

# Michael Moore

(1840-1916)

## “Autobiography of Mike Moore The Jolly Irishman”

By Jerry Long  
c.2024



Mike Moore (1840-1916)

Michael J. Moore, son of John Moore (died 8 September 1890, aged 85) and Margaret Quinn (died 20 August 1885 aged 71), Michael was born on 1 January 1840 in county Kerry, Ireland. An obituary in the Owensboro Messenger (Owensboro, KY, 5 May 1916 p.5) reported that he “moved to this country with his parents from Ireland, when he was twelve years of age and had resided in the Utica neighborhood ever since that time.”

In 1908 Michael Moore published an autobiography entitled Autobiography of Mike Moore the Jolly Irishman – a copy and index of the book follows on pages 10-50. The 93-page booklet was printed by the Stone Printing Co. of Owensboro, KY. His chronicle began – “I was born January 1st, 1840, in the parish of Newtownsands, in the county Kerry, Ireland. I am the oldest of eight children, all of whom have passed over the river except two sisters, Mrs. Boyle, of

St. Joseph, Ky., and Mrs. Hurst, of Doniphan, Mo.” In 1852 he arrived on the ship, Gypsy, at the port of New York with about 650 fellow passengers. They had been at sea 38 days. Mike in his autobiography stated he arrived in Owensboro (Yellow Banks), KY on 2 August 1852.

Michael Moore’s obituary stated he was survived by one sister, Mrs. Boyle, of the Delaware neighborhood, which is in the western section of Daviess County, KY. This was Mrs. Ellen Boyle, who died at St. Joseph, in Daviess County, KY on 16 August 1931. The widow of James Boyle (1835-1896) her death certificate recorded that she was born in Ireland on 25 March 1849 to John Moore & Margaret Quinn. She was buried at the St. Alphonsus Catholic Church Cemetery, St. Joseph, Daviess County, KY. She was survived by four children, one of whom was Sister Mary James Boyle (1891-1973), of the Ursuline order at Mt. Joseph Academy in Daviess County, KY.

During the Civil War Mike Moore served as a fifer in the local Livermore home guards of the Union army (A History of Owensboro and Daviess County, Kentucky, Hugh O. Potter, Herff Jones-Paragon Publishing, Montgomery, AL, 1974, pp.81-82). He did not enlist in an active Army unit that was engaged in the conflict. He chose to stay at home, care for a sick father and man the family farm; also he did not sympathize with Negro emancipation.

The residence of Michael Moore in the 1860, 1870, 1880, 1900 and 1910 federal censuses was recorded as:

McLean County, KY 1860 census:

Moore, John	50 m	farmer	Ireland
“ , Margaret	42 f		Ireland
“ , Michael J.	20 m	farm laborer	Ireland
“ , Mary A.	17 f		Ireland
“ , Bridget	13 f		Ireland

Daviess County, KY 1870 census:

Moore, Michael	28 m	farmer	Ireland
“ , James	26 m	farm hand	Ireland
Birks, Barney	12 m		Kentucky

Daviess County, KY 1880 census:

More, John	71 m	farmer	Ireland - Ireland - Ireland
“ , Margret	68 f	wife	Ireland - Ireland - Ireland
“ , Michael	40 m single	farmer	Ireland - Ireland - Ireland
Gipson, Jessey	44 m single	farmer	VA - VA - NC
Moore, James	38 m	farmer	Ireland - Ireland - Ireland

Daviess County, KY 1900 census:

Moore, Mike	Jan 1840 (60)	farmer, owns farm,	Ireland - Ireland - Ireland
“ , Mary H.	Feb 1847 (53)	wife, married 6 years, (11 children 6 living)	KY - KY - KY
Lanham, Felix	Dec 1873 (26)	stepson, farm laborer,	KY - KY - KY
“ , John	Jun 1878 (21)	stepson, farm laborer,	KY - KY - KY
Moore, Angelo	Feb 1890 (10)	son, farm laborer	KY - KY - KY



The following are some references to Mike Moore (1842-1916) in the Owensboro, KY newspapers:

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Tuesday, 4 January 1881, p.3:**

Real Estate Transfers

... Michael Moore to John Moore, a parcel of land in Daviess county.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Tuesday, 15 September 1885, p.3:**

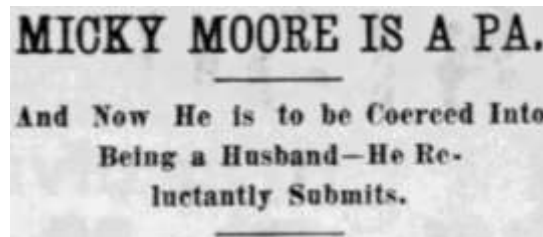
Utica

Rev. S. B. Smith employs from four to six hands daily on his new residence. Micky Moore finished building the chimneys last Saturday, which will convey the smoke from six stoves.

**Owensboro Messenger & Examiner, Owensboro, KY,  
Thursday, 29 September 1887, p.2:**

Utica, Sep. 26 – Micky Moor has returned from Vanover, where he has been plastering the handsome residence of Jas. R. Fulkerson. While there he was shown a gourd which held one bushel of corn and a chicken whose wings grew bottom side up; but the most pleasant sight our jolly Irishman saw, was a barrel of good old grape wine, to which he had access three times a day. – ERIN.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Thursday, 14 March 1889, p.4:**



The Forcible Argument Employed – Micky Balked  
on Going for a License – Mary Ann, the Bride.

Micky Moore, the festive son of Erin, who has enlivened the still precincts of Lewis Station [later called Utica] for several years, is in trouble and almost in matrimony. Micky has not walked altogether in the path of social and moral rectitude in regard to Miss Mary Lanham, of his immediate neighborhood. The result of Micky's sin was a bouncing boy, born ten days ago to Miss Mary. The circumstance shocked the highly moral community in which it occurred, and every possible legal step and remedy was suggested and talked over. The Lanham family was highly indignant and discussed a resort to measures entirely outside of the law, but milder counsels prevailed. Nothing was done about it until yesterday, when two of the girl's brothers, strapping big fellows, waited on Micky, and informed him that he must marry their sister.

"I'll be d – d if I do," said Mickey. The reply of the Lanham boys was not recorded, but it must have been forcible and convincing, as Mickey soon promised to marry Mary Ann, but only on condition that the boys should procure the license without trouble on his part, his excuse for this desire being that he could not face his Owensboro friends in his partial disgrace.

Accordingly, yesterday the two Lanham boys strode into the county clerk's office, and one of them said: "We want license to get married."

"Which one – both of you?" asked the clerk.

"Neither one of us," said Lanham; "we want license for Mike Moore to marry Mary Ann Lanham."

The clerk explained that he could not grant a license under such a state of case, and that Mr. Moore would have to apply in person.

"He wouldn't come after 'em," they said, "but he's got to marry her anyhow," and the two brothers stalked out of the court-house and started for home. If Moore doesn't skip in advance, they may be expected to bring him in today by force if necessary, as the boys seem determined to do what they can to repair their sister's shattered reputation.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Tuesday, 19 March 1889, p.4:**

MICKEY SKIPS THK TRA-LA-LOO.

He Bequeathes His Tobacco Crop to the Girl  
He Deceived and Leaves For Other Parts.

Mickey Moore, of Utica, is gone, absent, vamoosed, deselict, absquatulated, *non est inventum* and removed from out the boundaries of this State. Mickey had ample and sufficient cause, provocation and reason for his said action, and it is therefore not a matter of surprise. Mickey was the unlawful father of Mary Ann Lanham's youngest eon, and thereby hangs the tale. It has been duly recorded and chronicled that Mickey promised under duress and respect to marry Mary, but he point blank refused unless her brothers would come after and purchase the license necessary in the case. They failed to get the license and since that time Mickey has disappeared. Before leaving, however, he made over to Mary a crop of tobacco, worth about \$125. This done he took two horses and left the country, announcing that his departure was for good and all.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Thursday, 3 July 1890, p.5:**

Utica, Ky. June 30 – ... Micky Moore, the professional mortar spreader, has gone to Owensboro to help build up that city.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Tuesday, 15 May 1894, p.1:**

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Mike Moore and Mrs. Margaret Lanham were quietly married Monday morning at St. Stephen's Catholic church, Rev. A. T. McConnell officiating. After

the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the groom at Utica, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

**Owensboro Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Thursday, 11 August 1898, p.4:**

County Court

... Mickey Moore, for building a bridge on Calhoun and Talbott road, was allowed \$9.50.

**Owensboro Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Sunday, 6 September 1908, p.3:**

**NEW LOCAL  
LITERARY STAR**

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“Uncle Mike” Moore, “the  
Jolly Irishman,” Blazes  
Forth In the Literary  
Firmament of Daviess.

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**WRITES BOOK  
ON LOCAL TOPICS**

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Sends Copy to Angus Mc-  
Neill and Receives a Let-  
ter Highly Praising Its  
Merits.



“Uncle Mike” Moore  
“The Jolly Irishman”

A new Daviess county author has come to the front by writing a book, and this new star in the local literary firmament is "Uncle Micky" Moore, the "Jolly Irishman." The title of the book is "Uncle Mike Moore, the Jolly Irishman." It begins with "Uncle Mike's childhood days in Erin, and they show that he was jolly as a kid as he is as a man. His father's family came to America when "Uncle Mike" was a boy, and after reaching this country we soon follow the family to Daviess county Ky., out in the Utica neighborhood. It tells about people and incidents of that and other country neighborhoods in Daviess and McLean for a half century or more. Some portions of "Uncle Mike's" book are pathetic, others humorous, but all of it interesting, especially to those who are acquainted with the scenes and character portrayed.

"Uncle Mike" sent one of his books to Angus McNeill, a Livermore, Ky., boy, who went to Chicago and made fame and fortune as a cartoonist. He received the following letter:

By a fortunate circumstance there was placed in my hand, a copy of your book.

I have just finished reading the volume and cannot let the occasion pass without attempting to convey my appreciation of it. As a record of facts it is true to my recollection; as a souvenir of bygone days it is interesting and impressive and to me it has a peculiar and tender interest.

I wonder, Mr. Moore, if you could possibly remember me? I am the eldest son of E. F. McNeill, whom you speak of in the book. My father, as you relate was an ardent southerner and Confederate soldier, and all the circumstances of his experience at Livermore, you have given correctly and interestingly.

But, oh, far, far back in memory your story leads me, bringing up dear, old familiar names and faces now long since passed away.

Your gentle and delicate memory of my precious mother, touched cords of my heart that have lain silent for over 35 years and brought tears of sweet and hallowed memory of her.

I looked closely at the portrait of yourself in the book and can still trace the resemblance of you, when as a young man, you often came to my father's place in Livermore. I was then a boy of 10 or 12 years.

My own hair is and is fast turning gray and you must be quite advanced in years, but judging from your portrait, time has dealt gently with you.

Please accept assurance of my best wishes and I earnestly trust that you may have many years yet of life and health. Sincerely your,

ANGUS M'NEILL

No. 727 Mozart street, Chicago, Ill.

**Owensboro Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Wednesday, 19 May 1909, p.2:**

Mike Moore, Utica's "Jolly Irishman" who is known and liked by almost everybody in Daviess county, those who do not know him being the only ones who do not like him, has at last been forced to cry "enough" to his old friend, John Barleycorn. "Uncle Mike" admits many a wrestle with this foe of mankind and especially of an Irishman, but in most tussles he has claimed a victory.

In his 93-page biography with Irish wit, published by the Stone Printing company in 1908, "Uncle Mike" tells of many wrestles with John Barleycorn. In his own language, "The only way to beat the devil is with Holy Water and the only way to beat an Irishman is to give him rain water and brown sugar instead of whisky," but now a new way has been found to beat one Irishman. Arraignment in police court and a fine of \$1 and costs for being slightly tipsy is the new way to beat "Uncle Mike," because he was apparently severely squelched when this occurred to him Wednesday morning

"Uncle Mike" is one of the best known plasterers and ditch diggers in this section of the state. He is recognized as such a witty Irishman and one who has such varied experiences that his autobiography had a good sale when he issued it in this city last year. With characteristic frankness the author admits that being deprived of whisky on one occasion when he was nursing a smallpox patient, was worse on the nurse than the disease was on the patient. He tells of occasions when he attended circus performances in Owensboro and didn't get back for a day or so. He also tells of an occasion when he had a Tom O'Shanter experience in the old Oak Grove church, getting so full that he that he entered the old church in the "wee small" hours and boldly walked up to the pulpit in search of a ghost, but on recovery from his stupor and a realization of his surroundings he called on St. Patrick to protect him and "Left that Baptist church quicker than I ever left one before or since."

**Owensboro Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Sunday, 12 February 1911, p.1:**

“Uncle Mike” In Town

“Uncle Mike” Moore of Utica, was in Owensboro Saturday afternoon. He is the author of the funny book, The Jolly Irishman, a story of his own life.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Thursday, 25 March 1915, p.7:**

Handyville, Ky., March 24 – The little children here are anticipating with great joy the coming of "Uncle" Mike Moore, the jolly Irishman, of Utica, to tell them his funny jokes. He makes Handyville a visit every spring and is always welcome.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Friday, 5 May 1916, p.5:**

Deaths and Funerals  
Michael Moore

Michael Moore, died of complication of diseases at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, at his home in the Utica neighborhood. "Uncle" Mike, as he was called moved to this country with his parents from Ireland, when he was twelve years of age and had resided in the Utica neighborhood ever since that time. The deceased was seventy-nine years of age and is survived by one sister, Mrs. Boyle, of Delaware, neighborhood. The funeral will be conducted from St. Anthony's church at 9 o'clock this morning, at Brown's Valley, Rev. A. G. Meyering, having charge of the service. Burial will be made in the Catholic cemetery, in Owensboro.



**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Tuesday, 16 May 1916, p.10:**

Only Three Wills  
Admitted To Probate Court

... The will of Michael Moore, deceased, upon proof of execution being made by A. A. Westerfield and William Huebner, was admitted to probate. Under the terms of the will the property, consisting of personal property and a house and lot situated in Utica. Ky., was devised to a son, Michael Angelo Moore. The will also contained a number of small money bequests to named relatives. It was ordered to record.

**Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Wednesday, 28 February 1923, p.2:**  
[obituary of Mary Pool Lanham Moore – widow of Michael Moore]

Mrs. Mary Moore

Mrs. Mary Moore, of Mercer, Muhlenberg county, Ky., aged 76, died of infirmities, Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The deceased is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Kate Carter, of Owensboro, and five sons. They are Will, George and John Lanham, of Handyville; Felix Lanham, of Mercer, and Anglo Moore, of Mercer. The body was brought to Owensboro on the noon L. & N train Tuesday and taken to St. Stephen's Catholic church, where the funeral was conducted in the afternoon with services by the Rev. Father Maloney, pastor. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery.

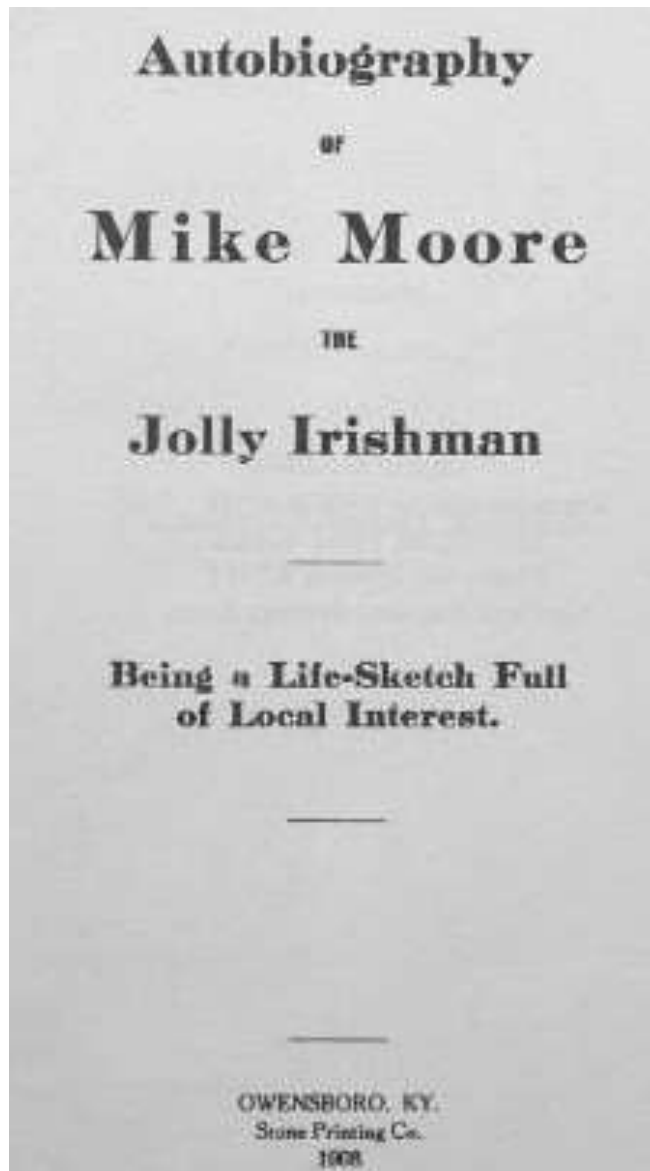


Monument of Michael Moore (1840-1916) in the Mater Dolorosa Cemetery, Owensboro, KY



**Autobiography of Mike Moore The Jolly Irishman**, by Mike Moore, published in 1908 by the Stone Printing Co., Owensboro, Ky. In 1977 Loyd G Leachman and Wilhelmina Leachman Lebold in memory of their mother, Katharyn C. Leachman (1893-1976), had the book reprinted by Unigraphic, Inc., Evansville, IN.

A photographic copy of the book can be viewed on the website, [familysearch.org](http://familysearch.org). The four-page index in the 1977 reprint did not correspond to the text due to the fact that the printers changed the size of the text. This resulted in the index not matching the pages of the text. A new index that follows was created by Jerry Long. The page numbers appearing in the reprint are inserted in the following copy of the book at the beginning of each successive page. The page numbers in the book were utilized in the index not the page numbers at the bottom of this pdf file.



## Preface.

The early scenes of this story lie among a race of people hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society known as the English Aristocracy, an exotic race, whose ancestors were once a free and happy people. The Celts were subjugated by King William's soldiers in the fourteenth century, since which time many have died martyrs to the cause in attempting to free themselves from British tyranny. I believe there will come from under these thatched roofs of Irish huts a hardy race of peasants who will some time regain their freedom.

For aid in arranging and preparing for publication this life-sketch I am indebted to members of the Stone Printing Company, without whose assistance the task would, not have been undertaken.

I am fully aware that this little volume is sadly deficient in style and lacking in literary merit, yet if the reader finds in its pages any facts of general or local interest, the object for which it was written has been accomplished; and I commit it to the care and keeping of my generous friends, as the last legacy of their adopted son from old "Erin Gobrath,"

MIKE MOORE.

Utica, Ky., June 30, 1908.

## Life of Mike Moore

### The Jolly Irishman.

#### CHAPTER I.

I was born January 1st, 1840, in the parrish of Newtownsands, in the county Kerry, Ireland. I am the oldest of eight children, all of whom have passed over the river except two sisters, Mrs. Boyle, of St. Joseph, Ky., and Mrs. Hurst, of Doniphan, Mo. My parents belonged to the old Celtic race and spoke that language fluently. However it became obsolete in my early youth, and I was taught to speak and read the English language in the early days of my childhood. Well do I remember the first school I went to in that Emerald Isle beyond the sea. It was taught by a Mrs. Dowley, who had the double knack of causing the children to love and fear her at the same time. She was the kindest and best teacher I ever saw, so long as her snuffbox was well filled. When the snuff gave out, she was cross and irritable and the way she wholloped us kids with the cat-o-nine-tails was a plenty. I was her favorite snuff boy. Oh! how glad I would be when called on to go and get her snuffbox replenished.

I remember the great famine of 1846 and how America and France sent two ship loads of provisions to the poor people of Ireland. I have seen with my own eyes women with their

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young babies tied on their back begging from door to door.

It is a noted fact that the Irish in general are a noble and generous hearted race of people, and charity being their first principle of their religion, they give when able to do so, with a lavish hand; but alas, the starving time of '46 caused the most of them to adhere to the old adage "that charity commenced at home," consequently the poorer class were sent to the poor houses by the English government, where they contracted all manner of disease, vermin, and died, a great many of them, from actual starvation. "John Bull," who claims the sun never sets on his possessions, not only let those poor peasants suffer starvation and death, but took the provisions sent them by other nations, or at least a good portion of it, and distributed it to their pets and favorites throughout the

land. I must forego my desire to show to the reader the tyranny and drastic penal laws enforced on the poor but noble sons of Erin by her Britanic Majesty. Ireland is to England to day what Cuba was to Spain, and never will she give her up only by the force of arms.

I remember the days of Daniel O'Connell and the bon fires of Ireland. O'Connell was a member of Parliament from the county of Kerry when he presented a bill in favor of the farmer; and it passed in both houses of Commons and Lords and the county was lit up that night by bon fires. That was how the news was conveyed. Every man was at home, and the Curfew Law could not touch him. Now, in order that the reader may more fully understand the

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meaning of this penal law, I refer you back to the days of negro slavery in the South. The country was patrolled at night by the white man and woe to the darky that fell in their hands; he was tied, whipped, and returned to his master. I have seen this myself in my old Kentucky home.

The agitation brought about by O'Connell and other Irish members of Parliament was effective. Any bill passing both Houses and enacted into law reducing the tax rate, rent rate, or any kind of relief for the poor, was celebrated in open daylight by the peasantry of the land just as the Democrats or Republicans celebrate any bills passed by Congress favorable to the principles of either party. I myself have taken a prominent part in these party events here; however, not on the Republican side of the house—God, forbid! I left tyranny, trusts, syndicates and combines behind me when I sailed away from my native land to breathe the free air of free America, the land of the brave and home of the free. Were the Irish allowed to publicly celebrate their political victories? No, indeed; they were dispersed by the bayonets of the Red Coats, who were stationed in barracks all over the Island. The farmers then, as a last resort, held secret meetings, and organized the Mollie Maguires, the Whight Boys, and other secret orders for their own protection. Landlords were shot or stabbed to death in the dark, their money placed on the wound to show to the world that robbery was not their aim. Hundreds of poor tenants, who were unable to pay rent, were thrown out doors and

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their hovels torn down, Mollie Maguire, a poor widow, being one of the number; hence the name. The Curfew Law was enacted about this time which made it a felony for any farmer, tenant, or laboring man caught away from home after 9 o'clock at night without a permit from his landlord or the nearest magistrate. Many of the poor tenants were unjustly apprehended, tried before a mock jury and either hung or transported for life. Such were the trying days of yore, when the noble sons of Erin, that lovely land of the Primrose and Shamrock, were persecuted and suffered for the wearing of the GREEN. O'Connell, Parnell, Dillion, Michael Davitt, and the renowned Robert Emmett, who championed the Irish cause, have all passed away, yet today Ireland is England's kitchen garden and never will she give her up, only by force of arms.

I must now return back to my school days and once more find myself under the tuition of dear old Mrs. Dowley for the second session. I learned fast and often captured the medal in my spelling class, as a head-mark to wear home around my neck. Oh how glad my parents would be of their little boy and only son. I will now relate a little incident that happened at this school. I had advanced so rapidly in my reading and spelling, my teacher put me to studying the multiplication table, one line at a time. I could recite it all right to commence at the bottom, but when she skipped about I was lost. For instance, she would ask me how much was three times four? "Twelve"

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I would answer. Now how much is four times three? "I don't know, mam." She would then get the slate and explain; so I soon caught on—and caught the smallpox, too at this school. Oh how well

I remember how I, with my little sisters, who caught it from me, were confined in a dark room, our hands tied to keep us from scratching. The crying and pitious wailings of us children must have been a heart-rending scene to our dear mother, who suffered us to remain tied till the scales fell off, rather than we should become pockmarked or disfigured for life. I have had the Lincoln itch, as it was called in war times, and every other kind of itch, but they were nothing to compare with the itch of the smallpox. I soon got well, however, and returned back to school. I went two sessions after this school to a Mr. Kain. While going to this school I had the champion fight of my school days. Johnny Nolen, a boy about my size, but of another parish, said he could lick any boy from Newtown, and dared them to take it up. I was always a peaceable boy, but couldn't stand that dare. So we laid our books down and at it we went. I tell you right now he was the toughest kid I ever struck and at one time I thought he was going to make his words good. About this time I turned him; my town boys hurrahed for me, the poor fellow lost courage and blated. I never was so glad in my life! Before the school was out we were the best of friends, and would take each others part. The next and last school I went to over in the "Old Dart," was a graded National

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school, taught by a Mr. Quill. A little incident that happened in that school is worthy of space in this biography. The discipline used in the schools in Ireland, is more strict, a good deal, than here in Kentucky. You are not allowed to quarrel, fight or loiter along the road home. When the eight o'clock bell is rung for books, if a scholar gets in late he is sure to be whipped, unless he has a written excuse from his parents. So on this occasion Mary Hunt, a girl about my age, as we were returning home from school, picked up some gravel and began shooting me in the face. I begged her to let me alone but the more I begged the faster she pelted me. Johnny Mack, a cousin of mine, told me to "pick up a rock and knock her down." That settled it, for to tell the truth I was afraid of her, as she was a fighter from "wayback." When I found I had a good backer I picked up a rock and hit her over the left eye. She fell like a beef. She cried and so did I; and if Mary Hunt is alive today she carries that scar on her forehead as a reminder of her childhood days. That was the last scrap I had in Ireland, and the good Lord knows I suffered dearly for it! Mary went back to the teacher with her bloody face and tale of woe, which she magnified greatly. Mr. Quill dressed her wound, believed her story, and promised her that he would make little Micky Moore dance to the music of the cat-o-nine-tails next day. Johnny Mack tried to cheer me up and dispel my fear of future punishment by my parents and teacher, and promised to intercede in my behalf. I couldn't feel at ease, how-

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ever, for I well knew the strict discipline used by both parents and teacher in regard to fighting at school. I staid that night with my cousin. Dear old aunt Kate took my part, cheered me up and promised not to tell my pap. I went back to school next day somewhat relieved until Mary Hunt came in with her head tied up. I knew then my doom was sealed. A few minutes before recess Mr. Quill called me up and with whip in hand he ordered me to take off my jacket. Pointing to Mary Hunt he asked why I hit her and disobeyed his rules. At this juncture my cousin stepped up and told the true story—that he must not whip me; that I was not to blame; that she was in the wrong, and that he told me to knock her down. I shall never forget the change in Quill's countenance. Throwing the whip down he picked up a new spade handle and made at Johnny with all the ferocity of a Bengal tiger. Johnny, who was blooming into young manhood, got out of his reach by running out doors. Mr. Quill came back to me, relieved me of my jacket in short order and the whipping he gave me then was indelibly stamped on the tablets of my memory and can never be obliterated while reason retains her throne. I was made to stay in at recess. After the storm was over John

came into the schoolroom, picked up his books and slate, told the teacher he intended to quit the school and that he would have revenge for his cowardly attack on a mere boy with the spade handle. Mr. Quill said he would expel him and also report him to the trustees. Here the mat-ended for a while. In the meantime Mack was

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not idle, neither was the author of this sketch. We laid our grievances before Harry Mahony, a farm-hand of John's father and a fighter of known ability. He was shown the stripes on my back made by the cat-o-nine-tails and his sympathy was soon enlisted in our behalf. Johnny offered him a shilling, a Quart of whisky and a month's supply of tobacco if he would whip Quill. The offer was promptly accepted and "the goods" placed in his hands. Next day Mr. Quill came to Newtown to gossip with the patrons and farmers on the general topics of the day. Harry was in waiting, and anxious to spend the shilling to bring about the desired effect. When the opportune time came, Harry invited the crowd up to the bar for a general treat. After knocking glasses together somewhat as is the custom in Kentucky, all drank heartily. Harry then brought up the spade-handle racket and the fun began. Quill was no coward by any means. But there is one thing certain, he didn't teach school the next week! My father and John's father then stopped us from school. Thus ended my school days in dear old Erin.

I will now relate one of the saddest events that ever happened in my early life. Our term of lease on the farm had expired and notice was served on my father to get out. Stephen Sands was our landlord, and tradition says that the Sandses and Moores were landlords and tenants for seven generations. The terms of lease in Ireland are from five to thirty-five years duration; and so long as the rents are paid up promptly, eviction can not be enforced.

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Stephen Sands was a good man, far better than the average landlord. He offered my father, and uncle (Jim Moore's father) another farm at less rent, which my uncle accepted. We then commenced selling out our goods and chattels and preparing to sail away from the home of our ancestors and seek a new one amid the green fields of America. Here I will state for the benefit of my American readers, that there is not another nation under the canopy of heaven that is praised and venerated by the Irish people like America. Even her ships bearing the stars and stripes unfurled from the mast-head, are honored by the booming of cannons as she enters her port. She is to-day, as she has ever been since she gained her independence, the friend of the Irish people. The alliance entered into between the two nations, which is sacred with the American people in point of honor, forbids any intercession for the freedom of Ireland. This was why Andrew Johnson stopped the contemplated Feenien raid on Canada, in 1866, immediately after the War of the Rebellion. Poor Erin, you must suffer on, like the children of Israel, 'til the hand of the Almighty, the God of the Israelites, comes to your rescue and makes your land flow, like the land of Goshen, with milk and honey.

I am now, in my imagination, bidding a last farewell to kindred, friends and neighbors. My schoolmates surround me, and dear little Mary Hunt gives me the kiss of peace and prosperity. I am hugged nearly to death by my aunts. Tears flow copiously. The road for

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a mile is a mass of humanity—neighbors, relatives and friends—showing that last act of gratitude as a token of the esteem they had for us in the dear old SOD. My father had a recommendation from our landlord, the parish priest, and the county judge as an honest, industrious, law-abiding subject of her Britanic Majesty. At last we arrive at the town of Tralee, from which we were conveyed by boat to the ship, "Gypsy," Captain Gopher, commander. Six hundred and fifty

passengers were registered in the log-book, not one of whom have I ever seen since we parted in New York harbor. But to return back to the ship and voyage.

We hoisted sails next morning and with a fair wind and full sails we were soon out of sight of land, plowing the billows of the briny ocean. I will state right here that I have often been in hospitals, and waited on the sick more or less all my life, but I have never yet seen anything to compare with sea-sickness aboard that ship. Think of six hundred and fifty men, women and children, one not able to wait on the other. Our captain, who was a good man, made the sailors furnish us light nourishments and soup until we got well. Now, dear reader, I will tell you who have never been to sea what sea-sick is: Were you ever on a drunk, the kind that made you think you would vomit yourself to death? If so, you were then the first-cousin and closest kin to the sea-sick man. Well, after a few days the passengers got able to wash and scour out their berths, and cleanness and order prevailed; so we settled down

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to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the broad Atlantic. Like the sailor boy in the old Third Reader, I guess I have seen the ocean in all its glory and in all its fury.

We were five weeks and three days on the voyage. The sun arose, as it seemed out of the water, directly in our rear and sank in front of us in the evening, confirming, in my mind, the belief that Ireland is nearly due east from New York. We took cabin passage, and I greatly enjoyed the trip. Nearly every day the passengers would congregate on the upper deck, sing songs, tell Irish stories, fiddle and dance, or any other amusement to while away the time during this long ocean trip. I remember well the three days calm while near the banks of Newfoundland. The sea was as smooth and unruffled as a pane of glass. Fish of all varieties came to the surface. Even the flying fish could be seen sailing over the calm blue waters of the deep. All disappeared, however, at the approach of the first breeze.

I will now try to portray to the reader's mind the storm we had while at sea. As a general thing storms and squalls come up very sudden on the ocean, and the first we knew of an approaching storm was the shrill, clear voice of Captain Gopher through the trumpet ordering sails down, hatch-ways closed, storm blinds fastened down, and all other preparations for the fast-approaching storm. My good old mama collected her little children together in our berth and offered up a prayer that the Good Savior would stretch forth His hand once more and calm the waters of the mighty deep.

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In fact prayers and lamentations could be heard by the passengers all over the ship. Our brave captain, mate and sailors staid at their posts of duty and guided the course of the vessel as she mounted the mighty waves, which were perhaps sixty feet high. It was several days before the sea returned to her natural stage. However, with fair winds and light hearts we were fast approaching New York harbor. I never will forget when the pilot came aboard to conduct the ship into port. The three hearty cheers went up for Captain Gopher for bringing us safely across the big water to the haven of rest. We were quarentined and inspected by the doctor, after which our ship was towed into the dock. Then the hustle and bustle was on, each passenger trying to be the first to plant their feet once more on "terra firma."

Our luggage was unloaded on the docks, and all kinds of vehicles lay in waiting to convey the passengers to boats and railroads for their various destinations. However, we staid in the city for a day or two with a friend of my father who kept an immigrant's hotel. And right here in New York city I first saw a negro, who was of the true African type—thick lips, black skin and kinky

hair. O, my, but that was a sight the little Irish boy will never forget. I thought surely the devil had been turned loose and his thousand years on earth had begun.

## CHAPTER II.

I will now state, for the benefit of the public, how the English, Irish, German, in fact all

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nationalities, are imposed upon by the crooks, sharpers and cut-throats of the great city of New York, by their own people. They will first approach the immigrant by speaking the mother tongue, take him to a saloon and treat him, portray to his imagination the glorious liberties of America; how fast he can make money here, etc., and in nine cases out of ten that poor Dutchman, or Irishman, as the case may be, is either drugged or knocked in the head and robbed and left penniless in the streets to beg. I am sorry to say dear old Erin is not an exception to the rule, for as mean and dirty thieves as ever scuttled a ship come from there. Castle Garden was built to put a stop to this high-handed robbery, and protect the immigrants. There the letters or papers are examined, their destination mapped out, tickets bought and the immigrants put on trains or boats and sent to their friends throughout the different states of the union.

My father, while examining our luggage in the depot at Cincinnati, was approached by an Irishman who was a general roust-about and night watch. Stepping up to papa, in a business like manner, he said, "Are these your boxes sir?" "Yes." "Well, there is a \$1.00 due me; I set up and watched them all night." "All right; just step up to the light so I can see to make change." When they arrived in front of the general freight office, papa told him to step in the office and he would show checks and receipts that the luggage was prepaid at Sandusky, for Cincinnati. This is another sample of how the ignorant emigrants are fleeced. When

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his little game did not work, he told my papa to go to h—ll and disappeared in short order. I will now return to the immigrant's hotel in New York where we are bidding adieu to our old friend and neighbor, and preparing to embark on the Isaac Newton, one of the finest steamers that ever run the Hudson river at this day and time. Our destination was Albany, New York, the capitol of the state, where we arrived in due time. Here we were met by two first cousins of my mother and driven to their home. One of them run a large hotel and the other a general store. At this hotel is where I saw my second negro. I thought sure he was the same one I saw in New York City, for all coons looked alike to me then. When he stepped in the barroom to get a drink I stepped into another room and watched him close until he left. I was always taught that the devil was black, and would take off all the bad children. So dear reader you can imagine my feelings in the case. We spent about a week in the capitol, was pleasantly entertained by our kindred, and then took the train for Little Falls, N. Y. Here we were met by my two uncles, Thos. and Patrick Enright, who took us to Norway, a little village in Herkimer county, where they lived. There we feasted sumptuously for several days; while the old people were rehearsing the old times over in old Erin "Gobrath," my cousin Morris Enright was showing me the sights of the little Yankee town. I soon got acquainted with the little boys and girls of the town here and enjoyed some of the happiest days of my boyhood. It was harvest time and my father worked six

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weeks in the hay harvest. There were no machines in those days, the mowing scythe being in general use. The farmers were mostly dairymen, so the hay was stowed away in large barns for winter. Butter and cheese were the main products of the farm somewhat similar to our tobacco here in Kentucky. I will now relate a little incident which happened during our stay in Norway.



Several of us boys picked on a certain day for a fishing frolic, my cousin Morris being one of the gang. So when the time came we all set out with light hearts, for the little brook that ran close by the town. Johnny Herbert concluded, he would act a little smart and go in swimming. Some of the other boys soon followed suit and this made the others mad, as, they said, it would scare the fish. It caused a general break-up, and all started home except myself. When John Herbert put on his clothes he left his shoes, saying it was so hot he was going barefoot. Now my little boy reader, were you ever tempted to steal? Yes, I know you were some time in life; so was I, for I stole those pretty red shoes, which fit me to perfection, and left my old Irish brogans in their place. I was getting desperately hungry and started home in a run. My good old aunt Mary Enright, who is still living and nearly ninety-three years old, first discovered my change of footgear, and called mama's attention to it. I soon saw I was in bad trouble and started in to lie out of it if I could. I told her all the lies I could think of—first, that John and I had swapped shoes. That wouldn't go. Then I told her

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that John gave them to me. Matters got worse. Father happened(?) in, had a little talk with the women, stepped out to an apple tree in the yard, cut off a long switch, made me take off the shoes and carry them in my hands through the town to the brook where I found them. He followed on behind me and gave me plenty of apple tree tea on the journey. There is one thing sure to a moral certainty, I have never stolen a pair of shoes since. When I got back home my good old mama felt sorry for her little boy and took me back in the kitchen and gave me plenty to eat. Here is where I saw my first snake. Cousin Morris and I were playing near a pond in my uncle's lot, when I saw what I learned after to be a water moccasin. I waded around in the pond and tried to catch it, thinking it was the prettiest striped eel I ever saw. Morris tried to stop me, and said it was a snake and would bite me. I told him I guess I knew an eel when I saw it. Aunt Mary came running down to the pond and stopped the fun. I got well acquainted, however, in after years with snakes and negroes as I grew up to young manhood in our old Kentucky home.

I will now give the reader a little sketch of the sentiment and feelings of those eastern yankees toward the people of the prosperous little town of Norway. I used to weed the gardens, do chores about the house, run errands, or any other little jobs where the penny was sure. I had good manners, quick to do my work. Those traits in me won for the little Irish green horn many friends. This is a little self praise

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but I believe those who know me now in old age will bear me out, that I retain some of those traits of character yet. But to return to my subject: those people were generous, kind-hearted and charitable to the poor. Notwithstanding all these good traits of character, the spirit of the abolition of the southern slaves was fast gaining the ascendancy though long before the war of the rebellion in the states. They tried to keep us from going south, and said we would have to associate with the negroes, and would be called the low-down, poor white trash by the slave holders. This did not suit me a little bit, for I had nigger enough in mine right then. I tried to get my parents to stay there with my two uncles. It was such a nice place and the people so good and every other thing a little boy of my age could think of, but all of no use. So when the haying season was over, we then took the train to Rochester, N. V. Here we lay over two days, with another uncle and nephew of mine, Michael Enright and Patrick Daley. My father also had a married niece living in Rochester. From there we took the train again for Buffalo, on Lake Erie. There we embarked on a large steamer for Sandusky, Ohio, which we reached in due time, after a stormy passage over the lake. In fact the turbulent waters of lake Erie were rougher than at any time while crossing the Atlantic, except

during the storm. Again I was truly glad to once more place my little feet on terra firma, and forever bid adieu to the wind and to the waves of the mighty waters. At Sandusky we took the lightning express train for Cincinnati.

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While on this trip I saw Jas. Porter, the Kentucky giant, who was seven feet and eight inches high. Our train stopped fifteen minutes for dinner and Porter was one of the waiters at the table, and was head and shoulders taller than any man I saw there. On arriving at Cincinnati we took passage by boat down the placid waters of the Ohio to "Yellow Banks," now the prosperous and thriving city of Owensboro. This was the most tedious trip of the whole journey from the "Emerald Isle." The river was very low. Our boat encountered sandbars and other obstacles, which made progress slow. However, we landed at the town Aug. 2, 1852. I was then in the twelfth year of my age, and I believe I could have stood in front of where Schum & Gillis' saloon now stands, corner of Main and Frederica, and throw a rock at any point of the compass to the out-edge of the little town of the Yellow Banks. Here we were met by Mike Mulligan and William Howley, perhaps the only Irishmen of the town, and taken to Mr. Mulligan's home where we were treated with true Irish hospitality by him and his good wife. It is useless for me to take up time and space in eulogy of this good man, who was better known in Owensboro than, perhaps, any other of the old settlers for his noble traits of character and generosity of heart. He and Mr. Howley worked for a number of years on the streets and levee at Owensboro, and in levying up roads for Geo. W. Triplett, county judge at that time. Little did I think then that I would ever see "Yellow Banks" grow to the Owensboro of today, with her magnificent

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churches and stately spires, electric cars and railroads; her mammoth tobacco factories, machine shops, water works, and other industries too numerous to mention, which goes to show the push and progress of an industrious and thriving people. Well, I will leave Owensboro and her good people for a while and go back over half a century, and resume again our journey over the "dark and bloody ground" of Indian warfare in the days of yore.

My good old father, after seeing his little family well cared for at the "Yellow Banks," had only one dollar left. He paid that at the livery stable for a horse and started, penniless, on his road to Livermore to seek out his kindred in the wild woods of Ohio county. McLean county did not exist then. I think it was in 1854 that McLean was mapped out, taking parts of Muhlenburg and Ohio counties, and establishing Vienna, or Calhoun, the county seat. As these are matters of history and well known to the public in general, I will now follow in the wake of my father as he pursues his course through the wild woods, where houses were few and far apart, the sun at 12 o'clock being his guiding star. He reached the neighborhood of Livermore, however, made some inquiries, and old aunt Martha Whitaker, who recently died at the good old age of eighty-seven years, gave him full direction to the house of nephew and niece, Jamie and Margret Quinn. When he arrived there he found neither of them at home, but after repeated knocks on the door he pulled the latch-string and walked in. The first thing, he saw a quilt on the bed his sister

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gave his niece as a present when leaving the old country. Father often said in after years the sight of that quilt pleased him more than anything he had seen, since he left Ireland. He knew that he had arrived at his journey's end, so after looking in the larder he found plenty to satisfy the cravings of the inner man. Two little sons of John Brown, a neighbor, who were at work in the tobacco, told him that Margret was at their house, and Jas. was helping Dr. Rowan raise a barn. So he dispatched the boy immediately after her. She, on arriving, sent the other boy on horseback after Jamie. Doctor

Rowan, who had started to the house to replenish the jug, and get fresh water, met the boy and turned him back. He did not want Quinn to know his uncle had come, as he could not spare him. He was cornerman and at that day a good cornerman was looked on as a first class carpenter is at the present time. Well, the barn being finished all came to the house for supper. The Doctor made my cousin eat at the first table, as he had a little job for him to do. He reported to the Doctor when he got through eating. "Now, sir," said the old doctor "go get your horse, take this bottle of whiskey and treat your old uncle Johny Moore; he is at home waiting for you from old Ireland," He then told the joke of the boy. The Rowans were of Scotch-Irish origin and had a great veneration for the sons of old "Erin." Well, cousin Jamie Quinn took the livery stable horse back to the "Yellow Banks" next day and hired a wagon and team to take us to Livermore. I forgot there was at least one

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more Irishman in Owensboro then—John Downey, and he it was who was hired to make this trip. After laying in a good supply of cakes, light bread bologna sausage and candy, which we bought at uncle John Neicam's confectionery on Water street, we started out about eight o'clock on one of the pleasantest moon-light nights I ever saw. I must not fail to mention too that Mr. Downey was mindful of danger and provided himself with a good supply of the all-healing balsam, as an antidote for snake bites while crossing Panther creek fiats. He took his medicine a little too free, however, for in coming down the Hickman hill (the gravel road wasn't built then) he ran the wagon astraddle of a stump, and we had to unload so that the front axle of the wagon could be lifted over the stump. The next time I was on that hill was at the big barbecue the fourth of July, 1858, at what was then called Shanghi Springs, uncle Josh Crow being chief cook and manager. After we got our wagon righted up and reloaded, Jamie Quinn took the lines and told Mr. Downey to take a nap; that he was a good driver and knew the road well, and that I would sit up with him, which I did. We arrived at uncle Reuben Gill's gum springs at daylight, built a fire, made coffee and ate a hearty breakfast. After resting awhile we resumed our journey, stopping a little while at old Dr. Jones', on Buck creek, and finally landed at old aunt Millie Field's farm, owned then by John Douglas, and where cousins Margret and Jamie Quinn lived at the time.

I will now show the reader how I had drawn

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on my imagination. In building fairy castles in the air while in my native land, and hearing of the name and fame of America, I thought sure if I were ever lucky enough to reach the golden shores of a free country, my working days would be over. I was certain I would have a pony to ride, a gun, and join in the fox chase like the Sons of the landlords at home. Not so! After a week or ten days rest and recreation I was marched into the tobacco patch and enrolled as a half-hand in the field. I took two rows, and my job was to pull off the suckers, while pap caught the worms; and cousin Jamie could worm and sucker two rows quicker and cleaner than pap and I could. John Brown's boys, Bird and Charley, helped much that fall in caring for the crop. I naturally wanted to work with the boys, so I could hear all about Kentucky. They soon found out I was a real greener and told me some of the most horrible tales about rattlesnakes, wildcats, wolves, and the Lord knows what else. They declared the wood was full of 'em; and I believed it. Then I thought of old Erin, and Tom Moore's poem:

"Oh, Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken.  
In dreams I re-visit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas, in a far-distant land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!"

Oh, how I did wish I was back again on the green mossy banks of the river Shannon. I was afraid to go to sleep at night for fear the wild cats would come down the dirt-and-stick chimneys and kill me while asleep. As time wore on and I had not seen many snakes and no wolves nor wild-cats. I concluded cousin Mar-

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gret told me the truth, and that the Brown boys were doing this to scare me. One Saturday evening the cousins asked me if I would be afraid to go to Livermore on an errand for them. I was afraid, but I hated to show the white feather, for I knew they would laugh at me, so I said no I was not afraid. I tried my best to act brave. Jamie wanted a new pair of pants from Stalkup, the tailor, and Margret wanted some needle work done by Mrs. Almedie Barnard. I started out with a good hickory shelalie and found the way to Livermore all right. I also found the tailor's shop, and delivered the message. Mr. Stalkup soon wrapped up the pantaloons and showed me where Mrs. B. lived. I made my business known, after bidding the time of day. Woman-like, she commenced asking me all manner of questions. While I answered her questions I could not help but cast a good many sly glances at her two beautiful daughters, Misses Pid and Melvina, who were about my age. After a good many excuses as to lateness of the evening, she gave me the dress, I think it was, and I started home in high spirits, carrying with me the image of her two little handsome daughters. The town of Livermore at that time did not have over six or eight houses. When I got to the Welsh place on my road home, I saw the largest red-headed scorpion running on a log I think I ever have seen in life. I thought of the rattle snakes the Brown boys told me about and ran till I gave out. How far I went I don't know. I was getting a little over that scare and I thought close to home, when a squirrel ran across the road

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in front of me, and went up a big oak tree barking as it went. Then I was positively sure it was either a wildcat or wolf, and got down to my best licks again. I ran by home this time, and was found, or rather met, by old capt. Amos Bennett not far from the old Caney Bill Stevens farm, on the old Hartford road. He took me home and ever after called me his little lost Irish boy. I spent many pleasant days in after life enjoying the hospitality of that good old man who has long since passed over to the bright and happy shore. I soon got acquainted with Steve and John Rowan, and in fact all the other boys in the neighborhood. I adapted myself to the rules and customs of the country, and have mixed and mingled to this day with the best people, in my estimation, that ever breathed the breath of life, "Kentuckians."

## CHAPTER III.

To the old people, some of whom are still living, and for the benefit of the youth in general, I will here state a little circumstance that took place the second year after we arrived here—I think it was in the fall of 1853. Squire John Rowan, who was passing through the farm one day, stopped to have a talk with father. After a pleasant chat Mr. Rowan said: "Well, Mr. Moore, you have a large family and no help but Michael; now if you should get out of bacon late in the fall, as is sometimes the case with many people, don't let your family suffer, but send Mike over to my house and get all you need. It don't matter about the money." Papa of course thanked him

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and said he thought he had enough to last him. Show me the man today who will take that interest in his neighbor's larder, and I'll set up the cigars! Fifty years have been recorded by the hoary hand of time since; fine mansions take the place of the log cabin; the forests have been converted into corn fields and meadows; the ding-dong of church bells can be heard on the Sabbath day, and yet,

with all the modern improvements of the last half a century, I am sorry to say that the same spirit of charity does not prevail now as it did in the good old days of long ago. But I must get back to my work on the farm and pursue the slow progress of life's journey.

Mr. John Douglas was so well pleased with the first crop we raised (of which he got a one-third share) he bought the John Brown farm and rented it to my father for the year 1854, long remembered as "the dry year." During the hot summer one day I and S. W. Rowan, now a retired tobacco merchant of Livermore, were sent on horseback to the mill at Calhoon with two bushels of corn each. While waiting for our "turn," we decided to go in a-swimming in Green river, below the dam. I asked Steve to watch how far I could swim, and started out to show him my best licks (we both could swim a little). When I stopped to rest I found no bottom, and but for the assistance of two men who were in a skiff, I would have drowned, sure. Steve never told it; neither did I, for we were cautioned not to go in the river. I learned to be a good swimmer, though, and often did swim Green river in after years.

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We raised some tobacco in 1854 though very little corn. To give the reader an idea, we had a field of ten acres in corn. My father at gathering time took a bushel basket on his arm. He took two rows, and I took one. He emptied the basket every time at the end of the field. Sometimes we would get the basket full. This will give the reader some idea of the crop of nubbins on ten acres of ground. The big farmers and slave owners generally had a lot of old corn on hand. They divided it among the poor and all pulled through. The next year, 1855, made up for the drouth of the previous one. I have heard old men say they never saw such a crop in life before. I remember how anxious I was to get through gathering corn, so I could start to school. I must now return back to the summer of 1854. We only had about one and a-half acres of tobacco, which we got to stand the drouth by making a "lob-lolly" of water and fresh dirt to wet the roots. I think I put a clod on every plant in the morning and took them off in the evening for at least a week. If ever a boy was sick of tobacco I was—never sicker, except the time Bird Brown gave me the chew of sweet plug. I didn't only chew it, but, to be smart, I swallowed the ambier. Good Lord! I thought I had a relapse of sea-sickness on land—I never was so sick in my life. The Brown boys took me to a shade tree close by and bathed my head with cold water. When I got able to walk, however, I went to the house and passed my tobacco-drunk off for a hard chill. They believed me. I guess my fever must have been way up in the

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nineties then. But I soon got all right again, and papa subscribed me to a three-months school to Dr. Geo. W. Towns. There are few scholars today who attended that school but what have passed through the valley and shadow of death, Dr. Towns being one of the number. About this time I took the old time fever. and ague, or better known as the shaky chills. I didn't make much progress at this school on account of not being able to attend regularly by reason of the chills, but in justice to Dr. Towns I will say that in my estimation he was the best teacher I ever went to. He took more pains to instill into the minds of his pupils the rudiments of education than all the teachers I had gone to, both here and in the old country.

The epoch of '55 will be remembered by the youths of that remarkable period. Green river and Rough creek froze over to a depth of sixteen inches; snow lay on the ground nearly the entire winter; vehicles of all kinds crossed those streams on the ice, and navigation by boats was suspended until late in the spring; farmers were practically debarred from outdoor work, and coon hunting and sleighing were the general orders of the day. Corn in many instances lay in the field ungathered 'til spring. It was never too cold for me to rabbit hunt, however, and I must relate my

experience with a "cottontail." Mama asked me if I thought I could make the trip to Livermore and get her a three-gallon churn. I told her I could; so she wrapped me up good, for it was awfully cold, and made me wear cousin Jamie Quinn's overcoat. She put three dozen eggs in a bucket to

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pay for the churn, and off I went, taking all the near cuts. I forgot one of my mittens and had to change the one I had from one hand to the other to carry the bucket of eggs. On the way I stopped at Peter Lindley's barn, put half the eggs in one pocket of the overcoat, and half in the other. I left the bucket there, and was glad of how thoughtful it was in me to make the change! But I hadn't gone half a mile before misfortune overtook me. In passing through a strip of woods I saw a fresh rabbit track. As it snowed nearly all night, obliterating all former tracks, I knew it was made that morning. I changed my course and followed that never-to-be-forgotten rabbit and soon "treed" him in a hollow log, open at both ends. I jerked off my overcoat and spread it over one end of the log, and stuck a chunk of wood in the other end. I cut a long beech limb to twist him out with, and was making good headway and had forced him nearly to my end of the log when he got loose from my twister. In the effort to get out he didn't consider any obstacles in his way, but struck my overcoat, center! About that time I struck it too, all spread out like a flying squirrel. I wadded the coat up, the rabbit in the center of it. I pounded with both hands and stamped with both feet as long as anything moved inside the coat. When I unfolded the coat to get my game, I realized that I had played h—I and broke every egg but one! Sure, I was in a bad predicament—afraid to go home without the churn, and afraid that I

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couldn't get the churn at the store without the eggs. All the ingenuity I possessed was brought into action. I unloaded the broken eggs in the snow, scraped the pockets out the best I could, hung my rabbit on a limb, and struck out in a run to the store for the double purpose of getting warm and making up for lost time. When I arrived at the store I was sure cold.

Mr. Belt fired up, gave me a seat on a box, asked how the family was, and also inquired what he could do for me in the way of merchandise. I told him I wanted a three-gallon stone jar for a churn. "All right," said he, going to the ware-room to get it. "Mr. Belt, charge it to pap," said I. "All right; is there anything else?" "No, sir," I answered happily. Picking up the churn I lit for home, not forgetting the rabbit on the way, and made the trip in good time.

As it happened, mama washed that day, and there was a good fire in the kitchen. I told ma to keep the other children there; I was going in the kitchen where I would have all the fire to myself. After fastening the doors, I turned the pockets of the overcoat wrong side out and washed all the egg stains out in a tub of hot suds left after washing. I dried the pockets perfectly dry and hung the coat back in its proper place. When pap settled with Mr. Belt he gave him an itemized, account. The churn was noticed by no one except myself. Thus by good generalship I got out of the scrape. I told my pa and ma, years after, about it, which caused them to laugh heartily

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about their little boy and his rabbit. I think old Mr. Henry Belt died the latter part of the winter of 1855. In a few years after, John W. Belt and John A. Rowan formed a partnership and sold goods there for a number of years.

Mr. Douglas was so well pleased with the crop we made in 1855 he rented us the farm again for the year 1856. That year Mr. Douglas rented the place we first occupied to Basal Lawson, who had four boys. I soon got acquainted and had some jolly times hunting and fishing. In the fall of this year my father and Mr. Lawson sent me and Tom Lawson, his oldest son, to Calhoon to mill with a yoke of young oxen we broke and an old time ox cart. We took plenty of corn dodgers,

fat bacon and beans along and a little money. I think we had three sacks of corn each. Neither one of us had ever assumed such responsibility before, so the reader can imagine how important we felt. As we passed the old Esquire Bill Stevens farm, which Mr. Carpenter now owns, the Esq. had a lot of hands raising a large barn. I cracked my whip loud to draw their attention to my fine driving. I lost my reputation, however. When we got to Buck Creek bridge I struck a stump at the edge of the bridge and Ball, our off ox, turned haw right quick and pushed Buck, the lead ox, off of the bridge. There we were in a bad fix, sure. We got the cart loose first and rolled it back. It was a horrible sight to behold—Buck hanging by the neck, hardly touching the ground with his hind feet, Ball pulling back with all his might to keep Buck from pulling him over the edge of

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the bridge. The bows had iron keys, which we couldn't possibly get loose, so I told Tom we would get behind Ball and push him off, as Buck was choking to death. I never will forget the lonesome bellow, that poor ox gave as he made his jump from the bridge. He turned a clean sumer-sault and fell flat of his back in the middle of the creek, which was dry at the time. The yoke had turned and the ends of the bows were buried in the mud. It was impossible to get to the keys to loosen the yoke. While Tom ran back to the barn for help, I tried the virtue of my barlow knife by cutting the ox bow, which I succeeded in doing before help arrived. After I got the yoke off, Ball got up all right, but Buck was in a manner dead. However, the men arrived by this time. Bill Sam Stevens, who was a runner of that day, led in the race. The men helped Buck up and by letting him rest occasionally we finally got our oxen in the Esq's lot. Mr. Stevens asked whose boys we were. When we told him he knew our fathers well. So he sent Johny, his son, after our cart with his own oxen, and told us to go home until the next day and tell our parents that he would take care of everything until we came back. To describe our feelings on the way home is beyond the power of my pen, so I will leave this altogether to the imagination of the reader. We started back next morning by daylight. Mr. Lawson soon overtook us horse back. Our oxen were all right when we arrived at Mr. Stevens, and once more we resumed our journey to mill. When we arrived at the bridge we could neither

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coax nor whip the oxen to cross it. Finally Tom rode back to Mr. Steven's, borrowed a set of gear and a singletree, and pulled the cart across the bridge with "Old Nigger", the mare. We got to the mill, got our grinding and started home about three o'clock. Mr. Lawson stopped at the Landrum hotel, where he met George Davidson, with whom he had a draw fight some years before back in Ohio county, at a horse race. There they made friends, and fought the battle over again through the merits of the over flowing bowl. We got Mr. Lawson started late in the night, and finally reached home at daylight next morning, as hungry as wolves. Tom Lawson died the next year at Peter C. Lindley's, near Calhoon, where he had set in to work by the month, and was buried at Leachman's oak grove.

John Boyd was a frequent visitor at our house way back in the fifties, and I think married his first wife, Miss Mary Hatcher, in the spring of '56. Oh, how I enjoyed hearing the few Irish who were here then get together and talk of the dear old SOD!

Thos. Quirk married my cousin, Margret, in the fall of 1853. Immediately after the wedding he had his famous fight with Jack Fisher at the old Baker hotel, at Livermore, which a few now living well remember.

I must now gather up my books, wash my slate and prepare for my second school in old Kentuck. This time my teacher was a Vermonter, named Gardner. The school house was then at the forks of the Owensboro and Hartford roads, not more than fifty yards from where

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the residence of Mr. John Rowan now stands, near Livermore. Mr. Gardner was a good teacher. I will relate only one little incident of that school, as most of my schoolmates have been called home by the silent messenger of death, and it makes me feel sad, knowing that I, too, must soon follow in their wake! S. W. Rowan, J. H. Jarvis, Wm. Cowgill, Geo. Quigg and I are all the boys(?) left; Mrs. Kate Sullivan, Mrs. Ruth Hudson and Mrs. Delala Atherton are the girls left. We are old men and women now and must soon join the throng where parting is no more. But I must pass by the reminiscence of those happy days of our youth, believing that should this little book ever fall into their hands, they will pleasantly recall those happy days when the pride of a man was his honor, and multi-millionaires, trusts and combines did not exist.

We staid on the Douglas farm until the year 1858. During those years Mr. Lindly sold his farm to Mr. Douglas and moved to the farm now owned by Sam Whitaker. John Howard and Wm. Patton rented the Lindly farm and here is where Wm. Howard's first wife died. She was a Miss Fields before her marriage. In this year we moved to the farm of old Mr. Lee Whitaker on Buck creek, where we lived two years. Two incidents occured while here which is fresh in my memory to-day: they were the marriage of E. F. McNeil to Miss Pid Barnard, which took place at the residence of old Pascal Towns, Mr. Towns being the officiating clergyman. The other was the runaway marriage of W. S. Stevens and Miss Sallie

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Whitaker, youngest daughter of Mr. Whitaker, which took place at Shawneetown, Ill. Mr. Sam Hayden and Miss Jocie Whitaker also married in this year. She was the oldest daughter of uncle Ben Whitaker, who, in later years, was killed at Livermore by the Shacklett brothers, this match also terminating in a runaway to Shawneetown, the "Gretna Green" of lovers of that day. John Wooley, Billie Benton and Miss Dicie Woolley accompanied them. As is usual in such cases, the parents of those handsome girls became reconciled after a few stormy clouds passed away, and called their children home to enjoy once more the felicity of the home circle.

The "Comet," or blazing star, that remarkable phenomenon seen in the west after sunset, is fresh in my memory to-day, and well do I remember the predictions of war spoken of by the old people of that time, which as many know today only proved too true by the following of the war of the rebellion.

I have now arrived at the age almost of young manhood, when boys get smart, at least in imagination. I got acquainted with Granville, Sim, Dock and Joe Brown; Elija and Jim Atherton; the Lee boys, and, in fact, all the Buck creek boys. I attended the big protracted meetings and have heard uncle Frederick Tanner, Tommie Downs and other noted Baptist preachers of that day when Buck Creek church was a small log structure. Jas. Coleman and John Peay had gained such notoriety with the people in general as the best revivalists and preachers of that day, that I often wondered

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how the sinner could withstand their power of rhetoric or force of argument, and yet remain outside the fold of the true shepherd, Christ. Some youths of that day were mean enough to bet on the time the other would take to ride preacher Coleman's black horse to Livermore and get a quart of whiskey, the looser to pay the bill. However, the most of them were finally converted, professed religion, and were baptized at the old Aaron Atherton baptizing hole in Buck creek and made good citizens.

I spoke of being "smart," but this trait in me didn't lead in the right direction and led me, Granville, Joe and Sim Brown at the hour of midnight into the watermelon patch of old uncle Lee



Whitaker, where we filled four sacks with fine melons and hid them away for future use. As our tobacco patches were close together, we planned to meet next day and resume the feast. After hiding our ill-gotten goods, we separated for home. I had not gone far when the thought struck me that the boys would steal those melons again, hence I slipped back to watch them. Sure enough, they returned, re-stole and re-hid the melons. It is an old saying, "send a thief to catch a thief," and when they left, I stole and hid them again—the third time! About 10 o'clock next day the boys asked if it wasn't "watering time?" I answered "yes; come over." They let me lead the procession. When we reached the log they were first hid by, I raked the leaves and brush away, but no fruit could I find. I, pretendingly, got furiously mad and accused them of foul play.

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They said they met Pete Towns, a black boy, as they went home, and was most certain he got them. Then I became desperate—said I would get my gun, waylay the road and fill Pete full of shot that night. At this the boys could no longer hold in, and loudly laughing they started to where they had hid the melons. I followed after them, looking lonesome, somewhat like the last rose of summer. But I beat them at their own game; and then it was my time to laugh. And, modernizing, I laft! They are all dead now; and I hope the good Lord has forgiven us for our youthful folly.

## CHAPTER IV.

We lived two years with Mr. Whitaker and I, with Dorcy, his son, went to school to E. F. McNeil, who taught a school on Buck creek. This was my last school. I thought I had a fine education—could read, write, and tell the price of a 100-lb hog at five cents a pound. Mr. Whitaker had 'a sugar camp and made tree molasses and sugar in those days. Like all the old people of that time, he would divide with his neighbors. I was glad when he was ready to stir off the sugar, as I was sure to get some to take home. He would have given us the watermelons, too, if we had asked him, but they wouldn't be so good to get them that way. After spending two years with old uncle Lee Whitaker and other good people of the Buck creek section, which were perhaps the happiest years of my life, we moved to the farm of John A. Rowan, known in later years as the Jo Rowan farm, on Rough creek, near Liver-

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more, in the spring of 1860. This was the year of the remarkable presidential campaign, in which Abraham Lincoln was elected. I was for Stephen A. Douglas and helped to raise a flag pole to his honor, though not old enough to vote at the time. I was now back among my old neighbors and schoolmates, and had a good time fishing and hunting at spare time through cropping season. Steve Rowan and I bought a fish net in partnership, and would often supply fish to our friends who would come to see us and who lived many miles from the creek. If ever I sold a fish in those days I don't remember it. When we made a good haul with the net, we usually gave some to our neighbors.

Now, gentle reader, I will branch off on other topics. I have arrived at the age when fair faces and golden curls change, to a great extent, my mental vision. I didn't drink strong beverages; always kept good company; the girls spoke tolerably well of me; I dressed nice, had a good young horse, and felt sure I was somebody. Yes, I felt proud of my national wit, and my ability to please the fair sex, until one Sunday at Pleasant Hill church. After meeting broke and the congregation started home, I rode up by a Miss A-- and asked her company home. "No, sir; I don't need an escort," she replied, laughing as loud as she could to attract the attention of the crowd to her smartness and my "sack," which I didn't stop to tie, but rode through the crowd as fast as "Pompie," my horse, could take me. It is needless for me to say I didn't eat any dinner that day. That mocking laugh rang in my ears

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for months after. This was the only sack I ever got, except one at a party. I took a young lady to a ball at Livermore once. I asked another, whom I liked better, for her company home. She had engaged her company to another young man; so when I looked around for my first girl, she stood at my elbow, heard what passed and wouldn't let me go back with her. Well, I was mad at my fool self, and concluded to let the girls alone until I learned the rudiments of etiquette and good manners a little better.

In the fall of 1860 papa sent me around to invite all the neighbors to an old time corn shucking, which was enjoyed by both white and black in those days. Negroes came for ten miles to join in the frolic, in fact there was no fun much unless the "niggers" were there to sing songs—"Call for the Bottle, John," "Demi-John," "Ho, ho, I ho!" I carried "black bettie," the jug, around and carried off the shucks. When the shucking was done all repaired to the house for supper, the negroes carrying papa to the house and rolling him under the bed, as was the custom then. I knew it was my time next; I ran to where I knew there was a deep ditch, which I jumped over. The negroes did not see it, as the grass and weeds covered it from view. I stopped to see the fun. They piled up about ten deep. I got so tickled I couldn't run fast and Josh Rowan soon caught me and I was served like papa. After supper Phiem Rowan and Mingo Whitaker played the fiddle and the boys and girls danced 'til daylight in the morning. I

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think that was the last old-time corn shucking. The people became divided and secession and the union were the topics of conversation which inflamed the passions of prosperous people throughout the land.

In the spring of 1861 I amused myself a good deal in hunting the wild turkey at gobbling time, in the big bend of Rough creek. On one occasion, one morning before day, I heard the approach of a skiff coming up stream, in which were Col. Russell McNeil, John Priest, Blassar, the "tailor." They stopped in front of me, as I sat by a tree, took a drink to steady their nerves and discuss their plans. I soon learned the turkeys were on the point side of the creek as they located them the previous evening going to roost. When they rowed across the creek to get out, I walked back about 200 yards. I knew the turkeys would fly across the creek when disturbed, so I sat down to wait 'til daylight. When it was light enough to see the bead of my rifle I heard the report of their guns, and sure enough here came the birds and lit around me in the trees. One large old gobbler was badly wounded and fell dead not more than twenty feet from where I stood. I shot a young gobbler which the boys heard as it hit the ground. I soon loaded my rifle and shot at a spot on a beach tree which was a decoy to kill the first one which was already dead. As I had all I could carry I went back to the creek and got there in time to hear the hunters curse their bad luck and envy mine. They knew the report of my gun, "Sweetlove," as well as they knew my voice.

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They kissed the bottle again and came over to where I was. Old Col. McNeil asked if I saw his crippled turkey. The other boys laughed at him, and didn't believe he touched a feather. I knew the Colonel told the truth this time, but I kept my own counsel, and sold him the big gobbler for fifty cents and a quart of whiskey. I made Mr. Priest a present of the other bird. When I shot into the flock the second time they flew away, like Paddy's ducks, to h—lwards. After killing some squirrels we rowed back to town. Colonel M. there paid for the turkey, I treated the crowd with his own money, and then told the joke. I was called "Daniel Boone" then on account of my marksmanship. Those were happy days in old Kentucky; but alas, the rumblings of war, the

reverberations of cannon at the fall of Fort Sumpter, April 11, forever set at rest all hope of a compromise between the states, and civil war became inevitable.

I will now relate one more incident which changed to a great extent the course of my eventful life. I was greatly attached to a young man about my age, J. H. J., and associated with him a great deal. We would swap work—planting corn, setting tobacco, or any other work to be together. We had finished planting his corn, which we covered with the hoe, when up rode his cousin and another young lady friend of his who came on a visit. My friend wanted to introduce me and to make me presentable loaned me a suit of clothes. I was taller than he was and his pants hit me anywhere from the ankle joint to the knee. To add to my confusion, when I sat down the pants

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crawled up nearly to my knees. The girls realized my embarrassed condition and were so tickled they got thirsty and left the room for a drink of water. I left, too—went home—satisfied, though, I had met my "ideal" girl. I returned next day (Sunday) more fittingly dressed and carried my girl to Kincheloe's Chapel to meeting, and while on this pleasant trip, Cupid for the first time cast his wily snares around the young Irish boy, and as time rolls on the sequel will show. The sentiment I expressed was reciprocated in return.

The late Capt. John W. Belt about this time commenced organizing a company of home guards, which I joined as "fifer;" Jake Lowe, bass drummer, and Tom Neubauer, tenor drummer. We met once a week to drill, march and learn the manual of arms. Rowland Hackett was first and John Priest second lieutenant. Here my little war history began. I loved the union, the stars and stripes, and the freedom of America. The people became divided. The Southern men would not help the union men roll logs, and, vice versa. Vanira Vance made no distinction, inviting both parties to a big rolling on Buck creek. Bill Rowan and Bill S. Stevens were chosen captains. They chose their men and divided the ground. About three o'clock the race was at fever heat. One of Rowan's men made the banter that their captain could throw our captain "two-best-in-three." Our crowd raised a yell to "meet us half way." All shouldered their hand-sticks and met in a thick cluster of logs. So great was the excitement logs flew in every direction

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to make the ring, and were it not for older heads there would have been a bloody battle fought then and there. Old Mr. John Rowan, Fred Tanner and uncle Pascal Towns stopped the contemplated wrestle. They knew what the consequence would be and the rolling was resumed. I have never seen so many logs rolled in all my life.

Jesse Jarvis, an associate of mine, was cut and severely wounded with a knife by Mace Taylor, at Livermore, and I went to his aid and helped to nurse him back to health. These two men joined the Baptist church years after during a revival conducted by Messrs. Coleman and Peay, at Livermore. In embracing religion, they fell on each other's necks and buried the past in oblivion. They were good Christians and respected citizens, married sisters, and, with their wives, have long since passed away.

In the month of June in this remarkable year I stole away at the hour of midnight from my associates and friends who were visiting me and my sisters. No touch of contrition or pity held me back as I ferried myself and horse across Green river at Livermore and took the meandering road leading to Bethlehem church, close to Bremen, McLean county. This was the first engagement with my "ideal" girl, and I felt honor-bound to fulfill it. After I told her the condition I was placed in at home, she never doubted my veracity. I could play the fiddle and fife, and could furnish a

good share of chin music, which was as pleasing to the daughter as it was repugnant to the father. I was a union

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democrat, he an uncompromising secessionist; I was a Catholic, he was a strict Baptist. The consequence was, I didn't have smooth sailing so far as the "old folks" were concerned.

When I arrived back at Livermore I found the people in a high state of excitement. Dr. Morton, of Hartford, who was practicing medicine here, and "Whit" Porter fell out on the war issue. Porter loaded a double-barrel shot gun with buck shot and fired both barrels at Morton who was standing in a crowd in front of Tom Howard's store. Dr. Morton was shot in the hand, and uncle Fred Tanner slightly wounded. The good Lord must have directed the course of those stray bullets, as the streets of the town were crowded with people it being the day of Jessie Whitaker's sale. Porter made his escape and saved his life by joining the union army. Doctor Morton soon after went south and fought through the war for the cause of the Southern Confederacy. About this time there was a general separation of old friends and neighbors who had mixed and mingled in social intercourse, one party going south to join the armies of Lee and Johnson, while the union men were enrolled for three years and joined the armies of Grant and Sherman. The thought of whipping the South back into the union ninety days was abandoned. As the results of that bloody war are matters of history I will confine myself to passing events, as I travel down the eventful path of life's journey. I will now relate a little incident that took place in the summer of this year, which will be remembered by many today who were little

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children at that time. A report became current that the rebels, with Jake Bennett, the guerrilla chief, were going to burn the town of Livermore kill the home guards and take Capt. Belt and first lieutenant Hackett prisoners of war. The news came so sudden and unexpected the women and children left home and staid with the farmers in the neighborhood that night. About thirty or forty came to our house, as it was a safe retreat, being off from the public highways. Like Paddy Pence, of the Wild West, I staid at home that night to protect the ladies. However, the town was guarded and if memory is not at fault, this was the night McNeil got shot in front of the Livermore hotel while hurrahing for "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." I must not omit to state the reckless daring of these two men, McNeil and Blassar, the "Tailor," who at the risk of their lives marched through the town at the hour of midnight, the full moon shining in all its splendor, knowing, too that the town was heavily guarded at the time. They surely deserved credit, in one sense of the word, for the courage displayed in behalf of the cause of the South and condemnation on the other hand for foolhardiness and lack of discretion in time of danger. McNeil was severely wounded and taken to the home of John Crow, where he lingered between life and death for several months. In the meantime Dr. Everly, a union man, and a physician and surgeon of the old school, was called in to prescribe for the patient as a last resort, the other doctors having given him up for death. The true bitter-

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ness which was rung out now in the hysterical fierceness of the patient's tones was displayed when he said he would die and go to h— before he would take medicine from a Lincolnite doctor. This epithet, spoken in sarcasm, was unjustly applied to the doctor, who was as much opposed to the abolition of slavery as I was. The doctor told him personally he held nothing against him, politically they were unfortunately divided, but if he would take his medicine he thought he could restore him to health again in a few months. The pleadings of wife and mother, together with Mr. Crow's influence, prevailed; and, true to his promise, Dr. Everley paid him daily visits until his

wounds healed. After a few months he joined his comrades in the Confederate army, and was soon discharged on account of disability by reason of his wounds.

In the fall of '61 Capt. Belt mustered Co. A in the U. S. army and was stationed at Calhoon to guard the locks on Green river with some Indiana troops, Col. Burbrige being in command of the 26th Kentucky Volunteers. Now, gentle reader, I am practically alone, and if you will forbear yet a little while, I will tell you why I am so. In the summer of this year after our crop was planted, my father was stricken down with fever and lung trouble I, as a dutiful son, and the only help, could not bear the thought of leaving my sick father and troubled mother and sisters, an act I am proud of to this day, for two reasons: my first duty was home; my second reason was, the war was assuming a different course to what I expected,

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the negro being the central head. I, too, were I free from home ties, would have gone to fight for the union, when I would be, in reality, fighting to free John Rowan's slaves and the other slaves throughout this commonwealth who had been bought by their owners with their hard-earned money. Honesty being my guiding star, and as "Path without honor is a nonentity" I could no longer consistently take part against my neighbors, friends and landlords, "the slave holders," who helped me and mine while in abject poverty; so the balmy consolation of this act of mine in the youth and vigor of life, is as sweet to me now in old age as the fragrant perfume of the flowers of a May morning! The institution of slavery was here when I came; I had no hand in bringing it on, neither would I take a part to abolish it. The negroes, so far as I could judge, were happy; they were well fed; their doctor's bills paid; wore good warm clothes in winter; no poorhouse staring them in the face in old age, and, taking it all in all, they were better off than the poor peasants of Ireland. The slave owners, their sons, and I have seen, in some instances, too, the daughters, side by side in the tobacco field with their negroes and didn't exact anymore work of them than they did themselves. Well, I will now relate my war record which may perhaps interest some of my readers.

When I state that I never saw a confederate soldier while bearing arms during the war, I state a fact that few men of my age can say. However, I ran several times to keep from seeing them. When Lyon's men came to Liver-

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more I ran home, caught my horse and hid in the cane of Rough creek until they passed by. On another occasion I was at the wedding of Granville Brown, who married a Miss Hancock in the Delaware neighborhood, and the guerrillas came while the bride and groom and their friends were at dinner, and pressed every good horse on the grounds. Again I "also ran." The soldiers not only took the horses, but cleaned up the dinner before they left. Dave Tucker, of Livermore, a young man named Bates and I went to little Hamp Wall's, staid all night and stood guard by our horses. Next morning we went to Delaware. N. B. Cooke, a tobacco merchant, now of Owensboro, told us guerrillas would be there in an hour to cross the river. We didn't stand on the order of going, but went in double-quick time, barely missing the soldiers. By swapping broken-down plugs around to suit the occasion, and borrowing a few fresh horses, the wedding party got home safe on Buck creek where the groom lived.

While a member of the home guards I made several trips with Capt. Belt to Hartford, Calhoon, and Owensboro, as "fifer" of the company. On one occasion, on our way to Hartford, we were treated to a nice basket dinner by the union ladies at the No creek Methodist churches which had become seperated on the question of slavery, each taking the Bible as reference. Here, with

Owen Riordan, another Irish fifer, is where we put forth our best talent in playing the national aires, prominent of which was "Yankee Doodle," and "The girl I left behind

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me." Here I was almost covered with boquets, little flag buntings and blue ribbons. Whether I captivated the young ladies by my good looks and Irish wit, or whether it was their enthusiasm for the cause, I never knew. I guess it was the latter. My partner, who was married, did not share quite such honors. We staid all night in the neighborhood. I, with Owen and Mr. Cowgill, who is now at Livermore, staid with old Mr. Talbert Wallis, a strict member of the Methodist church. My partner musician was one of the cursingest cursers that ever left County Cork, Ireland. Finally, patience ceasing to be a virtue, Mr. Wallis took down the family Bible from the mantel, read a chapter in it, then turning to Mr. Riordan said: "My friend, we generally have family prayers here before retiring." "That's a d— good idea," said Owen, getting down on his knees to join with the balance on this solemn occasion. Mr. Wallis did'nt wake us 'til breakfast was ready. After partaking of a hearty meal we returned to the churches where we were met by Capt. Belt and the rest of the company and took up our line of march to the old Fair Grounds, near Hartford, where Col. John H. McHenry's regiment was camping. Owen Riordan was major-fifer of the 26th Kentucky Volunteers, and moved to Bowling Green, Ky., after the war.

I will now, though somewhat reluctantly, give a little history of our trip to Owensboro in August, 1861. Capt. Belt called the company to meet on Wednesday evening for drill and practice through the manual of arms, and he made a speech, saying he had orders for his

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company to meet McHenry and Hawkins' men next morning, near Owensboro. They were to receive arms, tents and munitions of war. He asked for volunteers, stating the danger of the expedition—if anyone got killed he would see that they were brought home and buried with all the honors of war. About two-thirds of the company volunteered, including all the musicians, except me. Stepping one pace forward, I stated my condition—that my father was sick, and having hired a hand to help me take care of the crop, couldn't go; but if I could get a man to take my place in the tobacco patch I would go. This was a trying ordeal, but I didn't propose to show the "white feather." Several spoke up, saying they would take my place. That settled it, and we started about sunset, taking a spring wagon along in case of need. We stopped at uncle Wick Lashbrook's, where Tom Stevens now lives, to rest and get a litte sleep; but we didn't remain long in the enchanting dreams of morpheus until we were called to resume the march to Owensboro. We arrived at the "Jo Lee place" about sunrise. I forget who lived there then, but he was a union man, and said we were sure going into danger; that the town was "full of secesh and southern sympathizers" who were going to capture the army equipments for the South. Suddenly dear old Erin seemed sweeter to me than ever, and I almost cursed the ship that brought me over! However, Capt. Belt sent a courier out to the Harford road to see if McHenry and Hawkins were coming. This was the first time we had experienced any trouble. McLean and

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Ohio counties were mostly union, but Daviess county was secesh to the core. Our messenger returned with good news, and we marched on to the forks of the Hartford and Livermore roads, a point not far from where Johnson's lane now intersects Frederica street. Here we met parts of both McHenry and Hawkins' men, armed with guns. We were placed in line, four deep. I forgot to say that old uncle Allen Tucker, a muster fifer was with us. So we, with two other fifers from Hartford, were placed in front; four tenor and four bass drums next. In a column, four abreast, we marched in Frederica street, playing "Yankee Doodle." When we reached the courthouse we marched clear

around it, and stacked arms in the courthouse yard. I never saw so much enthusiasm as was displayed for Jeff Davis and Beauregard. We were on unholy ground so far as yankees were concerned. From the stores and residences you could see rebel flags and hear the voices of women and children hurraing for Jeff Davis and the southern confederacy! In one or two instances the rebel ladies did flaunt their flags in the faces of some of the yankee boys. When the "Eugene," the boat, arrived next morning with the army supplies the levee was crowded with soldiers and citizens.

I have now laid aside my fife and home-guard suit of clothes and assumed the garb of high private in the home circle of peace and felecity. Our tobacco is all housed; my papa is convalescent, and can walk with his cane; my "ideal girl" is in the neighborhood visiting, so my star of hope and happiness shines bright-

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er than for several months. I am a believer, too, that the pen is mightier than the sword, for by its magic power I am always kept posted by my girl as to how the wind blows in my behalf and as to the conduct of her uncompromising old "dad."

Ashford Woodford was killed this fall, near Island Station, while trying to recapture his horse, which was stolen, with others, by guerrillas who were hid in a barn. He had, only a few months before this sad event, married the eldest daughter of John G. Atherton, who is still alive at the remarkable age of 87 years, and the oldest member now living of Buck creek church.

I must now take a little recess from work on the farm, put on my best suit, and go to see my best girl, and make her visit in the neighborhood pleasant by being her escort to all the parties which the young people enjoyed so much in those days. That pride of aristocracy and fine dress was'nt known then. The young man that wore a nice suit of jeans clothes and blacked his boots from the bottom of a pot took a first place in the ranks of society then. The girl who did not wear hoop skirts nor use paint or powder or false curls, was the ideal girl of the day. As she appeared in a neat clean calico dress in society, the pride of Kentucky's fair daughters gained for them then the name and fame of being the handsomest women on earth.

The details of my wooing I leave blank, as it will not interest the reader, especially the older heads, and the young generation of today

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has already become adepts in the art of matchmaking as shown by the child marriages and runaway matches, published in the journals of these days.

I worked in the town of Livermore at the cooper's trade, there being a pork house erected there at the time. I will here relate a circumstance which may be remembered by some of the old rebel soldiers today who live in and around Owensboro. In the winter of 1862, I think it was while the rebels were at Bowling Green, there came to our cooper shop an Irishman, whose name was Ned Hickey, and who in after years I got well acquainted with. He was rather shabbily dressed and carried a spade, inquiring for a job of ditching. He told a pitiful story. I felt so sorry for a brother Irishman in distress, that I and John Riordan, and another Irishman, who run the shop, took him to the hotel where we boarded, gave him his dinner, a dollar and a quart of whiskey. Then I directed him to old uncle Sam Crumpacker to get a job. This was the very identical rebel sympathizer he wanted to find, not to ditch however, which I learned in after years, but to map out a road for him to Bowling Green so as to evade the union soldiers. Mr. Hickey had several thousand dollars then hid about his old ragged clothes which he was taking to the sons of rich men in Daviess county. He often laughed in after years about our "charity dollar," when he had money enough to buy a steam boat. He made the journey in disguise, delivered his message,

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and lived for many years in Owensboro after, where he was highly respected. I worked all winter at the cooper's trade and returned home in the spring to make a crop. I had a good time generally this winter—attended nearly all the balls and parties at Livermore and vicinity; could play the fiddle—the old "Arkensaw Traveler," "Waggoner," "Jenny put the Kettle on," being the favorite airs of that time. I remember going to a party once with a friend of mine in the neighborhood of Kincheloe's chapel, where Island Station is now. The old folks wouldn't let us dance, so "jingle at the window," and "snap," were the orders of the day, or rather the night. I took a seat in a corner and was soon wrapped in the fond embraces of morpheus, "the god of sleep." The girls kept snapping at the dead Irish boy without any response on my part. At last my partner came to my rescue, and in trying to wake me made matters worse. I thought sure we had gotten back to his house from the party and he was trying to get me to bed, and I began to pull off my clothes right there before the ladies. The girls, however, had manners enough to vacate the room and leave me to the privacy of my own feelings as to my mode of retiring. It was a consolation to me that my best girl wasn't at the party. We left in short order. I did not even offer an apology to the young lady for my awkward appearance to her snap-call into the ring.

It is spring again and I am at home preparing for another crop. My friend, John Riordan, has closed his shop, abanded the cooper's

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trade, and joined the army. Previous to his going, however, he sold to Esqr. John Rowan about fifty pork barrels, which he (Rowan) had filled with pork and beef for the market later on. I am not sure, but I always thought that Jeff Davis and the confederacy got the benefit of this sale

## CHAPTER V.

The 6th and 7th of April, 1862, have rolled around on the slow but steady hand of time. The battle of Shiloh has been fought, and Capt. Belt and lieutenant Ranney have resigned their commissions in the army, and come home. Some said they did not like the smell of rebel powder; others denied it. However, as they have passed from the stage of action long since, I will at least give them the benefit of the doubt by saying in my opinion they were dissatisfied with camp life, and once more sought the tranquil home and felicity of their respective families.

Capt. Belt bought tobacco for several years after at Livermore; Dr. Ranney moved to Iowa after killing Jas. Peck. This was one of the most cold-blooded murders ever committed in the town of Livermore, and will be remembered by the older people of the town to this day. Mr. Peck was a Pennsylvania German, and a shoe maker by trade. He set up a shoe shop at Livermore, was well respected and married a young Irish girl, Miss Sarah McKenny. They boarded with Dr. Ranney and here was where the trouble started it seems that Mrs. Ranney wanted Mrs. Peck to do the house work which Mr. Peck wouldn't allow her to do

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as he paid their board promptly. The women fell out and some strong epithets were indulged in, which brought the husbands into action, each taking the part of their respective wives. Mr. Peck rented and moved into another house and here the matter ended for the present. Soon after this there were some letters passed through the mail to Mrs. Ranney, defaming her character as a lady. No signature was signed to those letters. Naturally supposing Mr. and Mrs. Peck to be the author of these missives, the blaze of indignation was started again, which brought about this tragic death. Mr. Peck opened his shop on Monday morning for business. Doctor Ranney stole down an alley and shot him, through the back door, mortally wounding him. Peck ran out the front door and up



the street for home. He fell, however, from loss of blood on the sidewalk and I, with several others, put him in a wagon and carried him home. He died next morning about 8 o'clock and made a dying confession that he nor his wife never wrote those letters. Doctor Ranney ran off and went to Iowa, where his wife in a few months joined him. Mrs. Ranney was a daughter of Ashford Woodward one of the most prominent families in Ohio county.

The cold New-Years day of '63 has come and well do I remember how I was caught eight miles from home in Ohio county. I took a young lady home the previous evening who had been visiting our family during the Christmas holidays. Young men wore shawls in those days, but on this occasion I wore two, and made the trip back without stopping to

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warm.

Green River froze over again this winter and while crossing on the ice at the mouth of Rough creek Elija Woodward's horse broke through the ice and was saved from drowning by the citizens of the town. I was there at the time and helped with the others.

The first abolition speech I ever heard was made at Livermore this winter by a young lawyer from the state of Maine which was as repugnant to the people then as a red rag to a mad bull. Notwithstanding his obnoxious speech, on "Negro Equality," the rebel girls danced with him that night at a ball at the Anderson hotel. This confirmed to my mind that fine clothes, a good education and a slick tongue will pass current in any society, regardless of creed or politics.

We staid and raised another crop the year of 1864 and got war prices. Tobacco sold as high as thirty dollars per hundred and all other farm products in proportion. Mr. Rowan's health failed, he quit the store, gave up the farm to his brother Joe and traveled a good deal for his health, and finally died with that fatal disease "Consumption."

In the spring of '65 my father leased a farm from Dr. A. O. Ayer and moved to Daviess county, in the vicinity of Oak Grove [ed. note – later named Utica]. Here I was comparatively lost for a while. I was in a strange neighborhood, ten miles from old associates and twenty miles from my "ideal girl." Now, I had kissed the Blarney Stone before I left Ireland and well knew its "Magic Power." I started out to get acquainted with

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my new neighbors, using plenty of "Blarney." I will relate here for the benefit of my readers the legend of this wonderful stone. Cormack Maccarthy, who built this famous castle, A. D. 1446, when Ireland was an independent province, was sure to kiss the Blarney Stone every morning after family prayers as an incentive to good luck; but on this fatal morning, when his castle was surrounded by King William's soldiers, he failed to kiss the Blarney Stone, which, tradition says, caused the downfall of Ireland and the destruction of his fort. Ever since, all the boy babies, especially the Mikeys and Paddys who were born in Cork and Kerry are taken there by their mothers to kiss this wonderful stone. Now, dear reader, if you should think I am a little enthusiastic or have drawn on my imagination too much on this point, go ask Capt. W. T. Ellis, who suffered himself to be hung, by the heels, over the battlement to kiss this stone while on his trip of one hundred days in Europe. He will tell you that was the crowning act of his life, and ever since that time he has been elected to every office he asked for, and has never lost a "case." This alone will convince the reader that there still remains some virtue in the Blarney Stone.

There is an old saying that "when in Rome do as Rome does." I have adhered to this rule and have enjoyed life in the fullest measure in social intercourse with the good people of Daviess county long before the O & N railroad was built, or the town of Utica started. I helped to build the first house for John Tweddell, and hewed the sills for the first store, built by

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Jas. Thornton. I have built the chimneys and plastered nearly every house in Utica.

The sudden separation from those I had known so long and held in such high esteem had for a while taken some of the sunshine out of my life and disturbed the tranquil flow of my spirits. However, as the war had ended this spring by the surrender of Lee, and the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, I in common with the general public was glad peace had been made. My cousin Tom Moore, who was a soldier in the federal army, and stationed at Louisville, Ky., paid me a visit this summer. I took him to Owensboro the fourth of July, on his return to camp. There was a Dutch picnic in Murray's Woods, and to make his visit pleasant I took him out to the picnic. We were introduced to two handsome German girls, and engaged for the next set. The young German who introduced me told me if I wanted to have a good time I must pass myself off with the young lady as a German. He told me a few words in that language to say to her, which I noted down in a day book so as to memorize. Right here, for the first time in life, I lost that sagacious trait which is stamped in the hearts of the Irish race, and suffered myself to become the tool of an unprincipled scoundrel. When it came our time to dance we got our partners, took them to the beer stand and treated them to beer and cakes, as was the custom, and repaired to the dancing ground. Then was the time to prove that I was German by blabbing out the few words I could now repeat. As soon as I spoke the words the young lady ran

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across the dancing floor to where her friends were. I stood as innocent as a lamb, chatting with Tom and his partner, thinking every minute my partner would be back. From the commotion, and some pointing in my direction, I saw something had gone radically wrong. Tom and I went over to find out what had happened. My German! They were highly excited and all talking at once, and about me and in German! After learning of the awful mistake made I set out to prove that no insult was meant. I finally got them to listen to my story and took out my day book and showed them the words I had written and which I knew no more the meaning of than an unborn babe. I told them the straight tale—how I was made a fool of; that I was an Irishman, and could prove by John Neicam, Dan Griffith and Jas. Johnson, who were on the grounds, that I was a gentleman and far above the reproach of such an act. I then offered ten dollars reward for the scoundrel who got me into the scrape, but he had left the picnic in short order. I think he lived in Cannelton, Ind., and I firmly believe if the German people had caught him they would have hung him without judge or jury. I sent her brother to ask the young lady if she was still willing to dance with me, which she readily consented to do. I soon had the sympathy of the entire crowd, and put on my best licks in cutting an Irish "caper." That night I took the young lady to a ball at Reinhardt's Hall, and finally saw her safe home near the Paradise Garden. I have forgotten this lady's name, but if she is living and should ever read this story,

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she will remember the happy time we had, and how she tried to learn me the waltz step. She had "sacked" her Indiana beau, who worked me at the picnic that he might have revenge. I arrived home the next morning at daylight, took a good nap and was ready for business on the farm.

The war being over, old soldiers who wore the blue and the gray, and who met in deadly combat on the battle fields of the civil war are returning home to settle down once more to the avocations of life.

The spirit of animosity still rankled in the hearts of some union soldiers. Not being satisfied with the victory already won they did, on some occasions, try to drive out of the country the boys who wore the gray. I will here relate a little incident that took place at Green Brier church during

divine service. Our old friend and former jailor of Daviess county, than whom no better man ever lived, had just returned home from prison life, with General Morgan's command, in Ohio. John Ashby made a good soldier and was now trying to make a good citizen and retrieve his former losses, when the soldiers told him he would have to comply with certain conditions or leave the country. Then it was the spirit of pride and independence, which is ever characteristic of him, was brought to bear on this occasion. He told them that if they would go back in the woods, and away from the church he would settle this matter then and there in single combat if they would agree to fight him one at a time. About this time Mr. Ashby's

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father, who was in church, came out, took his son by the arm and conveyed him into the church, which stopped the fuss. A few years after this escapade at church, John Ashby met the leader of those soldiers at uncle Jamie Howard's horse mill and told him he was ready to settle that Green Brier affair; that they were now equal—man to man. He begged so pitiful that Ashby told him he was a low-down, dirty, horse-swapping scoundrel that didn't have spunk enough to take his own part, and he would be forever after beneath his notice. Now, on the other side was Brisco Hedges, who was also a good soldier and fought from start to finish in the federal or union army, with the 26th Kentucky volunteers. He was approached one day at Pleasant Ridge by little John Henry and other southern rights men, and told to get up and get, as a yankee could'nt stop there. He, however, didn't propose to be run out of town like a stray dog, and drew his pistol and commenced shooting at Henry, who was cutting at him with a knife. When the fight was over, in which neither was seriously hurt, Hedges told them he came home for peace, but he liked the smell of gun-powder yet, and would take his own part, though he was alone and the odds against him. He said he had run from the rebel Johnnys several times, but there wasn't men enough in the Ridge to start him in a respectable trot. These two little incidents will convey to the reader's mind the unsettled state of the country for a few years after the rebellion. However, as time wore on a better state of feelings existed by the forma-

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tion of reunions where the blue and the gray met in social intercourse, using army tents and addicting themselves to camp life, telling jokes and stories of the war.

I remember being at Sugar Grove at the reunion, when the silver-tongued orator, W. P. C. Breckenridge, made his famous speech in harmony of the occasion, after which Capt. W. T. Ellis scattered promiscuously a shower of pipes and tobacco and in a nice little speech told the old soldiers of both armies to smoke the pipe of peace. In the meantime I left them to enjoy the luxury of their pipes and took a little gallop down to McLean county to see my "ideal" girl, who was visiting her uncle on Buck creek. I went to Livermore first after a young lady friend of mine who wanted to visit my sister. We stopped on the way home and took dinner with Mr. J., where my girl was visiting. She met us at the stile-block where the girls took a little kiss which I envied somewhat, as I was not included in that part of the program. However, we repaired to the parlor which was put in order for our reception. Now my young readers, you all know that two is company and three is a crowd. I could not tell my girl what I wanted to and what I believed she was anxious to hear, so I took up a slate and pencil which was on a standtable and wrote her a line or two, stating that I would come back the next morning, which was Sunday, take her to Buck Creek church and plan for the future. This arrangement seemed to please her; so the conversation run on the general topics of the day. The longest day

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must have an end, and the best of friends must part. After bidding a kind farewell to our old neighbors and friends we started on our way home. That was the last time I ever saw my "ideal girl" from that day to this, and if the reader will be patient yet a little while, I will tell why later on.

We arrived home about sunset and while sister took charge of our visiting girl, father took me in the house to introduce me to an Irish peddler whom he called Johnson, but who was, in reality, my own cousin, Jim Moore. My papa and mama had formed this little plan to fool me, or rather to see if I would recognize him, whom I had not seen since we were school children in Ireland. I soon entered into conversation with Mr. Johnson as to his business and what part of the country he had peddled in. He said he had been traveling in Indiana and crossed the river at Owensboro on a ferry boat. I knew that was the biggest lie he ever told, as this was in the spring of 1867, in time of the big, high waters. I knew he couldn't get in ten miles of the ferry a-foot, as the bottoms on the Indiana side of the river were covered with water for miles. He got confused and I took a good look at the big Irishman, trying to size him up. When I saw pap and mama peeping through the door laughing at me, I knew then he was my cousin Jim. Well, we sat up nearly all night talking over our school days at home and our little scraps when we were children. I was bound by the tie of consanguinity to remain at home next day and entertain my cousin with that spirit

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of hospitality which is ever characteristic of the Irish race. He was as near and dear to me then as a brother could possibly be; his father and my father lived in the same house in separate rooms, cultivated the farm in partnership, the landlord getting most of the proceeds from the crop. However, they lived happy in that dear old "Emerald Isle," if the life of a peasant or tenant can be called happy there. I will say right here for the benefit of my old friends and acquaintances, that if they ever hear an Irishman say he left Ireland and plenty, and came here from choice, don't take any stock in him. The people who leave their native land are forced to do so by poverty, myself being one of the number. My cousin Jim Moore was so well pleased with Kentucky and her good people that he bought a farm here and was well known and respected in after years in Daviess county. He died Dec. 21, 1896.

In the mean time I had not forgotten my promise to take my best girl to Buck Creek church on the previous Sunday, which was the first time I ever failed to comply with an engagement made with her. The reader can imagine my feelings on this trying ordeal as I hastened to the home of her uncle to explain matters, and exonerate myself from the blame. When I arrived there she had gone home, and here once more the power of the pen was brought to bear in portraying to her mind the true state of my mind in regard to the matter. I soon received an answer which not only exonerated me from blame, but commended my action in showing that respect due to the

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cousin and schoolmate of my childhood days. I made other engagements through our correspondence, but on every occasion it seemed that I was the victim of circumstances, either sickness or other causes, unavoidable by me, debarred me from fulfilling them. I have often thought since of the old saying, that "what is allotted can never be blotted." It certainly was my doom and my destiny to never again see the face of her who was, in my estimation, the most beautiful girl in Kentucky's fair land! Possibly my failure to comply with any of the promises was, to my mind, a just cause for her to lose confidence in me; hence in about a year she wrote me a farewell letter, asking me to please return her picture and letters and she would return mine, except my picture, which she desired to keep in remembrance of bygone days. I granted her request and

complied with it all, except the invitation to attend her wedding, which I most respectfully declined. In answering her last letter I wrote the following words, which expressed the true state of my feelings at that time:

Farewell; I fondly loved thee!  
My dream of bliss—'tis o'er;  
The heart that warmly beat for thee  
Can never love no more!

She is still living, and she and her husband and children comprise one of the most highly respected families in Muhlenburg county.

After the events narrated here, life on the farm became lonesome to me. I wanted to form new acquaintances, enter new fields of occupation and forget the past if possible. Many of

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my associates had married, which left me practically alone. I took contracts of levying roads in Daviess and McLean, and did a great deal of ditching for the farmers, and occasionally worked at my trade—bricklaying and plastering. There is not a precinct in the county, except Whitesville, where I have not worked in the last forty years. The cellars and cisterns in which the date and my name are written on the cement walls when built, will remain long after I have passed away. The first cistern I ever built was for old Mr. Thomson Tucker, in 1863. I wrote my name and the date on the wall while the cement was green and they are as plain today as when I wrote them. Since that time I have built cisterns in various places in Daviess, McLean and Ohio counties, and consequently am well acquainted with the people, who, I hope, have not altogether forgotten the "jolly wild Irishman."

## CHAPTER VI.

In the year 1868 I took a trip to Indiana; worked on the Big Lake ditch in the vicinity of Richland, Warrick county. Here I met several of my old Kentucky friends, who had bought land and settled there, among them, Jessie Moseley, Jeff and Burrie Bain, Doctor Nalley and Bill Ellis, who were neighbors of mine in McLean county. I did not like the country. There were too many yankees over there to suit me. The Hoosiers are very good people in their way, so far as I could judge during my short sojourn in their land. However they are as far different from Kentuckians in

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point of hospitality and social intercourse fits day and night. All the pleasure I saw while there was enjoyed with my Kentucky friends. After returning home, I was taken down sick with the dumb chills and fevers and did not work much the balance of that summer. I spent a good part of my time with Mike O'Flynn who was one of my associates and was also sick at that time. In the fall I took a contract of getting out a lot of railroad ties from little John G. McFarland who had the tie contract for the O. and N. from Owensboro to Livermore. John Read was grading the road which was known as the Owensboro and Russellville railroad. During this winter and while a big revival of religion was in progress at the Antioch Christian church, which was conducted by a Campbellite preacher named Franklin, from Cincinnati, old Mr. Wiggins was killed by Albert Tanner, in the church after the service was over. It seems that some of the young people had been disturbing public worship by talking and laughing during the service. Mr. Wiggins, who was sexton, threatened to present the names of the offenders to the grand jury. This threat only added fuel to flame and caused the fire of indignation to burn more furious. On this night they cut up more than usual. However, after meeting broke young Albert Tanner stepped behind the door to get his sweetheart's

riding skirt and in doing so partly shut the door which stopped the congregation from going out. Mr. Wiggins slammed the door back in his face, reproveing him for his conduct. Tanner drew a dirk knife

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and stabbed him three times—he fell dead on the floor of the church before the congregation knew of the awful tragedy enacted therein. Esq. Jas. A. Small was there at church that night; but before he could make the arrest of the Tanner boys, they escaped during the confusion of the congregation. They left that night and went to Calhoon where Logan Fields their kinsman was engaged to pilot them through to Texas. In a few years their father uncle "Mit" Tanner, who was one of the best farmers and citizens of the county, sold out his farm goods and chattels and went to his boys. They are all dead now, and no doubt but this sad event, which caused the trouble and sorrows of two happy families, has long since been forgotten. The next spring I got word from Bucker Robertson to come to see him in regard to a big lot of ditching he wanted done. Now in those days the farmers thought nobody could ditch like an Irishman. I soon found Mr. Robertson to be all O. K. After the trade was made, I did about fifty or sixty dollars worth of ditching for him and the longer I staid there the better I liked the family especially the younger members of it. When I got through ditching Mr. Robertson asked me if I could hew some sills. He and Tom Tichenor became partners in building and stocking a new store which is still in use at Cleopatra I told him I had been hewing cross-ties for the railroad all winter and I guessed I could split a hair yet with the broad ax. I soon got out the sills, which uncle John Harper, the carpenter, said were the best hewn sills he ever saw.

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He build the store house. I then took another contract of digging a cellar. When I got through Mr. Robertson asked me if I ever laid any brick. I told him this was my trade, that I could not only wall his cellar, but also make a brick sewer to drain it. They wanted to know my price next. I had found out by this time they were both as close as the bark on a tree, to use a common phrase, but as honest as the day was long. I told them as the days were getting warm I would lay the bottom of the cellar first, and if they would move the barrel of corn juice into it and give me and uncle Harper free access to the barrel while I was doing the work, I would only charge six dollars; but in case they refused, the bill would be eight dollars. They concluded to give us our three "giggers," a day and let the barrel stay where it was. I built the cellar all right, had a whole lot of fun swapping yarns with uncle John Harper. I had the best time I ever had in life with those good people. I always made it a rule when at work away from home to make myself useful about the house. I would often step out and cut a little stove wood, draw a bucket of water or any other little chores to help the women. I soon spoiled all my good qualities, however, by the following little incident: I happened to meet young Buck Gibson and Henry Glenn at Tichenor's store. We, or at least I, got to drinking a little more corn juice than was good for the stomache's sake. I did not stop here but took a quart of the juice to Mr. Robertson's and hid it in the gear room. I made me a pallet and lay down

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by it to keep the rats away. I took a good nap, and when I woke I saw Mr. Robertson coming in from his day's work. I knew he was a great temperance man, so I took another big drink to brighten my ideas to meet the occasion. When he arrived I met him at the door, bottle in hand, and told him I had concluded to run in opposition to him and Tom Tichenor and set me up a little bar of my own. As it was customary for new bar keepers to treat, he must take one with me. I did not stop talking long enough for him to get mad, but showed him how I could cut an Irish caper to draw customers. I also showed him the sign I had written on a shingle for an Irishman's grocery,

RED THREAD AND VINEGAR

### For Sale Here.

He got so tickled at my Irish antics I guess he forgot to get mad. He told me to go to my room at the house, take a good sleep and I'd be all right next morning. Oh, how I did hate to go to the breakfast table next morning! I felt so mean I came straight home. When I returned in about a week, Mr. Robertson wanted to hire me to make boards to cover the store. I told him, no; I wanted to get as far away from that barrel as possible, and had promised to dig a pond for Baley Wain. When I arrived at Mr. Wain's he was away from home, but his son, Walker, told me where to dig the pond. I was now with a strange family and had never met any of them except Mr. Wain and one of his daughters, Miss Vitula. I was at a great disadvantage too, as there was no one to introduce me, and had to get acquainted the best

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I knew how. There were four handsome young ladies there, who I supposed were sisters, and daughters of Mr. Wain. I looked around for the mother and naturally thought she was off on a visit with her husband. That night there came a big rain and filled the pond with water. Next day I went over to uncle Jamie Waltrip's to dig a ditch for him. He, too, was away from home, making hogsheads for Geo. Little, where Guffie is now. His wife, however, showed me where to go to work, and when dinner came I found Mrs. Waltrip not only hospitable and pleasant, but a great talker. She soon found out I was a single man and knew her sister well in the neighborhood of Buck Creek. As the conversation progressed, and the negro girl supplied me with plenty of hot biscuits and honey, my good hostess said she guessed I would get me a wife while working for Mr. Wayne, as he had a house full of smart, handsome girls. I told her I was unfortunate in that line, but were I to make a choice, I would surely take the one they called "Missie." In my estimation she was the flower of the flock, not with standing they were all good looking girls. "Well, Mr. Moore," she said I am sorry for you; you have picked out the wrong girl. She is my youngest daughter and Mr. Wain's wife! The good Lord take pity on the Irishman! Didn't I sell myself cheap? I verily believe I could have crawled in an auger hole, I felt so little. I told Mrs. Waltrip to please not give me away until I got the pond finished and got away. She laughed and said that was all right as she knew her daughter

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was good looking, but how she could love and marry that old man was a mystery to her. I finished the ditch next day and returned to Mr. Wain's a good deal better posted in regard to his domestic affairs than I was when I first came there. He had returned home and I soon got well acquainted and having a good time generally. The girls heard I could play the fiddle and planned a little social party for the young folks in the neighborhood. They sent and got a violin for me, and all anticipated a nice time. I quit work at dinner, shaved up, put on my Sunday rigging, and repaired to Tichenor's store to get some medicine. He gave it, after hearing my complaint, in liquid form and filled a vial full to be taken as needed. I soon presented myself in the handsome parlor at the Wain mansion, which was well filled with young company. After receiving an introduction all around, I was handed a chair by Miss Sallie Wain, and started in to entertain the company. I had more talk than a Philadelphia lawyer and thought sure I was making a good impression, especially among the ladies. The medicine I had gotten at the store was acting nicely, and taking good effect. One of the young ladies handed me the fiddle and called for the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home." I soon found my fingers were crazy and had no control over them. But I must do something to enliven them, so I told the girl I couldn't play the violin then, but that I could sing them an Irish song and cut the pigeon wing to perfection, and was one of the best whistlers that ever puckered a lip. This created a big

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Laugh – they were nearly dying to laugh at me anyhow. While they were in this merry mood, I made a break for the stairway in the hall and by the aid of the banisters I reached my room up stairs. "Oh hush, honey!" My conscience told me next morning that I was the meanest Irishman that ever left the Kerry mountains. When Mr. Wain came to call me to breakfast, I told him I was so ashamed that I wouldn't go to his table for a five dollar bill. He proposed to bring me up something to eat, but I told him no I didn't want anything. However, about 10 o'clock the women killed a chicken, made me some soup, and had me to come down and take some nourishment. They then took me in the parlor where they were quilting and told me to lay on the sofa as it was so lonesome up stairs. They were undoubtedly among the best people I ever met. I soon got all right again, finished up my job, played the fiddle to their heart's content, and was to a great extent reinstated once more in their estimation. When I was bidding them all farewell, they extended to me a cordial invitation to call again at any time; I would sure be welcome. I went from there to Curdsville where I contracted a big lot of ditching from Tom and Kendrick O'Bryan and Henry McCain. I got well acquainted in that locality and worked there nearly all summer. In the fall I built some cisterns and chimneys near Hartford, Ohio county; one for Chancy Nelson Bennett, the father of Bob Bennett, the Methodist preacher. I also built one for his son-in-law, Virgil Stevens. They were very strict members of that church and like old Talbert

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Wallis, whom I mentioned in a former chapter, they all had family prayers at night. I of course followed suit, "When in Rome, do as Rome does," being my motto. I had studied human nature a good deal as I advanced in age, and could addict myself to all classes of society. On this occasion I was very sanctimonious—talked scripture a good deal, especially the points advocated by John Wesley. I had already become a little skillful in the art of deception, as bad lessons were so easily learned. I was at home amongst the poorer classes who lived in humble hovels as much so as in the fine mansions of the rich. But to return to Mr. Stevens: I must not omit a little funny circumstance that took place while I enjoyed his hospitable home. In settling up for the cistern he made the remark that he never hired a Catholic or a drunkard under any condition in life. Now "be the powers of St. Patrick who banished all the snakes from Ireland," that shoe, though not aimed for me, "fit as tight as a nigger's shirt," as I knew I was enrolled in the category of both. This set my Irish blood afire, and I told Mr. Stevens a few things which I quoted from Scripture, tradition and history which he had no idea I knew. I told him our Lord Jesus Christ founded our church in the year 33, sixteen hundred years before John or Charles Wesley was born. "Now Mr. Stevens, didn't those boys, with a few others, congregate in Oxford street, London, and formed a new method of religion, and for the want of a better name, called it the Methodist church? If you want John Calvin, the Knoxes, Martin

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Luther or King Henry VIII, who were all renegades and deserters from the true Catholic church, I am prepared to give you a little history of any or all of them." Mr. S. begged pardon for an ungarded remark. He argued his side of the question, and as there is nothing gained in a religious controversy, we quit in fine humor. I told him, however, while bidding them all goodbye, in a joking manner, that as soon as his cistern was full I would come back with a bottle of "holy water" to put in it as it never failed to keep the Devil and wiggletails away. I worked, twenty-five years after this, for John C. Riley, the banker at Hartford, when he built on the Patton farm. When Mr. Stevens heard I was in the neighborhood he came after me in his buggy and took me home with him to stay all night. He is sure a good man, and we have always been the best of friends.



In the year 1870 I bought a farm from R. M. Talbott and again turned my attention to agricultural pursuits. I also took a lease on ten acres of the Porter land, now owned by Mrs. Loyd. This lease brought me, indirectly, into the only lawsuit I ever had in my life. In the fall of 1869 I went with M. H. Enright to the home of C. W. Porter, in the "Roost" neighborhood. Enright wanted to add ten acres more land to his original lease, on which a cabin had been built, and proposed to do certain work to pay for it for a term of three years, the unexpired time of his former lease. Mr. Porter, who was guardian for the infant heirs who inherited the land, called on me to witness the contract,

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which was verbal, there being no paper at hand to reduce it to writing. I was so firm in the sincerity of both parties that I sub-leased it from Enright, agreeing to fulfill the contract with Mr. Porter, and get him out a set of barn logs, extra. We had a written contract; and I took Jim Moore in as partner, and kept "batch." If ever two Irishmen worked hard to fulfill a contract, we did that winter. In the spring of 1870 we had all the land cleared and put the whole ten acres in tobacco. In the fall I bought Jim's interest, which made me "monarch of all my survey." In the spring of '71 Enright and I were notified to vacate the land, which Mr. Porter claimed was rented for only one year. Enright went to Owensboro and employed W. T. Ellis, a young member of the bar, and he entered into the case with all the vim and vigor characteristic of the man. He fought our case twice before 'Squire Small in the magistrate's court at Utica, and in each instance obtained judgment for the defendants. Next court Esq. Ben McCormick was called on to try the case, and a jury empaneled. But the plaintiff swore the magistrate off the bench. This indignity shown Esquire McCormick, whose court record was above reproach, was not shared in by the jury, Capt. Ellis nor the general public. As a drowning man is said to catch at a straw, so Mr. Porter chose his own magistrate and best friend, Esquire Frey, from Owensboro, to sit on the case next. From some point in law no juror in the case could reside within three miles of the place, consequently jurors were summoned from Pleasant Ridge, Glennville, Vanover, and

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for aught I know now, from Blue Ruin and Lick Skillet, to try this notable case of forcible entry and detainer. Capt. Ellis fortified for the final ordeal, suggesting that I surrender my contract with Enright, thereby protecting him against any loss I might sustain by being dispossessed in this action. Ellis knew the plaintiff would try to bar me from testifying, I being an interested party in the case. When the trial came up I was called to the witness stand. Judge Little, who was Porter's attorney, objected, as anticipated, whereupon Ellis took from his pocket the written release I had given Enright with my name signed at the bottom. The scales fell from the judge's eyes and he saw something! Notwithstanding Esq. Frey's instructions to the jury apparently favored the plaintiff, the jury found a verdict for the defendant. The case was appealed to a higher court; and as it is as tiresome for me now in old age to write about it as it was in my young days to attend it, I will say in conclusion that Capt. W. T. Ellis kept my "hoofs" on this land for the remaining two years of the lease. I then gave it up to Mr. C. W. Porter and his heirs and grand heirs for ever and ever, or as long as grass grows or water runs.

## CHAPTER VII.

I built a house and began to improve my farm. Esq. Henry Haley set up a sawmill at Lewis' station, and sawed the lumber for my house and barn. Besides sawing, he attached a set of burrs and ground corn for the farmers. About this time Geo. Williamson came here and Mr. Haley hired him to run the sawmill, selling him the lot of ground now owned by

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Mr. Humphrey, and furnished the lumber and helped to build him a house. Henry Haley was undoubtedly one of the best all-round hustlers that ever lived here. He not only run the saw and grist mill, but the farm also; and made sorghum molasses for the whole neighborhood. His son, Patrick, was his log hauler, while the other boys and "aunt Ellen," the colored woman, run the farm.

In the winter of this year an incident occurred which created the greatest excitement I ever saw in this community. Mrs. Brown, Dr. A. O. Ayer's daughter, paid her father a visit from Louisville, bringing with her a colored servant. In a few days she broke out with the smallpox. The doctor had her moved in the night to the Haley school house and hired my father, to tend to her. So secretly was the affair conducted that she was there several days before it was generally known. However, the doctor told the people she was a tramp, who chanced to stop in to stay all night with his "negroes," and to keep the contagion from spreading, he thought that was the best thing he could do. This did not appease the anger of the neighbors here, as the doctor had a school house on his own land to move her to. The consequence was, the neighborhood was in a blaze of excitement for several days. In the meantime father staid and nursed her at night and would occasionally drop in through the day. Her baby died and father dug its grave and buried it in the dark hour of mid-night. He often told us in a joke that he could see little nigger's every night for a month after. In

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the course of time the woman got well and Dr. Ayer gave her money to take her to Louisville. Papa burned her bed and bed clothes, washed and scoured the school house, and Mike Burns taught school there the following spring. In a short time the matter was forgotten and Dr. Ayer enjoyed his practice here as long as he lived. As time passed on and I had sowed a good deal of wild oats I settled down once more to the happy and independent life of a farmer boy. I had built a house on my farm and moved my parents there in the year 1873. They were both old now and as my sisters had married they were practically alone. They had been tenants all their life, and I felt it my duty, being their only son to give them a home of their own and save the \$100 rent paid to Capt. Belt, who fell heir to the farm on which they lived.

Nothing more transpired here worthy of note to the reader until the 8th of January, 1875, when Mr. Haley's mill was blown up, killing father and son. The weather was extremely cold, freezing the water in the boiler and steam pipes. He got up steam, however, about dinner time, and started to grind meal for the neighborhood. His son, Jamie, was engineer while Mr. Haley tended to the grinding. There were only two or three sacks of corn to grind when he told his son to swap places, he had hurt or strained his back, and he would fire up while Jamie finished the grinding. He sent the other boys home to do up the night work, which no doubt saved their lives. There was meeting at Oak Grove that night. The explosion shook the house and caused every window

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in it to rattle, though it was a mile from the explosion. The neighbors soon collected with lanterns and found Jamie under a part of the boiler, in a dying condition. He expired, a few minutes after they took him to the house in the arms of his young bride. Mr. Haley, after a long search, was at last found on top of a large stack of lumber, dead. He was also taken home. The sorrow and grief of that bereaved family, so suddenly deprived of a father and husband, is beyond my power to explain—the screams would almost bring tears from a rock at the homes of both families. Jephtha Williams, father of young Mrs. Haley, had a narrow escape from death, as he had stepped over to the mill, which was a few yards from where he lived, to tell his son-in-law that supper was ready.

In going from the engine room to the meal room on the outside, the explosion occurred. Had he staid one minute later he, too, would sure have been killed. He escaped, however, with a few slight injuries. I helped to dig their graves next day, which the coldest day I ever saw except one. They were both buried side by side in one grave. Several years after this sad event the young widow of Jamie Haley became the bride of Wm. Tanner, who was once jailor of McLean county. They moved, a few years ago, to Arkansas, and I have lately learned that they both died there. Mr. Jephtha Williams, with his other son-in-law, Wesley Barker, removed to St. Louis and they, too, have passed over to the golden shore.

Now dear reader, I find myself comfortably

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situated with my good old father and mother in our new home, making good crops in summer and working a good deal at my trade in the fall. In the spring of 1879 I went in partnership with Esq. Williamson to open up a coal bank on our land, which joined. I had found a good vein of coal the year previous in digging a well close to our division line. A coal miner named Gibson was employed to instruct us in the work. I worked here all summer and put in some of the best licks of my life to get ready for the fall run of coal. The vein was over three feet thick. I soon learned to be a good miner, and worked nearly three years at the business. In trying to retrieve our losses I found out I was gradually getting deeper in debt, and finally gave up all right and title of my claim to my partner, and was a good deal wiser and poorer man. I lost \$500 in this transaction.

In the spring of 1883 I set in with double energy to make the biggest crop I ever made and get out of debt. I was succeeding fine 'til the August storm came along and literally tore my crop of corn and tobacco into shreds not larger than shoe strings. I scoured up my trowels and went to Owensboro and worked at my trade the balance of the season, In the fall Esq. Williamson sold his farm and coal bank to Mr. Minor Hall, from Mt. Washington, Bullitt county, Ky. His son, Charley Hall, who is now a merchant at Brown's Valley, started up the coal bank again and run it for a while. He too lost money. The great trouble was with the water. A few years after Milton Clark and Esq. O'Flynn opened up coal mines on their

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farms, but they were abandoned for the same cause. The Gill bank is still in operation. It, though, is a different vein and softer coal, that will not bear stocking, though it burns well.

On the 20th of August, 1885, my dear mother died, which saddened my heart more than all the sorrows of life. Poor mama, the boy's best friend, was gone! Never did she scold me in a spirit of anger, in all those days of my wayward life, but would often lay before me the sins of my folly and its evil consequences, with a Christian and motherly love. That kind reproof was to me almost heart-breaking, and I have often begged her, "please hush, mama; I wont do that any more." Drinking was my besetting sin, and I defy the world to bring another charge against me, through all the haps and mishaps of life.

I was now alone with my father, who was eighty years old, and I tried to make his declining years as peaceful as possible. I would often tell him that our loss was mama's gain—that she was now happy in heaven enjoying her eternal rest. But he was never happy after her death. A few years after mother's death, I married Mary A. Lanham, but as this union was not a happy one, and of no interest to the reader, I will simply pass it by.

My father died September 8, 1890, at the remarkable age of 85 years. His sudden and unexpected death was the greatest shock of my life. He arose early that morning, as well as usual, and took his morning smoke. He seemed more cheerful than common, but fell dead from heart failure. He and mother are buried

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in the Catholic cemetery at Owensboro, and I have erected a nice monument at their graves, which was the last act of duty performed by their lonely and bereaved son. For the benefit of the boys I will tell how I once made my parents happy. One New-year morning I told mama it was my birthday and that I was going to Owensboro and make her and papa a New-year present they would be proud of. They rather objected to my going, fearing I would celebrate too much. After promising to be a good boy, and to come, not straight home, but to come home "straight," they consented to let me go. As soon as I arrived in the city I went to the office of Geo. W. Jolly and found him alone. I produced the deed to my farm and told him I wanted a deed made to my father and mother to secure them a home as long as they lived. At their death it reverted back to me. Mr. Jolly made no charge for writing the deed, saying this was the first deed he ever wrote from a child to the parents, and the kind feelings of love and gratitude I entertained for my old father and mother, paid him amply. Now boys, I write this for your benefit: Don't be afraid you will do too much for your parents—they deserve it, and you can never fully repay them for the cares and anxieties they entertain for you. Don't try to be smart by smoking cigarettes; and by no means never enter a barroom.

As I write this in the month of April, it reminds me of a little joke I played several years back on my neighbor, Ferdinand O'Flynn. He was a farmer at this time and invited me to help him roll logs on the 1st of April. Our

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farms joined, and as I was going through his place, I saw the rollers carrying a large log. I shouted to them to drop that log and come quick; Tommy, his favorite mule, was flat of his back in the ditch. Here they came, double quick, Mr. O'Flynn in the lead. I pointed out Tommy who was quietly grazing near the ditch and told him this was "all fool's day." He was glad and sorry too—hated to be fooled by a brother Irishman, and glad Tommy was all right. He tried every plan he could think of for years after to fool me, but invariably failed. At last he struck the right chord. Having engaged in the mercantile and drug business soon after this, he, with N. B. Allen, formed a plan to fool me, it being the first of April. As I stepped into the store soon that morning I saw Mr. Allen drinking from a bottle behind the prescription case. He gave me the wink and I was by his side in a jiffy. He told me to take a big drink; and hurry up before any one came in. I took three of the biggest swallows of water and brown sugar mixed I ever took in my life before I found out my mistake. About this time Mr. O'Flynn peeped around the show case, tapped me on the shoulder, saying at the same time that Tommy was out of the ditch now. He then took me back to the barrel of Monarch's best and gave me all I could drink of the pure article. I told him the only way to beat the devil was with holy water and to beat an Irishman was to give him a mixture of rain water and brown sugar to drink in the place of whisky, and had him faded sure. We have often laughed about the joke which I guess

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we will never forget. While I am in a merry mood, I will relate a little circumstance that happened way back in the seventies, and in which King alcohol played a prominent part. One of my neighbors took a load of wheat to Owensboro. A young lady to whom I was paying my respects went with him to do some shopping. I had some business in the city to transact and made arrangements to meet her in town and came back with her in the wagon. I still loved the company of the fair sex notwithstanding my affections never got higher than a sister's love since I parted from my ideal girl at Buck creek. I didn't drink any whisky in town that day, as I had promised her I was going to quit it. I didn't forget, however, to bring a bottle full home on the sly. When we got

back to old Oak Grove church, about sunset, I bade my girl goodbye, telling her I would take the near way home. That wasn't the first lie I ever told to get a pull at a bottle. I stepped back in the woods from the road, near the church, sat down by a tree to cool off and do justice to the bottle. I soon was fast asleep and did not wake up until about midnight. Oak Grove had the name of being haunted then. So I started out ghost hunting. It is an old saying when you fight the devil, use fire, and I fired up a plenty to enable me to cope with his satanic majesty should we meet. When I got to the church the door was a-jar and up the isle I walked close to the pulpit and took a seat. The solemn sound of an empty church, and its empty benches didn't haunt me a particle. I rather wished his ghostship would appear.

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How long I remained awake I cannot tell. One thing I do know, when I did wake up from a long sleep I was the worst scared Irishman that ever lived. As soon as I could collect my wits and realize what I came to hunt for, I called on St. Patrick to protect me, and left that Baptist church quicker than I ever did before or since. I arrived home as the chickens were crowing for day, and thought then I would keep the secret to myself, but it was too good a joke to keep.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Several years ago (I have forgotten the date) I plastered a house for Mr. J. D. Burns, a Campbellite preacher, in Vanover precinct. I run off the lime to ripen up for the plastering. There came a big circus show to Owensboro which I went to see. Now gentle reader, a show is no account to an Irishman unless he can see it through green glasses. So I got ripe too, to enjoy the funny talk of the clown. I staid for the night show, too, and finally got home between midnight and day, in no very good plight for slinging mud Mr. Louis Peak, who did the carpenter's work, told "aunt Kit" (Mrs. Burns) that the lime would spoil; that I was off on a spree, and every thing he could think of to get her mad at me, so he could have some fun. I was posted by my old friend, Tom Clark, another good Campbellite and a good man. I expected to get what Paddy gave the drum when I got back and put my Irish wits to work to reinstate myself in good aunt Kit's estimation. Well, after drinking a pot of

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chicken soup at home to strengthen up the inner man, I started to Mr. Burns' way before day that morning. Before I got to the house I cut a beach switch, trimmed it up nicely and took it along. When I got to the house Mrs. Burns was getting breakfast and John D., her husband, was dressing Luther and Willie, his sons, who were children then. I stepped in the kitchen before they knew I was on the place, handed aunt Kit the switch, saying, as I pulled off my coat and vest. "Now Mrs. Burns, whip me until you are satisfied. I deserve it, for I did you wrong by going to the show and getting tight." She looked first at me and then at her husband, and said, "Well, John Burns, I would like to know who could stay mad at Mike Moore long." Mr. Burns broke out in a hearty laugh and said, "Kathrine, go get that jug; he has got you. Go get it now and make him a big toddy. I am going to do that very thing sure. And fry him some eggs for breakfast, too." I told her after partaking the medicine the Campbellites, or rather the Christian, church had more religion than all the other protestant churches put together. This praise of her church, as well as her good qualities in forgiving me, settled the matter; and she is a good friend of mine even to this day.

I could tell many jokes and stories like these that happened during the walks of life, but I guess the reader's patience has got to the limit of endurance.

I sold my farm to Dr. A. A. Westerfield in February, 1903, and bought property in the

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town of Utica. Daviess county. I am still working at my trade and do a good deal of work yet, though I am fast approaching the years of three score and ten. My old friends come after me yet in their buggies to do their work, and bring me home when I get through the job. I have never done a job of work in my life for anybody that I couldn't get another job if they had one to do. This is not so much in self praise as in fact. I have tried to deal fair and square with my fellow man, the golden rule, "do unto others as you should wish them do unto you," being my guide. I can also say with a clear conscience, if I have an enemy in this world I don't know it.

Now dear reader I will relate one more little incident of a recent date, more to satisfy the public than to claim any credit to myself. In the winter of 1906 there was an epidemic of smallpox in the prosperous little town of Utica and vicinity, Mr. Ferdinand O'Flynn being one of the victims. He had offered various prices for a nurse, but could find none. In the meantime I had told Dr. Westerfield, his physician, if Mr. O'Flynn couldn't get anybody else to nurse him, I would volunteer my service, notwithstanding I was old and sick at the time. I also told the doctor that I owed him and his good wife a debt of gratitude, and now was the time to pay it. His house was quarantined and Mrs. O'Flynn was not only debarred from leaving home, but her neighbors couldn't come to console her in perhaps the tryingest ordeal of her life. When I arrived in the sick room Mr. O'Flynn was in a pitiful condition, the pox

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were well filled and were the largest I ever saw. I really felt sorry for his lonely little wife who would come to the head of the stairs at daylight every morning and ask me how her husband spent the night. I would always tell her the truth, so far as I knew. I nursed him fifteen days and nights, and would occasionally play him a tune on the violin to cheer him up. At one time the doctors gave him up for death; and doctor Armendt slept in an adjoining room to assist me in case of need. The next morning the doctor examined him, told him he was passed the worst stage; to cheer up, and gave him a big toddy. This cheered up the patient more than all the medicine I gave him. He told me to get the fiddle and play him "Jenny Put the kettle on, and we'll all Drink Tea," that is he would drink and I could smell. He made me promise not to drink any whisky while I nursed him for fear I'd get tight. This was almost as hard on me as the smallpox was on him. However, when my honor was at stake he had no fear I would break it while he was asleep. As my narrative is nearing the end, I must tell a little joke that happened in O'Flynn's store after he got well and assumed business again. His friends and patrons collected to congratulate him on his recovery, some giving the praise to Dr. Westerfield, others to Dr. Armendt. I spoke up and said, "Gentlemen, I think his nurse has the best right to know who cured him. I anointed him with oil for the double purpose of loosening his night gown from the pox as well as a balm to his soul. I had my prayer book with me

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and followed the Scriptures by praying for him while he was asleep—I knew my Catholic prayers would do him more good then than if he was awake, for he is a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist in his religious views. I know my prayers helped him, as he woke up cheerful and said he was a good deal better. I was afraid to tell what I had done for fear he'd take a backset and die on my hands." But enough foolishness. Mr. and Mrs. O'Flynn are classed as being amongst the best citizens of our town and community. They are ever ready to administer to the wants of the sick, and give to the poor with a lavish hand. They are both good Christians and tend there church as regular as clock work. They have extended to me a lasting gratitude for being a friend in deed while they were in need.

## CHAPTER IX.

But this autobiography would be very incomplete if I, absent-mindedly, of course, neglected to mention the name of one of my best friends, and will have to go back many years and introduce to the reader that noble-hearted, whole-souled, genial friend of mine, John Carrico, who moved here and set up a blacksmith shop. I soon got well acquainted with him. As we were both rather, fond of our "tea," and were disposed alike, we were together a great deal. And we were born the same New-year's day. This, with our jovial dispositions, created a tie somewhat like brothers. One time we tanked up on hard cider. The train being late, we flagged her down that night and went in to

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Owensboro. Next morning we met Mort Carrico and John L. McFarland at the Palmer hotel. By this time we had become so hilarious and noisy, the boys thought we ought to leave town. They proposed to get us a quart of Palmer's best 8-year-old if we'd promise to go home. It being Sunday, no train was in that day. Sure we promised the boys, expecting to give them the dodge. However, they were too sharp and to see that we got a good start home, they followed us out to Johnson's Lane. They left us and after sampling our quart, we moved on. We hadn't gone far until we stopped in the cool shade of a large elm tree, near the railroad, and sat down to rest and cool off. I told John I was bound to have a drink of water and would step back to a colored man's house in the lane to get it. When I got to the house his daughter was in the last stage of consumption and in a dying condition. After satisfying my thirst, I went in the house to see the sick. I told the old negro I was a Christian man; that I lived in Indiana; my name was Brown; that I always visited the sick, white or black. The house was full of "niggers," singing and praying almost without ceasing. I joined in and sang bass. I felt the patient's pulse, told her to trust in the Lord; that He was no respecter of persons, and that her soul was as white as mine, and quoted Scripture to bear me out. As I was leaving, the old man came out to the gate to direct me to Jake Adelmann's, who, I told him, was my uncle. I staid so long John came on the hunt of me, our two quart bottles of whisky sticking out of his coat pockets very conspicuously. I

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told the old colored man, there comes an old drunken tramp and by no means to not let him in the sick room. John asked me why I staid so long. I told him he was mistaken in the man, and asked him how long he had been drinking. I also told him if he was begging something to eat, to go with me out to my uncle's and I would get him a snack out there. I told him a man with "Jimmies," the more he eat the quicker he'd get over them. When we got back to the elm I laughed and laughed at what I made the old negro think John was. We started out the railroad again toward home. After tramping awhile, we stopped in an old log barn to take a nap. I took off my coat, collar and tie, and squatted down, leaning back against the old rotten, doty logs. I told John it looked to me like a mighty good place for big red-headed scorpions, and that I was afraid to go to sleep. His assurance of "no danger, Mike," satisfied me, and I went to the land of dreams. Pretty soon John spied a mole, pushing up the dirt. He dug him out and called for me to look! He then tried every way to wake me but couldn't. Then, remembering what I had told the old negro about him, he thought a thought and planned to play even. I was dead asleep. Unbuttoning my shirt he sent that mole head foremost down my bosom. Great Scott, what an instantaneous eye-opener! I jumped nearly over the lower tier poles the first lunge. I was certain it was a scorpion, and called for John to please help me! When the mole got down to the waistband of my pants, he circled around my body at a mile-a-minute velocity, rooting and claw-

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ing with all his might. While I went through the rip-tearing performance of getting out of my shirt, John lay on his tobacco stick pallet, laughing fit to die and yelling, "Mike, the Devil and the Jimmies have got you now!" My, my; but I never got sober so quick in my life! I told John if anybody but him had done that, I would have hurt them, but as we were even, we'd take a big drink and call it square. We played many pranks on each other, but poor John is dead now and I shall tell no more.

## CONCLUSION

Now, dear reader, in conclusion, I have had a happy life and there is not much of it I would change were I to live it over. I have shared the common lot and found it good enough for me.

One of the best things a man can have in this world is humility of spirit. The next best thing he can have, and they usually go together, is an appreciative spirit, a loving and forgiving heart.

I have now come to bid you a lasting farewell, with the hope that we will meet again in that celestial home in the Great Beyond, where our lives begin anew, and time shall be no more!

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