

# Dr. Nathan Perry Allen

1830 - 1909

Smith's Grove, Ky.

## **Autobiography and Other Articles of Historical Interest**

Compiled by his daughters, Mrs. George W. McIntire and

Mrs. Ora Blakeman

Bowling Green, Ky., 1947

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my Old Kentucky Home,  
'Tis summer the darkeys are gay,  
The corn tops ripe and the meadows are in bloom  
And the birds make music all the day.

Then weep no more my lady  
Weep no more today,  
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,  
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

We will hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon  
O'er the meadow, the beech and the shore,  
We will sing no more by the glimmer of the moon  
On the bench by the little cabin door.

Then weep no more my lady  
Weep no more today,  
We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home  
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

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DR. NATHAN PERRY ALLEN

Dr. Nathan Perry Allen  
Interesting Life History of a Good Man and Citizen

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The ancestors of the subject of this sketch emigrated from Scotland and Ireland to Virginia, where they first settled, and from Virginia to Kentucky in 1798. They were Scotch-Irish decent. His grandfather, Robert Allen, was a Revolutionary War soldier, and was at the surrender of Cornwallis at York Town in 1781. After the close of the War of the Revolution, he returned to his home and family in Augusta County, Virginia, where he lived until his death, a few years after. His widow, Jane Allen, with her large family of children — seven sons and four daughters — emigrated to Kentucky in 1798, crossing Cumberland Mountains and on through Stocton's valley, and settled on Cumberland River in Cumberland County, Kentucky. There were no railroads then or other public modes of travel like we have now. Road wagons were used to haul their household goods and provisions for the journey over the mountains and through the valleys of the dense forests, where it was miles between settlements. Wild animals, such as deer, bear, wolves and panthers were the custodians of the then wild, uninhabited country. The movers would camp on the road side, near a spring or water supply of some kind, and build their camp-fires. No matches then, and the fire was made with flint and spark. An abundance of wood could be gotten to burn in the camp fires. With the trusty rifle, meat was supplied, and while the little camp fire was burning, and the rich aroma from the fried venison and oily bear meat filled the air with its savory odors, the family would gather around the camp fire and tell of the adventures of the day. The dense forest would resound with the bark of the wolf and the scream of the owl. The fire was kept burning throughout the night to frighten the wolves away and keep them from devouring the sleepers.

The mountains covered with forest trees, the valleys with cane-brakes, had to be subdued by the hardy pioneer, and roads cut through the dense cane-brakes, cabins with dirt floors erected to shield the family from the rains and the snow storms. Around the log cabins the forests were cleared away for garden and truck patches to raise food to supply the family. It was even thus his family settled and lived on the waters of the Cumberland River, and on the banks of the Marrowbone creek and its tributaries. It was there I was born and saw the light of day, on April 30, 1830.

My father, Nathan Allen, was the sixth son 'of my grandmother, Jane Allen, and was a twin brother of William Allen. All these brothers married and settled around the homestead, David Allen, being the youngest son, lived with his mother,

Jane Allen. She died in February, 1846, and David Allen died the following May. Both were buried on the Big Hill, near the family residence.

I have a faint recollection of my father's old home, where he built his little log cabin one hundred years ago. It was on the hill over-looking the Valley of the Marrowbone and Allen's creek, with a lovely, picturesque view of the hills that were all around, and covered with dense forests of oak and poplar, walnut and chestnut, and the valley with beech. In the dawn of the morning, while the wild birds sang their roundelays, the rays of the sun would first kiss the tree tops and with its golden sheen turn the darkness into light, and the hill tops to lovely gold, as the dew drops would glisten as diamonds in the sky. It was a fairy scene, and down in the dark canyons the little streams of water would gurgle and flow over the pebbly bottoms and rocks to the creek and on to the beautiful Cumberland River, as it wound its course between the hills, rushing on and on to the Gulf of Mexico. It was there the first years of my life were spent. It was there I played on the hill tops and down in the valleys, waded in the little branch of the cliff spring that gushed out of the solid rock, on the very edge of the little Allen creek. There I gathered the beautiful pebbles and mussel shells and periwinkles to fill my pockets and carry them home to show my playmates.

In 1835 my father sold the old homestead and moved to Warren County, Kentucky, and settled in the Smith's grove country, just east of the town of Smith's Grove. My father was a farmer, and had several slaves, both men and women, and with his large family of five sons and three daughters, lived there until his death, in July 1871. I worked on the farm in the spring and summer, while the crop was being cultivated; I learned to plow at ten years of age. To plow and sow and reap and mow was the spring and summer work, and in the fall and winter I was sent to school in the log school-house with its slab benches for seats and its big, open fire place, six to eight feet wide, that would take in a log a foot in diameter, which was the back log. I remember the first school I ever went to. It was in 1837, and I went three months, and when I started I knew my letters, but as I was sent to get me out of the way at home and the teacher was not going to charge my tuition, and being a spoilt chap, anyway being the baby in the family, I was allowed to do as I liked and not required to study and recite lessons as the others were. I had a good time, and at the end of three months had forgotten my letters. I remember so well my mother asked me to see how much I had learned at school and when she found that I had forgotten what she had taught me at home before I started to school, she got the old red cow-hide that hung on the wall, and gave me an awful thrashing, as I thought, and set me down to learn my letters over in the old Blue-Back Spelling Book, My mother believed there was much good in the use of the hide and it did not take me long to regain my lost knowledge. In fact, I learned in three days more than I learned in three months at school.

Being the youngest of the white and also the black and colored families, I was petted and spoiled by all. I thought everybody older than myself. There being no baby in the family, I was called the baby until I got so large I was ashamed to be called baby.

My nephew, R. A. Alexander, was my chum and playmate. His mother owned an adjoining farm, and we lived so close together that we hardly passed a day but we did not have some association. We would play marbles, hunt birds' nests, and sometimes, have a chicken fight in the orchard back of the stables where horses were kept. They did not have barns then like we have now. No shelter for cattle in the winter time. They stood out in the fence corners and around the corn crib and little log stables and took the rains and snows as they came. Not even the milk cows or calves were sheltered from the violent storms.

When we had a chicken fight, one of us would bring his rooster. I carried my game rooster to fight other roosters. It usually turns out that the rooster at home would win the fight. We learned that a chicken on his own dung hill would fight with more getup than when he was away on strange ground. Another way of passing the time and having enjoyment was rabbit hunting in the day time and possum hunting in the night.

Time passed away, and as I grew older I had to go to school when I was not at work on the farm. At the age of fifteen, my father sent me off to school at Ray's Branch, north of Bowling Green a few miles. That was my first experience of being away from home, and I soon got homesick, but was in school for several weeks, and boarded in a little log cabin at the foot of a big rocky knob, covered with cedars and scrubby oaks, where I would go on Saturdays to hunt, having a little shotgun to kill rabbits and squirrels. On one occasion I espied a big gray fox sitting on a ledge of rock on the side of the knob near me, and, with a quick move, fired my gun and down came the fox. I carried my game to the house, and my land lady said she would make me a chicken pie for killing the fox. That was a proud day in my young life. Another incident of lasting impression occurred one night in the Great Pigeon Roost, in the grove of timber near the Teuton Springs, now Oakland Station. It was the bursting of a powder gourd in the hands of my older brother, and his friend, James Wallace. We had struck camp and tied up our horses, made our camp fires with flint and splinter. One of the party had made a short run to camp and wanted a light to hunt the birds that were killed and on the ground. Two colored boys and myself were detailed to carry a fire-brand to light the tallow candles when a shot was made, and a sack to put the birds in as we gathered them up. The fire-brand went out, and in order to have light powder was put in the pan of the old U.S. musket that had been fired, to catch the fibre when the gun was snapped and the powder set off by sparks from the flint. The powder flashed in the pan and the tow caught fire, but did not blaze. Little streaks of fire were in the

bundle of tow, but no blaze. Jim Wallace, who held the gun, called out to Jim Allen to throw on some powder quick, so it would flash again before the fire went out. He poured some powder out of his hand on the ground, and threw it on, but it failed to catch, and then in a hurry held the powder-gourd with half the powder in it, over the burning tow. Boom, it went. I was standing directly behind them and was badly stunned but not hurt. But of all the lamentations and prayers I had ever heard they gave the best. Each one thought they were torn all to pieces, blind and badly powder-burned. Their clothes and the dry leaves caught fire and pandemonium reigned for a short time. As good luck would have it, they were worse scared than hurt, and when they could see, led them as blind men to the camp fire nearby, and got them on their horses behind us instead of in front, as we came, and went to a doctor and had their faces repaired and put in linseed poultices, and then took them home, where they soon recovered without a scar or powder-burn, both living to good old age, but have now been dead a number of years.

When I was sixteen years old, I had a long spell of sickness. My father sent to Glasgow, twenty miles distance, for Dr. Westerfield, the herb doctor. He came and dosed out enough of his extracts and some in powder form, to last me two or three weeks. I did not like to take medicine anyway, but had to take some of this mixture every two hours, and some of the powder and then a dose of pills and so on and on. I swallowed the bitter stuff the best I could for several days, but got no better. After taking little less than a package of pulverized salts and herbs and tincture, the doctor came again. I did not want to see him anymore, but he came and dosed out a hat full of the same old medicine. Oh, how I did hate to see the tablets again and the other nasty stuff. So one day, when all the family were out of the room, I got up out of the bed, gathered up all of the medicines, and put them in the fire. I made up my mind to die before taking all of that medicine and was satisfied I would not get a whipping, as I was too sick to whip anyway. As soon as I quit taking medicine I commenced mending and was soon well. But the doctor got his pay, \$8, a visit and medicine.

After I had sufficiently recovered to ride horseback, my mother and I made a visit to her sister, Aunt Peggy Turk, in Adair County. We went horseback; no buggies in those days to travel in. The first night we stayed all night with Dr. Westerfield in Glasgow. My mother wanted the doctor to see his patient — how he had mended under his skillful treatment. On the following day we mounted our horses, took the Edmonton and Columbia road from Glasgow and traveled to the crossing on East Fork of Little Barren river, and stayed all night with Sam Jones, who lived there. He had a large residence and farm and lots of colored slaves. The next day we made it to our destination, within five miles of Columbia. My mother and my old aunt had a great time of rejoicing when they met. It was my first visit

from home, and I was timid and bashful. I remember my old aunt, who was a very religious woman, called on me to ask a blessing at the table. I was too scared to say Amen. So she fired away and asked a blessing herself. That was 59 years ago, but I remember it very well. My health improved. So the next year I wanted to make some money, and took a notion to make up a subscription.

The following year, 1848, the Poplar Spring Academy was established by Professors Huff and Beck, in the old residence building near where the Hays cemetery is now located and I attended that institution in 1849-50, until the school was closed.

In this school I studied the English branches commonly taught in the seminaries and colleges: Philosophy, natural and mental; Chemistry, Arithmetic and Grammar, etc.

After the close of school in 1850, I studied medicine under the tutelage of Dr. T. W. Ewing, using his library. After a few months study with the intention of taking medical lectures, I decided to study dentistry, and so procured the necessary books in that line, and in the fall of 1851 I went to Cincinnati, and took a regular course of lectures in the Ohio Dental College, the second dental college established in the world. It was established in 1846. It was a long way to Cincinnati then, and my family and some of my friends never expected to see me alive again, and said I would be brought back in a box. No railroads then; so I went to Louisville over the old Nashville & Louisville Stage Line, arriving in Louisville at 9 o'clock the following day, having been on the road one whole day. Nine dollars was the stage fare. From Louisville I went on a steamboat to Cincinnati.

There I matriculated in the Ohio Dental College, and remained until the following spring. My room was on the third floor of a large brick building on one of the principal streets, but I boarded with several dental students. The weather was extremely cold. The Ohio river froze over the first of December, and loaded wagons passed over it from Covington on the Kentucky side, and Cincinnati on the Ohio side of the river. Warm weather thawed out the river and it was full of floating ice until the first of January. It froze over again and remained in that condition until almost the first of February.

I have a letter before me written by my mother dated January 23, 1852. She says: "I will tell you how cold it is. The ice on the pond is 8 1/2 inches thick, and the snow six or eight inches all over the ground."

I remained until the closing of the school and returned home by way of Louisville and around to Bowling Green.

That was in the spring of 1852. I was in my twenty-second year, and made my father's house my home, while I rode horseback and occasionally in a buggy, and practiced dentistry in the county and traveled around for a short time. I would remain at one place, like Glasgow, Burkesville and Edmonton for a time. The

science of dentistry was in its formative state at that time. There were no dental offices in Southern Kentucky except Dr. Jones, at Russellville. Dr. J. A. Doherty soon after established a dental office at Bowling Green. He had done a traveling practice for a number of years before. When he settled in Bowling Green I then made Glasgow my headquarters and practiced in the county around and in Cumberland County until 1855.

I married, on October 23, 1855, Miss Catherine E. Edmunds, who was born and raised near Glasgow. I then opened up a dental office — the first office ever put up, in Barren County. After my marriage I gave up traveling and remained permanently in my office for a few months, when my health failed me on account of close confinement, and I had to sell out and get out in the pure air and take exercise in order to have my health. So I decided to move with my little family to Smith's Grove, and after building me a cabin, moved on the farm and went to work. My health steadily improved all the time. There I lived and engaged in raising crops of corn, wheat, oats and tobacco. As my family increased, I built more house room. The big cabin was turned into a brick mansion. The little family had grown to be a large family of sons and daughters. Six sons and four daughters were born, raised and educated on this old homestead.

Thirty years soon passed away, from 1855 to 1885. I toiled, and with my good wife to help, built houses, cleared land, raised cattle and hogs, and clothed and educated a family of ten children. It was a big job, but my wife was a healthy, stout woman, who gave health and strength to her offspring, who with her labors fed and clothed the growing family. It is true it was in slave time, and she had help to do the house-work and care for the children. But having a strong, healthy constitution, she was never sick, only when a baby was born, and blessed us with health and prosperity. Our oldest children were grown and married, and to be with them, sold our homestead and moved West to get more land, and to settle our children around us so we could be together and be one family in our new homes in the new west, then being boomed. So I sold out my Old Kentucky Home and with all my family — both married and single — bade Kentucky and the friends of my youth farewell. It was a sad farewell; going a thousand miles away to be with my children to get rich lands for them to live on. I had lived in Kentucky until I was fifty-five years old.

I knew almost everybody in all the surrounding country. The roads that I had traveled for so many years were so familiar that I could shut my eyes on dark nights and travel in my imagination all over the county. I could see the homes, the faces of my kin and friends. I had decided to cut loose from all that was dear to my heart in order to be with my children, get rich lands for them and myself to live on. It was the mistake of my life. I was soon settled in a home on the board prairie of Western Kansas; but I was a stranger in a strange land. I did not know how to

appreciate home and friends and relatives. I had hardly settled in my Western home until some of my family began leaving for other places to live. The country was new and the land all prairie and being rapidly settled up by strangers: No railroads, no schools, no churches, no cities like I had been used to. I did all I could to build up the country; had a town tract near me, and got a post office and store, and did other things. For a while the town and country prospered and crops were raised. It was not long until my neighbors were plowing up the lands and selling or mortgaging all of it, and moving away, some East and some West. Dry years, and little made by the farmers. They became discouraged and one by one pulled out for another country.

It was a bitter pill for me to leave my home that I had built, a nice residence, and hoped to live there the remainder of my life, but it seems that fate was against me. My family was not satisfied, and after they had begun to scatter, I decided to return to my native land, where I am spending my remaining life with friends and relatives. It was a hard struggle for me to get the consent of my mind to go back to Kentucky. My home was in other hands. Before I left my family were all at home. Now they were scattered in several states. While I was in the west my youngest son died from a fall he got off his horse. He was just budding into manhood — seventeen years and six months old. That was in September, 1890, and we laid him in the cemetery at Garden City, Kansas. George was my baby boy; a noble specimen of young manhood, and a Christian boy.

Before I went West, in 1882, I had lost my oldest son, Dr. C. N. Allen who died here, in Smith's Grove, at the age of twenty-six years. Since returning to Kentucky I have lived in the nice little town of Smith's Grove and have done a traveling practice of dentistry, but as old age creeps on, I do less and less each year. I feel that my work is done in this world. God has blessed me with good age, a good companion to help on life's journey, with good children to bless me in my declining days, with church privileges, with relatives and friends, and in time of need all rally to my relief. I am only living and waiting till my change comes, trying by God's free grace to live right; to do all the good I can and to help others in their afflictions and sorrows. I am living on borrowed time in my seventy-seventh year, and so I will close this very imperfect autobiography for the present, and add more to it in the future.

\* \* \* \* \*

My religious experience commenced when I was quite young. My mother and father were members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and professed religion at a camp meeting. The meeting was held at Marrowbone Church, on Allen's Creek, in Cumberland County, near their home, in 1820 to 1825. This meeting was held by Rev. William Harris and Caleb Weedon, and was the first camp meeting ever held in that county. It was largely attended. Hundreds were

converted at the annual camp meeting at Old Marrowbone. My mother, I bless her memory, was an active worker in several meetings. She was a devoted Christian at home, and often held family prayer when my father was absent. She wanted everybody to be Christians, and especially her own family. She truly was a mother in Israel. At the age of eleven years I professed religion and joined the church at a revival at a family residence. The meeting was held by Rev. Hughy Reed and Bro. Daniel Weldon. That was in 1841. I joined and lived in the church, but felt that I had no religion; was under conviction all of the time.

The new Shiloh church house was built in 1848 or 9, near where the revival was held. The Rev. T. J. Mohone, the pastor, assisted by Rev. H. S. Parrish, held a series of meetings in the new church in September or October. I was deeply convicted even before the meeting began. I prayed in secret, and wanted to get religion and not let anybody know it, or that I had been living in the church without being converted. So I planned to be absent from home at the time set for holding the revival. I begged my father to let me go to Tennessee and visit relatives in that state, intending to stay until the meeting was over before I returned. I was trying to run away from the meeting. My father consented for me to make the visit. I rode horseback to Davidson County, Tennessee, but had no peace of mind, and felt constrained to return and attend that meeting. I felt that it was my last hope to get right with God and be saved; that if I did not attend I would be lost in the world to come. So convinced was my conviction that I had no peace, no rest for my sin-sick soul. I determined, like the prodigal son, to arise and go back to my father's and attend; bade farewell to my relatives and friends in Tennessee, and returned to Kentucky. The meeting commenced on Sunday, but there was no move with the sinners until Tuesday, when I went to my associates, both boys and girls, and promised them I would go to the mourners' bench if they would agree to follow me. They agreed to follow me. So after the sermon during the exhortation, I arose from the middle of the church and started forward to the anxious seat, but I fell like a dead man in the aisles, crying: "God have mercy on my soul." My associates, good to their promise, flocked to the anxious seat, and such a shout went up from the old Christians, the mothers and fathers, as was never heard before in those walls. It was a hard struggle for me and I got no relief. For several days I despaired of ever being saved, had prayed and mourned and shed tears, and hoped to do something to merit forgiveness, but darker and darker grew my troubles. When I had worked out myself and given up, I looked to the cross for redemption. Christ, the fairest among ten thousand, took away the load of sin upon my blind eyes, and shone in my heart, and I said: "Glory be to God for His salvation!" I felt I loved God as never before. Darkness turned into light; I loved everybody, and I could sing and rejoice as never before. I felt as if I would never see any more trouble. I could talk to the mourners, and tell them how to get to Christ, the hope of glory, in

their hearts, by loving and trusting Him. Oh the joys of religion. It was as the poet sings:

"Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song."

Well, I could write' a volume of my religious experiences. I thank God that that blessed hope still bears me up in my journey to the Heavenly Court.

I was soon made clerk and elder in the church, where for thirty years I served the church at Old Shiloh and then at Smith's Grove, and now, after fifty-eight years have passed, I still claim the promise. I have been through scenes of prosperity and adversity, of joys and sorrows, have seen my own dear ones laid away in the ground, and the last one of my father's family having all gone on, I trust, to a happier and brighter world than this; I am still hoping to meet them where there is no death and no separation. I believe they are waiting and watching for me. I know I am a poor, unworthy sinner, but Christ is my Saviour and He says He will never leave or forsake me.

As I before stated, I joined the church and tried to live a devoted, Christian life. At twenty-two years of age, I went to Glasgow, Kentucky, to live. I got a letter from my home church and joined the church at Glasgow. Rev. William Neal, of precious memory, was the pastor. I returned to Smith's Grove in 1856 to live, and got a letter and joined the Shiloh Church again, where I lived until 1885, and served the church as clerk and elder for thirty years. I sold out my farm and moved to Dermot, Kansas. Here I found no church organization or church. It was a new country, just in its formative state. No religious services being held near me, I got a Sunday School organized in my family residence, and had religious services when I could get a preacher. People from different states were settling all around me. I was hungry for a preacher, so I wrote to the Board of Missions to send a minister and they sent Rev. McClurry, of Holders, Missouri, who, with his family, came and administered to our spiritual wants. He was a good consecrated preacher. A meeting was held at our school house. It was a glorious meeting. Many sinners were converted, and, a church was organized with about 30 members. One old brother, a minister of the Hardshell Baptist of East Tennessee, was present and got so happy that he mounted the pulpit, stretched out his long arms and shouted: "Glory to God," and said he felt like he could fly away. Oh, it was a glorious meeting. It was away out on the lonely prairie of Western Kansas. That was twenty years ago, and many who attended the meeting have crossed over since that night to a better country. I moved from Dermot to Garden City in 1889. There I went with the C. P. Church, and served as elder for one year. All of my children were members of the church at Dermot and Garden City, Kansas. It was while I was living there that my youngest son, George R. Allen, in his 18th year, was thrown

from his horse and killed. That was in September 1890. I was in Kentucky at the time when the sad news flashed over the wires that George was dead.

Oh, how it hurt me. He was my youngest son. I had left him only a short time before in perfect health. I hastened back, and we buried him in the beautiful Garden City Cemetery, where he sleeps so sweetly. It is a thousand miles from here, but I can see the little mound over his grave and often in imagination I am thus looking at this sacred spot, where all that is mortal of my dear boy rests in peace. But thank God, George was a Christian boy, and I look away from the lonely grave to the bright world above, where I feel sure he is basking in the sunshine of the beautiful city of God, waiting and watching for me.

After arranging my business and getting myself and family letters from the church at Garden City, Kansas, I returned, with my family, to Old Kentucky, but I did not find it as I had left it five years before. Seasons come and go. It was a sad come-back; to the old home where strangers lived, and my family, who had gone with me, were scattered. Some slept in the lonely cemetery. Of six sons I had raised, only one was with me to cheer me on life's journey, and only one out of four living daughters. I settled down in the little town of Smith's Grove, and put my two children who were with me in school, and commenced the practice of dentistry and traveled over the county and adjoining counties practicing my profession as I had done before going West. I found my old patrons glad to see me and have me do their dental work as I had done years before. I continued to practice up to 1907, making fifty-five years, since I commenced in the year 1853. The five years I lived in the West, from 1885 to 1890, I did not practice dentistry. So, all told, I was in the practice of dentistry, in connection with farming, fifty-two years. In September, 1906 my family had all left me and my wife to live alone. It was a lonely life to live. So we decided to break up house, and live in Bowling Green with a widowed daughter. She had lost her husband and had only one child. She wanted us to be company for her, and to be with her as a part of her family.

I am in my seventy-eighth year. I spend my time reading and writing for the local papers. My wife is in her seventy-third year. She is stout and hale for one of her age. We celebrated our golden wedding October 20, 1905, at our son-in-law's, Dr. G. W. McIntire, in the City 'of Bowling Green, Kentucky, where we are now living on life's journey, with good children to bless us in our declining days; with church privileges; with kin and friends, who in time of need rally to my relief. I am only living and waiting till my change comes, trying by God's grace to live right, to do all the good I can, and to help others in their afflictions and sorrows and troubles. I am living on borrowed time in my seventy-eighth year. So I will close this very imperfect autobiography for the present, and add more to it in the future.

## MY MOTHER

I often think of my mother,  
Though I am far away,  
I often think of my last farewell,  
'Twas on a summer's day.

And often do I remember  
The tears that filled her eyes,  
And the good advice you gave me,  
As I bid thee, then good-bye.

And oft does my spirit wander,  
To see my mother dear,  
And in the range of fancy then,  
I feel that she is near.

I see her when the evening shades  
The earth are mant'ling o'er;  
When the close of day is hastening,  
Then her image I adore.

I think of her when the shadow  
Of midnight gloom is deep,  
And think how oft her loving eyes  
Watched o'er my infant sleep.

Yes, oft I wander back again  
To view my childhood home,  
And walk the pleasant field again  
We ne'er again may roam.

Oh: that is the 'sweetest spot, mother,  
That I have ever seen-  
In country, town or city,  
Wherever I have been.

Oh: well do I remember  
My blessed mother dear,  
Though I am far away from her,  
There's none on earth so near.

And my feeble praise and prayer  
On the wings of mercy rise  
That she may have a home in heaven,  
A mansion in the skies.

And though our home on earth is sweet,  
A better home's in heaven,  
To all who hold out faithful,  
An eternal home is given.

May 1853 Cincinnati, Ohio

N. P. ALLEN

# Biographical Sketches of the Pioneer Settlers of the Marrowbone Valley of Cumberland County, Kentucky

By N. P. ALLEN  
Bowling Green, Ky.

Robert Allen, Sr., the oldest son of James Allen, emigrated from Virginia and settled first in the Marrowbone Valley. After his marriage he settled in Washes Bottom, near Carys Ferry on Cumberland River. Robert Allen, Sr., married Nancy Cloyd, Their children were as follows: 1, Polly who married Billy Young and had one son, Allen Young. Allen Young had two sons, Walker and Willie. Julia, the daughter of Polly, married John Henry Scott. 2, Jane Allen, who married John Scott, of Metcalf Co., Ky. 3, Rhoda Allen, who married John Hutchins. 4, Peggy Allen who married Harrison Cary. 5, Sampson Allen who married Margaret Clemans. 6, Robert Allen, Jr., who married Jane Turk.

Robert Allen wanted his brother Sampson to come to Kentucky with him when he first came, but he was only 19 years old; so Robert worked a year for his brother so he could be free to come with him. Funny ways the old time folks had at exacting the last day off a minor! The boys split rails, cleared and fenced a farm for Sampson's freedom. Robert and Sampson came to Kentucky and stayed seven weeks on what is now Marrowbone creek — without bread! How much longer they might have been in the country I don't know. They secured their meat by watching the salt-lick on Allens Creek, for game that came there. One of a party of campers ate so much marrow out of a buffalo's bone, he came very near dying; hence the name Marrowbone. My understanding is that incident should have happened while Robert and Sampson were camped there. They returned to Virginia. Robert came, back to Madison county, Kentucky, and married Nancy Cloyd, having left his sweetheart, a Miss Stewart, back in Virginia, because she was not pioneer enough to brave the new West with him — the old scamp!! Twelve years after he had first come to Kentucky, he moved on here from his home he had made in Madison County, Kentucky, and settled on and opened up a farm on Cumberland River at Carys Ferry. People who had come to the country subsequent to his first coming, had opened up farms on the hill. They had worn the farms out and were talking of moving on when he returned. The old ridges are still producing fairly well!

Robert Allen, Sr., lived to be 96 years old. After rearing a large family to bless the world, he gathered his mantle around him and "went to that bourne from whence no traveler e'er returns."

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Biography of Robert Allen, Jr., for which I am indebted to Miss Margaret Philpot. Robert Allen, Jr., was a son of Robert Allen, Sr. the latter was a son of

James Allen, who immigrated to Virginia about the year 1737. He was a Scotch Irish Presbyterian.

Jean or Jane Allen was a daughter of Tom Turk. Tradition says that his father stole his wife from amongst her milkmaids and carried her off in regular Gallic style, by force of arms. Peyte Traylor claims that the handkerchief he bound her with was handed down among his Turk kin.

Robert Allen and Jean Turk were married in Augusta county Virginia, and he died there prior to 1789, as his will was probated in that year. Their children are as follows: Robert, Sampson, John, Billy, Nathan, George, and David. Peggy, Jenny, Hannah and Betsey, were their daughters.

Hannah Allen, daughter of Jane Allen, married Tom Gearheart. Their children were: Polly, who married Rufus Botts, Betsey, who married Allen Smith, Sally, who married Ivins Dillingham; Harriet, who married Joshua Dillingham; Peggy, who married William Dillingham; Bob, who married Sarah Carter; Jane who married a Mr. Stultz.

Aunt Hannah and family moved off to what was termed the "Western Reserve" in the early days. As that included the most of the West I don't know what became of them.

Betsy Allen, daughter of Jane Allen, married Joseph Doherty. Their children were: George, John, Jimmy, and Milton, who died old bachelors. Billy, who married Mrs. Lizzie Taylor; Albert who married Matilda Overton and Margaret Bratton; Alfred who married Lucy Jane Taylor; Jenny, who married Daniel Williams; Polly who married Philip Alexander.

Peggy Allen, daughter of Robert and Jane Allen, married Jimmy Fargy. They had one daughter, who married Lewis Warner.

Jane Allen was the widow of Robert Allen, Jr., of Augusta County, Virginia. Robert Allen was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was at the surrender of Cornwallis, at York Town, Virginia, in 1781. A few years later after the close of the Revolutionary War he sickened and died at his home leaving his widow, Jane Allen, seven sons and four daughters.

Jean Allen and her children left Virginia and came to Madison County and stopped a while. They then came on and settled on Allens Creek, prior to 1799.

Jane Allen, with her family, moved to Cumberland County, Kentucky, in 1798, and settled in the Marrowbone Valley, on Allens Creek, near its junction with Marrowbone Creek. The country was a wilderness then — cane-brakes in the valleys and dense forests on the hills. New roads had to be opened to the camping grounds.

Just above where Allens Creek empties into Marrowbone Creek, there is a spring of sparkling water that gushes out of the solid rock cliff, called the Cliff Spring. Not far above this spring the first camp fire was built, and the first cabin

was erected to shelter the family from the rain, snow, burning sun and driving winds — yes, from wild animals, such as the bear and panther, whose growls and screams could be heard as well as the barking of the wolf in the forest near by. It was there around the camp fire, that the cane-brakes and the forests were cleared away and the virgin soil planted in corn and garden vegetables for bread and meat.

The virgin soil was rich and productive. The hills and valleys were both rich alike. Wild animals, such as deer, bear and turkey being numerous, furnished the new settlers with rich savory meats for their tables.

It was at the Cliff Springs, on Allens Creek, the first camp-meeting was held in Cumberland County about 1820, by William Harris and Caleb Weedon, two Cumberland Presbyterian ministers. There being no church near by the people were hungry for the Gospel, and flocked to the camp meeting for miles around, and camped on the ground, Hundreds were converted at these annual camp-meetings. A Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized; a house was built; and regular services held there for a number of years, till the new Marrowbone church was built on the Burkesville and Glasgow road at Flat Rock, where it still stands and is used to worship in. I remember seeing the old Marrowbone church house in 1845. The little cabins that were built, near it and used by the campers were gone; but the church house was still standing. It was afterwards moved away and the sacred spot, where it stood, and the camping ground around it were a cultivated field of corn when I last visited it in 1903. Just above the camp ground is the Jane Allen homestead and the family grave yard, with its tombstone at the grave of Jane Allen and David Allen. Jane Allen died in 1846, aged 97 years.

This sketch I don't claim to be absolutely correct in the names and genealogy; but it is the very best I can do with the information I have. It is more than a century since Jane Allen and her family settled in the Marrowbone Valley.

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Nathan Allen, a twin brother of William Allen, Sr., married Sarah Gleaves of Withe County, Virginia, and settled on Marrowbone and Allens Creek in 1810.

Nathan Allen reared five sons and three daughters. Two children died in infancy. He afterwards sold his farm to Capt. Knight and moved to Warren County, Kentucky, in 1835. His oldest son, George K. Allen, died in 1842 leaving one son and one daughter. All are dead.

Emeline, the oldest daughter of Nathan Allen, married John I. Alexander, oldest son of Ingram Alexander, and moved to Warren County, Kentucky, where he lived. She died in 1880, leaving one son, Reuben Alexander, who is now living at the age of 75 years. Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, married Lewis Waggoner and lived and died in Burkesville. The second daughter, Martha Jane Alexander, married C. W. Sanders and is now living in Smith's Grove at the age of 70 years. William G. Allen married and died without heirs.

James T. Allen married and lived at Smith's Grove. He died in 1889 and left four children, two sons and two daughters. Henry D. Allen, the oldest son, is pastor of a Baptist church located at Wooster, Ohio. John T. Allen is a stenographer in the government employ at Wheeling, West Virginia. Mattie Allen has never married. She lives in Louisville, Kentucky with her mother, Mrs. Mary Allen. The youngest daughter, Annie Allen, died young. Sarah Ann Allen married Uberto Wright and lived in Smith's Grove. She died and left two daughters, Mary Ann, and America Wright.

John M. Allen married Betty Shannon of Metcalfe County. They moved to Texas and lived at Richardson, Texas, till his death in 1872. He left four sons and two daughters. Sally Allen, the oldest daughter, married Emmit Skiles, and lives in Plano, Texas; Kate Allen, the youngest daughter, married a Mr. Bunnell, and lives at Richardson, Texas. Finis Allen, the oldest son, married Miss Butler, of Metcalf County, Kentucky, and lives at Richardson, Texas, and has a number of children. Sam Allen, the second son, married and died without heirs. Ave Allen married and lives at Mesquite, Texas. John T. Allen married and lives at Denton, Texas.

The youngest daughter of Nathan Allen, Amanda M. Allen, married first, Lilburn Ewing. He died and left two sons. She afterwards married William F. Smith. He died and left two sons and one daughter. Amanda died in May 1892, sixty four years of age.

Nathan Perry Allen, the youngest son, married Catherine E. Edmunds of Glasgow, Kentucky, in October 1855, and settled at Smith's Grove. They reared ten children, six sons, four daughters. One daughter died in infancy. Dr. C. N. Allen, the oldest son, married and died at 26 years of age, leaving no heirs. James C. Allen, the second son, married and moved to Garden City, Kansas. He has two sons and one daughter. W. E. Allen, the third son, married three times and has three children. He lives at Garden City, Kansas. Mary E. Allen, the oldest daughter, married W. E. Davis, and lives at Elk City, Oklahoma, and has two sons and five daughters. Edmonia Allen, the second daughter, married G. W. McIntire and lives in Bowling Green, Kentucky. They have no children. Kate E. Allen, the third daughter, married G. E. Fogleman of Memphis, Tennessee. He died in May 1905 and left one son. She moved back to Kentucky and lives in Bowling Green. Hiram P. Allen, the fourth son, married and lives at Luling, Texas, and has three children, one daughter and two sons. George R. Allen, the youngest son, died at Garden City, Kansas, aged 17 years and six months. Frank B. Allen, the youngest son living, is at Marlow, Oklahoma, in the practice of law. He has never married. Ora L. Allen, the youngest daughter, married R. G. Blakeman. He died and left her with one son, five years of age. She lives in Bowling Green, Ky.

A short sketch of the Doherty family of Marrowbone and Allens Creek Valley, Cumberland County, Kentucky.

Joseph Doherty married Betsy Allen, daughter of Jane Allen, and settled near the mouth of Allens Creek, where George Young now lives. He lived there until his death and raised a large family, of sons and daughters. Joe Doherty cleared away the forests and cane-brakes in the valley near his residence and cultivated corn, wheat, oats, tobacco, flax and cotton. He was a blacksmith, and a natural mechanic. He built a blacksmith shop near his residence where he worked at his trade. It is said he could make anything he wished, out of iron and wood. He supplied the farmers with agricultural implements; made axes, hoes, chains and plow-points for wooden mold-board plows; and made wrought nails on the anvil with the hammer.

He also made guns. The famous Kentucky rifle was made in his shop. My father, Nathan Allen, killed many a deer on the hills and in the valleys of Marrowbone, with a rifle, Joe Doherty made.

Deer and wild turkey were plentiful in that early day; and much of the meat on the tables was wild meat, killed with the trusty rifle. The buffalo, that Boone found on his first visit to Kentucky, had been killed and run out by the Indians, and early hunters.

Joe and Betsy Doherty raised seven sons and two daughters.. The sons were natural mechanics like their father. They ran a blacksmith shop, a carpenter and cabinet shop, where they made furniture of all kinds, — bedsteads, bureaus, tables, chairs, sideboards and cupboards. Salt was brought in sacks on horse-back from the salt works in Northern Kentucky.

The Doherty boys drilled a test well for salt water, with the intention of manufacturing it into salt, to supply the people at home. A well was drilled, with the old sweep drill, just below the residence, in the Marrowbone Creek bottom, to the depth of 900 feet, the deepest well that had ever been bored in Cumberland County, at that time. No salt water that would pay to work was found; so the well was plugged. No one knows at this day the exact spot where it was drilled.

Below the residence, on the little branch that runs to the creek, were found the bones of some large animal of prehistoric time. They were buried in the bottom of the little branch and it was supposed were the bones of the Mastodon or Mammoth. If I remember right they were of immense size. I cannot give the dimensions or tell what became of them. I remember seeing a part of them on my first visit to Cumberland County in 1845.

Dr. John A. Doherty was a dentist and established the first dental office in Bowling Green. He never married. He made a fortune of which his church received ten thousand dollars. He died at his brother's, Albert Doherty, near Bowling Green in 1887. Before his death, he arranged for his burial, by having his coffin made and ready; and also had a vault cut in a solid stone for his coffin to be placed in with a stone slab over the vault to be hermetically sealed, so no water or air could

penetrate. The immense rock with vault in which the remains were enclosed in a casket, was let down in the grave with rope and tackle. All had been prepared by his own directions.

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## Poplar Springs Seminary

Poplar Springs Seminary was a school taught by Profs. Huff and Beck in the years 1849-50, near the little town of Hayes, Warren County.

Prof. Huff was from the North and Prof. Beck from Tennessee. They lived and taught at the family residence of James Beck, the father of Prof. Beck. It was near the Poplar Spring, and was known as the Felix Wright place.

Well, that was the largest school ever taught, up to that date, in the Smith's Grove country. Young men and young ladies from the surrounding country came in and boarded at the farm residence and attended school. Prof. Huff was at the head of the school and was an excellent teacher, loved by all, gentle and kind, and as modest as the most refined lady. No one could fail to love and respect him. Prof. Beck was young and enthusiastic in his work as a teacher and much liked by all the students.

The boys were all trained in declamatory exercises. At the close of the spring term, June, 1849, a big exhibition was held. Speeches, declamations, essays and dialogues were gone through with in grand style, and everything was cut and dried for the occasion. A large crowd of patrons and other people were present to witness the exercises and enjoy the fun. A debating society was organized and met at night. Some of the old men in the immediate neighborhood met with the boys in the discussion of various questions.

Of the young men most active in the society were Jack Cole, John McDaniel, Eldridge Martin, Perry Allen, Reuben Alexander, Joe Wright, Bob Thomas, Tom Burton. The old persons who took part in the exercises are most all dead and gone.

## Early History of the Smith's Grove Country

By DR, N. P. ALLEN

(Reproduced from the Glasgow Times, 1899)

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WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY

Warren County, Kentucky, was established in 1796 out of a part of Logan County, and was named in honor of Gen Joseph Warren a hero of Bunker Hill. It embraces about 560 square miles. Bowling Green is the county seat, and centrally located on the south side of Barren river. That part of Warren county known as the Smith's Grove country lies in the eastern portion of the county, and embraces more than a hundred square miles. The old Louisville & Nashville pike passes through its northern boundary, and was built in 1841 and '42. The L&N railroad was surveyed in 1851 and 52, and was built soon after, being completed in 1859.

The town of Smith's Grove was incorporated March 21, 1871. There were only a few persons living in the Smith's Grove country a hundred years ago. There are now several nice little towns and villages in its boundry, all settled up with farms and residences, churches and school houses.

When the county was first organized this territory was unoccupied except by an occasional settler at some spring or grownup timber around the base of the knobs, or at the sink of the creeks on the west of the town of Smith's Grove.

The barrens were covered with hazel bush, wild strawberries and native grasses, with here and there a bunch of scrubby oaks. But little water was to be had in those dry barrens, as they were then called. Around the knobs and at the sink of the creeks on the east were some groves of timber, such as the oak and a few sugar maple, walnut and poplar.

There was a variety of grass called barren grass, that grows six or seven feet high, which grew here in abundance, and served no doubt as a rich pasture for the wild animals to graze upon. Some of the grass can yet be seen in the rocky country south of Smith's Grove, and in the Green river knobs north, there are still a few patches of hazle to be seen. The hazle grew in great profusion before the country was settled up, and served for birds to nest in. There were also immense crops of nuts, which furnished food for the wild turkey, prairie chicken, deer and wild pigeon.

All the native animals lived and flourished here — the lordly bison or buffalo of North America, the elk and deer were here in large numbers in 1769 when one and his companions made their first entrance into Kentucky. At that date the several tribes of Indians living north of the Ohio river and south of the Cumberland, in the Tennessee valley, claimed Kentucky as their common hunting ground. There are still evidences of their being here by the burying grounds and relics of old forts. The Pilot knob east of Smith's Grove was a noted place in prehistoric times, as evidenced exists that it was used as a fort of defense at some age of the world.

There are two knobs embraced in this boundry; Pilot Knob on the east and Smith's Grove knob on the west of the boundry of Smith's Grove. The balance of this territory was treeless barrens or prairies, and was not thought to be valuable, as

there was neither timber or water. Around the base of the little knob west of town was a beautiful grove of timber, and here a man by the name of Rollins settled, and it was called Rollin's Grove. The exact date of the first entry of land, or the first settlement made, I have no means of ascertaining, but it was before the organization of the county. The first settlers located where they could have wood and water, near the rivers or creeks.

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## THE WILD PIGEON ROOST

Some things I remember about it; it was located in the grove of timber around Smith's Grove knob, and extended out several miles. There is no record of the beginning of the roost. It may have been centuries old for all we know. When the first settlers came to the new West in the seventeenth century, they found the rivers and their tributaries lined with beech and oak forest, that furnished food for the millions of birds that annually came there to find a roosting place for the fall and winter months and when spring came, they would fly away to their favorite hatching ground where they would raise their young. They usually left before corn planting time, but there was an exception to that rule. On one or more occasions they stayed till the corn was up in the field and made short work of destroying the crop. There were millions of birds, like the sands on the sea shore, could not be counted. The roost covered from eight to ten thousand acres or more. As the flocks of hundreds and thousands of birds would come in of evenings from the beech and oak forest of Green, Barren and Cumberland rivers and their tributaries, they would circle around and often light in the tree tops, seeming to rest from their long flight of ten, fifty, and as far as one hundred miles. As night would approach, they would gather in large gangs, and when they reached the roost, the fluttering of the wings and chatter of their songs would roar like thunder in the distance.

Hundreds of men, for miles around, would come to the roost of nights with wagons, horseback and afoot, all around with shot guns, or United States muskets, prepared with ammunition to kill the poor innocent birds for sport or spoil. Men would go in companies of half dozen or more, make campfires, have their cooking utensils prepared to stay one or more nights; their horses hitched to the trees while one would be left at the camp to blow with a horn or trumpet, the rest would go out and kill and bag the birds. When they wanted to go to camp, they could hear their camp horn and by that means find the camp. The woods would be full of hunters, guns firing all around you and it was no trouble to get lost. Many of our old citizens have visited this world renowned Pigeon Roost up to the last century. There were many interesting things occurring in the Pigeon Roost that would add very much to this write up. Pigeons were killed by hundreds and thousands. People would have them dressed and salted in barrels and boxes. The feathers

made excellent feather beds. One woman saved enough to make two feather beds. Men would sometimes kill a hundred or more at one Shot.

The droppings from these millions of birds covered the ground and was an inch deep in places. That accounts for the deep rich soil of the Smith's Grove country.

After the country was partly cleared up and put in cultivation and the great destruction of the birds by the hunters, the roost got less each year until it was no more. What has become of the birds, no one knows; they may have gone to Alaska or Manitoba, but it's my opinion, they like the wild animals that were here before the white man came — have been killed and their hatching and feeding places made the habitation of man. So far as this country is concerned, the wild pigeon is no more, like the buffalo, the elk, the deer, the bear and the wolf, have gone never to return. The rising generation will only know they were here by reading the history of the early settlers of the county.

The pigeon roost covered hundreds of acres of scrubby timber and millions of birds would roost there in good mast years. White oak and beech were full crops along our watercourses. Since that day the forests have been cleared off where they roosted, and the forests along the river bottoms that furnished food have been cut away and the great droves of wild pigeons have disappeared from this country. No one knows where they are. Some think they are all killed, and are not now in existence; others think they are in Manitoba, in the extreme northern part of North America. On one occasion I had some boys visiting me from a distance. They wanted to go to the pigeon roost. So I borrowed a little single barreled shot-gun and we mounted our horses and were soon in the forest, where the droves of hundreds and thousands of birds came flocking in and alighted in the tree tops nearby, and to show the boys who were with me how to slip up near enough to kill the pigeons, I crawled along some distance and snapped the old gun several times, but it did not go off. It was loaded when I got it at a neighbor's house, and nothing I could do would make it fire. So I gave up the hunt and took the gun home. I afterwards learned that the gun had two or three loads of powder and shot in it, and if it had fired would have bursted and killed me. It had to be unloaded, and the loads when removed, it is said, filled the barrel half full of shot and powder.

## Allen Carter's Trip to Gold Fields of California

Smith's Grove, Ky.

Editor Times: — I made a visit a short time ago to my old friend Allen Carter, who lives on his nice farm about four miles southwest of Smith's Grove. Mr. Carter was born January 8, 1829. At the age of 20 years he came to Smith's

Grove to live with his brother Beverly Carter, who had a general store and post office on the Glasgow and Bowling Green road, where Esq. R. S. Knowles now lives. The discovery of gold in California, and the excitement which followed gave him the gold fever, as it was called then. So in the early spring of 1850, Mr. Carter, in company with John Allen, Jack Marr, Allen Dodd, Hiram Griffin, Nathaniel Dodd, John Lewis and Joe Settle, of Rocky Hill, Barren County, Jim Pulliam, of Allen County and Thomas Craig, of Warren County, all left their homes April the 8th for Bowling Green and by boat to Evansville, St. Louis, and up the Missouri River to Liberty Landing, near the county seat of Clay County, Mo. Here they stopped with Joe Lewis, a Barren County man, and remained ten or twelve days, when they bought their outfit for their trip across the plains. The outfit consisted of two two-horse wagons and five yoke of oxen to each wagon; loaded the wagons with flour, bacon, dried fruit, sugar and coffee and their cooking utensils, and blankets, clothing, etc. Leaving Liberty they traveled to Independence, Mo., and on to Unston on the Missouri River. There they crossed on a ferry boat over into the territory of Kansas, where they camped all night and organized a company of wagons to travel together for protection, as they traveled through the Indian country. The first captain was named Owens, from Iowa, but afterwards John Lewis was elected captain. The caravan crossed the north east corner of the territory of Kansas into the territory of Nebraska. Traveling on north-west over the level plains they crossed Platte river, a tributary of the Missouri, at Grand Island, near Fort Kerny. Twenty to thirty miles a day was as far as they could travel. They never camped overnight, except where they could get water for man and beast. Then oxen were turned loose on the rich prairie grass and grazed until morning, when they were driven up to camp. Three sentinels were kept on guard at night. Mr. Carter says the Indians they saw were friendly Indians. They camped one night near an Indian village. Only one tribe showed any signs of hostility so far and that was the Pawnee Indians. In passing through their country the Indians hid so they did not see even one of them.

A Buffalo while trying to cross the trail came in contact with the wagon train and was killed by the men and its meat was divided out. It was the only one killed by the way. They could see thousands of them at a distance. On one occasion they saw a mountain covered with Buffaloes until it was black. They had crossed the South Platte and traveled several days when they came to Sweet Water, a tributary of the Platte. There they had to ferry across; swimming the oxen and crossing the wagons and men on the ferry boat. After leaving the head waters of the Platte, they crossed in to the Territory of Wyoming. There was no timber on the plains, so they used Buffalo chips for fuel. Mr. Carter was cook part of the time and said the chips made excellent fires for cooking. After passing Fort .Larimore, where the U. S. Soldiers were stationed, they soon crossed the divide between the waters of the

Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. They came to Green River whose waters empty into the Colorado River. Green River was too deep to ford, so they camped all night and crossed in ferry boats the following day. After traveling several days they came to Bear River, where the sad death of Captain John Lewis occurred on July the 4, 1850. He died with mountain fever and after funeral services by a Methodist minister, from Illinois, his remains were wrapped in his blanket and buried near the road side in the lone prairie. No coffin could be got and only enough boards could be had to cover the vault. It was a sad farewell to leave their beloved leader in the lone prairie. Mr. Carter said he counted 70 dead mules as they traveled down the Carson River. They died from drinking alkali waters. They were a day and a half crossing the 90 mile desert, traveling day and night, only stopped long enough to take a short sleep. They were nearly starved for water when they reached the Humbolt River, going down this same distance, the river empties into a lake, with no outlet. Traveling northwest they came to Carson River, and on the following morning they counted the distance to the gold mines 200 miles, so they divided up their provisions. Mr. Carter had one lone biscuit to his share of the provisions to eat on the 200 mile march, so he decided to eat his share on the start. They walked 70 miles day and night. As good luck would have it they met some supplies sent out from the gold mine and got flour at \$2.00 per lb. All succeeded in getting to the gold mines, but their dead captain Lewis, so loved and mourned. There they went to work washing out the gold dust at \$5.00 per day. They bought provisions and boarded themselves. Having no house as shelter but the trees they slept under; no rain there in the summer time. Mr. Carter worked awhile at wages and then bought a claim. On Sunday would go to Hangtown, now Placerville.

At one place on his long journey he saw wagons enough, that had been left on the way side by the emigrants, their stock dying out, in their mad rush for the gold fields, to make a bridge from there to Louisville. Horses and mules died from the hard drives and over loads, their only feed was the grass they could get at night while the men slept wrapped in their blankets on the bare ground, Mr. Carter said they crossed mountains that were so steep, they could hardly go up or down. They walked all the way.

The boys scattered before they reached the gold mines and after they got there Mr. Carter's companions he worked with and bunked with were from Bowling Green, Hugh Barkley and Porter Barkley.

After three long years of toil and labor Mr. Carter pulled up stakes and started for his old Kentucky home. He took passage on a steam ship at San Francisco bound for Panama where he crossed the Isthmus by boat and 12 miles horse back ride to the Atlantic coast, where he took ship for New York and home by Wheeling, Va., and by boat to Louisville, Ky., and stage to Bowling Green.

Mr. Carter said that of the company of ten men that started out from Bowling Green for the California gold mines in April 1850 all were dead except two — John Allen, of Hays, and himself.

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## Dr. N. P. Allen Honored by Bee Keepers' Associations

(Bowling Green Democrat, October 1880)

Dr. N. P. Allen, of Smith's Grove, has been honored not only as President of the Kentucky State Bee Keepers' Association, but also as President of the National Bee Keepers' Association, which held its annual session at Cincinnati, September 29 and 30th. Dr. Allen is a native Kentuckian, was raised upon the farm and has spent the most of his life in this county; was educated in the common schools and academies in the county. He received his dental education in the Ohio Dental College, Cincinnati. In connection with his practice, he has kept bees extensively for the last twenty years; has been a close student in bee culture all the while, availing himself of the best race of bees, the Langstrothe frame hive and all the valuable inventions in apiculture. He has succeeded in gaining an enviable reputation among the Bee Keepers of the United States.

His time has been devoted to progressive agriculture. In the former he has always engaged more or less in handling the improved stock, and in the latter branch he has ever anticipated improvement in stock, fixtures, etc. In 1874, at his call, the bee fanciers of Southern Kentucky met at his home and organized a society, of which he was elected president, serving three years in that office, and then' as secretary. At the organization of the Kentucky Bee Keepers' Society at Louisville in 1880, he was chosen president, and at the North American Bee Keepers' Society the same year at Cincinnati he was made its president also.

Dr. Allen has given much time to the study of bee culture and is practically demonstrating the knowledge gained by reading. He has ever been ready to impart what he has learned, and otherwise to create interest in the subject. He has never made an effort to make money by selling bees and supplies, but could have done so had he wished. It may be said to his credit that he is a modest, unassuming gentleman, and whatever of honors he has received have not been of his own seeking.

No man stands more respected at home than Dr. Allen. He is liked by all his neighbors; and is a man who would scarcely make an enemy in a lifetime. For his interest in all things looking to improvement on the farm we honor him, and for his social qualities and goodness of heart we can 'but hold him in high esteem.

THE HOME OF THE HONEY BEE

It is said the honey bee is the harbinger of man; that where ever man goes and builds his home the honey bee goes and builds its home; and if not furnished a home by man, will build its home in some hollow tree or cavern in a rocky cliff nearby, and there take up its abode, and gather the nectar secreted by the honey cups of the myriad of flowers that bloom in field and forest, that fills the air with rich fragrance as it is evaporated by the warm sunshine and carried by the soft breezes to the surrounding country; here it builds its honey-comb with wax secreted by its own body, forms the delicate cells, to be filled with stores of honey and pollen, and for the queen to deposit her eggs in to be hatched into a living grub, that's fed by the nurse bees, and grows into a perfect bee, ready for its allotted work in the economy of the hive. The worker bee that constitutes the mass of the colony is an undeveloped female; its organs of generation are dormant, it does the work of the hive. The queen is the only perfectly developed female in the colony; she lays all the eggs. The male bee is the drone, and its functions are to pregnate the queen, once for life and then its work is done and it is discarded from the hive until another season rolls around, when other male bees are reared in the colony.

The honey bee is a warm blooded insect; it builds its brood nest in the center of the hive; it lives and eats all the winter long. It is unlike the thousands of insects that lie dormant during the winter, until thawed out in the early spring time. The honey bee consumes the honey it has stored as fuel to keep it warm, and while zero weather reigns on the outside, it is summer heat in the center of the brood nest. If its stores are all consumed before the flowers open in the early spring, starvation and death are the result.

In the North Temperate Zone it needs an outside covering as a protection from the cold atmosphere and wind storms; in the Tropics it often builds its nest in the open air, suspended from the limbs of trees.

The honey bee loves its home and will stay with it and protect it from its enemies.

In its flight in search of food it is never lost. It takes its bearings from the surrounding objects and on its return makes a straight line for home.

Its mode of increase of colonies is by swarming. The old queen goes with the swarm; the young bees are left in the hive to raise a young queen.

The swarm, after it has emerged from the hive, first settles on the limb of a tree, or some object nearby, before it takes its flight in search of a new home or to a home already selected, in some hollow tree in the forest.

That gives the beekeeper the opportunity to put them in a hive prepared for them. Sometimes they refuse to stay, and will swarm out and flyaway to their own home, already selected and prepared for occupation.

N. P. Allen

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The following paper was read by Dr. N. P. Allen at a recent meeting of the Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Club held at Smith's Grove:

Mr. Chairman: The subject of the "Cultivation of the Honey Bee," in connection with farming and fruit growing, was assigned me to write upon and read at this meeting. If I could go back to the palmy days of bee culture in Kentucky, in '74 to '82, '83 and '84, when we had hundreds and thousands of colonies of bees all over this Southern Kentucky and bee forage was plentiful, rich and inexhaustible, when white clover covered the road-sides, the waste places and often the pasture fields like a carpet of snow in the winter time: as I said if I could go with you back to such times as to bring them up to the present and fill the forests with rich forage in the poplars, maples and other forest trees that have fallen by the woodman's ax; yes, and could fill the air with sweet fragrance from the nectar cups in the clover blooms in our fields and pastures, if I could do that I could awake some interest and enthusiasm in rational bee keeping. Bees, like all other stock, require food and care to make them profitable; left in their natural state they will gather sufficient stores for the preservation of the colony from year to year. When given this intelligent assistance of man they will often produce a surplus to go on his table as food to sustain him in his labors to help the world move on. Bees take up the deposit of nectar in the long flower cups and deposit it in their delicate waxen cells. They carry the pollen from flower to flower and thereby cause the flowers to be fructified and to bear fruit. Without their assistance and the assistance of other nectar-loving insects much of our fruits would be a failure.

I cannot recommend all farmers and fruit growers to cultivate bees in the improved movable frame hives, as but few will take the time or pains to know how to manage them so as to make them profitable, but I recommended all farmers and fruit growers to keep a fine colony of bees in the ordinary box or gum hive with cap for surplus honey. In this manner of keeping bees it does not require much scientific knowledge or work or expense. So any one may keep bees in this primitive way and occasionally get a nice batch of honey for his use. But to keep bees in movable frame hives and have the honey deposited in the small one and two pound sections, or to have an extractor and extract the honey, giving the comb back to the bees to be filled again, requires a knowledge of scientific bee culture, which few ever attain, and so I would not recommend to anyone to undertake keeping bees in that way unless they will take the time and spend the money

necessary to obtain this knowledge, but rather recommended to the common farmer to keep only a few colonies on this plan.

## Articles Written by Dr. Allen as "Rip-E-To;" Published in the Glasgow Times

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### ECLIPSE OF SUN

August 30, 1905

Editor Times: In reviewing the eclipse of the sun this morning, my mind ran back thirty-six years ago to August, 1869, when the total eclipse of the sun occurred about 4 o'clock P. M. It was the only total eclipse of the sun I ever saw. I remember it so well; it was sublime beyond description. It seemed that the sun was blotted out, and a feeling of awe and reverence for the God of the universe crept over me. The thought of being in total darkness was very unpleasant. Chickens went to roost, cows came up to the milk pen. The night had come. All nature seemed to realize the awe inspiring fact that the mighty change was taking place so unexpected to animal creation. Only man could know and realize the situation.

This morning the sun rose while the shadow was passing off. At New York the eclipse was total. It's wonderful how astronomers can tell when these eclipses come hundreds of years in the future to the minute and hour they will appear. This is a wonderful world we live in. But the great universe with its systems of worlds is beyond the comprehension of finite minds. God, in His wisdom, rules the universe. As Cowper so beautifully expresses his governing powers:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

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### RIP-E-TO SCENTS SPRING

Smith's Grove, March 8.

This is a spring day. The hens are cackling, the cocks are crowing, the birds are welcoming balmy spring with sweet songs, the robin red-breast is here hopping on the meadows and lawns planning to build his nest in the tree-tops. Spring, delightful spring, is here! The buttercups and daisies will soon open their petals to the soft spring zephyrs. The orchard, the fields and the dark, bleak forest will soon put on a robe of green, and the flower-buds that have been incased in their winter robes will burst their prison houses and unfold their beauty and fragrance to the

passers-by, and the warm rays of the sun will kiss them. Welcome, welcome, to this old world that's been so long in bleak winter's robe — an emblem of the resurrection morn! Oh that will be the grandest scene the world has ever witnessed, when Gabriel blows his trumpet and wakes the millions of sleeping dust, above the brightness of the sun will be the light that will shine out from the Throne, with the Son of Man sitting on the Throne as Judge of the Quick and the Dead! That will be a grand panorama. Who will be ready for that day for which all other days were made? The reader will pardon me; my mind goes back to the scenes of my childhood — the old family hearthstone, the dear old father and mother, long since dead, that sat around the family fireside, the brothers and sisters, now all gone to the other shore. I see them as I did in my childish play in the dim past; I look beyond the dark tomb to the Bright Beyond, and there shall I awaken and see their sweet faces again. Yes, I feel I shall meet and greet them on the sunny banks of the New Jerusalem. There is no winter there; no storms or sorrows; no disappointments; no sickness or death. In that happy world Jesus is the light. There is no night there and no graveyards; no sad farewells. Happy be the man who is prepared for that eventful day, when Christ, shall come to gather up his jewels! There will be no dark valley when Jesus comes to gather his loved ones home.

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### THE SEASONS

When soft winds comes from the  
Southland and the buds begin  
to swell  
And burst their winter robes,  
flowers begin  
To bloom, and birds begin to  
build their nests,  
And bees begin to hum-  
That's Spring time.

When summer comes with its  
Burning sunshine and cooling  
showers,  
And harvest time of ripened  
grain  
And shady bowers,  
Our hearts rejoice that fall is  
coming  
When corn is ripe and pumpkins

turn to gold,  
And apples red and ripened nuts  
unfold-  
That's harvest time.

The leaves begin to fall,  
And winter bleaks come rush-  
ing in,  
With frosty nights, and hail and  
snow-  
That's winter time.

The air is cold when the sun is  
bright.  
The seasons come and go.  
They make their annual rounds;  
Only man has his childhood and  
old age,  
And wraps his mantle around  
him  
And goes to that bourne from  
whence no  
Traveler has ever yet returned.

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## SUMMER MORNING

Smith's Grove, June 3.

This lovely summer morning, while the roses are in bloom and the air laden with the fragrance of the clover, and the meadows and pasture-fields beautiful in their red and white all so sweet and exhilarating, the honey-bee is reveling in its glory, and filling its hive with the God-given sweet from the honey cups; building its white comb so delicate and frail that the art of man has never been able to make it; only the foundation of the hexagon-shaped cells is made by the genius of man; the cells are only built by the bees from the wax manufactured in its own body, and built on the delicate walls of the cells by the deft mandibles of the bee, like the mason builds the brick upon the wall. Pure honey is God's gift to man. No adulteration in it — the nectar is secreted by the flowers, and gathered by the bees and put in the waxen cells for their own use, and man, by his genius, so manages the work of the bee that he gets a part of their labor in surplus honey. I did not intend to write a dissertation on bees and honey, which, to me, is so interesting a

theme. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home. The birds are singing sweetly as they watch their nests and feed their young. I look out on the fields of growing corn and wheat and on the meadows of orchard-grass and clover. The sun has painted everything green. Only its golden rays fills the world with beauty and loveliness in giving color and beauty to everything the eye beholds. Oh, this is a beautiful world!

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### VISIT TO E. A. EDMUNDS

Smith's Grove, Ky., Sept. 21

And now I will tell of a trip I recently made into Barren county, with a bear story attached, as given me by Mr. E. A. Edmunds, who loves to talk of the long ago, and of the brave pioneers. He lives on the old Capt. William Edmunds' homestead, where he was born in 1828. He is well known over the country, being the possessor of the celebrated Edmunds' "mad-stone," and has quite a reputation as a veterinary surgeon. As I stated, Mr. Edmunds loves to talk of old times, and gave me some history, as he had received it from the old settlers, of the condition of this country nearly 100 years ago. In the early days his father, Capt. Edmunds, moved from the old mother State, Virginia, and settled right in the woods and cane breaks at the head of the romantic Green creek. There were twelve acres of land in cultivation and a little cabin on it; 1,000 acres or more were purchased by Mr. Edmunds. A man by the name of Stringfield and his family lived in the cabin on the place. He and his sons were great bear hunters, and kept their little log smoke-house well filled with bear meat. On the walls of the smoke-house there were 100 charcoal marks, and on being asked what they were put there for he pointed to them with pride and said they represented the number of bears that have been killed and salted up in this smoke-house. Mr. Stringfield said that not one of them had been killed with powder and lead, but that he and his sons, by the help of his trained bear dogs and long knives, had killed them. The dogs would catch them and hold them while one of the men would run up and send the long knife into their vitals. Then they would skin the bear and salt up the meat. About in 1800 Jim Dodd and Henry Carter were out hunting in the big bottom near where the old Settle's mill now stands. They spied a very large bear on a log sunning himself. Both fired their rifles at the same time, killing the bear. After it was dressed it weighed 800 pounds.

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### RIP-E-TO'S DOG CONVENTION

Smith's Grove, Feb. 14

Since the Legislature of Kentucky has passed the Croan law, putting a tax on dogs, the leading canines of the Penderile held a convention at Bowling Green for the purpose of protesting against the awful slaughter of the dog family, which would be the result of its execution. The convention met at 10 o'clock p. m. in the courthouse, and was called to order by Dr. Bull, of Cane Run, as temporary chairman, and the Hon. Roscoe, of Nobob, was made secretary. On motion of the Hon. Fido, of Rat Town, the temporary officers were made permanent officers of the convention by the motion carried, every dog wagging his tail.

The Chair addressed the convention, stating the object of the meeting, etc. Committees were appointed as follows: Committee on Credentials, Committee on Resolutions, Committee on Overtures.

While the committees were preparing their reports the convention resolved itself into a whole, and was addressed by Old Tige, of Brush Creek. The committees on Credentials reported as follows: Your committee on Credentials would respectfully report that all present are entitled to a seat in the convention. Your Committee on Preamble and Resolutions would respectfully submit the following:

Whereas, a tax has been put on our heads, and if not paid the penalty will be death, therefore, resolved by this committee, that the tax on our heads is unjust and uncalled for.

2d. That we protest against its execution.

3d. That no honest man, no Christian man would vote for such a law, knowing that we are innocent and that we do not deserve such inhuman treatment as to be slaughtered because the tax is not paid on our heads.

4th. We claim to have a right to live; we claim that we are of more value to the common people than all the sheep in the state. We claim that our masters and 'owners kill more of their race than we kill sheep.

5th. We claim that if a vote of the State on the tax question was taken it would be voted down.

6th. That we will climb mountains and swim rivers before we will submit to such cruel, inhuman treatment, and we pledge ourselves to vote against them if they run for office again.

On motion the resolutions were carried by acclamation.

The Committee on Overtures made the following report: We recommend to this convention that the Chairman appoint a committee to visit the Kentucky Legislature and put in a solemn protest against the execution of the most dastardly and infamous law ever enacted against our race.

Rev. Fido introduced Old Mother Queen, who, with her family of six little dogs, with tears in her eyes presented them to the convention, and said they would have to be drowned or murdered if the dog law was enforced. The appeal was

touching and brought tears to the eyes of all present. On motion the convention adjourned to meet on call of Chairman or Secretary.

Dr. Bull, Chairman

Hon. Roscoe, Secretary.

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## THE OLD STAGE LINE

Smith's Grove, March 7

I notice two articles in *The Times* about the old Louisville & Nashville stage line, by Bowling Green, away back a half century ago. I remember, when a small boy, of hearing the bugles, blown by the stage driver as they approached the stage stand, where the horses were kept in readiness for the change as soon as the stage arrived. These stage stands were about eight to ten miles apart, and fresh horses were harnessed and ready to take the places of the ones driven, so as to make fast time — about eight miles an hour. The stage was a four-horse vehicle, very stoutly built, and there was room for nine passengers inside of the stage. There was a place in front, under the seat of the driver, for mail sacks and baggage, and a large place called the boot at the back end for mail sacks and trunks. Occasionally, two or more passengers would ride on top with the driver. Around the top of the stage an iron rod was securely fastened, so baggage could be put on top when necessary. I remember the stage stands north from Bowling Green to Munfordville. Eight miles from Bowling Green was the Sam Murrell stage stand, then Dripping Springs, Bell's Tavern [Park City], Woodland and Munfordville. Thomas and Carter, of Elizabethtown, were the proprietors of the stage line from Louisville to Nashville. There being no railroads then, all the travel by land between the two cities was over the lower stage line by Bowling Green and the upper stage line by Glasgow. I traveled on the lower line in the fall of 1851, from Dripping Springs to Louisville. The distance was one hundred miles, the time twelve hours, and the passage-money nine dollars. The stage left Dripping Springs at 9 o'clock p. m. and arrived at Louisville the next morning at 9 o'clock. The experiment of a fast mail line on horseback was tried for a short time between 1835 and 1840, but after a few months trial it was discontinued and the mail carried on stage from that time until the completion of the L.&N. railroad in 1859. In 1852 or 1853 the United States mail was robbed at Bell's tavern — now Glasgow Junction — [now Park City] while the driver was at supper and the horses were being changed. A mail pouch was stolen from the boot of the stage and taken to a sink-hole nearby, ripped open and several thousand dollars taken therefrom. Two men were accused of the robbery. They divided the money between themselves; one of them gave his portion to some women living nearby, where he visited, with the request that they hide it and keep it a secret for him. But the big roll of money hid about their beds troubled them,

and they let the secret out. The other man, with his stolen booty, struck out afoot across the Green river knobs. On the following day two men were arrested for the theft by the name of Shackelford and Anderson. On examining trial, they were defended by Col. Ben Grider, but were sent to Frankfort to be tried by the United States Court. Anderson was sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years; Shackelford came clear. The exact amount stolen was never ascertained, though several thousand dollars was recovered. The account of the robbery was given me by a man who was present when the mail pouch was brought in from the sink-hole, and he was also acquainted with the parties.

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Fortieth Wedding Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Allen  
Smith's Grove, Oct. 23, 1895

This is my fortieth marriage anniversary. I never thought I would live to see it. To look back over two score years and see things as they were then makes my head swim. That's over an average life time. Generations have been born into the world and passed away; nations have been born and kingdoms have fallen. The world of thought, of art and of science has made wonderful strides toward a higher standard of perfection.

What a blessing is memory. It enables us to look back forty or fifty years to our childhood days, when we were happy in the enjoyment of our innocent childhood, when we sat around the parental hearthstone. Mother and father, brother and sister were there. Oh, the many happy hours we passed in the dear old home, now forsaken, all gone, never to return any more. But let us not dwell on sad remembrances, but turn to the bright and happy side of our childhood and youth and look at the old home and the family as it was then. Well, I fancy I can see father and mother with their grey hairs and wrinkled faces sitting at the table and around the fireside; can hear their voices in conversation; there is the candle stand with the tallow candle stick and the iron snuffers ready when needed to snuff the candle, so the light would be brighter, and many a time of a winter night, while the big log fire blazed and sparkled, my mother sat and spun flax, sewing ahead on the little flax wheel, and in an adjoining room the big wheel made music, while the wool rolls were pulled out and converted into yarn thread, while the old cotton gin roared as it jinned the cotton from the seed and made twelve spools of thread at one time, and the big loom in the kitchen wove the thread into jeans and lincy or linen and to clothe the family. On the kitchen fire hung the big kettle filled with rich, sweet pumpkin, boiling and blubbering away with the long wooden paddle to stir and mash it into a mass. Pumpkin pie, pumpkin bread and hominy that was beat in the hominy mortar by the servants after supper, were the savory dishes of

that day and time. All the family had to work, no idlers then, as all the food and clothing was made at home.

But I have wandered from the subject. I wanted to tell something of my marriage forty years ago today. That was a bright October day, the sun rose in all its splendor and glory, just as it rose this morning, and I looked forward to the happy initial hour. All things were ready at noon for the twelve-mile ride, horseback with my young gentlemen and lady friends, including the person who was to tie the golden knot. Shall I name them? Rev. J. S. Grider, who is now living at Mayfield, Ky.; R. A. Alexander and sister, Miss Martha Alexander, now Mrs. H. W. Sanders, all living at Smith's Grove, Ky.; Wm. G. Allen, who died in 1887; H. W. Sanders, Miss Addie Royalty, new Mrs. F. M. Wright; Miss Virginia Murray, who married Rev. J. M. Halsell and died a number of years ago; Dr. J. A. Doherty, Mrs. Amanda M. Ewing, who married Wm. F. Smith and died in May, 1893.

There were seven who took part in the marriage ceremony (all but one are living today) the bride and groom: Dr. N. P. Allen, Miss Kate E. Edmunds; Miss Agnes Waller, Virginia Bates, R. A. Alexander and W. W. Smith, visitors. Only one of the seven has died, Miss Virginia Bates, who married James Edmunds and died two years ago near Allen Springs, in Allen county, Ky.

Forty years ago there was no town of Smith's Grove, no railroad. The old L. & N. turnpike was the only thoroughfare to the City of Louisville, and all the dry goods and groceries were hauled over that road to the little country towns. The travel was by stage coach, nine passengers at a time and one stage north and one south every twenty-four hours. Lands were cheap here — at \$10 to \$25 per acre. That was long before the war. Slavery was in existence. Tobacco, corn and hogs were what the farmers raised to bring money, but little wheat was raised, only enough for bread and to sow another crop.

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## The 17 Year Locust

Editor Farmers Home Journal:

I notice what you say in a recent issue of your valuable paper about the seventeen-year locust. The Department of Agriculture is right for Southern Kentucky, 1889 was the last locust year in this part of the State. The locusts are nearing the top of the ground now, and hogs rooting them up and eating them in the woods, and by the middle of May or sooner their song or shrill chirp will be heard in the forests. I have lived to see five locust years: 1838, 1855, 1872, 1889 and 1906, Cicada is the term applied in the East to a group of insects of many species, living on trees and shrubs and celebrated for their powers of song. In

America they are caned locust, the tree hoppers and frog hoppers belong to the Cicada group.

Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia says: "We have several species of Cicada in the United States, of which the best known is the seventeen-year locust (*Cicada Septemdecem*). The *Cicada Canicuearis* is a well-known species, with a VV shaped mark on the back. Its appearance was once said to be a forerunner of wars."

People's Cyclopedia says the wing covers of the seventeen-year locust are veined and that the male insects alone possess the organs of sound, perfectly developed. In Europe there are many varieties or species of locusts, the shrill chirp or song of the seventeen-year locust sounds like Pharaoh's dream, but when they are here by the million, often cause the head to ache.

I do not know the boundary of country they come regularly in, but they never failed to come every seventeen years since 1838 in this part of Kentucky. Now I am satisfied you had them in 1902, as you say, and that you will have them again in seventeen years from that date, 1919. I don't expect to be here then, but you may; to-day is my 76th birthday. The seventeen-year locusts when they come out of the ground are enclosed in a transparent shell, with legs and feet. They crawl upon the bodies of trees and shrubs, clinging to the bark; the shell bursts open on the back and the perfect insect, with wings, comes out and flies away; they are then ready for song, which will make the woods resound with music from early morning til late evening.

At a certain age the females deposit their eggs in the soft twigs of trees and shrubs. They split the bark and soft wood of the twig and deposit their eggs in two parallel rows about two inches long; the eggs are long-shaped and are glued together. After a few days the little grub is hatched and lives upon the juices of the twig till they are ready to pass to the ground and go on their long journey of seventeen years. The twig dies and falls off, and is soon replaced by the growth. The matured locust when it comes out of its shell, does no damage to the trees and shrubs by eating their leaves; their mission seems to be the propagation of their species, and filling the air with their plaintive songs, and the depositing of their eggs in the twigs of trees and shrubs. They soon accomplish this and die. Only where there were groves and forests seventeen years ago will there be many locusts this year. On account of clearing the lands there are fewer locusts than on their last appearance.

Now, Mr. Editor, if they do not visit Jefferson county this year, come down about the middle of May and we will take you out in the dense forests of good Barren county, where you played in your boyhood days, and let you hear some good old-time music. A few locusts may live on to "Home-Coming-Week." Of course you will be here at the big picnic, or barbecue at Glasgow, on June the 16th, and make us a speech.

Smith's Grove, Ky., May 1906.

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In Slavery Time  
By N. P. ALLEN

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UNCLE HARRY'S FUNERAL

December 15, 1905

It has been over sixty years ago when I was a small boy that uncle Harry, a colored servant of my father, died and was buried in the family grave-yard of John Wallace, near the old homestead. Uncle Harry was the oldest of the colored part of my father's family, was the wagoner and drove a four-horse team hauling the farm products to the market. He lived in a cabin built of round logs and chinked and painted with lime, it stood in the grove of forest trees in front of the one and half story brick dwelling where the white family lived.

Several months after uncle Harry's death and burial his funeral was held in the grove in front of the little log cabin where his widow, aunt Sarah lived. She was my mother's cook and got consent of my father to have uncle Harry's funeral preached. So arrangements were made and seats prepared under the shade of the trees, near the little cabin. Rev. Reuben Cooney, (col.) was engaged to preach the funeral. He was a large portly man and as black as a crow, had a wonderful voice, a good delivery and his voice could be heard over the large concourse of colored people who had assembled in memory of uncle Harry. The minister was gifted in singing, the congregation joined in and the musical tones rang out 'til the trees and surroundings seemed to join in the chorus of such as:

All the Christians in that day

Will take wings and flyaway.

And "We all will rise together in that morning

In that morning.

In that morning

And we all will rise together in that morning."

It was a warm summer day and as the minister led in singing great drops of sweat would stand out on his face, while the men and women of the congregation would join in the chorus as they marched by the minister and gave him a hearty handshake, singing at the top of their voices:

"And it won't be long,  
And it won't be long,  
Hall-ehallelujah it won't be long  
"Til Christ will come and take  
Us all to' glary,"  
"If you get there before I do,  
Look out for me I'm corning too."

Most, if not all, of that large audience are gone, I can't recall one of the colored people that is living. These memories of by-gone days that will never be repeated ought to be preserved as history, and in centuries to come will tell unborn generations how the black man worshiped and honored their dead while slaves and servants in the early days of the past century. They had no church houses to worship in and would hold their meetings in the little log cabins and in the shady graves.

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Article No. 2

January 6, 1906

### UNCLE JESS AND THE STARS FALLING

My father, Nathan Allen, lived in Cumberland County, Kentucky, when that great Meteoric Shower occurred, November 14, 1833.

Uncle Jess was a colored man and belonged to my father. He lived in a little cabin in the yard of the family residence. Uncle Jess was an early riser, would get up before day. On that morning he called his boy, Aberdeen. He had him to go out and get chips to kindle the fire in the big fire place. Soon after the fire began to burn, Uncle Jess went to the little cabin door and looked out and behold the Heavens were in a blaze of light. Millions of bright meteors like stars were falling all over the Heavens. Uncle Jess was amazed and thought the Judgement Day had come when the world was to be burned up. Day was breaking in the east and fainter grew the panorama. As daylight approached the falling meteors disappeared and no visible signs of them could be seen. Uncle Jess asked his boy why he did not tell him about the falling stars, and he replied he thought that was the way the stars went out every morning. Uncle Jess was not satisfied with the answer so he gave the boy a good thrashing for not telling him about it.

It was told of Col. Bob Maupin, a prominent citizen of Glasgow, when his colored servant came into his room to make a fire said to Mars Bob, "No use to make a fire the world is comin' to an end and is on fire. Just see the stars are a-fallin' it would soon be burned up." When Mr. Maupin looked out and saw the conflagration as it was of the Heavens he fell on his knees and prayed fervently. Not only Col. Maupin prayed, but thousands of people thought the end of the world had come and they too were melted down in prayer.

When the great Pyrotecnic Exhibition was over the world turned on its axis just as it had done, the sun, moon, and stars moved in their orbits and shined away the darkness from the earth, the seasons came in their regular order and the earth brought forth its fruits as in time past. Seventy-two years have come and gone since that wonderful exhibition of the falling stars and Uncle Jess and most, if not all, who witnessed it have gone to that Country where the stars don't fall "and there shall be no night there and they need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

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Article No. 3

January 13, 1905

### IMPRESSIONS OF SLAVERY

Many false impressions have been made about slavery and its environments. Slaves were owned by white citizens, who had control of them and of their labor. They were furnished homes and clothed by their owners, and were considered valuable property.

My first recollection of their value was estimated at five to six hundred dollars for grown men and women, but they increased in value until they would sell for a thousand dollars up to fifteen hundred dollars. The colored part of the families of the white settlers lived in log cabins in the yard around the white folks house. The law required the owner to feed, clothe, pay doctor bills, when they were sick, and to treat them humanely. They were required to work every day except Sunday.

The white people thought a great deal of their servants and the servants, as a rule, loved their owners and honored them by obeying their commands and worked for their interests. They were given in marriage by their owner; no law to issue license as among the white people, but in most cases they respected their marriage vows. They multiplied. Children were born and raised with great care by master and mistress. I am satisfied more children were raised under the slavery dispensation, according to number born, than have been raised since they have been set free. They were better clothed, better fed, had better houses to live in to shelter them from the winter's blasts and the drenching rains, than most of them have now.

The negro race is of a social nature and inclined to be religious, but there are exceptions to all rules, and some of them were not easily controlled, were disobedient and gave their owners much trouble; had to be corrected and often were sold to get rid of them. The cotton planters of the South would buy them to work them on their cotton plantations. The Constitution of the United States and of

the Southern States both recognized slaves as property and the rights of slave owners were respected 'till the Proclamation of President Lincoln in 1865. Slavery proved a blessing to the negro race as they were, when brought to America, but heathens and under the tutelage of the white man were educated in agriculture and also in religion. In slavery times they copied after the white people in their social and religious inclinations. They learned to get together and if not religious, would fiddle and dance. Some of them were fine fiddlers and could dance a jig or an old fashioned reel all night long 'til broad daylight in the morning. When they were religious they had many revival songs they would sing. Some of them were able in prayer and exhortation. They were very excitable and in their meetings would shout and running over the house would exhort sinners to get religion. Two of the first preachers, I remember, of the colored race servants, are Uncle Billy Grider, of the C. P. Church and Reuben Cooney, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

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#### PRIMITIVE LIFE OF EARLY SETTLERS

Article No.4

January 26, 1906

The primitive life of the early settlers of the new world, was life of adventure, of hardships and privation. No conveniences then as we have now. The good housewife had to look after the clothing of the family as well as feeding the hungry. Most all the clothes worn by both male and female were made at home. Wool and cotton were carded and spun by hand and wove into cloth. To clothe the family, both white and black, jeans, linsey, flannel, cotton and flax cloth were made into clothes for both summer and winter. In the house could be found the spinning wheel and loom; in the kitchen the oven to bake the bread, the frying pan to fry meat in; the hominy pot and mush pot. No cooking stoves then and the cooking was done in vessels on the wood fire and the big wide hearths. In the big oven the biscuits, the light bread and corn cakes were baked. Ash cakes of corn meal made into dough and wrapped in green cabbage leaves, were cooked in the ashes and embers of the wood-fires. Potatoes, both sweet and irish, were roasted in the fireplaces by covering with embers and coals of fire.

In early slavery times there were no agriculture implements, except the plow and hoe; the reap-hook and the mowing blade to cut the grain and the grass. There was no effort made to raise wheat for the market, as there was no market. Only for family use was bread and meat used. Provisions of all kinds were cheap. Wheat, 25 to 50 cents per bushel, corn, 10 to 20 cents per bushel, fat hogs, \$2.00, per hundred net. Cattle were not raised for market, but for beef, milk and butter for home use. No pastures of clover and grass like we have now. Cattle ran outside and lived upon the wild grasses and shrubbery that was native to the virgin soil. No shelters

were provided for cattle in the early settling of the country, and horses, hogs and sheep had to shelter in the fence corner and under the trees in most cases. The drenching, chilly rains and cold driving snows would beat upon the backs of farm stock and if they succeeded in getting through the winter alive, they would be so poor that they would often die in the spring. Farmers soon learned the great loss of stock from exposure and went to work and built shelters. Little log stables were first built to shelter them in. Sheds covered with straw and brush were used in many cases. No lumber to be had to build stock barns as we have now.

In slavery times slaves were assessed as other property and taxes paid on them same as any other assessment. The males were given small patches of ground to raise crops, like tobacco or watermelons, to sell and replenish their pocket book. The negro is a great lover of the dog-family and would keep a number of dogs to hunt of nights to catch the 'possum and the coon. In the song of the "Old Kentucky Home" are the words, "We'll hunt no more for the "possum and the coon O're the meadows, the beech and the shore."

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## LANDS COVERED WITH FORESTS

### Article No. 5

In the early settling of Kentucky the greater part of the lands were covered with forests of large trees, especially on the rivers and creeks. Between the water courses there was barren land with scrubby oaks and under brush. The land had to be cleared before it could be cultivated. With the assistance of slaves the white man cleared away the forests to plant his corn and garden vegetables to feed his family, getting his supply of meat from the wild animals, such as deer, bear and the wild turkey, that were in large numbers. The buffalo was killed and drove further West by the Indians and the first white men like Boone and the "Long Hunters."

Without the help of the colored man it would have been a tedious process to build up a home in the West. There was no machinery then as we have now. No mills to grind the corn to make bread, but very soon the little wind-mills and the little horse mills were in use. No saw mills to make boards for building houses. The big trees on the water courses and on the hills, such as poplars, walnuts and oaks, were burned in great log heaps in the new grounds that were cleared in the winter time for crops the coming summer. Millions of feet of fine lumber, that would be worth more than the lands are now, was burned up to get them out of the way for farm crops. The people lived in little log cabins, at first there were some with splitting logs of small size, laying them with split side up. The gritter was first

used to make meal and the hominy mortar was used to make hominy. Lye hominy was also made. Hog and hominy, hoe cake, ash cake and johnny cake were considered good enough for the gods to eat.

The negro was a great lover of music. They had voices that were rich in melody and at the big log rollings, house raisings and corn shuckings they would sing their cheerful songs. I imagine that Foster, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," caught the sweet pathetic strains in that song from the melodious airs of the negroes in their happy slavery days, when they had no cares on their minds for home, food and raiment, their owners provided all these things. They were as free as the birds of the forest to sing by the bright sunlight as they performed their daily tasks, or by the Light of the moon as they sat around the little cabin door.

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## Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary Celebrated

At the home of their daughter, Mrs. George W. McIntire, Dr. and Mrs. N. P. Allen celebrated Monday, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which was solemnized near Glasgow on October 23, 1855, and Dr. Jesse Grider officiated. They have lived near Smith's Grove since their marriage, with the exception of five years that they resided in the West. Dr. Allen is now 75 years old and his wife is 71, and they are the parents of eight living children, who are Messrs. J. C. Allen, W. E. Allen, H. P. Allen, F. B. Allen; Mesdames Emma Davis, George W. McIntire, Kate Fogleman, and R. G. Blakeman, and eighteen grand-children. The elegant dinner was served in courses, and the table was beautifully decorated. Dr. Grider made a very appropriate talk in which he brought to memory scenes of fifty years ago relative to the marriage. Squire W. W. Smith, the best man at the wedding, was present who at that time was editor of the Glasgow Journal. Those present at the dinner were:

Dr. N. P. Allen and wife, Rev. J. S. Grider and wife, Mrs. J. Sanders, Mrs. Lou Ewing, Mrs. R. S. Knowles, Mrs. George Moulder, of Smith's Grove; Squire W. W. Smith, of Glasgow; Mrs. L. E. Martin, Mrs. John Holman, Rev. E. B. Kuntz and wife, Mrs. Kate Alexander, W. E. Allen, Mrs. G. A. Fogleman and son, Mrs. R. G. Blakeman, George W. McIntire and wife.

The couple was remembered very kindly by their many friends and were recipients of many handsome presents.

## End Comes to Dr. N. P. Allen

For Fifty Years a Practicing Dentist in this Community

(Bowling Green Democrat)

Dr. N. P. Allen died this morning at 8 o'clock at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Kate Fogleman, on Park Street, of causes incident to old age. He had been in failing health for quite a while and for the past month had been rapidly declining. He would have been 79 years of age on the 30th of next April. He is survived by his wife and eight children. They are J. C. Allen, W. E. Allen and Mrs. W. E. Davis of Elk City, Okla.; Mrs. George W. McIntire, Mrs. Kate Fogleman and Mrs. Ora L. Blakeman of Bowling Green; H. P. Allen, Luring, Texas, and F. B. Allen, Hobart, Ind.

Dr. Allen had lived the greater part of his life at Smith's Grove. He had practiced dentistry for fifty years and his practice extended over Warren, Logan, Allen, Edmonson, Barren, Hart and other counties in Southwestern Kentucky. He was a man of fine intelligence and at one time was an eminent authority on bee culture, having written a great deal on this subject. In late years he had written a great deal for the Bowling Green and Glasgow papers under the nom de plume of "Rip-E-To," and his articles were always interesting and widely read. He always took a decided interest in the moral and commercial interests of his section and always warmly espoused everything that was for the betterment of his county and section. He was a gentleman of the old school, hospitable, generous and kindly, and counted among his friends all who knew him. He was a member of the Westminster Presbyterian church, and for years had been an earnest and devoted Christian and one who lived according to his profession. He had hundreds of friends all over this part of the State, who will be grieved to hear of his death. The remains will be shipped to Smith's Grove for burial. The remains will be shipped at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning and the funeral will occur on arrival there from the Presbyterian Church, conducted by Dr. J. S. Grider and the interment will be in Smith's Grove cemetery. Arrangements have been made to have this train stop at Smith's Grove, for the accommodation of those who wish to go up to attend the funeral.

(February 15, 1909)

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Glasgow Daily Times