough to advance us money to pay the hands. Never have I forgot his kindness to two poor young men when there was no other kind hand to help. Peace to his ashes! I hope he may have his reward. We now commenced putting in new head gates, putting in new
Head Race as far down as the Saw Mill & Corn Mill which Required But Four hands. We got That don (The Corn Mill) So that we Could Grind Corn & the Sawmill So that we Could Saw as Soon as the watter Rose. No hero felt More happy than i did, when the old Corn Stones turned out their First meal. Tom Hampton Said No Boddy Believed That we woold Ever Start Eather Mill & I dont Beleive thay did Except A. G. Hodges. He always had Full Confidence in our undertaking & proved himself the Best Friend in times of need.

We had now Finished about all the work we Could do this Fall. We imployed old Man Neal to do all the Custom Grinding he Could & as Soon as the Watter Rose to Commence Sawing up the lumber. I made out a Bill of lumber for the watterwheel & Rag Engine, also for timbers for paper machine, as we now Packed up all our utensils & Clothing & moved Back to geotown.
32: Farewell to Georgetown; our wives are unhappy, but we go ahead with the building.

IN A SHORT TIME The watter Rose. We Started the Mill. Manny nights this winter your dear Mother wood Come to the Mill & Stay with me till 12 o'clock at night. This winter we Made Enough paper To pay all the debts mad in Summer [and to] pay the Rent of the Mill. Common print then Sold For Twenty-Five Cents per pound; Rags at Two Cents. Sam Stedman went down Sometime in February to Make arangements to Move. The place whare Judg Tompson lives Belong to A. W. Macklin. He had Baught it a Short time Before we Baught The Mill property. He Suxceded in Renting it For one year. Macklin had put a Fence around The place. I think Sam agreed to pay Fifty dollars Rent. Thare was one Room & a garret to Sleep in above. Sam Soon Put up a Kitchen & Some time in March he was Readdy to Move down to the Log Cabbin. Kate did not like the Situation & looks of things But thare was no help For it. Kate was anxious for Mary to Come, For Misery always loves Company. I Staid at the old Mill in Geotown till our time That we Rented For was out & the watter had got Scarce for the Mill.

I think it was Some time in the month of May 1834 that we loaded up the waggon with what little goods we had. I
hired a Good Riding Horse & we Bid Farwell to Geotown. With Tears your dear Mother parted from the Scenes of hur Child Hood Friends, Brothers & Sisters, Never More to dwell in The place. She had a Good Saddle & Easy pacing horse & you, my dear Sophy, was an infant in hur arms. This was your first trip to Franklin as well as your Mothers. When we had traveled to the forks\(^1\) She Began to Complain that i was taking Hur into the mountains. The little Sophy Slept near all the way down, did not Cry once.

The Road at that time Came down the Hill in Talbert’s pasture. On top of the hill Your Mother was so full She Could hardly talk, So Shure was she That i was taking Hur to Sum awfull Place. Gest Before we got to the top of the Hill down Below the School house She Spide the Big Clift on Elkhorn & the Cedar trees. She Could hold in no longer & Burst out Crying that I was Carrying hur to the Jumping of Place of Earth & She & little Sophy Never would See Anny Boddy again, wood Become wild indians. Sophy have you Ever Felt anny indian in you? Yet you may immagine My Feelings to hear hur Cry & Sob & Little Sophy woke up & Commenced Crying. How Sad i felt, as we Came in view of the old pasture, the log Cabbin whare Sam Stedman lived, the old Frame House. Your Mother asked me which house we ware to live in & when i told hur She commenced Crying again, & She had Reason For it did look desolate. No Fence around the house. The three old locus trees that Stood around the House was all the trees in the yard, not a Fruit Tree on the place, no garden. But one might have Sung, “As i passed By the House i Saw the wild Brier, the thorn & the Thistle grew taller & higher.”

With Sorryfull heart your Mother was at the End of hur Journey. Kate Met us, took Sophy & we went into the Cabbin. I cannot tell you nor Repeat The abuse that Mary & Kate heaped on E & S Stedman For Brining their wives to Such a place. Such a God Forsakin Land! They ware not acustomed to living in the cuntry. Kate had lived in Cin-

\(^1\) Forks of Elkhorn, a Franklin County community at the junction of the two branches of Elkhorn Creek.
cinati. Mary had lived all her life in Geotown Surrounded with Busy life & the Society of Kind Friends. Thomas Hampton lived where Mr Talbert lives now. Col. Cox lived where John Stedman lives. Mr. Hampton, I think, had wife & one Child & a Miss Jones living with him. She married Soon after we moved down. Conl Cox had in family two daughters & three Sons. The Family were young. Jack Church was living where he still lives. They had but one Child, I think, at this time. Old Mrs Jones lived in a old House that Stood where Talberts Gate now Stands, as he come out To the pike; Then old Mr Fenwick where you live. I think Stephen & Len were the only Children living at Home. Len was Not At home much as he Run on the River Evry Season. Rice Olliver & his Brother Willis. These were all the neighbors living in the neighborhood when we came.

The next day Mary Cleaned out the old House. Our small Stock of House Hold good had Bin deposited thare the Evning Before & I got William Mcdonald to sleep thare that night to protect Them & Keep the Sheep out of the house. Will Reported in the morning that the House was Haunted. Thare was Such a nois he Could Not Sleep. This did not Encourage your Mother Much with the place. Now as we Both had Moved Sam as well as Myself worked as hard as men Could work. All the macheinry had to Be Made. We imployed Edward Finnel as millwright to Build the watter wheel & Rag Engine. He had Two hands with him. Sam & me devided the hands to Bord. I had Finnel & one of his Hands. Finnel was the only workman then to Be had, as a mill Wright. Finnell & his hands made good progress.

Sam & myself Built a Small Blacksmith Shop In the paper-mill yard To do our own work. That don i Commenced on [the] paper machine. Sam was [a] much Better workman than I was But he Could not plan anny thing. I will give Sam the Credit for industry & perseverance. At this time, he was up Early & late, with a Rush all day. By the time the Creek Rose in the fall, we had all Ready to Start the Mill & Commence Making paper. Rags ware plenty & Cheap. Paper [was] 25 Cents a pound & we Made money Fast. Sam at-
tended to all the out door Business & I Confined My Self to the Mill Night & day. How different Might have Bin My Situation in life at this time, if i had persued a difrent Corse & worked My brain insted of my Hands! But the years have passed & the waves of time have washed all on a Barren desert Shore.
33: We sell our first paper and begin barter operations again; an account of workmen and the buildings we erected.

Our first attempt to Murchantdize was some time late this fall. We kept our goods in an old book case, that Belong to Lawyer Haggin of Frankfort (the one they called “the Said Haggin”) at his death & among other things this old piece of furniture was sold at auction. Sam Baught it for one dollar 50 cents. This old case we used as a store Room. Small as it was i sold many a bolt of Cotton & Callico out of it in exchange for Rags & money. Soon this was two small for our increasing trade & we used the closet under the stairs in the finishing room for groceries. This winter of 1835 was a cold winter & many a night have i hung up paper on the drying poles to freeze to add to the whiteness with the thermometer at zero.

One Event i must not pass over in neglect. That is Mr. James Martin Commencing to work for us. I think it was in the spring or fall of 1835. I cant say which. I Recollect we ware working on the mill dam. I was on the Bank as Martin come over the dam & says, “Do you want to hire a hand?” I told him yes. He spit on his hands & took hold & went to work in earnest. He tended the saw mill & the old corn mill & hear i must say he was the most untiring, industerious & most reliable man, alwais ready night or
day to give a helpin Hand & to do any thing for our intrest. [He was] alwais in a Good Humor & he tended them two old Mills Till 1840, when By his advice & persuasion we Built the new Grismill. He Continued to work, if i am not Mistaken, For 15 or 16 years & In all that time he proved to Be Honest & Reliable and one of the Best work hands we Ever inployed. In all of that time he never qit work for us But one & that happend By one of my tricks in pursuading Him to walk down on the ice that had accumulated over the wheel of the Sawmill. The morning was Zero Cold. He Slipped & Slid into the tale Race as i Knew he wood & Before he got to the Mill his Clothe ware Stiff Frozen & Such a laugh i had. It makes me laugh now, for i can Se how he looked & How Mad he was & my laugh didnt make Him in a Better Humor. He was so Mad he Said he wood never work another day. But next day he went to work. I Remember Manny anecedotes of Jim. Prehaps i may tell Some other time.

I Should have Mentioned that in the Spring of 1835 we Built the first dwelling house for the waggoner, Jack Herron, to live in. It is the House on top of the hill. Herron lived thare as long as he worked for us. When he left Father & Mother moved thare & lived thare till Father dide, which was i think in 1844 or 45. All my time Being taken up at the Mill, I am now, when i So plainly Se the folly of it, Convinced that to engoy the true pleasures of life he Cannot neglect the Engoyment & happiness of his wife & Children. My dear child no one Knows My Regret at this time That i was Such a Slave to Buisness, that i Never Nursed you, Nor dandeld you on my Nee in my life. For as i Said Before, in the morning i went to The Mill, Eat my Breakfast, went to the mill, dinner & Supper the Same, & had i Spent a few minits to Encourage that Happy Social warm Friendship & love that aught to Be Encouraged with parrents & Children,

1 The nickname “Said Haggin” is supposed to have been given to James Haggin as the result of a comment which he added to a legal note which he made. According to the story, Haggin added the statement that “said Haggin was not to be hastened in the payment thereof.” From that time until his death he was always referred to by this phrase. Maria T. Daviess, History of Mercer and Boyle Counties (Harrodsburg, 1924), 70.
the Memory of thouse happy Moments wood have Made a Golden lining to Memorys Cloud in this my old age. But all Is past & i have Bin all of my life striving for that that has Evaporated in thin air.

The next Building was the old Stable in the Bottom; The next was a Store Room; the next was whare Mr. James lived So long. I think it was Built For Jim Shackelford to live in (he was tending Paper Machine). The next was whare Brother anson lived So long. The people now Began to Think that the two little Boys ware men. We had a nice Store Room for that time & we Kept it full of goods & Groceries. In this way when the watter was muddy, then we worked up the acumulated Roppin paper Stock & the paper was a Ready Sale in Louisville at one dollar & fifty Cents per Ream. We Sold it for Groceries & dry goods. Then we quickly Sold to the hands & Traded for Rags & all most any thing the hands wanted & for years they Called for But little Money.

I think Brother anson Come down when i Come, But of this i Cant Say. One thing i Recollect Plainly that Brother anson was Sizing paper The day that Harison Martin Came to work For us. Thare was a large tub of hot size that The paper had to Be held in to wet it with Size. Harison was directed to help anson at the tub. In a few minutes, i went into The Room whare they ware at work & Martin was taking of his Clothes. I asked him what he was Goin to do. He Said anson told Him he had to get into that tub naked.

[Seven pages of the manuscript missing]

2 Before the machine age, paper was sized with gelatin or animal glue only. Davis, _The Manufacture of Paper_, 412.
34: Stedmanton begins to bloom and to prosper; John Storms becomes a boat owner.

Dear Sophy, perhaps I am inclined to look on the dark side of Life's picture, but the old saying [is] "All's well that ends well." The end of my business life perhaps is in a better situation than thousands of others that have had their millions & lost Home, Friends & [have been] cast on the Cold Charity of this world. But I tell you something of the new House & the new plank fence around the yard & orchard. The pear trees in the yard I dug up from a thicket on the old Moxley place where James Martin now lives. The sprouts were small. I brot them on my back & set them out the next evening. Frank McDonald helped me set out some rose bushes. Frank was the youngest brother of old Boss Mc. Len was acquainted with him, the old Fidler, the same one that Frank Hodges Baptised & said hear is an old sinner that has fiddled a manny a sole to Hell. Frank & Bill Mc commenced work for us as soon as the mill started. They had but few clothes & no money. They worked for us several years. The summer of 1837 we put in a steam engine. Thare are manny things That would be interesting to you, But as I come down the tide of life memory begins to fail.
Sometime in 1836 John Stedman [and] Luther Prentis Concluded to Build a Steam Boat. John had Some Experience in Steam Boating. He had Run on Sevral Boats as Carpenter. Full of life and Fun, Determined to Make his Mark in This world, having Bin Suxcessful in Boating as Carpenter & as Bar Keeper, he acumilated Some Money and, as prentis had Run on the Steamer Henry Clay¹ under Capt Holton, they Felt like owning a Boat themselves. Prentis did not have much Money, But they Concluded to go to Pittsburg and have a hull Built. Prehaps I am Mistaken as to the year 1836, But i think it was. They Commenced Their Boat in the Spring and Summer, Finished it Soon. In the Fall The ohio Rivver was Verry low. [There were] No Rail Roads then. The Rivver was the ondly Chanel to get goods To Cincinnati. As Soon as the Hull was Finished and afloat in the Rivver, they Concluded to load for Cincinnati.

And hear i Must tell you That no yound man was more industerious than John Stedman. He was determined to Suxsced in His undertaking and for Fear that the Race might Not Be to the Swift, He Concluded as prentis since Told Me, to Become Religious and i think he Joind the Medothist. They Could Sing and Shout and pray, in those days, and John thought of as His tex that “They that put Their trust in The Lord Shall prosper.” So he took a large amount of Stock in praying. This was quite drifferent from the Steam Boat Capt. of that day. They as a Class ware Remarkable for Suaring. John had Bin in the habbit of letting out Some Strong feeling When he got Riled. But now all was piety. This turn in Morals From the present Prospects Seemed to pan out well, For no Sooner Had they the Hull Completed then they ware offered as Much Freight as they Could Carry to Cincinnati at the Big price of one dollar pr Hundread lbs.

¹ Built on the Licking River in 1819, the Henry Clay was operated until it was destroyed in 1826 at Mobile. A contemporary traveler wrote, “I doubt much whether there is a boat on the eastern waters which has a cabin surpassing in beauty that of the Henry Clay.” Hall, Statistics of the West, 256; Robert Baird, View of the Valley of the Mississippi (Philadelphia, 1834), 316-17.
The Hull Was Built so light that it did not draw More than 6 in watter. But Then Thare was not more than 12 in in the Rivver. Capt Storms—For you must Remember that He was now Capt and that he was Commander of the First Boat that had Started From pittsburg for a long time, on account of low watter—[worked] hard Through the summer.

She [the boat] is Finished loadend and Ready to Bid Far­well to pittsburg. The hull was Rigd out with all the ma­chienry of the old Flat Boat, 2 long oars on the Side and Stearing oar. Prentis was pilot So he had to handle the Stearing oar. The Boat was mand with 4 hands includin Capt and prentis. This trip will Be Remberd By them as long as they live, as “the low watter trip.” Their progress was Slow. One day they Run aground and they Seemed destined to Stay till a Rise in The Rivver. Capt tride praying and Finally he thought He wood do as all other Capt did. He Commenced Suarring and prentis Say the Boat mooved In fine Stile, and he took this method of Getting of From thare to Cincinatia. Hear the Freight Paid for the Hull and all Expenses. I will have to Mention this Steam Boating again.
35: Wherein we take our first trip from home and the family learn about the Pleasant Ohio; more prosperity at Stedmantown.

Sophy, you ware a good Child and much Comfort To your Mother. I think George was much trouble To you & Mother. He was alwais in a Bad humor, week and Sickly. I think it was this year that you made the First trip From home with papa, mama, and aunt Deborah to Madison, indiana, to visit Mr. Moris and Family. You Mother, nor Deborah, Had Seen their Sister Barbary Moris for a number of years. We left Frankfort in a Small Steam Boat. This was the first time you or your Mother or Deborah was on a Boat. They ware Frightend all the time and more So when they Blew of Steam. Thare ware no locks on the River then and when the Boat went over the Swift watter at Cedar Creek they thought they ware lost.

Still we had a pleasant time. The Seenry on The Rivver, the pasage on the Boat, all together made up Something Entirely new. But they Stuck Close to the Laydes Cabbin. Thare ware no State Rooms in them Times. To Sleep thare ware Bunks on the Side of the Cabbin and Curtains to Close them. When the Boat arived at port william, now Carrolton, you Mother was looking out of the window and Got the first Sight of The Ohio Rivver. She Called Deborah to look at it.
She was so frightend that she run back and said the boat never could run in that world of water. You mother had a good laugh at her fear of the pleasant ohio.

It was after dark when we landed at Madison. [We] soon found the redicence of Mr. Morris. I wish you could have seen that meeting of sisters so long absent from one another. The hug, the kiss, the shake of the hand don't hardly tell of the inward feeling of joy and sisters love. Dear Sophy while i am pening this happy meeting on earth i wonder if the two sisters have met in that better land where parting will be no more. I believe they have met on that happy shore. Wood to God that i could feel that it would be my happy lot to meet all that i met that night! Some have long since parted this life, Mr. Morris and how many children i can't say. But it can't be long before all the relations that met that night will have paid the debt of all.

I think we staid there one week. Mr. Morris was then in good business, making money fast, and had plenty of everything. we came back home by the way of Louisville. From there back to Frankfort in the old stage coach. I have no doubt there were many little circumstances connected with our visit, many that would interest you, but i cannot remember them, but we had a pleasant visit. [We] arrived at home and as always is the case "home sweet home" is best of all the homes.

Old mt. pleasant home begins this year to show what industry will do for a place. A new home is on the hill where stood the old sheep Ranch. A new fence is around the house. The pasture that had so long remained a commons for all the cattle, hogs, and sheep now is fenced in. Sam Stedmans log cabbin is still there. Jim Martin builds a house where John Stedman lives. Before this we built the house where brother Anderson lived so long, for jim martin to live in.
36: Relating the goings and comings and also marriages in the Stedmantown community.

Sophy, Mary Prentis come down from Georgetown on a visit. She staid most of the time with Catherine Stedman. Jim Martin was bordin thare. Hear they got acquainted Kate was a good one to make matches. I recollect that I went with Jim to Georgetown to the wedding. We rode horse back. The roads ware verry dusty. Jim had on his weddin suit of cloth, in a few miles of town, his horse stumbled and threw Jim over his head and he rold over in the dust and such a time I had to brush his clothes. Aunt prentis was living in the house in Georgetown whare brother Leander lived and dide. Thare was a considerable number at the wedding, with plenty to eat. Jim and Mary slept in the room that Mildread Johnson usto occupy. Mary made Jim a good industrious wife, but she dide young.

Down in the bottom the paper mill has bin painted white, the shutter on each side of the drying loft whare we dride all the paper is painted white and red which makes things look new & bright. We have built a new store room painted white. The store room has a good assortment of goods and groceries, in fact we kept evry thing that the hands needed, so that we did not pay out but little money
for their work. The goods and Groceries we bought with Ropping paper, at 1.50 per Ream. Besides supplying the hands we sold a Large Amount for Cash. The Store Room had a nice plank fence around it with Locus trees in the yard. This was an addition to the Looks of the Mill Bottom. The first house we put in the Bottom was a small Blacksmiths shop. The next was the Stable. To Build this we employed a Carpenter From Frankfort By the name of Peter Francisco, the Same one that Lived with Me So Long. The next house on the place, and I think it was the Second house we Built, was on the hill. We Built it for Jack herin, the Man that Drove our waggon For Some 5 years. After he moved away, Father and Mother Lived Thare Till Father Dide.

The next house was in front of the Gris mill. This we Built for frank McDonald and William McDonald to Live in. It was a house for two families. Frank McDonald commenced work for us i think the First year we mooved Down. He was a Regular papermaker. We had worked together at Cold Comfort when we had to Live on Corn Bread and Buttermilk. Frank was Brother to Boss McDonald. He was fond of Dress. In a word he was proud But of a Kind Disposition. He was fond of Reading history, and Repeating what he Had Read. He was fond of a Dram. But i never Saw him Have Two Much But once. After working for us for 5 years or More he had saved Some Money. During all this time he had Made old Mr. Cammels His head quarters. He was his unkle and when Ever he Left the Mill he was going up to unkle Dans. In the Neighborhood he got acquainted with a young lady, Miss Bonds, and They Soon Got Married and Soon Commenced Keepin House at the Mill. Soon after, William McDonald maried his Cozen, Miss McDonald. So you understand we Built the house for them To live in.

About this time we ware making money very Fast. Paper of all kinds was in Good Demand. Most of the printers in the State wood Come out to the mill to make Contracts for Printing paper. In Fact we Could not Supply the demand.
We Supplyed Brown and Hodges For The Commonwealth,¹ Made all the paper For the State printing, Besides Making large quantities of Ropping paper and Bonet bords when the watter was Muddy. Things ware lively. Jim Martin kept the old Grismill [and] the old Saw Mill Buisy. He Marketed Meal and we used all the lumber the Saw mill Cut For Building and Fencing. So year after year Thare was improvement goin on and E & S Stedman[']s name Stood No 1 in [the] Bank and we ware known as Industerious Money Making Men. As i Mentioned I had Baught a negro women Isabella and hur Child, a Girl 6 or 8 year old, of Old Mr. Gravet for 500 dollars. Sam had Baught a woman of tom Hampton. I think he paid 800 for hur. He had Hired hur and was so pleased with hur he Baught hur.

And hear, Sophy, at this time of Prosperity i made The Great Mistake of my Buisness life. E & S Stedman Had Com­menced Buisness poor without Cappital, without Friends that was able to help us in the Start in Buisness. Our Sucess had Bin wonderful. Sam Stedman was industerious workin night and day, as he Frekently wood say, Keep things Mooving. Neather of us had Education. We Could Read and Make Calculations weather This or that woold pay, But it was a plain fact we ware Making money. We had Baught the Kendal Mill property, on a Credit of three years, in yearly payments. We had Firnished Hodges with the paper. He had made the payments acordin to promise and i dont think Sam who attended to the Finances of the Buisness Ever paid in Cash one dollar, in payment For the property. Printing and Book paper Paid all the purchase Money and all My Time night and day was to make the paper.

You, my dear daughter, and Brother George Kept you dear Mother Company. I had a large Family of Hands, But you Mother did not have To Cook or wash. She had as Good Survant In Isabell as falls to the Lot of anny Mother. Kate had a Good Survant, Hannah, Baught of tom Hampton.

¹Orlando Brown and A. G. Hodges published the Frankfort Commonwealth for about forty years.
These ware Hay day times and Sam and myself was making Hay while The Sum Shines. But what for, i might say, I did not Comprehend. For i did not use anny dilligence to Keep, to use a common phrase The Bares up, as we wnt along. All was prosperous. We ware Making Money, acumilatin Evry day, and the Hight of my ambition was to Keep The papermill Mooving day and Night To the neglect of manny things of much more importance.
37: Silver trappings for harness and carriages; a tale of old Monsieur and a consideration of such matters as fishing and drinking.

We began to feel that we could afford something nice to ride in. A manufacture from Madison, Indiana, came to Mt Pleasant. I suppose he had heard of us through Mr. Morris. His business was to sell us some of his goods. Sam bought a nice buggy and I bought a silver mounted barouch. I tell you it was some fine in them times. Your dear mother was much pleased with it. The harness was silver mounted. The first time we used it in a trip to Georgetown we made quite a show. You may easily conceive what a talk our turnouts made in the neighborhood. Commemorating but 3 or 4 years ago, and had not credit in the neighborhood to get a dollars worth of bacon, and now to ride in a silver mounted caridge. Why the people thought we would be so rich that we would soon belong to the aristocracy, or upper tens.

Before this when your mother went from home, as she sometimes did, she rode horse back. She rode an old horse by the name of Monsiure. He was the biggest sorrel horse I ever owned. He was a fine pacer. All the objections your mother had to him he was two windy. He would brake wind every hundred yards. Especially when she had com-
pany allong and then Such laughter and you know that you Mother Could injoy it as well as the Ballance.

As i Said Before Frank McDonald was living with me and he wanted to go to unkle Dans most Evry Sunday, or to the Brushy House Meetin, on the Road. He was the Cause of persuadin you Mother often to go thare to meetin, and Thare Sprung up an acquaintance with the Cambell Family. Old Mr Cambell lived in The Neighbord of the Stamping Ground. He had a Small Farm. He Belong to the Baptist Church and he was often at Meetin and Frank and william McDonald ware living with us. The Familes Became Soon acquainted. After Frank had got maried, and Mooved down to mt. pleasant, Ema Campbell and hur Sister, ann, ware freequently down on a Visit. William McDonald was in love with his Cousin Ema. The first time i Saw ann i thought She was the handsomest Girl I Ever Saw. I Can Se how She looked at this time, Such a sweet Face. Little did i think Then that Brother anson thought the Same as i did. But he had Seen hur Before and had fell in love with hur. It was deep, Crazy love for he told me Some time after if he did not get hur, he wood destroy himself. William McDonald and Emmy Got maried and How long Before Brother and ann i Cant Recollect.

But i Recollect of one Circumstance in one of the trips to Brushy Fork on old Monsure you Mother Had George Stedman in hur arms. As She wanted to Change him in hur lap she put the Bridle Rains in hur mouth. Then the horse Stumbeld and pulled out 2 of your Mothers Front teeth. Never Shall i forget hur looks when She Came home. You Recollect She would Never Ware hur False teeth, for She despised any Thing False, But She Regretted the loss much.

Thare are manny things that happend in these days of Prosperity that wood Be interesting to [relate]. It is a picture that Some times i allow Memory To look at, for it was pleasing to look at then if not Now. We had arived at that point when i had, or we Both had promised oursefls a Rest from the Strain nessary to Make Money Enough to pay for the Mill property [and] our Homes. Then we would Enjoy
The Fine Fishing in old main Elkhorn, and Thare ware plenty of Fish to Be Caught then. Them days the Bank officers and welthy men woold Come down and Fish, up the Creek a week at a time. They Came prepaird to Engoy the Sport. They Brot the Best provisions and alwais The Best of old Burbon not to drink to Excess, But to Make one Feel Renewed after the toils of Fishing. The president of the Bank alwais Kept his Black Bottle in the Spring and the mint grew Rank and Compleatly Hid the Bottle.

I nevver Saw one of them in the least affected By using What is now Called poison and the Reason was it was pure whiskey then But poison as it is Made now. It is The most of it poison Made So By Making Two Much To the Bushel of Grain, poison By Making Three Barrels out of the poisend one. Thare is no Comparison as to the Effect of the one made in Kentucky when nine tenth of the farmers had a small Still house on Each Farm, and did not make more than two or three Barrels of Whiskey per week, and not taking more than one gallon and a half of whiskey to the Bushel of Grain. Whareas, now they Make four gallons and Some times More to The Bushel. One of the oldest destillers and one of the Best i heard Say he never wood Make More than one and half Gallons for if he did he made poison. Then the effects produced in drinking the pure whiskey! In the Early days of Kentucky one Small drink woold Stimulate the Whole Sistom. One Could feel it in Their feet, hands, in Evry part. Thare was a warm Glow of Feeling, a Stimulus of Strength, of Beaurency [buoyancy], of feeling, a Som­ething of Reaction of Joy in place of Sorrow. It Brot out Kind feelings of the Heart, Made men sociable. And in them days Evry Boddy invited Evry Boddy That Come to their house to partake of this hoesome Beverage.

It is trew that Some took two much of a Good thing, as people in Evry adge have don. But how different the Effect. I have known Hundrends of men that it took all day to get Drunk. When drunk, they ware nont wild and Crazy. In the morning, They had no Sick Head ache, no Sick Stomache. What of the poisond wine, Whiskey, Rum, in fact all Kinds
of intoxicating drinks, and the Evils that follow Them, the wild Crazy delerium tremont? It is Said To Be the Fever of the Brain, then the murders Self destruction. Hell it Self Broke Loos and to Such an alarming Extent that the people of the united States are Called a Nation of drunkards. Congress Nor anny of the States will lend a helping hand to prevent The angels of Hell from Manafacturing this poison in Sheeps Clothing. The use dos not Stimulate The Boddy. It Burns the Brain. It Creates a Burning Thirst for More. The Head is Crazy, the Stomach is sick. The nerves are onstrung and is worse than a Beast. Will a Gaugh that had made ½ a million dollars lecturing on tetolalism Prevent it?¹ No! Can law Prevent it? No! Can all the Tetotal Societes prevent it? No! Will the universal Cultivation of the Grape prevent it? I Say yess. Let the vine Be Cultivated in the united States, and it will grow in all the States. Let Cheap wine Be made for the Millions. Then and not till then Will intemperance Fly from the Land as the morning mist Before the Rising Sun. These are my Sentiments.

Well Sophy, them ware pleasant times to Fish. Brother Le and Family [came] Freqently to Engoy the Sport on the Banks of old Elkhorn. Fine perch, Fine sammon, These ware the Game Fish and Such Storyes i have heard the old Fishermen Tell of their Fishing. Willis oliver Could tell Some Storys hard to Believe. He was one of the Characters in that day. I Recollect Mr. Lenard Wheelar Came down From Lexington on a visit. Old Willis presented him with a wooden wash Boul Made out of a Big not and Entertaind Him with Manny of his Fishing Storeys and he Promised him to Show him his new way in Cetching Black perch. In the Morning old willis was over to the Mill By times. Soon Mr. Wheeler was on hand. Willis took him to the Skift. (We alwais had a Good one.) Thare He had Plenty of good minnows and a dozen or more little Goards about the size of

¹ John B. Gough, famous temperance lecturer, shortly before his death estimated that he had delivered more than 9,600 lectures. It is said that at one time he received $175 for each lecture. Dictionary of American Biog­raphy, VII, 445-46.
a Goose Eg. To these Goards he attached 2 ft of Fishing line and hook and as they went up the Creek willis wood Bate his hook and Throw it out, Go on Some distance and out with another, until he had them all out. This was Something new to Wheelar and i have heard him tell in Lexington what a happy Morning he Spent with old willis oliver. He Could tell how willis Caught The first perch, how much he was interested In this new way of Fishing, how many He took home to Lexington the next day, Their Size, length and wait. He alwais Said He had More Real Engoyment in that trip Than any in his life.

We had Fish the year Round. In the winter, i had a dip net and Manny the time i have went down after supper, Baited My net and Caught as many Fish as I Could Carry home. This woold Be anyy time In the winter. How many times have i Cut a hole in the ice, Set my net, and in a Short time have more fish in the net that I Could haul out. Soon after i Came down to Mt pleasant and had the old Corn mill Running, one of the first that Come To the Mill was old Mr. Gavit. I asked him wheather thare was plenty of Fish in Elkhorn. He told me i had no idea how many thare was. He Said he had Bin Fishing a few days Before and his Bait gave out, But he Kept on Fishing and thare ware So many Fish That they Bit as well without Bait as with it.

One Evning thare had Bin a Big Rain in the Spring. After Supper i took my net and went up the Pond whare the Branch Emptys into the Creek. The Branch was full From Bank to Bank, So much So that one Could not cross on the Fence. I had Bin Fishing But a Short Time till tom Hampton Come with his net on the other Side of the Branch. You wood have Thought Fish ware plenty if You Could have [seen] The pile of Fish we Both had. Tom was fond of a dram and he alwais kept a Barrel at home But he did not Bring anyy along. He Says, “Stedman, it is Two Bad to think we have had Such Good Luck fishing and have nothing to drink.” I went down to the store, got one of them thick
Black Qunk Bottles of whiskey, and went Back, Raised my net and Such a quantity of Fish i Could hardly Get it out. I then took a drink to toms suxcess. Tom said he must have Some, if he had to Swim. He tride to Cross the fence. That he Could not do. He Could not Swim, So he was in a Bad Fix. After Plagin him Sometime i threw the Bottle over on the Ground. Tom Swore twood Brake But it did not and Such a fine time we had that night in fishing and drinking That old whiskey. It was Made in 1822 and Sold to Michal Barton in frankfort at 25 cents per gallon and this was in 1835. So it was 11 years old, and pure and a man Could not get drunk on that whiskey in a day. Tom was a Good neighbor and we Spent Manny happy times Togeather. He was good Company, full of anexdotes. Being in the war of 1812 he had a store of Storeys Conected with The army. But Sam Stedman and Hampton did not like Each other.
38: The great deer hunt; also, a new chapter in the War of 1812.

In addition to fish there was plenty of Game of all kinds. The Country was not fenced up. I could cross at Billy Churches and go to near Covinton on the Ohio River the entire distance through the woods, and not a bush of undergrowth on the ground. Near all of "Sweet Owen" was all in timber. Large number of dear and wild turkeys could be found in ten miles of Mt pleasant. I never took but one deer hunt in Owen County. I think that was in the Fall of 1836 or 37. Brother Sam was anxious to take a hunt. He had a great desire to kill a dear. So we made up a company composed of Jack Birchfeld as Capt. He said he was an old hunter; had killed Manny a Buck. Sam Stedman, James Story, Jack Herin, Frank McDonald and several others armed and equipped for a big hunt. Sam had a double barrel shot gun. All the rest had the old Kentucky Rifle.

We went horse back; took plenty of bedding and provisions. We were in fine spirits; had plenty of that old Bourbon along. We left home soon in the morning, got in the neighborhood of Jimmy Martins, found an empty new log cabin and a small piece of land cleared. So there we concluded to camp. This was 6 miles from owenton. We made a good fire in the fire place which was made in the primitive Stile. The chimney was made of sticks and clay.
[It had] a puncheon Flouer. The logs ware not Chink Between them So we had Plenty of Cold air that night. It was in October. The Frost had Cut near all the leaves from the Trees. The leaves ware So deep on the Ground That when dry one Could Be heard walking on them for three Hundred yards & more, So that it was not worth while to hunt when the leaves ware dry. Not one of us Ever Saw a wild dear and this was the First dear Hunt with us all Except Birchfield who Bosted of Killing manny and i Have no doubt he had. He was Boss in this hunt.

Sam Stedman took upon himself the office of Cook and he was a Good one. He Soon had supper Ready and we all Partook of it with a appetite. (Sam Stedman learnt to Cook when a Boy at the little Ropping Mill Below the Great Crossings. He was Cook in a powder house. He Cooked for the Hands 2 years or more. I Recollect He was Frying meat, one Morning. I took a Piece of meat out of the pan. He told me if i don So again, he wood Cut me with a long nife he had in his hand and i Carry the Scar to This day on my Rist near an inch long.) We ware Hungary, after the days Ride. We had Good Coffy, ham, and manny good things to Eat. After Supper, all hands went out in front of the Cabbin, to Smoke, and to talk of what we ware Goin to do the next day, while Sam was arangin The Tin Cups, tin plate, Washing dishes, i might Say.

As i Said it was in October. The day had Bin Bright and Clear, tho Rather Cool. You know how Sweet and Bracing the air is in October after Sevral hard Frosts that has turned all the leaves on the trees, on the mountain and in the Valleys into Such Beautiful, Verigated Coulars. The landscape then looks Most Beautifull and you are Reminded That

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1 Again Stedman is corroborated. "The forests in this plain bear no resemblance to those of the northern and eastern parts of America, the greater part of which forests are thick and humid, impervious to the beams of the sun, and through which the air scarcely circulates. Those, on the contrary, which cover the lands watered by the Ohio . . . are composed of lofty trees, clear, without brushwood, open to the sun." Victor Collot, *Voyage dans l'Amérique Septentrionale* (Paris, 1826), I, 4.

2 "Sweet Owen" has been a byword of Kentuckians so long that most of them have forgotten that the phrase was given official status by Governor Lazarus Powell in 1856. Lexington *Kentucky Statesman*, October 24, 1856.
leaves have their time to Fall and Manny Had Fawlen and
the advice of Birchfield was that we would have to Start Soon
in the Morning. Hunting while the Frost was on the Ground
an in walking we would Make no nois.

Sam had Made a good Fire and we all went in the Cabbin.
Some laid down; Some Set down on Some Blocks. I think it
was Sam Called on Birchfield to tell Some indian Story.
Birchfield was one of them old Setlers in Ky. that Remem-
berd Evry thing about the First Settlement of Ky. His
Father had come to Ky In 1785, and altho Jack Birchfield
was not Born then He had heard his Father Relate Manny
indian Storys of narrow Escapes and of the Hundreads that
had Bin Tomahawked and Scalped. So you Se we had one
man that was well posted not only in indian storeys But in
Hunting, For his Father had Followed the ocupation of
Hunter all his life. He usto hunt for Judg Ennis, was im-
ployed By the year to do so.

I think it was in 1840 that the old man Came to Ky. From
indianna, where he had Bin living For Manny years. For it
Seems that as Ky. Became Settled up, the game Become
Scarse. Near all the old Hunters Followed the Game to
other teritories: Daniel Boon, to Mosouri, Simon Kenton
to ohio and manny others that i might name to other States.
They Said that they had not Ebo Room in Ky. Old man
Birchfield Came to se his Son Jack. I think he must have
Bin near 80 years old, not much Bent. I Recollect he Came
[up] to the Store to By Something. He had a large Buxskin
purse. From the looks, i Supose he had Made it years Before.
In trying to get Some Money out to pay for what he had
Baught (The Purse was full of Silver half dollars) he let
the Purse fall and the money was Scattered over the flower.
Then he Showed his activity in picking it up. I said I told
him to Be Easy i woold help him to get it all again. He Said

8 No positive information is available about the Birchfields. The list of
pensioners living in Indiana in 1840 included John Burchfield, aged seventy-
four, and Robert Burchfield, aged eighty-one. A Census of Pensioners for
Revolutionary or Military Services (Washington, 1841), 184.

4 Judge Harry Innes was one of the earliest and most distinguished judges
in Kentucky. Biographical Encyclopaedia of Kentucky, 199.
it was his pension Money and he did not want to lose any.
After we had Collected all he Counted it, and there was an
expression of pleasure in his Face, of Success.

I Recollect of Setting on the fence above where Mr. Bishop
lived. The old man was Coming down the Road. He did not
see me then. My attention was drawn To him By the manner
he kept his head Moving. It Worked like it was on a pivot.
It kept turning First one Side then the other, often look[ing]
Back. His son told me that was the effect of Habit. He had
been a Hunter So many years accustomed to always Be on
the look out. In Conversation with him he told me he
hunted on the land where you now live. When it was all
woods and the Valley Below the house to use his words was
a Monsterous place for Game. He told of the Beever Dam
in the Bottom, how many dear he had Seen in one Drove,
the Bar he had Killed in the Back Bone hills, of the dear he
had Killed on Judges Bottom and the Buffelow and the
Buffalou trail from the Stomping Ground To the Salt Licks.
It would take up two Much space To Relate all his Conversa-
tion about Poinear life in Ky. What a pity they Should
leave and no More written accounts of their ups and downs
in Ky!

As I Said Birchfield was Called on for a Story. Well Jack
was Fond of Millitary Honors. He Commenced By Saying
he would tell about his having to go to Fight indians and
the British in the war of 1812 as it was Called. He was a
Vallenteer. He would Never Stand a draft. I think he
volunteered in Frankfort. It Seems to me now it was in
Capt Hickmans Company. The Sevral Companies that were
Raised in franklin and agoinin Countys were under the
Charge of General Green Clay. The Rendovuse was in
Geotown. I think Birch Said that when he got to Geotown
The Soldiers had all left for Cincinatia. He Says In goin
from Frankfort to Geotown they did not look much like
Soldiers, there were no 2 dressed alike. Some had on the Big

Birchfield's name does not appear in the official roster of the regiment
of Captain Pashal Hickman. Records of that period, however, were very in-
formally kept. Major General Green Clay came to Kentucky in 1777, became
deputy surveyor of Lincoln County, and later moved to Madison County.
Bell Crown hat, Some Coon Skins Caps, with the tails on, and some might as well have had no hat. And then their dress: Some with the The Poinear Hunting Shirt, som dark Brown, Some coperass, Some Sasufras, and the Couler of the wood. Some had Buxskin pants, Some plad linsky home made. Some Barfooted, But most of them Had Good Home made Shoes. Boots ware not much In Fashion, as Mockasins. All had tomahawks. As Birchfield Said we ware goin to fight indians. To use Birche fields words, "We looked like the Rag tag and Bob tail of Creation." They ware of all Sizes, of all Coullors, Except Black. Some ware near Seven ft tall, others not more than 5 ft. Some woulde weigh Two Hundread and Some not one Hundread. Birch Said that he was one of the Slim ones. He Said he Could out Run, out Jump, throw down, and felt He Could Whip his weight in wild Cats. All that they ware premited to take along was a Big Huntin nife and tomahalk. They ware to Receive their Guns at Cinnatia. They ware Commanded By general Green Clay, the Father of Casus M. Clay. He was a fine looking man, Road a Fine large Black Horse. The genral was dressed in Fine uniform with a Black Cock Hat with a large Black feather in the hat. I Should think the Contrast Between him and his men ware Great.

6 Frontier merchants stocked copperas by the keg, since it was needed in the making of ink and in dying materials for clothing. Popularly known as green vitrol, it was mixed with a decoction of oak or maple bark to make brown or black colors. Sassafras bark produced yellow or orange dyes.

7 The dress of the Kentucky soldier in the War of 1812 was anything hut uniform. The reminiscences of Colonel Orlando Brown, who as a child witnessed the departure of the Kentucky troops, corroborate Stedman's story: "The Government did not equip the . . . volunteer in the rifle regiments. He furnished his own gun and his own clothes, and was paid eight dollars a month! The equipment of a volunteer in Hickman's company consisted of a hunting shirt made of linsey, with a slight fringe border, color either blue, such as is obtained from indigo, a pale yellow made from hickory bark, or a dingy brown obtained from the black walnut. His pants were of Kentucky jeans, and he walked in shoes or moccasins, as was his fancy. Around his waist was a leather belt, on one side of which was a leather pocket, fastened by leaden tacks, instead of thread, and in this was placed the indispensable tomahawk. Across his shoulder was the strap that held up his powder horn, in which strap was another leather case containing his formidable butcher knife, and another to hold his bullets. A knap-sack of home manufacture contained his clothing, and the outside was garnished with a glittering tin cup. . . . His well-tried rifle—faithful and to be trusted in the hour of peril, although it was what is now derisively called the 'old flint-lock'—was his Weapon of war." Frankfort Commonwealth, January 27, 1862.
The Country Between Geotown and Cincinnati was all a Wilderness. Cincinnati was a small place. Hear Birch said they were armed and equipped, according to law. He said he was a first-rate shot with a rifle and they would not let him have one. To use his words, they gave him a damned old flintlock musket that was as much as he could carry and he believed then that it would be the cause of his death. They went from Cincinnati through the State of Ohio, to the Mawme River. Ohio then was a Wilderness. Most of their way was almost a swamp. They had to lay on brush of a night to keep out the water. On the Mawme River they went down in flat boats to Ft Megs. The British and Indians were on the opposite side of the river from the fort and from several batteries of cannon were sending shells into the fort. "Boys, I tell you this was the first time I heard cannon roar. I thought my time had come. Every shot made my hair raise."

No sooner had the boats landed opposite the fort than General Clay ordered 30 men to escort him up to the fort. He was glad he, Birch, was one of them. He said, "Boys, you have no idea what a hell of a noise those shells made in the air. When we got to the gate of the fort, General Harrison met us and inquired of Clay why he did not stay and protect his men at the river. Clay said he had sprained his ankle. Harison told him to take his horse and go back. He could not do it. He was not able and he did not go."

He told of the massacre of all the sick in the boats, giving the names of all the men from Franklin County, the narrow escape of Tom Hampton. Birch says, "One day we were ordered out of the fort to drive of some Indians that were getting too near the fort. When we got to the Indians, they retreated into the woods and, contrary to orders, we followed them and when they got us where they wanted us, then they commenced on us. General Harison saw from the fort that the Indians were surrounding us. He sent a Courer for us to retreat. The man sent gave the order to the first men he ment. They retreated. Then commenced a retreat. Every man for himself." He says he did not hear
the Retreat called. He was after Indians. Birch said he had a fair Shot at an Indian. He had the old musket Resting By the Side of a tree, But he Could not Fire. He took the gun down to see what was the Matter. An Indian shot at him. The Ball threw the Bark in his Face. He looked around and Saw all the men in Full Retreat and the Indians after them. He said if Ever He had any wit it was then. He Broke in another direction for the River by himself.

Jack Herin says, "Did you have your gun?" "No," says Birch, "I had no use for any things but my legs." He said he had always Believed he Could out Run any Man in franklin County and he thought he was farley Flying as The yells of the Indians and death was all around. He made the Best Run he thought of his life. After Running half mile or more he heard Something Coming Behind him. [He] had no time to look Back. Soon a long leg fellow from Franklin Passed him So Easy Birch thought Shure he would Be Caught. Birch said he Soon over took another Man and gest as he Got Even with him the Indians Shot him and he fell and while they ware Skelpin him he Slid down the Bank of the River an was soon Safe.8

Next day he was detaild to Bury The dead and Such a Sight he never wanted to see again. Near one half that went into the fight ware killed and all skelped and their Boddy ware all Naked and all Their Clothes taken, Some of them Cut up, all More or less Mutilated. One officer, the Handsomest man he Ever Saw, had his hands and feet cut of, his nose and Ears Cut of, and his privat Cut of and Stuck in His Mouth and Manny other things two Horible to Mention. I will drop the Ballance of his story that night. I will say

8 In his official dispatch to the secretary of war on May 9, 1813, commenting on the action which Birchfield described to his friends in later years, General William Henry Harrison wrote: "It rarely occurs that a general has to complain of the excessive ardor of his men, yet such appears always to be the case whenever the Kentucky militia are engaged. Indeed, it is the source of all their misfortunes... Such temerity, although disgraceful, is scarcely less fatal than cowardice." B. J. Lossing, The Pictorial Field-book of the War of 1812 (New York, 1869), 323n, 486n. And as late as August 10, 1813, Brigadier General Green Clay entered in his order book at Camp Meigs the following observations, "Young officers are too apt to imagine that bravery is the only qualification." He thereupon issued orders to perfect the drilling and the discipline of their troops. Manuscript order book of Green Clay.
that Birch was in a good Humor for talking and we ware much Entertained.

10 o clock found us all on the Flower Sound asleep dreaming of the Happy Hunting Ground. Menny times have i thought of that log Cabbin in Sweet Owen. A young Couple got married. The man wanted a home. Hear he Commenced to make a home. He had Cleared Some 2 acers or more of the Heavy oak timbr, Built this Cabbin, Fenced in the land, Moved his wife and what little Furniture They Had into this his new home, at that time a Home in the woods. But all his Calculations of happyness ware Soon Blasted for in a few Month his wife dide of Milk Sickness. Some kind of a weed the Cows Eat, that poisend The Milk in them days. It was Verry distructive to Stock.

It is now 4 oclock in the morning. Sam was the first to get up and make a fire and as thare was plenty of light kindlings in the yard He Soon had Such a fire we all had to Rise. Sam Stedman Soon had the Coffy pot on and the meet Frying. All hands had taken a wash, then Each one took a good toddy. So Then all went out to Consult about the direction we woold take. When Breakfast was anounced we all went in, had a Good Breakfast of ham, Coffy and Bread. After Breakfast we all went out again. Now it was about day Brake, one of them Still Cold frosty mornings. Ice froze three quarters of an inch thick in a hog wallow at the Corner of the Cabbin. The Hole was about 4 by 6 ft long and about 12 in deep in yellow Clay. We ware disputing Who Should Be the 2 that Should hunt together when out Came Sam Stedman in a Great hurry to give his opinion and as he turnd the Corner whare this mud hole was he Stumped his toe and Fell Sprawling on his face into the mud hole. The way the ice watter and mud flew about! He was So mad, wet all over, Mud all over and Evry one of us was full of laughter all over, and such a Shout we gave i think must Have Frightened all the game five Miles around. I never Saw Sam So out dun Before. No dry Cloths to put on and he was dirty, 5 Miles from watter to wash them. That dash in the mud Spoild all his deer huntin. But after a while he Cooled down
and Concluded he would keep Camp, dry his Cloths and kill squirrels.

Story and Jack herin went South. Birchfield and myself went North. The others went East and west. The understanding Was we ware to Come Back to the Camp at 12 oclock for dinner. Sam Said He wold have plenty of Fride squirrils for dinner. Scarsly had we got half a mile From Camp, when we heard Sam Begin to Shoot Bang, Bang, Evry 3 or 4 Minits, and the loudest Reports Could Be heard at least 5 Miles. Birch Says to me, “He will scare all The game out of the Country.” This was my first hunt for deer. I was verry particular To Go By Birchfield’s instruction. We had separated Some few Hundread yards, about a Mile From Camp. I think it was near 10 oclock. The morning was most Beautiful. The Sun Shone Bright and warm. The leaves ware drying fast and in walking over them, one Could Be heard Some distance. Birchfield was Standing on the Side of a hill. He Becond me to Come to him. I did So. He told me the leavs ware Getting So dry it was not worth while to hunt anny Further and While we ware Standing thare we heard a nois, Ratling of the leaves Like 2 men ware walking. We ware looking in the direction and Birchfield Says, “It is that fool Jack herin has got lost.” At that Moment, a Big Buck and doe made their apearance around the point of the hill. They walked up within 50 yards of us and Stopped Broad side To us. We ware Behind 2 Big oak trees that Grew near togeather. Birch Says, “You take the Buck and i will take the doe, But dont fire till i Get Ready.” In an instant i had a Beed on The Buck. Birch kept trying to Rest his Gun on the Side of the tree. All at once they loped of at the double Report of Sams Stedman double Barrel Shot Gun. Birch Says, “Why dident you Shoot?” “Because you told me not to till you ware Ready.” I am Satisfide I Could have killed the Buck as i was not Excited and had no Signs of the Buck feever.

Birch was So mad he Said he was don hunting For that day and we went to Camp. Thare we Found Story and Jack Herin. They had got lost and Come on the Camp when
thought they were Miles away. All of us wanted To know What all that Shooting was for. Sam Said he was trying to make the Squirles Run up the trees. He Could not kill them on the Ground and Shure [enough] He, with all that Shoot­ing, had killd but 2 Squirls. Thare ware Millions in the wood. Then we Commenced and Soon had as many as all hands Could Eat. By one oclock all hands ware at Camp. Some told Big Storys of what they Had Seen. But no one had killed a deer nor Shot at one. After dinner all went out, But Had no luck.

James Martin, the old man, after living at the Forks of Elkhorn near all his life, thought Sweet owen was a Better place to live. So 2 or 3 Years Before he had Moved down and went to Farming. His farm was about 5 Miles From Camp. So that Evening we all Concluded to go and Stay with Him that night. He gave us a Good Welcom, Enter­taind us With the Best he had. He was well Fixt for one living in the woods. Jim Martin had moved down with him and asisted him in fixing up his farm. But it did not suit Jim, and he went Back To the Forks and was working thare when we Moved to Mt pleasant. Sam & Birchfield Concluded it was Best to Start home The next Morning, as the Weather was So dry That it was usless to try to find deer, as the leaves made So much Nois. So we all packed up for home and, if we did not kill anny dear, we had a good jolly time and much Fun and Engoyed our Selfs wonderfully. You Must Excuse Me for this tale of hunting.
39: Relating some incidents in a baptizing, and other memories about our old hands at the mill.

As I have spoke Something of the History of Jack Birchfield I must Say Something of some of the others. Jack Herin was Born in Georgetown. His father was a Shoe maker. I Recollect in 1828 when William C. Buck, a Baptist preacher, was Holdin meetin at the Baptist Church thare Was a Revival of Religion in all the Churches in Geotown. Amoungt them at the Baptist Church was Jack Herins Father. He was a little Chunkey old man. He looked like he had set on the Bench So long That he was Stove up. He was a Man that had But little To Say. He Became Much Conserved about Religion, But he Could Not See his way Clear to Be Baptised. He kept putting of what he Believed his duty from time to time. At last at a Baptizing at the Spring Branch, The preacher, after Baptizing a numbr, [saw that] thare Stood old man herin, looking So Earnest like he wished To Be Baptised. The preacher Said to him in a loud voice So that all the Congregation Could Hear him, “You are the ondly live Herin That i Ever Saw that was afraid of Watter.” At that the old Man Said, “Take me in.” He did So, and Baptized him and he lived and dide a Good Christian.

Jack Herin, His Son, was Raised as Boys usually are in town when their parents are poor. As Soon as they are
large enough they have to go to work at some kind of work. This Jack was willing to do. So he commenced with E & S Stedman at the mill, the old mill at Geotown. He was willing to do any kind of work—shaking tow, cutting tow. Finally Sam put him to driving our 2 horse waggon. He was the first one that ever drove our waggon. This is one reason that I speak of him. He had no education but was a good hand to work and reliable. He was fond of fishing and of hunting, and all the spare time he had he devoted to one or the other. He was fond of telling of his exploits.

Sophy, my hands that first worked with me, before and after Sam and me commenced work together I often think of them, as helpers that mad all the property we ever accumulated. And often in the mid night hours that I can't sleep memory runs back to the commencement of a busy life. Jack Heron was ready night or day to hitch up the first 4 horse team we ever owned. He was a man of all work. He would fish every leisure day; then tell some wonderful tales of what he caught or of some wonderful big fish he hung and could not get out of old Elkhorn.

One beautiful Saturday morning in the month of April, 1836, Jack told me he was going to ketch that big black perch that I had seen above where the branch emptys into the mill pond. He showed me a new line, a silk one, his brother had sent him from Georgetown. And Jack was animated how he would pull that fish out. I told him he would brake that line, altho I did not believe it at the time as it was of yellow silk and as large as a nittin needle. I think Jack was not up the pond more than 20 minutes. He come back as pale as a dead man. He was all of a tremble. He had hung the fish and he broke his line. He went home and was sick in bed three weeks. When he got well he could tell all of a big fish story. Many other things connected with Jack that I frequently think of. He left work, I think, in 1836 or 1837.

Jack Birchfield built a house in the bottom at the foot of the back bone in the woods. Hear was the paradise for
Herin. Then the hills and Bottoms ware clear of Br[ush]. One Could see a squirrel on the ground Five Hundred yards, and there was plenty of them. Jack lived hear, i think, two or three years. His father Came to live with Him hear and i think dide hear. But i must Close. His Son Les Herin was the last one I Heard from after His Father Mooved to Mousurie. Les Made his way to Callafornia. In 1860 he Sent Geo Stedman a presant of a solid Gold Cross that he had Hammered out of gold he had Mined. He Said his Father was postmaster Some where in the Mountins.

Jim Story was another of our Early Hands. He was Born in Georgetown, in 1812. His Father was a tanner. He had 2 sisters, one Brother. His Father, James Storey, married a Miss Bradford of Lexington. Hur Father Came to Lexington and Started the First Newspaper in the Great west, i think in 1785, the Lexington Gazet with the picture of the post Boy on his horse in a Run and the post Boy with his tin Horn Blowing, "Hear Comes the Herald of a noisy world, news from all nations Lumbering at his Back." James and John Story ware prominent Men. In 1808 [they] acqired large amount of property [and] done a large taning Buisness. In 1830 He had Run through Most of his property. His Son, James Storey, The oldest Boy, Commenced work with me in 1833. He was a Handsom Man Brot up in idleness Because rich. He was thrown on his own oar [and] had To pull his own Canoe. I gave him the First days work he Ever don. After workin 2 years at The Mill, he Bacame aquainted with Miss Poindexter near the Stamping Ground and Maried Hur. Moved to Misouri in a Few years.

And hear is another that I have not heard from For years, another one of the old Hands.

I think i have Mentioned Frank McDonald Before. He was one of the First hands to Commence at work. I can Se him plain and How he looked The Evning that he Came to the mill for work. He wore a hat that had Bin Brushed So often That all the Fir was worn of and it had a Rather a Greasy appearance. His Coat and pants do [ditto]. In Fact he was out of Clothes. He told me He had But one Shirt.
Frank was Son of John McDonald of Lexington, Ky. It was said That he was wealthy in ireland But for Some political offence he had to leave His Country and all his property was confiscated. He Filled the High office of lord lutenant at one time. But when i first Saw him in Lexington disipation had don its work. He was on a Block as actionear Selling Shoes In The Market House. Boss Mc was another Son. William p McDonald was his son. F McDonald Soon after he Commenced work had an Entire New suit of Cloths. Frank was proud. He made Money, Got Maried [to] Miss Bonds near unkle Dans. He [made?] Enough to By a farm on the [?]. [He] Commenced preaching as a Baptist preacher. I Never Saw him But once. Then he attended Meeting at mt pleasant and it was Said he Converted old Jacky Birchfield. At any Rate Birch Joined the Baptist Church at that time. He dide and that Is all i Recollect of him. U. P. McDonald, God let him live as long as he augh to!

But of all our Early Hands Jim Martin Was the Best. In Cold or Heat Rain or Sunshine, i have Reason to Believe Jim worked for our intrest. He was Close and Saving, a Good Calculator and if papa had have Bin the Same, This day he might Have had money at least Enough To By his Coffin.
40: Some thoughts on the name and character of Anson Turner Stedman and, once again, those early days at Stedmantown.

BUT I DONT ENVY Brother Andson. He has Bin a good Brother, was always Kind and Good, Was Born good. Father was in prosperous Buisness. The Great Manufacturing Establishment of James prentis and Company at Lexington under the Superintendence of Father was doing an immense Buisness. Then it was the largest papermill in The west, the only mill that had attempted to Make Cap and letter papers of different Coulers and Finish. Mother had a good house, well Furnished, plenty of negro Survants. Money plenty. Under these Circumstances Brother was Born in Lexington, the Same day That a good man dide, By the name of Anson turner. He stood high in Scoicety, was largely interested in the white lead works at Lexington. He Stood high as a Mason. Father and turner ware in the Masonick lodg Evry week together. They ware very intimate, So much so That when Brother was Born Father named Him Anderson Turner Stedman. A Better Boy, a Bettr young man, a Better Christain Man, a Better Husband, a Better Father, i was never aquainted with than Brother Anson. When we first Came down to Build the Mill dam, altho a mear Boy, he held the Responsibale office as Cook and Huntsman. He for near Four month Killed and Cooked 100 hundred nice Fat tender Squirrels Evry day and he don them up Brown. Occasionally
he would give us some fish. he did not have to go far for the squirrels, never farther than the head of the mill pond. and to do all the cooking for 20 hands or more he had but one assistant, a negro girl.

i tell you sophy, them were happy fat times on fat squirrels never to be seen on the banks of old elkhorn again. the country from elkhorn to the ohio river was near all in woods. i have heard captains of steam boats say that between louisvill and cincinatia, they have seen the ohio river almost covered with squirrels crossing from the indianna shore to the ky shore, and the boat would drown thousand of them. at this day the woods have bin destroyed, the deer and turkeys destroyed, and but a few scattering squirrels left.

i said that brother was cook. no cooking stoves, at that time. he had the old time cooking utensials. one of them was the frying pan and he, to use a phrase that has come into use since that day, made it "pan out" well. he was alwais in a good humor but in the morning when we heard him sing, "o bring along the taters and put them in the pan and fry them in the squirril fat my dearest julann," then we were shure of something nice for breakfast. we were at times troubled about meal. no steam mills to grind corn. billy s. church had a little mill and thare was a little mill above the forks for cracking corn in low water. i recollect sam got som and asked turner how long it would last. the negro girld said it would last a good while if we did not use any of it. sam was mad and turner had a good laugh.

the times i speak of were the first year we came down to build the mill dam. we would work all the week then jack would haul us to geotown. some times we would not get thare till 12 oclock at night. what a beginnin of life, day, and night, and night, and day. on monday morning before breakfast, the waggon would be on main street geotown to lay in our stock of something to eat for the week. the first thing was to have the three gallon stone jug filled with whiskey. it cost then thirty seven cents per
gallon. We Gave it to the working Hands three times a day and to this day i am satisfide It Gave us more work to the hand than half more wages. I wont pretend to Say What the poisend whiskey woold do That is Made in Kentucky at this day. I dont think They woold work as well. But i Speak of the Good old time of the past, when thare was no yankee Skum defused into all we drink, Eat, ware, or think about.

The waggon loadend, Jack Herin in the Saddle with the Long Black Whip on his Sholder, all Ready. Sam, anson, Father, Some times the negro girl and Some 2 or three more and of we Started to frankfort or Rather the mill. The pike had Not Bin Made at That time. The Frankfort Road Run on difrent ground from whare the Road Runs now. I Should mention that all i have discribed i left for Sam to attend to, as i was at the mill By day light Evry Monday Morning and manny times i have walked to the Mill By light, always the First one thare.

The pasway from the Forks of Elkhorn had always Bin Kept open. The First one that wanted to Close it was Lewtenant Haris, Son of old Jack Haris. This Son had Bin For Sometime in U. S. Navy, had advanced Some Money to By the place. When he Come Home on furlow he felt like he owned all the forks of Elkhorn and did prevent Evry Body From passing down the Creek as long as he staid at home. But he did not Stay But a few Months Before he was Called on Bord of his Vessel and God almight had no more use for him and drounded him on the Gulf Some whare. Then we had no more trouble in passing. Old Jack haris was an excentrick old man and amought his neighbors was Considered a good neighbor.

The Saw Mill at the Forks, whare Brother ansons Factory now is, was the Best Saw Mill on Elkhorn. The land now Belonging to william Johnes was the hevyest growth of yellow popular i Ever Saw. I have Seen Saw logs at that mill 6 ft through and The Saw Run fast through them. But all goen. I often wish i Could Recall the names of the Hands we had at work on the Mill dam. But [I] Remember But few of them.
The neighbors were of a different stamp from what they are at this day. There were many married men that were renters. In fact there were but few farms but rented out some of their land. These renters we employed to build the first mill dam and they were clever hard working men. One by one they moved out of the country, some to sweet Owen, others to Indiana, Missouri, and in ten years not one of them were left. But they had joined the mighty hosts of emigrants to settle up the great west. Even the old man Presley Neal that lived in the old Sheep Ranch when we bought the mill property, after living in the neighborhood all his life as a renter, moved off to Missouri. He was head man building the dam, and run the saw and old grismill, the first winter after we built the dam and got the 2 mills to running. In the spring, when Sam moved down to the log cabin, where Judge Tompon House stands, Neal had made through the winter 200 or more bushels of tole corn and had cut up all the saw logs we had left him in the fall into such lumber as we needed to repair the papermill, or rather to make a new one of it.

I think I have told you of my moving down and your dear mother's deep sorrow at seeing such a dilapidated country, or place. As I send you letters of my ups and downs I forget and tell them again. But in the mixture perhaps you can sort out something of interest. We had come here and had to labor under all kinds of disadvantages. But one thing always encouraged me. I knew that to get the mill running to make good paper we could surmount all predicaments against us. Rags were cheap, paper in great demand, and as good as gold. I knew once on the road up hill and everyone was our friend and in a few years we found it so. Our success was the common talk. One little circumstance will show. Capt Holton and some more men had stopped to look at the mill. As they went into the store yard there was

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1 Judge R. A. Thomsen served as county judge for several terms. He was later a Confederate soldier, and had a small farm near Stedmantown as well as a home in Frankfort. B. N. Griffing, An Atlas of Franklin County, Kentucky (Philadelphia, 1882), 46; Johnson, History of Franklin County, 182, 191, 214.
5 or 6 molasses Barrels that i had put Rain water and whiskey in to Make Vingar. Capt Say to them, "Ill Be damd if they dont Make money out of old Rags and then out of their old Molasses Barrels they have Emptyed, and they are full of First Rate Vinigar." We Run the paper mill day and night till 12 Satturday night then Start at one in the morning.

Sophy, i think i made My History So Crooked you will not Be able to follow me But it Seems to me i have Made a kind of a Cold Hash So far. But i Cant Better it now.

Our acquaintences in geotown, i Suppose, felt Some Intrest in our welfare. Geo Steffee Came down, i Recollect, to se me the first year we moved down. He Seemed to take a deep intrest In our Suxcess. In fact Geo had asisted us manny Times in loaning us Small Sums of money which we paid and in Selling us the first 2 work horses for our waggon and that on time. He Had Brefrended us and was pleased to Se us Suxceed in Buisness. You dear Mother was always a Favorite of his Befor we ware maried. I Recollect It was after he had paid us a visit that he Rote me a letter, in answer to Some Dogral Rimes i had Sent him. I wish i Could Remembr The verses. I think they Started of in this way:

Jest Below mt. pleasant Hill,
Stands the Franklin Papermill
and a little to the East or West
Stands The Saw Mill and the Grist.
When Mary Hangs the Red Rag out,
then Jack He girls the Bell about,
and all the Hands are to Be fed
then you will Se E H S Go ahead.

I Expect George has not forgotten them Rimes To This day, and you must ask him about them Some time. And hear i will Say Mary had a fine Good Cow for milk when we ware first Maried. When we drove hur down with us, you Mother Said They new the Cow woold not Stay in Such an awfull looking place, that She woold Run Back and Shure Enough She did. I heard of hur But never got hur again.
A word about the old doctors and their cures.

Many things you would like to question me about. You say, "Papa, what doctors had you in the neighborhood?" When we first came to Mt. Pleasant, we sent to Frankfort for doctors. There was old Dr. Gale over in the Hills. For a long time Dr. Sharp of Frankfort had most of the Practice. Old Mrs. Olliver that lived in the neighborhood acted as Mid Wife. After Dr. Sharp, Dr. Sneed, old Dr. Duvall. I don't think Dr. Hodges ever had much practice although Dr. and Frank were living in the place where they died when we came. Dr. Snedicer did not practice till in late years. Billy S. Church he used to prescribe for all his family. He had Fire drops, polk Root & Percoon Root and many other Roots that he had learned the use of from old Dr. Randal. This old doctor I have no doubt could cure many complaints.

I went to see him once. I found him on the hill above Churches. He was living in the woods. It was in the Spring I recollect as I found him diggin' Roots. Your Mother had asked me in the morning to go and see him as your Brother George, then a little fellow, had his privates swollen very much. I told him my Buisness. He said it was not worth while for him to go. If we had an old hogs Jole hanging up in the Smoke House, he did not care how old it was. When I went home, to tell Mrs. Stedman to mash the Bone and
get the Marrow and Rub with it and all the Swelling would leave. It was so simple that I went to the mill, instead to the house. At dinner Mary asked me what old Randal said. She immediately applied the Remedy and the Cure was completed. He was certainly aquainted with the virtue of many Plants. I heard Deborah Branham, your Mother's Sister, say she was by the side of Mrs. Osborne. The doctors had given Hur up to Dye and old Randal came in, he said, to see the lady. After looking at her, he says, "Maddam, this lady ought to get well. I did not come hear for a Gob but if you will allow me to Rub her feet, she will set at the table to dinner tomorrow." They consented, and shure enough Mrs. Osborn was at the dinner Table. Shure I could mention many Cures of old Randal. I speak of him as something out of that Rotein of fashionable Medical practice.

1 Only a few of the doctors mentioned by Stedman have been identified, probably because some of them were actually frontier medicine men only. Dr. Leander Sharp was a brother of Solomon P. Sharp, who was killed by Jereboam O. Beauchamp in November, 1825. A Dr. Benjamin F. Duval, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, died in 1890, so that it seems hardly possible that he would have practiced in Frankfort as early as 1833. Dr. Sneed was probably William Sneed, who practiced medicine for more than twenty-five years. He was also the author of a history of the Kentucky Reformatory at Frankfort, a book which is still regarded as a basic source of information concerning this institution. Johnson, History of Franklin County, 86, 159, 214.

2 Fire drops have not been identified. But the useful poke root and puccoon root were considered to be effective in treating "chronic inflammation, chronic rheumatism ... cancer, dropsy, yellow jaundice," and sores on a horse's back. Richard Carter, A Short Sketch of the Author's Life (Versailles, Ky., 1825), 2; William M. Hand, The House Surgeon and Physician (3d ed., Hartford, 1847), 238-39.
DEAR SOPHY I wish you could have seen the bright scenery surrounding old Mt. Pleasant at this time. The field this side of Jack Churches line on the creek was covered with the original forest, the finest white ash and as you come near the hill the good big shade Shugar tree, the glory and delight of the first pioneers of Ky. No pen can describe the happy meetins of the first settler of Ky under the sweets shades of the Shugar Camp. Dear Sophy, my mind runs back and I hear Col Cox and Squire Wingate tell of old times. It was on an occasion of a visit to Mrs. Jacob Cox on my last visit to Ky. Mr. Wingate came to my home. He had stopped at Judg Tompson. He walked down to see me. He told me he had not seen Mrs. Jacob Cox since she was married and wanted me to go with him to see her. We walked back to Judg Tompsons, got into that old buggy that is easy for old men to ride in and drove up to the old mansion on the hill. No one met us as old time had don its work.

[Four pages of the manuscript missing]

walnut. The timber was verry dry. The Lightning Set them
on fire and Burnt near all the dead trees. I think old Man Hampton Sold the place to Henry Games Father. I Cant Recollect who He Sold the land two. I recollect Lewis Sanders bought the farm where Dr Crucher now lives, also all that Sam Martin and tompson and John Stedman ownes. As Soon as he Baught the place he Cut down the apple orchard. Sanders sold the place to Some of his Relations, The Name i have Forgotten. But From him we Baug[ht] a Strip of timber, i think it Was one Hundread yards wide and Extended from whare John Stedmans Stable now stands down to the Cross fence where Martin use to live. I think it was the Finest Slice of timber Thare was in the County. The trees Stood thick on the ground. Most of them made 40 ft of Saw logs. We paid for the timber Three Hundread dollars Cash. The timber and wood ware worth To us a thousand dollars. And Hear i Might Speak of the immence quantity of wood used at the Mill. From the Time we Started the mill till we Stopped it woold amount to Manny thousand of Cords and Hundread of thousands Bushels of Coal.

Immagin the old Hoamsted where you live, From the Big Gate on the Road to the line Thare was no fence, all thick forrest. Then Birchfields land From 2 hundread Yards above the Gate on the Road was all thick woods, hardly a tree mising. Not Fenced in. And i never Saw a Better timberd Tract of land then the Back Bone hill. Then the woodland of tom now Beloning to Jim Martin heavily timbered. Then the land that talbert owns; when we Baught it we Cut manny Hundread of Cords of wood for the Mill. In fact, the Mill Consumed Two thirds of the wood then Standing down as far as the widow Enis. Then on the other Side of Elkhorn W S Churches land Was near all in Forest. But little had Bin Cut for Churches Still house and family use. The Mill Must have consumed near Fifty thousand cords of wood Be­sides the Coal. In fact old Man Colbert Run a wood waggon From trojes Manny years. Birchfield First Commenced Hawling down wood at Eighty Seven Cents per Cord. The Second year at one dollar per Cord. Third year at 125 per
cord. Then up to 150, 175, 200. That was the highest price For a long time. Birchfield let Semore Arnold haul 200 cords of ash wood from the top of Back Bone hill one Summer. Then He let another Son in law haul the Same amount. I think first and last we paid Birchfield More for woold and timber than He paid for the place. We Built two Mill dams of[f] of the place—first one of[f] of the land whare Mr. games dide, the next of[f] of the Backbone whare after we Cleard the land John Holder Built a house and planted Corn. I Speak of these things that you May Have Some idea of the timber used at The Mill.

We Baught the Steam Engine and Boilers in the winter of 1837. This Engine Required to Run the mill At least 5 Cords of wood pr day. I must Hear Say that For the first 4 years we dride all the paper in the drying Room on poles. No machienry had Bin invented. If so [it was] not in use in the west. I need not speak of the Slow process of drying paper By air, But i Remember how mannny Cold nights i have worked [in] that drying Room When the Cold was Below zero. We wanted the paper to freeze. I[t] made it whiter. We had not up to this time Commenced The use of Chloride of lime or Bleaching powder To any Extent. We did not understand The way to use it to advantage and we used But little as the Cost was 10 Cents pr Pound.

In Mentioning these things you must Take all in a lump For memory is Slow In mannny things i want to tell you. If i had Sat down Evry day and Continued To write my history then i might have Kept on the track, But doing But little in many weeks at it i am Bewilderd and Cant tell which End of The Road i got of and am at a loss which to take. So you must Take Crooked and Streight together. In fact, if i had Brought all my old letters, deeds of land, they wold Refresh My Mind verry Much and Even Whare i Spent The Most of my life i Could Remember Manny Things that i Cannot now. But it dont Make much difference. The hand of time has laid in the Grave near all that ware on the active Seens of that day and the destroyer Had Come to destroy,
and i will Stop. And while i think of it i will Mention many men i knew in Frankfort and often met there in 1838:1

Ambrose, George orlando Brown
Austin, P. Cox John S Goins
A. G. Hodges James Fenwick
A. P. Cooper Charles D Moris
A. W. Lockwood Levy Wooldridge
Ezra Richmon Mason Brown
John Vest Harry Mordica
Leander W Macy Ben Selby
Edmun H Taylor John Bartlett
Geo. W. Triplett William Mathews
Thomas. S. Page Thomas Theobalds
Lewis Sneed Langston Bacon

1 Concerning Stedman's friends and acquaintances, whom he listed at random, the following information has been noted: John Bartlett, a controversial figure, served as sheriff but was refused permission to act as a justice of the peace. Churchill Blackburn was a doctor. Lucas Broadhead, a native of New York state, was graduated from Union College and came to Kentucky in 1829 to manage the estate of his uncle, Lucas Elmendorf later he moved to Frankfort, where he practiced law until his death in 1849. James Clark became governor in 1836 he died in office two years later. Morgan B. Chinn served as jailer. Austin P. Cox was an attorney who served as a trustee of the public school. The Reverend P. S. Fall was principal of the Female Eclectic Institute near Frankfort; the first pastor (1832-1858) of the Disciples Church, he lived to participate in Frankfort's centennial celebration. O. G. Gates, a lawyer, served as attorney general of the state and president of the Board of Internal Improvements. Probably the most picturesque figure was that of John Harvie, "one of the finest specimens of old Virginia gentleman," the son of one of the Virginia signers of the Articles of Confederation; in 1813 he settled in Kentucky, where he owned much land he was president of the Bank of Kentucky, and served on the committee to rebuild the state capitol and on the Board of Internal Improvements. T. N. Lindsey was an attorney. Benjamin Luckett was a jailer of Franklin County and a horseman of note. Charles S. Morehead served as governor from 1855 to 1859. Many people considered B. B. Sayre to be the state's outstanding educator; he was a popular orator as well. James Shannon was a member of the commission which rebuilt the capitol and the Franklin County courthouse he served several terms as trustee of the city. Philip Swigert was one of the busiest citizens: he was an incorporator of the Frankfort Woolen Mills, owned a slaughterhouse, imported cattle, and owned the largest herd of Jersey cattle in the United States. He and Colonel Edmund H. Taylor both served on the committee which held the 1838 lottery by which funds were raised for a public school and for the improvement of the town's water system. Colonel Taylor was a member of the committee which built the arsenal in 1834 as early as 1830 he operated a ferry. J. J. Vest, father of Senator Vest, was a Frankfort trustee for many years, serving as chairman in 1827 and again in 1831; he, too, was a member of the lottery committee of 1838. Henry Wingate was a school trustee and a member of the commission which built the Franklin County courthouse.
John Richmond
willis Blanton
Frank Dillon
W. W. Bacon
Harison, Blanton
Col. James Daavidson
John S. Harvie
M. R. Stealey
Giles S. Bacon
John w. Pruitt
P. S. Fall
Robert P. Mills
Morgan B Chin
Francis. Loyd
Joseph W allen
William. M. todd
Thomas N. Lindsey
John. R. Gay
C. G. Graham
Lucas Broadhead
O. G. Cates
B. B. Sayre
Henry Wingate
Joel Scott
E. P. Johnson
John J Peak
Nathaniel Ayres
Lewis Crutcher
Govener James Clark
Curchill Blackbern
Phillip Marouse
Charles S Morehead
Ben Lucket
William Loomis
Phillip Swigart
R K Woodson
Sidney Burbrige
James Shannon

I find i must stop as thare are So manny names all on the active Seans of life, men to Be Seen Evry day, amoungt them John L More, whose death i hear of to-day. Thare are manny in frankfirt that ware Bo[ys or] young men when i Came to the County. But men 50 years ago that ware to [be seen] on the Streets, Cant think of But one Living. That is John Baltswell the old hatter.
COL. S. I. MAGOR

Dear sir

Expecting soon to leave my adopted dear old state Ky, i have thought That a short History of the manatiring [manufacturing] Buisness that I have bin engaged in, for the last fifty Years, Papermaking, Might be of some intrest To one that takes pleasure in turning over the leaves of the Book of time passed.

The first paper mill in Ky., i might say the First in the great west, was commenced Building at Geotown, Ky., By Alexander & James parker, then Woodford County In 1792—from an advertisment in the Ky. Gazeett which Reads: “Paper mill. Creig, Parker, & Co. are now Erecting a Paper mill at Geotown, woodford County. As the publick are deeply interested in the Establishing so useful a Branch of Buisness we Flatter ourselves that they will save Their Rags. For which we will Give Three pence per pound, for those of a Fineness of 700, two pence, for all Between 500 & 700, & all under 500, a penny & half.¹ The above prices will be givven in Lexington By Alexander & James parker. A place will Be adopted to procure them in different Parts of the Destricts. If we are not disapointed In getting Rags, we Expect to Furnish The District with paper the Ensuing winter. April 16 1792.”²

You will immagin The situation of the printer in that
Early Day. The first paper, if I recollect was published in 1785. There must have been great difficulty in getting even the small quantity needed. I find an advertisement I think of Lexington June 1, 1791: "Anny person understanding Papermaking Construction a papermill, will apply at this office". I find an advertisement in Gazette March 29, 1793: "Creig, Parker, & Co. paper manufactory are now actually making paper and we make no doubt but in the course of this spring we shall be able to furnish the state with all kinds of paper, providing we can get a sufficient supply of rags. Nor have we any reason to doubt from the success we have already had in collection rags, but we shall be plentiful supply. We earnestly hope that the importance of the manufactory to the state at large, is a sufficient argument to induce to save rags." I am more particular in referring to the above advertisements in the Kentucke Gazette for some have contended the first paper mill was erected in Ohio. I think I am mistaken as to the date when the Gazette was commenced. Any rate it was several years before the Georgetown Mill was erected.

The great difficulty in getting paper was no doubt the cause of building a paper mill & the location at Georgetown on the Royal Spring Branch was on account of the pure clear water, so necessary in making paper. It must have been a beautiful spring. You have often seen the spring. Above

1 This was a common method of indicating the quality of cloth. For example, the Frankfort Palladium, March 14, 1799, in describing a frontier tragedy said, "The person killed . . . had on about a seven hundred 'tax shirt and buckskin breeches." The count of 700 may have referred to the reed used in the frontier looms. "In frontier days it is probable that all fabrics were woven on standard width on hand looms and the variation in construction [was] indicated by the number of dents used in the reed. For example, in weaving a fabric 25 inches wide with a reed with 28 dents per inch, the number of dents used would be 700." Letter dated October 14, 1957, from A. D. McKenna, head of the Weaving and Designing Department of the School of Textiles of Clemson Agricultural College.  

2 The advertisement contains this footnote: "N.B. The rags must be clean." Stedman later mentions scraping the dirt off the rags he used.

3 This statement was corrected elsewhere by Stedman. The first issue of the Kentucke Gazette was on August 11, 1787.

4 The date is correct but Stedman was not quoting verbatim; the original begins: "Anyone understanding the erection of a paper mill . . ."

5 The first paper mill in Ohio was established in 1807, following the earliest mill in Kentucky by fourteen years. The Kentucky mill was the first in the West. Note by Dard Hunter (hereafter cited as D.H.).
the Spring was Erected a fort or station Called McClanans. In the fall of 1826 one of the McClenan[s] on a visit to Geotown pointed out the graves of his Relataves that had Bin killed & Buried thare. They ware then plain to be seen. The Spring afforded in 1878 plenty of water for the paper Mill the year Round. You can immagin the Musick of the Ripling warters in That Early day. I think the distance From the fountan to whar it Empties In to north Elkhorn is one mile. To the Bufalo deer & all Kinds of game it must have Bin a Great Resort. McClenan told me when he first Saw the Stream in 1780 the Bottom was one smothe Bed. The fall of watter from the spring to Elkhorn was 15 feet which Keep it Clean, & the watter was alwais Clear.

Hear on this Beautiful Stream was made the first Sheet of paper in the Great West. What a vast field to Contemplate, when that first Sheet was dipt up By hand. Then there was no paper Machine in Existance & the man had not Bin Born with Inventive jenius to have thought of one. That first Sheet of paper Printed with part of Types mad[e] of wood with the Motto, "hear Comes the Herald of a noisy world, News from all Nateons lumbring at his Back." The picture of the post Boy, is conspicuous on the Sheet. I find on Record in the wooldford Clerks office the first Mill dam on This stream was Made 6 of June 1786. This was the first Mill dam made in the State. I Cannot Recollect the name of the men Chosen to Condem the mill Site. You will if Ever nessary

6 John Alexander McClelland and William McClelland may have built the first fort or fortified station north of the Kentucky River, at or near Georgetown. Collins, Historical Sketches of Kentucky, II, 20.

7 The numerals are probably transposed, although Stedman may have referred to 1878 because it was the year in which he last lived in Kentucky and knew of the spring at first hand. Whatever the date he meant to use, his statement is as true for 1787, 1878, or 1957, since the spring still supplies most of the water used in Georgetown.

8 Stedman was incorrect in this particular instance. François Nicolas Louis Robert, the inventor of the continuous papermaking (Fourdrinier) machine, was born in Paris on December 2, 1761. Robert applied for a patent on his machine on September 9, 1798.

9 Tradition, reported the Louisville Public Advertiser, April 1, 1830, said that John Bradford "carved letters from the forest trees." The late C. H. Griffith, authority on typefaces, examined early issues of the Gazette and found no evidence of the use of wooden types. In October of 1791, however, Bradford changed the headpiece, using large black-letter outline capitals which may well have been carved on a wooden block.
find them in the Woodford office. Near was the First Carding Machine & the first Fulling Mill in the State.\textsuperscript{10}

Advertisement

Clean linen Rags will be taken at the Geotown fulling Mill for dressing Cloth. December 1 1792. Creig & Logan.

Perhaps a description of the Mill House Erected in that Early day, would be of some interest to you. The first Story was of Stone. Upon this was Erected a frame Building. The weatherbording was of ash nailed on with nails from their appearance made at the Blacksmith Shop. The Roof was very steep, the shingles put on strips of narrow sheathing fastened with wooden pegs. The first Basement was used for the dipping up of the paper & was called the vat Room. The second Story was used for the various uses of grinding the Rags, assorting & dressing the Rags, & finishing the paper. The third Story was a Room the entire width & length of the Building. It was used for the drying of the paper.\textsuperscript{11} The third which was next to the Roof was used for storing Rags. The size of the Mill House was 100 ft x 40.\textsuperscript{12}

In the second Story the first operation was the sorting of the Rags, From No 1 to No 9, No 1 the finest. No 1 & No 2 was used for the finest paper made, No 3 for Print, No 4 Consisted of the coarsest Rags & the different Colors which was used for coarse paper, Ropping paper\textsuperscript{13} Bonet Bords & So. The next operation was dressing the Rags. This was done on a table covered on top with wire coarse enough to let the dirt Through. Across this table was a timber with a place to fasten a nife which was some 15. in long.\textsuperscript{14} On this nife the Rags was cut into strips two inches wide, all the patches

\textsuperscript{10} Probably it was owned by Elijah Craig.

\textsuperscript{11} In the margin of this page Stedman wrote: "Hear i wold say that i Have had Paper to hang 3 months entill it Froze dry."

\textsuperscript{12} The construction, arrangement, and size of the mill followed closely the mills of the East. D.H.

\textsuperscript{13} Bonnet board was used for various purposes where a fairly heavy paper board was required. It received its name from having been used to stiffen the sides of women's sun bonnets and for making bonnet and hat boxes. D.H.

\textsuperscript{14} The cutting knives in the Kentucky mill could have been fifteen inches in length, but the customary length was about twenty-eight inches. The linen and cotton cloth was drawn from top to bottom of the sharp blade, assuring easy cutting. D.H.
Ripped off, all the dirt Scraped off. These strip[s] were the length of the Rag, Each Hand had so many Pounds for the days work, then These strips had to Be Cross cut three inches long. They were then put into what was Called the duster, a cylinder twelve ft. long, Four ft in diameter, Covered with wire. This duster would Hold 100 lbs of Rags. After Being Filled it was Started & Revolved around 20 times in a Minit. The process Required half hour to dust them clean. They were then Taken to the Rag Engine to wash & Grind into pulp. The process of washing 200 lbs of Rags in that day Requir'd six hours washing, for on the washing depended the Whiteness of the paper. You will Recollect no Bleeching gass had Bin discovered at that day. Six More Hours for Grinding into pulp. The Rags Being washed & ground The pulp was Run into what we Called a Stuff Chest, which was made large Enough to hold from 8 to 12 Engines of pulpe. Near this stood what was Called the vat Made in this Shape. This Vat was 4½ ft deep & 8 ft Square. On the top of this Vat ware placed a Cross in this Shape.

As the Man that Molded the Sheat of paper stood Before the vat that Held the pulp of the necessary thikness He

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15 The rag engine was known as a Hollander or beater. A two-hundred pound beater would have had an oblong wooden tub about ten feet in length and about four and one-half feet wide, with an approximate depth of two and one-half feet. The beater roll was probably about thirty-six inches in diameter. Stedman's engine was probably fitted with a screened cylinder for carrying away the dirty water in washing the rags, prior to the actual beating in the same equipment. D.H.

16 Although the bleaching of rags was in use during the period of Stedman's Kentucky paper mill—chlorine, the "bleaching gas," had been isolated in 1774—he no doubt relied upon the use of white rags for making white paper. Colored rags were used for making wrapping and other coarse papers: either of a blue tone from old indigo-dyed rags, or a dull brown-gray paper from a mixture of all colors of rags that came to the mill. D.H.

17 Stedman was evidently relying upon his memory in giving these dimensions of a papermaking vat, as they are too large in every instance. The regulation vat would have been about 3 feet 4 inches deep (the depth given by Stedman would have been well above the vatman's waist); the size of the vat, instead of being 8 feet square as noted by Stedman, would have been about 6 feet 6 inches in front and back, and about 5 feet at the sides. The vats used in the Kentucky mill were probably constructed of cypress planks, about 3 inches in thickness. The "cross" described by Stedman was the "bridge," a platform extending across the vat to hold the molds. D.H.
woold dip out with what we then Called a Mole, which Was a frame Made verry lite & in size according To the different sizes of paper. This frame was Eather Covverd with laid wier the size you Can se in old hand made Paper or vellum or wove wire. To fit This Frame or Mole was a light frame Calld a dekle. You will understand This dickle was nesary to hold Enough of the thin pulp to form a sheet of paper. As soon as the Sheet was Made the Mole was placed on the arm of the Cross, Ready for the other workman we Called The Coocher. He stands. Before him Is a Block of wood in thick & 2 in larger Than the Sheet of paper that is to Be laid on it. The sheet of paper is Shoved across to him. The workman has lain a woollen Cloth on the cooch plank larger By one inch than the Sheet of paper. He takes the Mole & laying it on The Cloth with light preshure of his hand The sheet of paper adhears to the cloth & he shoves the Mole acros the vat Empty, for the vatman to make another Sheet.

After laying down woollen felts and as Manny sheats of paper Between them, the post, as we call this pile of Felts & paper, is drawn under a strong press To press out all the watter, & now The Boy that is to Seperate this paper from the felts summons all hands In the Mill to help press this post of paper. It Requires men on a leaver ft long to

18 A pair of molds and one deckle was needed for every size of paper. Nathan Sellers (1751-1830) established a mold-making shop in 1776 in Upper Darby, Pennsylvania. The account books of this firm show that Elijah Craig, Kentucky paper-mill owner, purchased a pair of demy molds and a pair of single-cap molds from Sellers in 1792, a year prior to the setting up of the Craig, Parkers & Company Georgetown paper mill, and this mill continued through the years to use molds made by the Pennsylvania firm. Stedman recorded in his reminiscences the finding of a pair of old mold frames which he had covered with wire and used in making paper. It is possible that these same discarded molds had originally been purchased from Sellers by Elijah Craig. D.H.

19 The coucher, the workman who placed the newly formed sheets of paper upon the felts. D.H.

20 The felts had two surfaces furnished with different naps. The side with the longest nap was applied to the couched sheets, and on the side with the shortest nap the fresh sheets were laid. Stedman in his reminiscences mentions that he had cut up old wool blankets for felts. D.H.

21 The usual number of felts in a post would have been 144, which would have taken care of six quires of paper; twenty quires would have made a ream of 480 sheets, the probable size of a ream during Stedman's papermaking years. D.H.
press dry enough. This pressing is called Wet pressing. It is taken from the press. The Boy now separates the sheets from the Felts. He uses a stool called the lay stool; on this stool he has a lay bord; on this bord in the progress of work, he makes what is called a pack, consisting of four hundred sheets of paper. The days work is 5 paks, which would contain two thousand sheets of paper. After the days work is finished these 5 paks of paper are put under the press, & all the water pressed out. The next day these paks are taken to the parting room, where each sheet is taken from the pack & all sheets not perfect are thrown out. These same packs of paper are pressed together, the next night, so that each sheet may adhere so that in drying they may not separate. The next process is to carry these packs from under the press to the drying room. Here the paper is hung on poles 6 sheets of paper together thus.

After the paper is dry it is taken to the finishing room to be picked; that is, all the Nots & speks are to be taken out that would ingere the type in printing the paper. After being picked [it] is put under a powerful screw & let stand till next day. This was the only mode of making paper smooth in that day. Next day the paper was counted out into quires, & into Reams & to be pressed & stand under[r] the pressure till next day, when it was ready to be tied into Reams & ready for market. In the old process of making hand paper a sheet of paper went through 7 different hands.

From all the old documents that I have examined I suppose that this mill furnished the most of the paper used in the State. I find in the Gazette:

advertisement
Writing and Roping paper
For Sale at this office By the Ream
March 1794

The next papermill in Kentuck I think must have been Yarnals, where the present station on the Rail Road Yarnals. I find in the Lexington Gazette the census taken in Fayett
County as to the number of manufactories in the County in 1811: Tannaries 9; distilleries 139; looms 1029; wool, hemp, Cotton Cloth 2,076,687 yards; Powder Mills 5; Fulling Mills 5; oil Mills one; Papermills one; Rope Walks 13; Baggin Factories 5; Cotton & wool Spinning Mill 6; Wool Carding By Horse 5; Nail Factories 2; Hat Factories 2. Manfactories of same date In the State of Kentucky: Tannaries 257, value $255,212; Distilleries 2,000, gallons made 22,20753; Looms in operation 24,450; Powder Mills 53; Fulling Mills 33; Salt Works 36; oil Mills 9; paper Mills 6; Reams of paper Made 6,200, value $18,600; Cotton & wool Spinning Mills 15; Irion works Forges 3; Furnaces 4; Nail Factories 11, Producing 87\(\frac{1}{2}\) tons of nails. I am this particular as i want to give a true history of papermaking in Kentucky.

I find in the State 6 papermills, according to the Census of 1811, The six making per annum Six thousand lbs of paper, value 18,600 dollars. The location of the 6 mills i will Give my openion from memory & if i am Mistaken from further Investigation i can correct it. One, the first, at Geotown; yarnals, 6 Miles from Lexington, on south Elkhorn. This is up to 1811. I cannot date the time that the following mill ware erected: the paper mill at the Great Crossings, Belonging to Genral James Johnston, on North Elkhorn; The paper Mill Eight Miles from Geotown Belonging to Daavid Thomp­son on north Elkhorn; The paper mill on Bargrass Creek, in Jefferson County Belonging to Brown; the papermill on Woolf Run, Some six miles from Lexington, Belonging to --- Briant. I have heard that thare was a mill on Greasy Creek some whare on the Cumberland Rivver in Ky, But when Erected Cant say.

In 1815 John & James Prentiss Bankers of Lexington Ky Commenced Building a large factory on the Branch, one Mile from The City. The Excavation of Rock is plain to Be seen at this date as you go to Lexington from Frankfort By Rail on the Right hand. The Building was a large one, six stories high, Built of Stone. The first or Basement Was used for the Manufacture of paper. The second & 3rd Was used for the manufacturing of Broad Clothes. The Fourth 5 & 6
was for cotton worked into the various kinds of cotton goods. My Father was employed in the paper department. He was running a paper mill near Boston Mass, when great inducements offered him caused him to move his family to Lexington, to superintend the erection of the paper department, in May 1815. The propelling power was steam; from fifty to 60 cords of wood was used daily for steam. I think the mill made good paper for that day. You are acquainted with the history of the independent banks of that day. When the banks went down John & Games Prentiss factory stopped. My Father lived but a few hundred yards from the mill. Well do I recollect the excitement amongst the operatives when the order came to stop running. If I remember it was in 1817 or 1818. In 1820 the machinery was purchased by Col. James & Richard M Johnston & put into a mill house, built for a grismill on North Elkhorn, two miles below the great crossing. On the opposite side of the stream was James Johnstons powdermills that made large quantities of powder during the war of 1812.

In 1818 My Father purchased the old mill at georgetown—run the papermill till 1821. The erecting of the paper mill in Franklin county on Main Elkhorn I find in the old deed that I have from Samuel Cox to Amos Kendall was in 1823. I think Kendal was publishing the Argus in Frankfort, at that time. He commenced building what was called Kendals papermill in the summer of 1823. He run the mill till the election of Jen Jackson, when he left it in the care of T. S. Page of Frankfort for a better business at Washington City.

The only change in mills up to this date 1823 was Bryant moving his mill from Wolf Run 6 miles from Lexington, to Jesimine Creek 5 miles from Nicholasville Ky Jesimine county. He had good water power & he built a fine paper mill for that day. He associated in business [with] Mr. Warmuck. The firm was Warmuck & Briant. They made the best paper that had been made in Ky. I think the firm dissolved in 1823, Mr. Warmuck moving near Louisville & some of his sons are in Jefferson county at this time. I think no more mills were built up to 1830. In
1831 or 1832 there was a mill Built or Rather a large Saw Mill Fixt up for a Papermill. I Cant Recollect The firm. This was the third mill that Had introduced the paper machine For making paper.\textsuperscript{22}

The first paper Made by Machinery in Ky. was at the Great Crosings, Then owned By Gen William Johnson. A paper-maker that had Seen one Run In the vicinity of Boston, Mass Induced Johnston to let him try & Make one. It was What was Called a Cilinder Machine. He Made a poor Job, But they made paper on it. I had Rented the old Georgetown mill in 1829 & was making paper By hand The old plan. I had Great Curosity to Se the Machine, But in going to The Mill at the Great Crossings i found “no admittance” over the dore. I applide to Gen Johnston. He told me That it was a great secret something wonderfull & he could not admit any one that was a paper maker. After talking Some time he agreed that i might Se the Machine, providing i woold not Take any dementions of the machine. When i went into the Room whare the Machine was at work i felt like the men around Collumbus when he Made the Eg Stand on End. The thing was to me So Simple I amediately Commenced making one & Soon had it at work in the old Mill at Geotown. The first paper made i sent to Col. Hodges at frankfort. He was pleased with the paper.

The Mill at Louisville that i Spoke of I now think was Built By John Liter [Tyler] of Louisville. The mill Soon Rund Down & was a failler. The next mill was Built By ———— where Duponts paper mill now Stands. It fell into the hands of Shedrick pen, then into the hands of William C. Buck, then to prentis Wisminger [Weissinger] & Bullet. They Erected a new mill at a cost of 90,000 dollars. After Running a few years it was sold For debt for 14,000 dollars, purchest By isac Cromie. He sold to A Dupont & at this time is making more paper than any Mill in the state. I think

\textsuperscript{22} In the margin of this page of his manuscript Stedman wrote: “Moses Miller put paper machienry in the old Brick mill at the forks of Elkhorn in 1829.” No additional information in regard to the man or the mill has been found.
there was a Mill built near Louisville in 1836, but it burnt down before they made any paper. It belonged to Mr. Bumbarger.

The machine made at Geotown worked well. The demand for paper was more than I could fill. Col. A. G. Hodge came to the mill in 1834 & told me of the Kendal property, on Main Elkhorn that it was laying idle, & that it could be bought cheap. My brother & myself came down to see the property. The papermill building was large, & a substantial mill. It had been used as a hog pen for some years. The dam had washed away two years before. Everything looked desolate. We bought the property of page & Kendal & put in new machinery, new dam & in 1835 was making paper. & hear i must say if young men ever had a better friend that Col. A. G. Hodge was to us, he would be hard to find. He induced us to come to the County, helped us to pay for the mill, & gave us all needed assistance & i think we made the paper for the State while he was Publick printer.

We made news, & book [paper], & i think for the first twenty fore years we produced from 75 to 100,000 thousand dollars worth of paper. We built up quite a village. Built in 1840 the best Gris mill in the state at that time. In 1856 the Grismill burnt with all the wheat, & flower with no insurance. I rebuilt the mill, better than the first. In 1857 my dam washed away. I put in a new 4,000 dollar dam. In 1859, the paper mill burnt with 4 large stock of rags. In 1860 I rebuilt, put in the best of machinery that could be made, started making paper in the spring of 1860. The war came on. I had involved myself in building the new mill, 40,000 dollar. During the war my hand left the mill, & in a word i had Better had [been] in one of old vans sleep during the war & the story is told. Fire, war, interest eat me out. The place where i have spent the most of my life belongs to others, & i am a wonderer in old age in the wildes of western texas. If what i have said about paper making in Ky. is of any interest to you—you my highly esteemed friend—you

23 He means, of course, Rip Van Winkle's.
are welcome to it. Please Excuse all Rong & Believe me your Fraternably

E. H. Stedman

& now dear Friend i will go Back and Review the history of these old papermills. The only thing that was in The old Georgetown papermill that is left as a Rellick of 1792 is The fine Dry press iron Screw Imported from England in that day, for the geotown paper mill. By what means it was transported To the wiles of Ky i Cannot tell. I think it Should be preserved To some institution as a momento. I suppose the Screw will weigh three Hundred lbs. or more. How they Could have transported it to Ky. in that Early day is a mistery To me. If you think the publlick Library at Louisville would be a proper place for it i will leave it with you to dispose of. The old Mill Burnt down in 1836. Yarnals mill went down in 1836 or 7. Browns Mill on bargrass went down Between 1825 or 30. Bryants mill stopped making paper in 1840. The mill rotted down. David tompson mill on North Elkhorn went down in 1828. Johnstons mill 2 miles Below The Great Crossings stopped in 1834 Making paper, turned into A Baggin Factory.

There is not one of these old mills making paper at this date, Except Duponts in Louisvill and that could not be called one of the old mills. More & Bremaker At Louisville & Duponts are the only mills that are making Book & news [paper] In the State. I think there is a mill at the Coal Banks Below Louisvill Belonging to Brannin Making Straw Roping papr.

24 According to Mary Nash Cox, local residents report that the huge English screw, which Stedman had moved from Georgetown, lay imbedded in the muddy bank of the Elkhorn at deserted Stedmantown long after the mill was gone. No trace of it has been discovered.
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