Rowan Kentucky Pioneers

By Jerry Long
c.2025

Judge John Rowan (1773-1843) and his home, Federal Hill, Bardstown, KY

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Messenger-Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Sunday, 14 March 1999, pp.1C & 8C:

By Keith Lawrence; Messenger-Inquirer

It was spring 1784.

Five families led by William Rowan, a former Pennsylvania sheriff, were moving down the Ohio River in two flatboats – one for people, one for cattle – from the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville) to the Yellow Banks (Owensboro).

It was between 9 and 10 p.m. on a clear night with stars hanging bright in the sky. The boats sailed on, hoping to reach the Yellow Banks the following day.

Then, on the "Indian shore," somewhere in what is now either Perry or Spencer County, Ind., the travelers spotted a fire. And another. And another.

Campfires lit the shore for at least a half mile.

And it could only be Indians.

That description of life in the Ohio Valley 215 years ago comes from an unfinished autobiography of former U.S. Sen. John Rowan that turned up recently when an Owensboro family began sorting through its heirlooms.

The family spokeswoman, who asked not to be identified, said she had no idea how the 10-page typed document, which appears to be quite old, wound up in her family. They are not related to John Rowan, the man who built Federal Hill, the Bardstown house now known as "My Old Kentucky Home," she said.

Jerry Long, a historian in the Kentucky Room at the Daviess County Public Library, said the autobiography, which John Rowan began in 1841 and never finished, apparently has never been published.

But he said another typed copy of the manuscript is on file in the Kentucky Library at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green. And Long said Randall Capps quoted from it in his book, "Rowan Story: From Federal Hill to My Old Kentucky Home."

However, John Rowan's account of his family's move to the area – the people on the boats established what is now Calhoun – is still largely unknown in the Owensboro area. It does not appear in local histories.

Shelia Brown Heflin, who oversees the historical archives in the Kentucky Room, says she expects more firsthand accounts of area pioneers are still hidden in family collections.

John Rowan would have been 10 years old that spring.

Bound for Louisville

His family had left York County, Pa., by flatboat on Oct. 10, 1782, Rowan said, with five other families headed for what is now Louisville.

"At that time," he said, "there were no persons residing on the Ohio, or near it, on either side from Wheeling (W.Va.) to the Falls of the Ohio."

The boats, John Rowan said, were built with sides "higher than a man's head, of plank too thick to be perforated by a rifle ball, and with post holes for defensive operations in case of attack."

William and Elizabeth Cooper Rowan had three sons and two daughters on the trip.

They expected the journey to last about a week and took little food with them, John Rowan said.

That was a mistake.

The boats landed about 25 miles northeast of modern Parkersburg, W.Va., to cut firewood and cane for the cattle.

Over the objections of William Rowan, the cattle were unloaded for exercise.

That was before dams on the Ohio kept water levels high enough for year-round navigation. And the water was dropping that fall.

Child lost in wilderness

Andrew Rowan, 12, borrowed a rifle and went into the woods, hoping to kill a deer. Soon, he wounded one. But the deer ran into the woods. And the boy followed.

As darkness settled, he realized he was lost.

Temperatures plunged below freezing that night, and Andrew Rowan tried to keep his feet from frostbite by putting them in his hat. But frostbite would cost him the first joint of both big toes.

It took him three days to make his way back to his family, which had already given him up for dead.

By the time the boats set out again, the river was continuing to fall – and to fill with floating ice.

Near modern Point Pleasant, W.Va., they found the river frozen solid – and had to camp until spring.

"We suffered greatly from hunger," John Rowan said, "having been two months without bread and frequently experiencing intervals of some length with very little meat."

It was March before they could move on.

Near modern Maysville, three of the families left the river and headed south into Kentucky. But they soon were attacked by Indians and most of them killed, John Rowan said.

The rest of the party reached what is now Louisville on March 10, 1783.

Headed for Calhoun

The Rowans stayed there about a year. But by mid-April 1784, William Rowan was ready to move again – this time to the Long Falls of Green River.

He took five families with him to establish a fort.

They planned to stop at the Yellow Banks (Owensboro) and send the families and cattle overland about 25 miles to the Green River. The boats, which would be broken down for lumber for houses, would go on down the Ohio and back up the Green.

But the night before they reached the Yellow Banks, they found themselves staring across the water into the campfires of the Indians – probably Shawnee.

William Rowan ordered the boats lashed together. The seven men and two older boys grabbed their guns. And the boats moved as close to the Kentucky shore as possible.

The travelers held their breath, hoping to pass by unnoticed.

They had passed two or three camps "when suddenly the war whoop was raised and the most hideous yells were uttered and answered from fires along their range of camps," John Rowan said.

Indian canoes were soon in pursuit of the flatboats.

Elizabeth Rowan silently laid an ax beside each man – to be used when the gunpowder was gone. And she kept one for herself.

But the flatboats managed to outmaneuver the canoes. And early the next morning, they reached Yellow Banks.

Was anybody here?

John Rowan gives no clue to one of the lingering mysteries of frontier Daviess County.

Was there anyone here then?

For more than a century, Owensboro has accepted as fact that the first cabin here was built in 1797 or 1798 by William Smeathers.

But last year, a French military intelligence report from 1796, written by Gen. Victor Collot, came to light.

More than a year before Smeathers' cabin was said to have established Owensboro, Collot wrote that "Yellow Bank(s) is a small settlement, consisting of eight or ten families."

In the Kentucky Encyclopedia, historian Thomas D. Clark writes, "The settlement of the (Owensboro) area may go back as far as 1775. There was a trading post at the Yellow Banks, which apparently existed until the signing of the Treaty of Greenville in 1794."

"Owensboro didn't have a definite beginning," Clark said last year. "The Yellow Banks was a well-known navigational point, and traders up and down the river had stopped there for years."

Did the Rowan party stop at a navigational point or a trading post?

John Rowan gives no clue.

They traveled overland to the Long Falls of the Green, arriving there on May 11, 1784.

Horses stolen

On their second night there, Indians stole all their horses.

The settlers built cabins and a stockade and planted gardens. But John Rowan said, "We had to depend entirely upon the game of the forest for subsistence."

Bears, he said, "were much fatter than hogs from the pen" and made good bacon and oil for frying. Fish were also abundant.

John Rowan moved to Bardstown in 1790.

Five years later, he began building Federal Hill – Kentucky's most famous house – on property given to him as a wedding present by his father-in-law. The house wasn't completed until 1818.

By then, John Rowan had killed Dr. James Chambers in a duel near Bardstown (1801), been appointed Kentucky secretary of state (1804), served in Congress (from 1807 to 1809) and been a justice on the Kentucky Court of Appeals (from 1810 to 1821).

He also served in Kentucky House of Representatives from 1813 to 1817 and from 1823 to 1825 and in the U.S. Senate from 1825 to 1831.

John Rowan became president of the Kentucky Historical Society in 1838, serving until his death on July 13, 1843.

The Kentucky Encyclopedia says, "Undocumented legend maintains that the (Rowan) house may have been the inspiration for Stephen Foster's song, 'My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night!' in 1852."

The house became a state shrine in 1921.

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<u>The Freeman's Journal or The North-American Intelligencer</u>, Philadelphia, PA, 11 June 1783, p.3:

WHEREAS I, the ſubſcriber, delivered ſeveral bonds to William Rowan, late ſheriff of the county of York, four of which are yet unpaid; the firſt for two hundred buſhels of wheat, payable upon the 25th of December 1784, the ſecond for a like ſum upon the 25th of December 1785, the third for a like ſum upon the the 25th of Dec. 1786, and the fourth for one hundred buſhels of wheat upon the 25th of December 1787, for a plantation bought of him; he and his brother Andrew Rowan at the ſame time binding themſelves in the ſum of 800 pounds to ſecure and indemnify me againſt a mortgage then upon the land ſold to me. William Rowan having aſſigned theſe bonds to his brother Andrew, hath left the county, and Andrew his brother being ſecurity for many of his debts, and being ſued for them, hath abſconded to avoid further proſecution, and to defraud his creditors, not having ſufficient to diſcharge his debts, as is ſuppoſed, and the aforeſaid mortgage not being yet lifted, I therefore do hereby forewarn and forbid all perſons to take any aſſignment of theſe bonds, or any of them, as I am determined not to pay the ſame, until ſufficiently ſecured againſt the above-mentioned mortgage.

JOHN SAMPLE.

York county, June 10, 1783.

Reference to William Rowan, former sheriff of York County, PA, who departed for Kentucky on 10 October 1782.

Unfinished Autobiography of John Rowan (1773-1843), Catalog #2009.4.143, Special Collections, Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, KY:

Description: Typescript (15 pp.) titled, "Unfinished Autobiography of John Rowan Written in 1841 at Federal Hill, Ky." The text is mainly concerned with his family's emigration to Kentucky from Pennsylvania by boat down the Ohio River. The following may not be a complete copy:

I propose, now that my life of sixty-seven years must be drawing towards a close, to leave behind me for the gratification of my children, a plain narrative of the principal facts and incidents with which it was connected, or influenced, from infancy up to this time. They may consider it an autobiography, written, not to gratify the vanity of the writer – he has no vanity, he never had any, he was always too proud to be vain – but to gratify their desire to know the line of their parentage, which desire is a natural impulse of self love. If it is not a duty, it certainly is not wrong to gratify it. It is in that spirit this narrative is commenced and will be conducted to its close, if it shall ever be closed.

I was born in York County, in the State of Pennsylvania. In that county and in the same neighborhood were born my mother and father. My father, William Rowan, was the son of Irish parents. My mother, Elizabeth Cooper, was a Quaker lady, the daughter of wealthy and respectable parents, but whence descended, in reference either to parentage or country, I never learned, or, if I did, have forgotten. My mother was about five feet seven inches high, and possessed that beauty which a good constitution and good heath give to symmetrical conformation without the civilities (which are called accomplishments; of a modern education, hers was the "sano mine in sane carpora". She combined with the most attractive placidity of mien and deportment great firmness arid equanimity, of which illustrious instance will be given in the course of this narrative.

My father was a man of fine personal presence. His stature was a little over six feet, and finely proportioned. His mind in volume and natural vigor was of the best order. His education was confined to the English language. He was naturally eloquent, especially in eulogy. He received, while Pennsylvania was still a colony, the appointment of High Sheriff of his native county, of which office he was in exercise when the colony declared her independence and formed her constitution, whereupon he was elected High Sheriff of the county and re-elected successively for three several years - that being the longest period of tenure which the constitution of the State accored to that that office. Those were the first three years of the Revolutionary War, in which he was engaged with ardor, and at the head of a volunteer company repaired to the theatre of action, and remained in service for six months, the period for which the company had volunteered – returning to the duties of his Sheriffcy, in the exercise of which he was led by his benevolent and generous cast of mind and feeling to impair, in the relief of others, his own and my mother's very ample fortune.

At the close of the war, in the view and with the hopes of repairing his shattered fortune, he emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kentucky (then a district of Virginia) in the wild lands of which

he had without any knowledge of the laws of Virginia, or of the nature of the titles to land in Kentucky, invested the little remnant of his fortune. On the tenth day of October, 1782, he sailed in a flat bottomed boat, of which he was the owner, with five families of emigrants, from the Monongahela River, near the mouth of Redstone Creek, for the Falls of the Ohio River. At that time there were no persons residing on the Ohio, or near it, on either side from Wheeling to the Falls of the Ohio, The whole distance was one entire, unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by savages and they at deadly hostility with the whites. The boat had been constructed with the sides higher than a man's head, of plank too thick to be perforated by a rifle ball, and with post holes for defensive operations in case of attack.

Our family consisted of our parents and five children – three sons and two daughters, the sons the oldest, or whom I was the third and not nine years old. We expected a voyage of not more than six or seven days. We started with provisions for a voyage of only that length. It was intended not to go on shore between Wheeling and the Falls, except occasionally to take on fuel for cooking, etc. and cane for the cattle. We landed for purposes of that kind about 25 miles above the mouth of Little Kanawha River, when it was suggested by one of the passengers that it would be well to take out the cattle that they might exercise their limbs and joints while they were browsing on the cane. It was objected by my father, that the river had fallen much and was continuing to fall rapidly and might become too shallow for navigation. It was replied by the passenger, who professed to acquainted with navigation of the river, that there was no danger of that kind to be apprehended. My father acquiesced, the cattle were taken out and turned into the cane and a deep snow having just fallen, fires kindled on the bank for purposes of cooking and warming the children who were frisking about like birds just escaped from a cage. During which my brother Andrew, who had just entered the 12th year of his age, obtained from some one of the passengers the loan of his rifle without the knowledge of our parents, and went into the forest elated with the hope of killing a deer. He had never carried or shot a gun of any kind. When we were about to return to the boat and commence our voyage he was missing. We were detained of necessity. He had not, as he afterward told us, been long in the forest before he saw, shot at and wounded a large buck. Transported at the sight of its blood, and anticipating its speedy death, he pursued it with an ardor and intensity which excluded all other thoughts. Having pursued it until nearly nightfall he was awakened to his condition by the haziness of approaching darkness and reluctantly gave up the chase. He knew not where he was, or in what direction the boat lay. He had never before been in the woods beyond the precincts of a populous neighborhood. He had left the low grounds, or bottom lands of the river, and got far into the hills without being conscious of it. To return upon his track seemed to him to be too tardy a mode of getting back. He was on the margin of a small rivulet, when he became sensible of his condition, which he supposed flowed into the Ohio some short distance below the boat. He determined to pursue the little stream to the river, and go up the river to the boat. Though jaded with the previous chase, he started on and ran down the stream until it united with another and larger stream and down that until it lost itself in another and still larger, which to save the circuity occasioned by its curvatures, he frequently waded, until darkness and exhaustion arrested his career. He took shelter under the curvature of a large fallen tree, dropped into a profound sleep amid the howling of innumerable (as he supposed) wolves around him. The night was intensely cold, and he saved his feet from freezing by pulling them into the crown of his hat before he fell into sleep. He awoke some time after sunrise and pursued his course down stream all day, when just before night he found himself upon the bank of the Little Kanahwa River, and as the river was covered with ice, he was unable to ascertain the direction of its current. But still the Ohio was on his left. He took up the river and traveled in that direction some five or

ten miles when, by the swiftness of the currant upon a riffle or shoal where the water was not frozen, he saw its direction and turned down, pursuing it to its mouth. He took up the Ohio and about twilight on the third day came into camp, during all which time he had neither seen fire nor tasted food. The men who had been sent by father in search of him had pursued his track for two days and given up the pursuit under the conviction that he must have been devoured by wolves, or perished of cold and hunger. Happily for the feelings of the family he had arrived the evening before the day of their return. His feet and legs were greatly swollen and discolored by the effects of the frost. They were immersed, at the suggestion of mother, to the knees in a tub full of whiskey, and continued in a state of immersion for some hours, whereby it was believed they were preserved from the crippling effect of the frost. He lost only the first joint of each of his great toes, and sustained no other injury, it would seem, for he grew to be a very large, robust and athletic man. At maturity he was 6 feet 2 ½ inches high and well proportioned, He is still alive and in vigorous health. I was then too young for much observation or reflection, but remember to have been struck with the profound but calm and, (as I now suppose) Christian-like grief which marked the countenances of my father and mother during the absence of my brother. They were both Christians, not in profession only, but in fact. Nor did they upon his return display anything like a tumultous joy, but a joy mixed with gratitude to the Almighty in whom they had trusted during his absence and by whose kind providence they verily believed he had been preserved and restored to them. I remember well their reasoning. It was thus – "Our child had been raised tenderly; he had never suffered from cold nor from hunger; on the contrary, parental vigilence and tenderness had always guarded him seduously from even a conscious sensation of either; caressed and pampered, as it were, on the bosom of civilization and the lap of affluence and ease, how could he had sustained and survived the hardships and privations to which he was exposed, without the assistance of the merciful providence of God. A child of his age, instead of struggling with cold and hunger and fatigue in the midst of a savage wilderness, alone and without knowledge of his way or of the woods, unaided from above, instead of persevering through two nights and three days, would in the first night, have let himself doom in despair and cried himself to death". They were profoundly grateful to Heaven without making clamorous display of their gratitude. On the evening of the day of my brother's return, or restoration as my parents called it, we recommenced our voyage, but we made but little way. The river had fallen and become sluggish, and our progress was somewhat retarded by floating ice, and by the time we descended to the moth of the Great Kanahwa was entirely arrested by the frozen condition of the river. We encamped as comfortably as possible on the margin of the river somewhat back from the shore, and remained until the breaking up of the ice in the Spring. Having set out with a store of provisions for a seven day's voyage only, we suffered greatly from hunger; our only reliance for sustenance was upon the game of the forest. But the game had been hunted during the fall by the Indians and the woods burnt, as was their manner upon leaving hunting grounds, whereby the greater part of the game which they had not taken was driven back from the river. Besides, there were no experienced hunters among the passengers, and my father's pursuits and habits of life had given no aptitude for success in hunting, had the deer and buffalo been as numerous as formerly. We were, of course, reduced to extremity for victuals at several periods during our stay at that place, having been two months without bread and frequently experienced intervals of some length with but very little meat, and that of a very inferior quality. Three of the families left the boat at the mouth of Limestone Creek (now Maysville), who, in passing from that point to some station in the interior, were attacked (as we afterwards learned) by the Indians and most of them massacred. We landed at the Falls (now Louisville) on the 10th of March 1783, just 5 months from the day we set sail.

The appearance of the river, and the immense, unbroken continuity of the forest growth which had not then been profaned by the hand of civilization impressed. upon my childish mind ideas of the majesty of nature which are still vivid and uneffaced by the occurrences of my after life. The western wilderness scorned to be the abode of nature and the surface of the Ohio River the place where, or on which, she delighted to shed in silent majesty her boundless grandeur, and the swans, geese, brant, and even smaller water fowls seemed to move, swim or fly as if conscious of her august presence. I have often in my latter years in sailing from Wheeling to Louisville, found myself unconsciously employed in tacitly contrasting the present with the past appearance of the intermediate region. The aspect inflicted by cultivation with that worn by nature before she was deformed by art. What art may do in the course of one thousand years I cannot forsee, but I do not hesitate to say that it will tax her most tasteful energies during all that time to compensate for the ravages she has already made upon the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of that river. But I have digressed. After remaining in the neighborhood of the Falls during that summer and the following, my father, about the middle of April in the Spring of 1781, descended the river from Louisville, taking with him five families with the intention of settling at the Long Fails of Green River upon land which he had bought before he left Pennsylvania and to which he supposed he had good title. The point upon which he proposed to settle, or in other words, to erect a fort, was near one hundred miles by computation at that time from Valley, in which there were two or three forts, and they constituted the nearest settlements to the proposed settlement of my father.

The route by which he intended to reach the Long Falls on Green River, and by which he arrived at, was down the Ohio River to the Yellow Banks at which place the families and the cattle were to debark and travel through by land, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and the boats were to pass down to the mouth of Green River and ascend that river by means of the back water from the Ohio River. But before I proceed further with my narrative, I must notice an incident which occurred during the night before we reached Yellow Banks. I have called it an incident; I should rather have called it a scene, as the boats (for there were two, one for the families and the other for the cattle) were floating silently along the middle of the river at about nine or ten o'clock in the evening – such an evening too, as, attracted, by its beauty and serenity and its clear starry vault, even my puerile gaze and admiration – the light of a fire was discovered on the Indian (now Indiana) shore a great distance ahead. And presently other fires were seen, and again others, lining the bank at short intervals for at least half a mile. My father ordered the two boats to be lashed, or fastened together, and assigned his post to every man (there were but seven men and two boys – my two elder brothers – nine guns in all). He directed the boats to be placed (by rowing) with as little noise as possible within one third of the width of the river from the Kentucky shore, thereby placing us as the distance of two thirds of its width from the Indians, and without the reach of their balls. He entertained and expressed the hope that thus we might glide by them unperceived and unmolested. But he charged them most emphatically that, if the Indians discovered and attempted to board, they should not fire upon until they came within powder-burning distance, and he charged them further and still more emphatically, if possible, that they should not utter a word or sound above their breath. That they should maintain a profound and perfect silence; that by this course the Indians might be led to apprehend that our numbers were great, and that we wished them to attack us. Everything having been arranged according to orders, we were gliding along silently and had passed two or three of the upper fires unperceived by the Indians, and were tacitly solacing ourselves delusive that we should entirely escape their observation, when suddenly the war whoop was raised, and the most hideous yells were uttered and answered from fires along their range of camps. We were hailed in broken English, ordered to come to their shore under penalty of the most

dreadful destruction. The utmost silence was maintained on our part, not an oar was pulled, not a word was uttered. Even the cattle seemed to have comprehended the injunction to silence imposed by my father – they were unusually still. The Indians repeated their terrific yells (and like wolves each could make the noise of half a dozen) and rushed to their canoes. For each camp there seemed to have been a canoe. They rushed towards us and the noise of their paddles seemed, as they approached us, to increase the horrors of their shouts.

At this moment my mother arose from her seat, and without saying a word even a whisper to anybody, collected all the axes and placed one by the side of each man, beginning with my father, and then sat down in silent composure, retaining an axe for herself. The other women of the boat had lain down in despair and pulled their beds over their faces and heads.

Having hovered in our rear and sides at a respectful distance for near two miles, they gave up and returned. We continued sail during all the night and the forepart of next day, when we arrived at the Yellow Banks.

The orders of my father were scrupulously obeyed throughout the whole of this appalling scene. Not a sound was uttered, nor a movement made, except the locomotion of my mother in collecting the axes and the disposition of them as stated above. I omitted to state that as she placed each of the axes with the poll upon the bottom of the boat and leaned the handle of it against the side, she touched the man by' whom she placed it with the handle to apprize him of the presence of the weapon. In reflecting upon the arrangement made by my father, and the commands he gave to his associates in that awful crisis, and their strict observance of them, I am at a loss which most to admire, his composure and sagacity, or their firmness and acquiescence – both seem to me without a parallel and greatly to be admired. But when I reflect upon the horror of the scene, the darkness of the night, the overwhelming number of the Indians as evidenced by the displays they made, and especially by the number of their fires along the bank, their voluminous and fearful yellings, I know not in what terms to speak of the composure and presence of mind which my mother exhibited in the part which she acted on that alarming occasion, the horrors of which can only be fancied – they cannot be portrayed.

She had been raised most tenderly, apart from all hardships and dangers. She had no masculinity of character. In the domestic and social relations she was <u>all woman</u>, soft, mild, gentle and kind; she performed all the duties of wife, mother, mistress and neighbor with habitual placidity and almost imperturbable composure of mind and feeling. Domestic and retiring in her habits, the proclivity of her temperament was to sympathy and benevolence. That she should merge the woman into the heroine under circumstances so inauspicious to the display of that character has every time I have reflected upon the subject excited my wonder and admiration. Nor am I able to account for the exactness with which, in my puerile condition, I noticed the occurrence of that fearful night as they transpired, unless upon the theory that there some persons whose powers of mind are concentrated by <u>extreme</u> danger, and others (the larger portion of mankind) whose powers of mind are paralized by extreme danger. Upon this theory, if it be true, (and I believe it is), and upon this only can I account for my mother's great composure and presence of mind, and for the power of observation which my own boyish mind retained and used that night.

But without further theorizing (into which I have been led by my almost idolatrous veneration for the memory of my mother), I proceed with my narrative. We arrived at the Long Falls of Green River on the 11th of May. The boats having gone around by the mouth of that river had not yet arrived. We erected camps, or rather pitched our tents, upon the northern bank, and set about preparing timbers for cabins and stockading. On the second night of our arrival the Indians stole all the horses belonging to our little colony. They left us without horse-power – a power

which seemed almost indispensable for drawing together the timbers for houses and cultivation., but it was gone and we could not without horses return to settlements in the interior of the country. We were, therefore, under the necessity of remaining and of doing the best we could under the circumstances. We did, without horse-power, build house, or rather small cabins, and fortify ourselves by stockading, and we did, though not that season, clear fence and cultivate small truck patches. In the course of the summer and fall the flour and bread stuff which we had taken with us became exhausted and we had raised no corn; we had to depend entirely upon the game of the forest for subsistence. Happily buffalo deer, bear, elks, turkeys, geeze, swans etc. were very plentiful, and during the winter there was safety in procuring it, for the Indians, afraid of being tracked in the snow, did not make incursions into the country. The want of horses upon which to bring in the game when it was taken was a great inconvenience. We hunted mainly as near the river, below and above the settlement, as game could be found and brought home in canoes.

In February and the beginning of March we took bears enough from the holes in large trees, in which they had hybernated, for bacon until that time next year. These bears were in great plenty and very fat – much fatter than hogs from the pen of the farmer fattened and slaughtered for bacon. We found them by examining the large trees of the forest, and where we found on the surface of the tree the ascending prints of their claws and no descending prints.

The bear when he has ascended a tree and found a commodious hiding or sleeping place does not again descend until winter has passed away, but cleans it out and betakes himself to repose. In descending the tree, he rakes or scratches the surface, so that it is easy to distinguish between the ascending and the descending marks of his claws. When the former marks only are seen, the tree is felled and the bear is taken, in this way an abundance of bacon and great quantities of oil which supplied the absence of butter and lard for all culinary purposes and for the frying of fish in which Green River abounded more than any river I have ever known. The greater abundance of fish in this river is probably owing to the greater average depth of the water than that of any other river in America, or perhaps in the world. Shortly after our arrival at this place (now Vienna) I was attacked with rheumatic pains in all my joints, which rendered me useless and almost helpless for about nine months, in spite of the hundred and one specifics for that complaint which float from tongue to tongue among the common people, all of which were tried upon me with out effect. It was believed that pulverized brimstone taken in honey aided by a naturally good constitution. and my youth banished my rheumatism and restored me to perfect health and an expert hunter, contributing my full quota of slaughtered buffalo, deer, elk, and etc. to the sustenance of the little colony.

In the month of August, September and October we each year, were visited by shaking and dumb agues most afflictingly. There was neither doctor, lawyer nor parson in our colony, nor were there any law officers. And while that continued to be the case we had no disputes about property, no controversies about religion and no deaths by disease.

Our whole materia medica consisted of a lettle weed we called Indian Physic, a decoction of which was taken as an emetic, of pills made from a decoction of white walnut bark, used as a cathartic, and a decoction of dogwood bark, used as a tonic, and slippery elm bark.

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Historical Sketches of Kentucky, Lewis Collins
(Cincinnati, OH: J. A. & U. P. James, 1847) pp.365-368:

In the latter part of April, 1784, the father of the late Judge Rowan, with his family and five other families, set out from Louisville in two flat-bottomed boats, for the Long Falls of Greene river. The intention was to descend the Ohio river to the mouth of Greene river, and ascend that river to the place of destination. At that time there were no settlements in Kentucky, within one hundred miles of the Long Falls of Greene river (afterwards called Vienna). The families were in one boat, and their cattle in the other. When the boats had descended the Ohio about one hundred miles, and were near the middle of it, gliding along very securely, as it was thought, about ten o'clock of the night, a prodigious yelling of Indians was heard, some two or three miles below, on the northern shore; and they had floated but a short distance further down the river, when a number of fires were seen on that shore. The yelling continued, and it was concluded that they had captured a boat which had passed these two about mid-day, and were massacreing their captives. The two boats were lashed together, and the best practicable arrangements were made for defending them. The men were distributed by Mr. Rowan to the best advantage, in case of an attack — they were seven in number, including himself. The boats were neared to the Kentucky shore, with as little noise by the oars as possible ; but avoided too close an approach to that shore, lest there might be Indians there also. The fires of the Indians were extended along the bank at intervals, for half a mile or more, and as the boats reached a point about opposite the central fire, they were discovered, and commanded to come to. All on board remained silent, for Mr. Rowan had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle, and not that until the Indians should come within powder burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, rushed to their canoes, and gave pursuit. The boats floated on in silence — not an oar was pulled. The Indians approached within less than a hundred yards, with a seeming determination to board. Just at this moment, Mrs. Rowan rose from her seat, collected the axes, and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the axe, as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself. The Indians continued hovering on the rear, and yelling, for nearly three miles, when, awed by the inference which they drew from the silence observed on board, they relinquished farther pursuit. None but those who have a practical acquaintance with Indian warfare, can form a just idea of the terror which their hideous yelling is calculated to inspire. Judge Rowan, who was then ten years old, states that he could never forget the sensations of that night, or cease to admire the fortitude and composure displayed by his mother on that trying occasion. There were seven men and three boys in the boats, with nine guns in all. Mrs. Rowan, in speaking of the incident afterwards, in her calm way, said — "we made a providential escape, for which we ought to feel grateful."

John Rowan was an able jurist and statesman, and one of the most distinguished men in the western country. He was a native of Pennsylvania. His father, William Rowan, having sustained in the cause, of liberty heavy losses, at the close of the revolutionary war came to Kentucky in the hope of repairing the ravages made in his private fortune. Kentucky was then a wilderness, the choice hunting ground of many hostile tribes of savages — the field of hazardous adventure, the scene of savage outrage, the theatre of ceaseless war, an arena drenched in blood and reeking with slaughter. In the month of March, 1783, the father of John Rowan settled in Louisville, then an insignificant village. In the spring of 1784, when John was eleven years old, his father, with five other families, made a settlement at the Long Falls of Greene river, then about one hundred miles from any white settlement. This region was resorted to by a band of the Shawnee tribe of Indians, as a hunting ground, and Mr. Rowan and his neighbors had many encounters with their savage foes. Young Rowan was soon distinguished for his bravery and for his remarkable

energy and sprightliness. He spent several years of his boyhood in this wild and adventurous life, developing his physical powers in the manly and athletic sports and exercises common to the country, and insensibly communicating' to his mind and character, a maturity and firmness inseparable from the habits of self reliance and fortitude, generated by a continual familiarity with danger.

At the age of seventeen, he entered a classical school kept at Bardstown, by a Dr. Priestly. In this school were educated many of those men who have since figured conspicuously in the history of Kentucky, and on the broader theatre of national politics. Here John Rowan was remarkable among his fellows for the facility with which he mastered the most difficult branches. He obtained an accurate and critical knowledge of the classical tongues, seemingly without an effort, and soon learned to appreciate the unrivalled beauty and sublimity of those wonderful productions of ancient genius, which have been the admiration of all ages. In his old age, he used to refer with much liveliness, to the pleasure he experienced at this period of his life, when he first learned to appreciate the beauty of the Greek writers, in retiring to the summit of a wild cliff, and there reading aloud to the rocks, woods and waters, the Iliad of Homer.

At this school, he received an education much superior to what we might now suppose could be afforded by the institutions of the country at that early day. In addition to this, he enjoyed the advantage of access to instructive and well selected libraries; and his acquirements in general information were commensurate with the development of his uncommon faculties, which now began to attract the attention of men of the best talents in the country.

Guided by the advice of his friends he went, upon leaving this school, to Lexington, and commenced the study of the law. In 1795, he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a high rank in his profession. Kentucky, even at that day, held many men eminent for talent, learning and eloquence; yet he was considered among the foremost. As an advocate, in criminal cases, he had few equals in the state.

The Virginia act of 1779, constituting the basis of the celebrated land laws of Kentucky, though originally drawn and reported to the legislature by George Mason, one of Virginia's most able statesmen, was so amended before its passage, as to destroy all system in the procuring of patents, and the consequence was much litigation in Kentucky, arising out of conflicting land claims. Many of our most eminent lawyers acquired great wealth by buying up contested claims, and from contingent fees. In these things, Mr. Rowan never indulged, conceiving them to be inimical to the high moral tone which should be preserved by the profession, and tempting to oppression of the occupants of lands.

At an early age, he was called into public life, and was a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of Kentucky, in 1799. He was appointed secretary of state in 1804, and in 1806 was elected to Congress from a district in which he did not reside. He took his seat in 1807, and served during the 11th Congress.

He was frequently a member of the State legislature, and in 1819, was appointed a judge of the court of appeals. While on the bench, he delivered a learned and forcible opinion on the power of Congress to charter the bank of the United States in 1816. Not relishing the close confinement of the bench, in 1821 he resigned his seat. In 1823, he was appointed by the legislature, in conjunction with Henry Clay, a commissioner to defend what were called the occupying claimant laws of the State, before the supreme court of the United States. The uncertainty of land titles under the Virginia laws before alluded to, had led to the enactment of laws by the Kentucky legislature, more favorable to the occupant than the common law of England. These statutes were attacked before the supreme court, upon the ground that they violated the

compact between Virginia and Kentucky. The petition of the commissioners was drawn by Judge Rowan, and is deemed the ablest vindication of those laws ever published.

In 1824, he was elected to the senate of the United States, in which body he served for six years. On the 10th of April, 1826, he delivered a speech of great ability, on a bill further to amend the judiciary system of the United States. In 1828, he made a learned and powerful speech on the subject of imprisonment for debt, under process issued from the courts of the United States. It had been abolished in Kentucky in 1821, and yet he had seen it practiced by process from the federal courts in this State, in defiance of public sentiment.

The last public office Mr. Rowan filled was that of commissioner to adjust the claims of citizens of the United States against Mexico, under the convention of Washington of the 11th of April, 1839. In this office he labored with great assiduity ; and when, upon an adjournment of the commission, he made a visit to his family in Kentucky, and from a temporary indisposition, was unable to return to Washington at the time appointed for the reassembling of the commissioners, he resigned his appointment. Upon the organization of the Kentucky Historical Society in 1838, he was elected president of that institution, and held the office until the period of his death. He died, after a short illness, at his residence in Louisville, on the 13th of July, 1843, in the seventieth year of his age.

Judge Rowan was a man devoted in his friendships and exceedingly urbane in his manners; kind and hospitable in all his relations. He possessed an imposing person and dignified bearing. His colloquial powers were of the highest order, and made him the life of every company in which he mingled.

A History of Elizabethtown, Kentucky and It's Surroundings,
By Samuel Haycraft (Elizabethtown, KY: Hardin County Historical Society, 1960; originally published in the Elizabethtown News in 1869) pp.201-209:

JOHN ROWAN

John Rowan was born in Pennsylvania in 1773, and when quite young, emigrated with his father to Kentucky.

His father, William Rowan, was once a man of wealth and held the office of high sheriff of York county, which was then an office of honor and profit.

He subsequently lost his wealth by the troubles of the Revolution and came to Kentucky for the purpose of restoring his broken fortunes.

Shortly after the Revolution, and when Judge Rowan was but a lad, he accompanied his father and mother and the family to Pittsburg and embarked on the Ohio. and descended the river in the midst of perils, for its shores were beset with the savage Indian, passed Louisville when it was but a Fort, ascended Green river to Vienna Falls, built a fort, opposite Rumsey and amidst perils he commenced the world anew.

The father was then a poor man but nature had endowed him with good practical sense, and he saw in his son John, the germ of future greatness, which would certainly develop itself, if the natural gifts bestowed upon him by a bountiful providence, could be aided by a liberal education; but how to accomplish that end, was the great difficulty; the limited means of the father were insufficient, but as the result of a family consultation, it was agreed that the joint earnings of

the family should be devoted to the accomplishment of that arrangement, the son John, of whom I write, was the recipient of a liberal education, and then went through a regular course of the study of law, and having received his license, commenced his practice in Bardstown, Elizabethtown and the courts of the adjacent counties.

But as young lawyers do not always break suddenly into a lucrative practice, so it was with young Rowan, and he suffered for want of a library, and was frequently hard pressed to meet his board bills and to clothe himself as became his profession; this was a bad state of things for a proud spirit like his to brook, for he had a proud and noble spirit, and was one of nature's noblemen, but cramped as he was, he became gloomy, he felt the weight of obligation to those who had educated him and qualified him for his profession; his father now in the decline of life having exhausted his means to a great extent for his benefit, and finding himself yet unable to make such a return as the promptings of his generous nature would dictate, his heart was filled with unutterable sorrow.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable and so it proved itself in this case. There lived in Nelson county on the Beech Fork, a wealthy and kind-hearted gentleman, named Atkinson Hill, better known as Judge Hill, for he was a Judge of the court in which Rowan commenced practice. Judge Hill had noticed him closely, studied his character, and fully appreciated his native talents and his moral worth, in short he loved him, and it grieved him to see his young friend so bowed down and covered with gloom, and determined to ascertain the cause of his low spirits. But knowing the proud spirit of the young man, made it a subject of great delicacy, how to open the matter, but by uniform kindness he at last, won upon his confidence, so that on naming the thing to Rowan, he unbosomed himself to Judge Hill, who determined at once to relieve him from all pecuniary embarassments, furnished him at once with the necessary funds and in a few years after took him in as a partner and built on the Beech Fork, the once celebrated Hill & Rowan mill. Rowan became buoyant in spirit, his practice increased, and he soon became independent. And when he acquired the means he had the satisfaction of rendering his aged parents comfortable for life, and well repaid the family for all their toil and sacrifice for him, they finding it the most profitable investment they ever made.

Young Rowan rose rapidly in his profession until he became the head of it.

In person Judge Rowan was about six feet high, broad shouldered, full breasted and of general muscular frame. He had an expansive fore-head and remarkably dense brows, overshadowing keen piercing eyes, and although he was all benignity, yet he had such command of his features as to make his frown terrific; his presence was such as to command respect, and if need be obedience; and by a stranger would be regarded with reverence, bordering on an element of fear. If standing in the midst of a thousand men he would be singled out as more than an ordinary man.

His power of command when he chose to assume it was unequaled. I remember when I was a boy I was summoned to attend as a witness at Bardstown court. The sheriff was making up a jury and summoned a man in the court room who refused to obey his order to come to the jury bench. The Judge ordered the sheriff to bring him in by force. At that moment Mr. Rowan, who happened to be in the bar gave a look, and it was a look, at the refractory man, and said in a peculiar tone, "come in, sir," and if a pistol had been pointed at the man, he could not have yielded more implicitly.

On the same day at the old tavern of Richard Head, I dined at the same table with Mr. Rowan, and being but a boy, I did not venture to speak to him. But he approached me so kindly and enquired after the health of my father, stating that he had practiced law before him when a

quarter session Judge, that I was surprised and much gratified, as it was so different from the scene in the court room.

In his forensic displays his voice over which he had perfect control, was as soft and clear as the tones of a silver trumpet. It was of that persuasive and convincing character that seemed to lead a jury and those around captive at his will.

But if need be in denouncing a hardened villain, his whole manner was changed, his brow became as an angry cloud; and his voice elevated to a high pitch, might be compared to peals of thunder, striking dismay to the heart and conscience of the guilty and firing with indignation, the jurors and by-standers. He was an orator of the first order, without any studied effort.

In conversaton and public speaking he never resorted to bombast or fustian, like some unripened scholars, but it was the plain, chaste and classic language of the thoroughly educated gentleman.

When he was well established at the head of his profession, he never lost sight of his own early difficulties, and when a young lawyer came to the bar, he did all he could to lead him along and encourage him, and in case of his being employed in a cause in which he had to oppose a young pleader, his custom was to compliment the effort of his young opponent, and predict for him a future course of usefulness and perhaps eminence, and then commence upon the young advocate's argument and slice him up so 6moothly and gently and so politely that the young fellow would find himself figuratively dead without knowing what hurt him, and even felt thankful that he had not been lacerated with a dull instrument; and in social circles he was always the dignified and pleasant companion.

I knew him from the time I was six years old until his death, which was about forty-two years, and I must say that I never knew but one John Rowan, or any one man who combined within himself so many enviable traits, or who possessed such high qualifications for the discharge of the varied duties devolving upon a station in the higher circles of society.

He erected a splendid mansion adjoining Bardstown, on an eminence which he called "Federal Hill", to which was attached a farm, an orchard and a useful garden, and there the rites of hospitality were dispensed with a bountiful hand.

There was one peculiarity about his residence which caused much inquiry as to the object.

The plan seems at first to have been a square, then the west corner cut off so as to reduce the building about one-fourth in its capacity. Whether it was his peculiar fancy or whether he assigned the true reason to some troublesome inquirer that he had to curtail it on account of a security debt has never been ascertained.

As this number has filled my appointed limit in the paper, I shall reserve the account of his public acts for the next number, and then continue my remarks about other members of the bar.

Since writing my last number, for fear that I might have over-rated Judge Rowan's literary attainments and his high social qualifications, I requested Colonel William B. Slaughter, who in early life enjoyed the confidence and companionship of the Judge, to give me his recollections of his old friend, and his response has more than sustained me in my opinion, and I here recite in full his very handsome letter:

Elizabethtown, Ky.
January 27th, 1871

Hon. Samuel Haycraft

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request I furnish you some reminiscences of the late Judge Rowan. During my residence at Bardstown I was a frequent visitor at Federal Hill, deriving much pleasure and profit from the society of the Judge. With professional young men his manner

was patronizing, and his conversation didactic. An Athenean atmosphere pervaded the grove, in which his domicil was embowered, and hospitality, friendship and urbanity, like so many inmates of the dwelling, clung around the heart, and bade it welcome.

It was difficult for the classic student to convince himself that he was not in the academic grove and Plato his preceptor.

His mind was strikingly metaphysical and with less judgment might have become skeptical. He had too much common sense to be led away by sophisms and too practical to be theoretical. He was eminently a man of genius and his knowledge was intuitive, although in early life he was a hard student, and acquired vast stores of learning.

When I knew him he was in the zenith of his fame, reposing on the laurels acquired by the lucubrationes verginti annorum.

It would be an agreeable task to delineate in all its variety and fullness of the character of this great man's mind. It would be like entering a large store-house in which were stored away specimens of the treasures of Nature and Art, of every clime and age.

His fault in common with that of all great genuises, was his attempt to grasp all the sciences, which no finite mind ever accomplished.

To do full justice to his character, there should be brought to the task, clear perceptions, comprehensive views, analytical accumen of the most subtle character, familiarity with all that has been taught in the academies, recorded in history, sung in poetry, or transmitted in legendary lore. The author should be as great as his subject. Achilles had his Homer. My task is to furnish reminiscences of personal incidents.

Knowing that I contemplated a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage, the Judge requested me to give him my opinion of the General's character. In letter I said: "Quickness of perception, decision of purpose, and energy of action are his distinguishing characteristics, qualities which enter essentially into the character of every great man. There is a higher quality which in my opinion he does not possess, the faculty of genius."

In reply the Judge said: "You have analyzed his character correctly, as far as you had an opportunity of observing it. He has, however, the faculty of genius which is aroused and inspired by the occasion, in such a manner as to meet its dictates, never to exceed them. His intellection on those occasions exceeds his ordinary intellection as far as the eruptive fires of Aetna exceed those for culinary purposes."

I went with him on one occasion to dine with Governor Adair, whom he held in great veneration. I listened that day from "morn till dewy eve" with silent admiration to the digladiations of those intellectual Titans. On our return the Judge said that he had never been in the society of the Governor without hearing something worth remembering, today he said, "All human institutions were purer in their origin than ever after."

One of the most interesting occasions on which I met with the Judge, was at a Masonic dinner on the 24th of June. It was my good fortune to sit opposite to the Judge at table, who attracted an undivided attention, as far as the ordinary tones of his voice permitted him to be heard, the various resources of his capacious mind rendering him at all times interesting and eddifying.

But the particular occasion which we had assembled to commemorate drew forth such a flow of companionable feeling as to render him particularily attractive. His conversation was not uniformly grave, not facetious, but varied with every varied emotion which the changing circumstances of the day called forth.

Sometimes with a dignified air, he was grave, sententious and didactic. At others, with apparent condescension he was affable, humorous and witty. And again at others when the mystic rites and ties of the "sons of light," flashed across his mind, he called for a bumper and a song.

Then the electric chain with which we are darkly bound was felt drawing us closer until the emotion became so exquisite that it is painful to remember them, and my untutored pen shrinks from the task of describing them.

The character of great men are the common property of the country, and should be held up as models for imitation. If I have aided you in any degree in perfecting your already faithful picture, I shall consider myself to that degree a public benefactor.

Respectfully,
W. B. Slaughter

His first public service was one of great importance. He was elected as a delegate to the convention to form a new constitution in 1799. This was the second constitution of Kentucky, and if I am permitted to judge, was a far better one than we now have.

In the year 1804 he was appointed Secretary of State under Governor Christopher Greenup, and removed to Frankfort, and while there enjoyed a lucrative practice in the Court of Appeals and the Federal Court.

He resigned his position as Secretary of State and came back to Bardstown, and was elected to Congress and served from 1807 to 1809, and then for many years represented the county of Nelson in the Legislature of Kentucky.

On the 14th day of June, 1819 he was commissioned Judge of the Court of Appeals, which high position he resigned about one year after his appointment.

In consequence of the omission of Virginia or the General Government to have the State of Kentucky surveyed and laid off into sections, great difficulties arose about land titles. Every man holding a land warrant located it where he pleased, the steps were entry, survey and patent, and from the vagueness of entries, or the recklessness of after locators, it often happened that the same ground was covered three or four deep with different claims. And the courts in settling, who has the superior claim had first to consider the priority and specialty of the entry, and to decide whether it was so descriptive, and special as to warn other locators to keep off the already appropriated ground.

Sometimes, indeed very often, a man holding under an honest patent would settle down and improve, vainly indulging the hope that he had a home for life. Then stepped in another claimant with an older patent and ousted him of house and home. In order to protect honest settlers under title, the State of Kentucky in the year 1797, and in January 1812, enacted those laws for protection of actual settlers, known as the "Occupying Claimant Laws."

In a spirit of compromise the States of Kentucky and Virginia agreed to appoint a Board of Commissioners to meet in convention and settle the difficulties growing out of the compact. Kentucky appointed Jacob Burnett, of Ohio, and Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, as their delegates in the convention, and also appointed the Honorable Henry Clay and John Rowan as attorneys to appear before the Commissioners, with powers to supply a vacancy in case either should decline acting. They were also to appear before the Supreme Court and endeavor to obtain a new hearing in the case of Green & Biddle; this was done in 1822.

It turned out that the Superior Court refused even to hear the petition read in open court. The Board of Commissioners failed to meet on account of disagreement in the Virginia Senate.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Rowan made a joint report to General Adair, Governor. Mr. Rowan made a separate report, all of which with the petition for rehearing was reported by the Governor to the Legislature. See Senate Journal, 1823, commencing page 30.

In Mr. Rowan's report he sets out the fact, the Supreme Court consisted of seven Judges, that only four sat in the case, and three Judges decided the case of Green & Biddle, the fourth dissenting—and thus a minority of the Supreme Court overthrew the laws of Kentucky, and that in a fictitious case in which one of the parties had no interest—and had Bret Harte been their Secretary a portion of their report about these Judges would have read, that although

'They smiled as they sat on the bench
With the smile that was childlike and bland,
Yet for ways that were dark,
And for tricks that were vain
Those unfeeling Judges were peculiar,
Which the same we are free to maintain."

In Mr. Rowan's report it will be found that he manufactured a new word which was adapted as expressive of the idea he entertained. He says the Supreme Court decided that our laws was "impactional," that is, contrary to the compact.

And Governor Adair in his message to the Senate including the reports of Messrs. Clay and Rowan, gave as his opinion that our law was "compactional"—thereby making another word—to convey the opinion that our law was in accordance with Virginia.

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History of Kentucky, Volume II, by Lewis Collins & Richard H. Collins (Covington, KY: Collins & Co., 1874):

Page 153 – Daviess County

Indian Generosity. — In 1784 or '85, among a party which embarked at the Falls of the Ohio to descend the river, was Andrew Rowan. While the boat stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, Mr. Rowan borrowed a loaded gun, but no ammunition, and started off in pursuit of amusement rather than game. When he returned, the boat had gone; the party having seen signs of Indians approaching, and not daring to wait for Mr. Rowan, hastened off down stream. Mr. R. started towards the nearest white settlement— Vincennes, 100 miles distant — but soon lost his way, wandered about for three days, and, exhausted, laid down to die. Roused by the report of a gun, he rose and walked in the direction of the sound. An Indian, seeing him, raised his gun to fire; Rowan turned the butt of his gun, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. Taking pity upon Rowan's helpless condition, the Indian led him to his wigwam, and treated him with great hospitality until his strength was regained; then took him to Vincennes. Wishing to reward his generosity, Mr. Rowan arranged with a merchant to pay him $300; but the Indian persistently refused to receive a farthing. He, finally, to please Mr. Rowan, accepted a new blanket; and wrapping it around him said, with some feeling, " When I wrap myself in it, 1 will think of you !" [Preceding was syndicated and published in numerous newspapers during 1838-1852. First found in The Commonwealth, Frankfort, KY, Wednesday, 20 June 1838, p.1; it was found in newspapers of at least 13 states. The article also appeared in the book, History of Daviess County, Kentucky, Chicago, IL: Inter-State Publishing Co., 1883, p.327]

Page 692 – Rowan County

Rowan county was established in 1856, out of parts of Fleming and Morgan, and named in honor of Judge John Rowan; it was the 104th in order of formation.

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Ohio County, Kentucky in the Olden Days, by Harrison D. Taylor
(Baltimore, MD: Regional Publishing Company, 1969,
published in book form in 1926; originally appeared in the
Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, 16 May 1877, p.1):

Pages 10 & 12-13 – Chapter III: Indian Depredations

… The town of Vienna [now Calhoun] was at one time regularly besieged by a large party of warriors who resorted to all their wily arts for several days to subdue the place. Things began to grow serious, and two daring men made their way through the Indian lines at night and reached Hartford in safety. A very short time elapsed until every man capable of bearing arms, who could be spared, was on the march to relieve Vienna, but before the rescuing party reached the place, the Indians had raised the siege and fled.

The names of the two gallant young men who thus risked the horrors of Indian torture to carry the news to Hartford should be handed down to posterity, but unfortunately tradition gives but one name, that of Stephen Rowan, the father of Dr. A. Rowan and William Rowan of Ohio County and John Rowan of McLean County.

Stephen Rowan will also appear in another incident which will be given later. Mr. Collins in his History of Kentucky, under the head of Ohio County, gives some very thrilling incidents in relation to depredations and therefore they will be omitted here, for his book is in reach of most readers. [Collins' chapter on Ohio County is reprinted in Appendix B.]

… While the people were confined to their fort, the cows were turned into the woods for the pasture. At Vienna one night they failed to come home, although the next morning their bells could be heard some distance away. Young Stephen Rowan, the same who had distinguished himself by passing the Indian lines, mounted his horse and, with his bright new rifle on his shoulder, was passing through the gate when his father called out: "Stephen, be on your guard. I fear the Indians are keeping back the cows to draw someone into ambush." Young Rowan hurried away and soon reached the vicinity of the cows. They were at the head of a very narrow ravine, where the bluff-hills were so steep that they could not climb up them. When he nearly reached them, his horse took fright and refused to advance. A blow caused him to rear and plunge into the air. This threw Rowan so high that he was enabled to see over a log, behind which an Indian, with a gun, was concealed. He instantly wheeled his horse, and, as he did so, saw another Indian on the opposite side of the ravine as he passed. He was met at the gate by a Mr. Downs, who asked in an imperious manner, "Where are the cows?"

"Indians! Indians! Indians!" shouted Rowan.

Mr. Downs made some contemptuous remark and said that the children should cry no longer for milk and that he would go himself for the cows. Rowan dared him to go and Downs immediately prepared to start. Several tried to dissuade him, and one man even caught him, but Downs jerked away. Many called out: "Mr. Downs, do not go out there; you will never come back alive." But he paid no heed and hurried away. Young Rowan now relented of his banter and called

out, "I know there are Indians there. I saw them. Come back." But Downs was heedless of this appeal and hurried away. Then the men, women, and children gathered around young Rowan and after hearing his report of what he saw, they resolved on a reconnoissance, but before they were fully armed, they heard several gunshots in quick succession. As Downs did not return, a party cautiously approached the place of the shooting. They found poor Downs dead, scalped, and most savagely mutilated. The trail of a few Indians was discovered and followed to the Ohio River, but they had made their escape. Young Rowan was largely indebted for his life to his fine horse and his bright, beautiful, silver-mounted rifle, which restrained the Indians from firing until he had passed so far up the ravine that he could not escape.

… Collins, under the head of Rowan County, says that William Rowan settled in Louisville in March, 1783, and in the following spring—when his son John was only eleven years of age—the Rowans with five other families made a settlement at the "Long Falls of Green River," and that the region was visited by a band of Shawnee Indians with whom the whites had many encounters. Under Jefferson County he gives a one-page story of how the Indians attacked these homeseekers while on the Ohio traveling in two flatboats from the Falls of the Ohio to the Long Falls of Green River." The details of the trip and the arrival at what became The Settlement at the Long Falls are given in the Autobiography of Judge John Rowan (a sketch confined to the youth of Judge Rowan) written in 41. It has not yet been published, but a copy of the manuscript was read before The Filson Club in October, 1923, by Willard R. Jilison of Frankfort.

Pages 19 & 20 – Chapter V: First Courts and Courthouse

… The first [county court [of Ohio County] was organized on the second of July, 1799… The court was fully organized by the appointment of William Rowan, clerk, and Stephen Statler, sheriff… In August of the same year [1800] Samuel Work was appointed clerk to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of William Rowan, father of the distinguished jurist and statesman Honorable John Rowan.

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<u>Fogle's Papers: A History of Ohio County, Kentucky</u>, by McDowell A. Fogle (Hartford, KY: Ohio County Historical Society, Inc., 1981) pp.106-109 & 265-266:

Pages 106-109 – Mrs. [Abigail Rowan] Ford's paternal grandfather was Stephen Rowan, eldest son of Captain William Rowan, the other two being Andrew and John, the youngest, who became so distinguished in Kentucky public life. Captain Rowan, for whom the Livermore chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is named, was born in York county, Pennsylvania and was of Scotch-Irish lineage. His wife, born Sara Elizabeth Cooper, was a Quaker. Her parents were wealthy and Captain Rowan amassed a sizable fortune before the American Revolution but their finances were greatly impaired by their benevolencies in behalf of their fellow patriots. He was, before the Revolution, while Pennsylvania was still a colony, appointed High Sheriff of his native county. Holding the office when the colony declared its independence, he was re-elected for three successive years, the longest period allowed under the new state constitution. He also served his state and country on the field of battle, at the head of a volunteer company going to the front where he remained in service for six months, the period for which the men under his command had enlisted.

At the close of the Revolution, in the hope of repairing his shattered fortune, Captain Rowan emigrated to Kentucky, then a district of Virginia, in the wild lands of which, according to the autobiography of his son, Judge John Rowan, written in 1841, "he had, without any knowledge of the laws of Virginia or of the nature of the titles to land in Kentucky, invested the little remnant of his fortune". In October, 1782 he set out in a flat-bottomed boat, of which he was the owner, with five families, from the Monongahela River, near the mouth of Redstone Creek, for the Falls of the Ohio River. His family consisted of his wife, his three sons and two daughters. Judge Rowan recounts: "We expected a voyage of not more than six or seven days". In fact, they did not reach the Ohio Falls until March, 1783, the journey having taken about five months, during which many hardships were suffered and Andrew Rowan, 12 years of age, who had stolen away on a hunting trip, when the party was encamped on the shore, became lost and almost lost his life from three days and two nights of exposure in frigid weather. His feet were fearfully frostbitten but he suffered only the loss of the first joint of each bigtoe, his legs having been saved, apparently, according to Judge Rowan's narrative, by being "at the suggestion of my mother, immersed to the knees in a tub full of whiskey and continued in a state of immerson for some hours, whereby it was believed they were preserved from the crippling effect of the frost'. (0 tempora, 0 mores!) Young John who was only 11 years old, was especially impressed by the Christian spirit in which his pious parents bore the suspense of Andrew's absence and the relief of his safe return. The future jurist had the most pronounced admiration and respect, for his parents, he describing as 'almost idolatrous' his memory of his mother.. Incidentally, at Limestone, the present Maysville, three of the families left the boat and proceeding overland toward the interior of Kentucky, were, according to report, killed by Indians.

After remaining near the Ohio Falls until April, 1784, the Rowans again Set sail, with five families, for the "Long Falls of Green River", the site of the present town of Calhoun, but known first as Rhoadesville and then, for many years, as Vienna. Proceeding down the Ohio, the Rowan boats, one for the families and one for the cattle, ran into a party of Indians which threatened to attack the vessels, but were deterred by the watchfulness and show of preparedness of their occupants. This occurred a short distance above "the Yellow Banks", the present Owensboro. At the latter point the women and children and the cattle were landed and proceeded overland, a distance of about 25 miles, to "the long falls", while the boats went on down to the mouth of Green River and up that stream to the same destination, arriving, however, sometime after the overland travelers. The emigrants arrived at the Green River Falls on May 11, 1784. This conclusively fixes the date of the first settlement at "the long falls of Green River" or "Old Vienna".

Some accounts of the career of Captain Rowan would lead one to believe that, after a few years, he sent his family from their frontier home in this county to Bardstown for schooling, but we only know definitely that he sent his son, John, there for that purpose. The latter's career as judge, congressman, U. S. senator and diplomat is too voluminous for repetition here, but he is, of course, best known today as the original owner of "My Old Kentucky Home". Ohio county official records show that Captain Rowan was its first county clerk, taking office July 1, 1799 and serving until 1800, the county court order book stating that his successor was named in August of that year, as a result of the Captain's death.

Captain Rowan had three sons, as heretofore mentioned, Stephen, Andrew and John. The latter's progeny never lived in Ohio county. Andrew married but seems to have left no Sons; at least informed members of the family in this county have no record of male heirs of Andrew. But Stephen Rowan and his wife, Katy (Reed) Rowan, married January 27, 1797, were parents of five sons, all natives of Ohio county, viz: Alexander, Stephen Jr., John, Andrew, and William Cooper

Rowan. The latter was the father of Mrs. Abagall (Rowan) Ford, wife of the late Captain James W. Ford, master of Hillside at the time of his death in 1927.

The elder Stephen Rowan, Captain William's son, figured prominently in the early history of Ohio county. I quote and paraphrase Harrison D. Taylor's account of two episodes in which Stephen, as a high-Spirited young man, probably in his 20's, took part.

'When the pioneers were confined to the forts or stations, their cows were, during the day, turned into the woods for pasture. At Vienna", where the Rowans had settled on Green River, one night in 1792, "the cows failed to come home, although next morning their bells could be heard some distance away. Stephen Rowan mounted his horse and with his bright new rifle on his shoulder, was passing through the gate to search for the cows when his father called to him: 'Stephen, he on your guard. I fear the Indians are keeping back the cows to draw someone into ambush. Young Rowan proceeded and soon found the cows at the head of a very narrow ravine where the bluff-hills were too steep for them to climb. As he approached the cattle, his horse took fright and refused to go forward. The whip only caused him to rear and plunge. But this saved his rider from ambush, for it threw him so high that he could see over a log behind which an armed Indian lay. The youth instantly wheeled and as he did so saw a redskin on the opposite side of the ravine as he passed".

At the gate of the stockade Stephen was met by a member of the garrison, a Mr. Downs, father of the later noted pioneer, Baptist ministers, Reverends Thomas and William Downs, and great-great-grandfather of Hon. Roscoe I. Downs, of Ohio county lineage on both sides of his family and now owner, and editor of the Hawesville Hancock Clarion. Mr. Downs asked Stephen: 'Where are the cows", to which the young man replied "Indians, Indians". Whereupon, Mr. Downs, disregarding danger in his concern for the hungry children in the fort, exclaimed: "The children shall no longer want for milk; I will go for the cows". Many tried to dissuade him; young Rowan, who, at first, had dared him to go, also joined in, telling him that he had seen Indians, but the intrepid pioneer would not turnback. When he was out of sight of the fort, a group of the men, after, further quizzing Stephen, prepared to go to help Downs. However, they were too late. Several gunshots were heard and when they searched the nearby woods they found the unfortunate man dead and scalped, but the Indians had escaped. Apparently young Rowan had not been molested by the savages because of his fine horse and beautiful silver-mounted rifle which they planned to make sure of securing by enticing him so far up the ravine that he could not escape".

But Stephen Rowan's chief claim to fame was the fact that he was one of the two young men who risked their lives by making their way through the Indian lines when Vienna was beseiged by the redskins several years after its settlement. This was the only instance of an attack in force by the Indians on any fort or station in Ohio county. This siege of Vienna lasted several days and the plight of its defenders grew desperate. Then it was that Stephen Rowan and the other youth, whose name, unfortunately, has not been handed down to us, gallantly went for help to the nearest fortified settlement, Hartford. Shortly every man at Fort Hartford capable of bearing arms, who could be spared, was on the march to relieve Vienna, but when the rescuers arrived, the Indians, having suspected that aid had been summoned, had raised the siege and fled.

Stephen Rowan was born in 1765 and died November 3, 1841, a little less than two years before his famous brother, John. Stephen is buried in a family graveyard not far from Kentucky Highway 136, near Heflin, in Ohio county. Only nine male descendents of Captain William and Stephen Rowan now reside in Ohio county, I am informed by my good friend, Richard Ney Rowan, Route 3, who is a great-great-great-grandson of Captain Rowan. The other descendants of the Captain, hearing the family name, now living in this county, are Ney's son, Joseph Cullen, Sr., the

latter's two sons, Joseph Cullen, Jr., and Phillip Dale; the brothers, Shultz, Alvin Edward and Claude Rowan; Dannie Edward, son of Alvin Edward, and Douglas Ray, son of Claude.

All these "Rowans by name" are descendants of Dr. Alexander R. Rowan, who was a son of Stephen Rowan of "old Vienna" fame and a member of the General Assembly as well as a successful physician. Ney is a grandson of Dr. Rowan's son, Richard Alexander, and the son of Azro V. Rowan, Alvin Edward, Claude and Shultz are sons of the late Andrew Alexander and Mrs. Lillie Rowan, who still lives on Route 3. Their grandfather was John Butler Rowan, also a son of Dr. Rowan. Another son of Dr. Rowan's son, Richard Alexander, was Robert Alexander Rowan, deceased, who had no male descendents. His widow lives in Livermore. To her I am indebted for the opportunity to consult, in the preparation of this history, copies of a biography of Judge Rowan and his uncompleted autobiography, which are in manuscript form. I am indebted to Ney for the privilege of studying his copy of the Rowan genealogy back to the Scotland of 1543 and to him, his son Joseph Cullen Rowan Sr., Mrs. Lillie Rowan, her son, Alvin Edward, and the present mistress of Hillside, Miss Winnie D. Simmerman, for details of Rowan family history. There are, of course, quite a number of descendants of Captain Rowan in Ohio county who do not bear the name of Rowan, either because of marriage or of descent on the distaff side. These and all other members of the family I congratulate upon their heritage, regretting that lack of space prevents my listing all the descendants of this outstanding pioneer family.

Pages 265-266 – I now present herein some salient facts in regard to the connection of Ohio county with the Bardstown Rowans.

Quite interesting and romantic is the acclaim given the connection between Federal Hill and the composition of "My Old Kentucky Home" by Stephen Collins Foster. But, rather ungrateful, it seems to me, is the minimizing by some amateur historians of the role of John Rowan, the builder and master of the famous home, in making it a memorial to the life and character of the typical Kentuckian of the first half of the last century. For Judge Rowan was one of the state's most distinguished sons of that period, his career being climaxed by his able service as judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals and United States senator.

But, to an even greater degree should Ohio county hail and appreciate its connection with "My Old Kentucky Home", for Judge Rowan, its builder and purported kinsman of Stephen Collins Foster, in his youth lived six years, from his 11th till his 17th year, at or near our neighboring county-seat Calhoun, then known as Vienna, and in Ohio county. John's father, Captain William Rowan, Revolutionary veteran from Pennsylvania, with his and several other families settled at "the long falls of Green River" in May 1784. Presumably, he lived there until his death in the summer of 1800. In the meantime, his youngest son John in 1790 at the age of 17 was sent to Bardstown to complete his education, there studying under the noted Dr. Priestly. Thereafter, he remained in "the upper counties."

Some of the other children, the family consisting of three boys and two girls, may have, with their mother, stayed in Bardstown for a while, but there is nothing to authenticate this supposition. We do know, however, that John's oldest brother Stephen and the other brother Andrew remained in the Green River country. Though married, we find no record of the latter having male progeny. But, Stephen Rowan was very prominent in county affairs, and was the father of five sons who were born and lived in Ohio or McLean counties. Either from them or on the distaff side, many of today's Ohio countians and citizens of McLean county, made from a part of Ohio and Muhlenberg counties in 1854, are descended, quite a number of them bearing the Rowan name.

Captain Rowan, father of Judge Rowan, was Ohio county's first clerk of the county court and was elected at the first meeting of the Ohio County court on July 2, 1799, and his successor was named by the same body in August 1800 as a result of his recent death. Presumably and very probably, he spent the years from his settling at Vienna in 1784 until his death in 1800 in or not far from that Green River community then in Ohio county. But, where he is buried, I do not know. (I trust some of his descendants may be able to inform me as to this.) But the grave of his son Stephen is in the Rowan burying ground not far from State Highway 136 near Heflin, Ohio county.

Does not Captain Rowan deserve an even greater memorial than being the namesake of the Livermore chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution?

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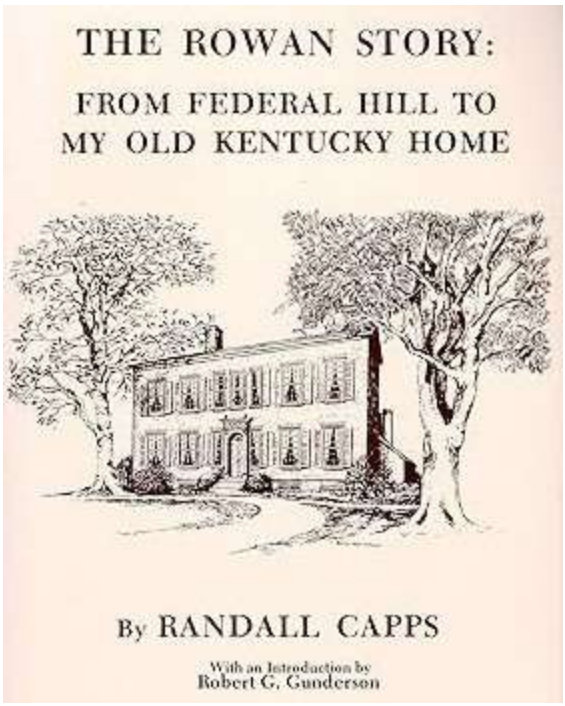
<u>The Rowan Story: From Federal Hill To My Old Kentucky Home</u>,
By Randall Capps (Bowling Green, KY: Homestead Press, Inc., 1976) pp.1-7:



Chapter I – The Old Monarch

Many American families found themselves distitute at the close of the Revolutionary War and emigrated to the western frontier in order to repair their fortunes. Captain William Rowan and his wife Sarah Elizabeth Cooper Rowan were typical of these families. William and Eliza were married in 1783 and were relatively well off at their home in York County, Pennsylvania, before the Revolutionary War. William was interested in the War of Independence and joined the 4th York Battery in August, 1776, and by December he was promoted to Captain. When the war ended, Rowan was elected sheriff for three successive terms in York County.

William Rowan was a handsome man slightly over six feet tall and well-proportioned. He possessed an alert mind and a natural gift for eloquence, a gift which he passed on to at least one

of his children. He had a good education for that time and appreciated the importance of an education for his children. His wife, Eliza, was also from a well-to-do family. She was an attractive woman, five feet seven inches tall, unaccustomed to hardships and dangers. Her son, John, described her as "soft, mild, gentle and kind." She was a very sensitive woman who tended to be retiring in her habits, but she possessed a great courage which would surface upon occasion.

The Rowans had been loyal to the American cause and spent much of the family's fortunes helping to establish the new government. They had exhausted most of their resources in Pennsylvania, and they felt that the Western county would provide a new beginning for them so they decided in 1782 to set out for Kentucky. Their family numbered three boys and two girls: Andrew, Stephen, John, Elizabeth and Alice. Rowan had purchased a flat bottomed boat and sold space to five other families who accompanied them. The trip, which was begun from the Monongahela River near the mouth of Redstone Creek October 10, had as its destination the Falls of the Ohio River. The settlers had expected the journey to last only six or seven days but it dragged out to six month's duration. During these months the travelers experienced much hardship and several exciting adventures. As the journey was expected to last only a few days, provisions were not provided for a lengthy trip and it became necessary to stop along the way and hunt for game. At one such stop thirteen year old Andrew, the oldest Rowan child, went into the forest with the idea of killing a deer. He soon spotted a large buck and fired at it, but the animal which was only wounded by the shot, sprinted off into the forest. Andrew, thinking that the buck would soon die, followed it into the woods where he became hopelessly lost. The boy attempted to retrace his steps but that proved an impossible task. When night came he took shelter under a large tree which had fallen. The temperature was freezing and Andrew was able to save his feet by putting them into his hat before he fell asleep. William Rowan sent men to search for his son, but alter two days they gave him up as dead and returned to camp. Andrew, meanwhile, found the bank of the river and realized that he might find his family if he pursued the flow of the water. Three days after he had left camp to search for a deer, he returned to camp. He returned to camp cold and hungry with swollen legs and frostbitten feet. Mrs. Rowan suggested that the feet and legs be soaked in a tub of whiskey for several hours. This treatment was credited for saving Andrew's feet from the frost bite. The only permanent injury sustained by Andrew from his three-day absence was the loss of each big toe at its first joint.

Later in the same day in which Andrew had returned to camp, the party resumed its travel down the river. After a few days the river fell and became sluggish with floating ice, a condition which caused travel to be impossible and forced the Rowan party to go ashore. They set up camp near the river and remained there until spring when warm weather melted the ice. Since they had not brought along adequate food, the two winter months were extremely trying ones for the travelers and they were forced to rely upon wild game. Unfortunately, game was scarce for they had stopped at a place which had been almost cleaned out by Indians the previous autumn. Not only had the Indians taken most of the game, but they had burned the woods as they left the hunting grounds, forcing the remaining game further inland. The problem was compounded by the fact that none of the party were experienced hunters.

Two months passed and the ice melted enough to allow the travelers to continue their journey. At the mouth of Limestone Creek (now Maysville) three of the families left the Rowan party. It was later learned that Indians attacked and killed most of these three families. Finally on March 10, five months after the start of the trip, the boat landed at the Falls of the Ohio (now Louisville).

The Rowan party remained near Louisville until mid April, 1784, when they departed for the long falls of the Green River. Rowan planned to settle his family and five other families on a tract of land he had purchased before leaving Pennsylvania.

The trip down river from Louisville was uneventful until the party neared Yellow Banks (now Owensboro). The boats were floating along peacefully between nine and ten o'clock one evening when someone noticed several Indian fires on the Indiana side of the river. William Rowan immediately had the two boats fastened together, assigned each of the seven men and two elder Rowan boys a post on one of the boats. He then instructed the men to have boats glide as silently as possible near the Kentucky side of the river. He ordered his party not to fire upon the Indians until they were within "powder burning distance." When the party was ready for an attack, a war whoop sounded and voices in broken English ordered the settlers ashore. Rowan had coached his party well and they obeyed his instructions by maintaining a complete silence. As canoes neared the two boats, Eliza Rowan rose from her seat and without uttering a word collected all the axes aboard and placed one beside each of the men, leaning the handle of the ax against the side of the man. She then touched each man to let him know of the presence of the ax. After completing her mission and acquiring an ax for herself, she sat down in silent composure. Fortunately, the rifles and axes were not needed and the party was able to reach Yellow Banks on the following day.4

The Rowans reached their destination on May 11, 1784, almost a month after their departure from Louisville. They proceeded immediately to establish a fort. While they were asleep on their second night at Fort Vienna, they were raided by Indians and lost all their horses. Horses were an indispensable part of the settlers' possessions, so the theft brought much undue hardship. They did manage to build some small cabins and fortify themselves somewhat with a stockade. Without horses it was impossible to grow corn or any other food and they were again forced to depend upon the available game for subsistence. Buffalo, deer, bear, elk, turkeys, geese and other game was plentiful, and the settlers were thus able to survive the winter. The lack of horses was an inconvenience which forced them to do most of their hunting near the river in order that the game could be brought home in canoes.

Bears proved very useful in February and March when it was discovered that those animals could be found in holes in large trees. Bears were plentiful, and because they were always very fat they made an excellent substitute for bacon. The fat from the bears also provided oil which substituted for butter and lard and served for all cooking purposes.

The Rowan family remained at Fort Vienna for six years. During this time they lived in harmony with the other settlers from Pennsylvania and had no problems over religion or property and suffered no deaths caused by disease. Although there were no deaths by disease, the settlers suffered each year between August and October with bouts of shaking and dumb agues.

John Rowan was attacked by rheumatic pains in all his joints soon after his family settled at Fort Vienna. Pain from the illness caused him to be almost helpless for nine months. Medicine was scarce and doctors were not available. After trying many remedies, the one which proved most successful in curing his illness was pulverized sulfur taken with honey; either the mixture or time banished his rheumatism and he was restored to good health. Other medicines used by the Rowan family included a weed called Indian physic, pills made from white walnut bark used as' laxatives, and a tea made from dogwood bark which served as a tonic.

William and Eliza were determined that their youngest son John should have the best education available. It is not known whether the parents were prompted by the fact that John was a delicate child or by his unusual promise. In any event, the Rowans moved to Bardstown in 1790

to send John to Salem Academy, a school run by Dr. James Priestly. At that time the Priestly school had the reputation as the best educational establishment in the West.

John Rowan, the youngest son and middle child of William and Eliza Rowan, was born near York, Pennsylvania, July 12, 1773. At Dr. Priestly's school he rapidly developed a liking for the classics and was particularly fond of Greek and Latin poets whom he enjoyed reading in their original languages. His ambition to learn as much as possible often forced him to do his studying by the light of a cedar torch.

The Rowan's decision to move to Bardstown was a wise one, for Bardstown possessed excellent educational facilities and good libraries. John Rowan took advantage of the libraries and with the combination of Dr. Priestly's teaching and the knowledge gained through reading, he was able to receive an education far beyond that which was normally available in Kentucky in the 1790's.

John Rowan had as classmates Felix Grundy, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, John Allen, John Pope, Archibald Cameron and others who would rise to distinction in various fields. In several cases the careers of his classmates would later parallel his own in law and politics.

Upon completing his studies in Bardstown, he was advised by friends to study law. Heeding the advice of his friends, he went to Lexington to study with George Nicholas, one of the leading lawyers in Kentucky at that time. Nicholas was a personal and professional friend of Thomas Jefferson and a man with impressive abilities and much knowledge of law. In due time Nicholas put his stamp of approval on Rowan and sent him forth "to succeed."

When the Rowans settled in Bardstown in 1790, they moved into a log house, owned by William Lytle, which was near town. The Lytles, like the Rowans, had been involved in the American revolution and had left Pennsylvania to settle in Kentucky. Through warrants and grants, Lytle had amassed large land holdings in Fayette and Nelson Counties. The Lytle family consisted of eight children, one of whom, Ann, was to become the wife of John Rowan.

It is not known when Ann Lytle and John Rowan met. They may have met before he went to Lexington to study with George Nicholas or they may have met while Rowan was reading law. In any event they were married at her father's home, Elm Grove, on October 29, 1794. Elm Grove was located near land which Lytle later sold Henry Clay for the Clay family home, Ashland. For a wedding present, the Lytles gave the young couple the land east of Bardstown which would eventually become the Federal Hill plantation.

After the wedding the young couple moved into the log house which had been occupied by the Rowans when they first arrived in Bardstown in 1790. The two story house was located east of the present home across what was then known as Rowan Creek. The young couple lived in the log house while plans were made and supplies gathered for building the new house. The log home burned around 1812 soon after they had moved into the first floor rear wing of the new home.

In 1795 or 1796 the Rowans began building Federal Hill which they named in honor of the Federal party. A house the size of Federal Hill required many years to complete because most of the materials had to be made by hand and money was not plentiful for a young attorney in a small Kentucky town. Lumber had to be cut and seasoned, building stones had to be selected and clay had to be formed and molded by hand into bricks which were fired in specially built kilns. Most of the supplies for building the home came from the plantation. However, the nails, glass and hardware had to be shipped from the east. The ell on the west side was finished first, around 1812, and the family immediately moved into that part of the house. The front part of the house which originally contained three stories was not completed until 1818. The finished house was an impressive Georgian colonial mansion planned to accommodate a large family.

In order to support a plantation the size of Federal Hill a large staff of workers was necessary. In order to provide the necessary help, the Rowans acquired many slaves who lived in cabins located at the rear and to the east of the house. In addition to the slave cabins, there were stables, workshops, and barns for the animals and implements necessary to support a large estate. Since it was necessary for Rowan to be away from the estate with his legal and political activities, he employed Peter Borders to oversee the slaves. Borders occupied a house near the main house.

By 1801, John Rowan had established a reputation as a rising Kentucky politician. He had already participated in state government by being a part of the constitutional convention of 1799 and had gathered a group of friends who were to become prominent in both state and national affairs.

In February 1801, an event occurred which almost ended Rowan's career. That event was a duel between him and Dr. James Chambers, a prominent young physician. The duel grew out of a quarrel between the two men on January 29 at Duncan McLean's Tavern which was located on what is now Stephen Foster Avenue. According to Rowan's explanation of the events of the evening, he went to the tavern to drink some beer and play some cards. About dusk he was joined by John Crozier, Doctor Chambers and one or two other men who had been drinking. They played some whist and drank more beer until they became very "heady." Chambers became tired of the whist game and invited Rowan to play "Vigutun", or twenty-one as it was then known, for money. In his intoxicated state Rowan failed to remember that he had long ago ceased playing any game for money and he readily agreed to play. The game had not progressed very far when a dispute arose between the two men as to which of the two was the best scholar of dead languages. The discussion became very bitter and developed into a fight. Accounts of the fight differ. Rowan declared that he had the best of the fight, but some observers noted that Rowan in his intoxicated state hit the chimney as often, or oftener than he struck the Doctor. As the fight concluded Chambers was heard to say, "You are a coward and it has been proved," and Rowan was heard to answer, "Whoever says so is a liar, a fool and a rascal."

Two days after the card game, Chambers challenged Rowan to a duel. Rowan accepted the challenge and George M. Bibb agreed to serve as his second. Bibb was later to become a United States Senator from Kentucky, judge of the court of appeals and Secretary of the Treasury under Tyler. Major John Bullock, a Revolutionary War soldier, served as Chambers' second. Efforts were made by Bullock to negotiate the difficulty but Bibb refused unless Chambers agreed to withdraw his challenge.

Early in the morning of February 3, all parties met about two miles from town. Rowan greeted his opponent with, "I hope I am on time." He was on time and Bullock proceeded to choose a pistol from the pair Rowan had brought. The two men assumed their positions and fired. Neither was hit by the first round of fire and Bullock again proposed a compromise and Bibb again refused. Both men were more deliberate in their second attempt. Chambers fired first but Rowan was more accurate. Rowan's bullet entered Chambers' body in the left side just below the breast. Rowan went to the wounded man, apologized for his action and offered to send his carriage to take Chambers to town. Chambers died the following day after requesting his friends not to prosecute Rowan.

News of the duel spread rapidly in Bardstown, and friends of Chambers prosecuted Rowan vigorously. A mob started toward Rowan's home to avenge the murder of Chambers. Rowan, learning of the approach of the mob, dressed one of the negroes in his hat and cloak, gave his horse to the man and sent him riding across the fields as he found a hiding place for himself in some cliffs near Federal Hill. The mob pursued the negro but the man was able to escape.

Rowan remained in hiding a few days, but he realized that the affair had to be settled, and returned to Federal Hill where he was arrested on a warrant signed by Jacob Yoder who accused him of murder. Felix Grundy, a good friend of Rowan's, who was Commonwealth's attorney at the time of Rowan's hearing, resigned his office to avoid prosecuting his friend.

An examining trial was held and many men testified that the duel had been conducted strictly according to the "code." When the trial ended, the jury found that the death resulted from a bullet which had entered and remained in the body of the deceased. The presiding justice announced that there was insufficient evidence to hold Rowan to the grand jury and he was released.

Many years later when he wrote his will, Rowan remembered the encounter with James Chambers as he wrote, "My duelling pistols (I leave) to my son John during his life and at his death to his Eldest son – They are never to be used by either but when their honor imperatively demands it and in that case I know they will be held steadily."

Rowan lost little time in recovering from the stigma resulting from the Chambers duel. Shortly after the duel, he moved his family to Frankfort in order to be where the state's political decisions were made. While in Frankfort he added to his real estate holdings by purchasing a lot on St. Clair Street from his colleague, Henry Clay.

While The Rowans were living in Frankfort, the voters of Bardstown elected John as their representative to Congress. During his service in Congress he left his wife, Ann, in charge of the Federal Hill estate. He sent her frequent, long letters detailing instructions for the care of the farm, taking an intense interest in the property at Bardstown even in his absence. He depended upon his wife whom he affectionately called Nancy to carry out his instructions.

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Times-News, Hartford, KY, 14 January 1993, p.8B:

Lineage Lines

By Harry D. Tinsley

Stephen Rowan of Fort Vienna by Winifred Simmerman

In writing this sketch of the life of Stephen Rowan, it is necessary to trace history back for a time in order to form a more comprehensive picture as outlined by the events which played their part in shaping his character for the position he occupied in early pioneer deeds of valor.

The parents of Stephen Rowan were William Rowan, of York county, Pennsylvania, and Elizabeth Cooper, his wife. William Rowan served his country in the war of the revolution as captain in York county militia in 1776, and as high sheriff of York county in the years 1777 and 1778.

It is not known what prompted Captain Rowan, together with his family, to emigrate from Pennsylvania to Kentucky. Could it have been the spirit of high adventure or eagerness to explore new territory? Surely it was not to "repair the ravages of his private fortune" as one historian has surmised. They departed from the comfortable certainty of official life in a populated eastern state to a wilderness which was later Kentucky, "a field of hazardous adventure, the scene of savage outrage, the theatre of ceaseless war, an arena drenched in blood and reeking with slaughter."

Down the Ohio river in the spring of 1781 came Captain Rowan and family, and in March 1783, settled at Louisville, then an insignificant village.

At this time the eldest son of Captain Rowan, John Rowan, was 10 or 11 years of age and Stephen Rowan, the second son, was two years younger.

In the spring of 1784, in company with five other families, Captain Rowan and family set out from Louisville in two flat bottomed boats, for the Long Falls on Green river.

At that time there were no settlements in Kentucky within a hundred miles of the Long Falls of Green river, afterward called Vienna.

Captain Rowan and family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, sons, John and Stephen, and possibly younger children.

In descending the Ohio and Green rivers the two boats were locked together, the families in one and the cattle belonging to them in another. The seven men in the party were distributed in the boats to the best advantage in case of an attack.

When the boats had travelled about 100 miles down the Ohio, at 10 o'clock one night the yelling of Indians was heard and after floating on a short distance, a number of camp fires were seen on the shore with Indians swarming around them. The boats were soon discovered by the Indians and the party was commanded to "come to".

Captain Rowan gave orders for silence unless the Indians should come within "powder burning distance" and the boats floated on. The Indians took to their canoes and with terrific yells approached within less than 100 yards of the party, when apparently daunted by the sight of seven armed men and women, they relinquished pursuit. In speaking of the incident afterward Elizabeth Cooper Rowan remarked "we made a providential escape, for which we ought to feel grateful."

Tradition has it that after some days of uneventful drifting on down Green river, Captain Rowan and party decided to tie the boats and go ashore in search of game.

Young Stephen was allowed to disembark and accompany the hunters but alas, at the time set for return to the boats, young Stephen had not appeared. The party waited some time in great anxiety, then thinking they heard signs of approaching Indians they took to the boats and cast off, deeming it safer to rush to the fort and return with hunters who were familiar with the country.

In the meantime, Stephen, who had wandered far afield, returned to the river to find the boats gone. Nothing daunted, he set out in pursuit of his family and friends, and though encountering some Indians who luckily happened to be of a friendly nature he finally arrived at the fort.

When the family were established at Vienna they, like the other settlers in that vicinity, were confined within the stockade.

The cows belonging to the families in the fort were daily turned into the woods to pasture and one night they did not return. The next morning cow bells could be heard some distance away. Young Stephen Rowan volunteered to discover their whereabouts, and on his fleet-footed horse and with his bright new rifle on his shoulder, set out for the location of the bells. Just as he was starting his father cautioned him to be on the alert as Indians might be about. Stephen hurried away and soon reached the vicinity of the cows. They were at the head of a very narrow ravine where the bluffs were so steep they could not be climbed, When he was nearing them, his horse became frightened and would not advance. A blow caused the animal to plunge and rear into the air, which threw young Rowan so high that he was enabled to see over a log behind which an Indian with a gun was concealed. He instantly whirled his horse and as he did so saw another Indian on the opposite side of the ravine as he passed.

A foolish man inside the fort refused to believe young Stephen when he hurriedly returned and reported Indians, and set out for himself to look for the cows; despite entreaty from the others to remain.

His body was afterward found where the Indians had scalped him unawares.

Later on the fort at Vienna was regularly beseiged by Indians. On one occasion a large party of warrior Indians used every wily art they knew to subdue the place. This continued for days, and things were growing serious when two gallant young men volunteered to brave their way through the Indians in an attempt at night to reach Fort Hartford some 25 or 30 miles distant. Should they have been caught they would without doubt suffered the fate of the man who went to search for the cows.

The name of one of the young men is unfortunately not preserved for acclaim but his companion, in the dash for aid, was Stephen Rowan. In response to their frantic appeal every man capable of bearing arms was soon on the way to Fort Vienna; however the Indians had fled, being frightened away before the rescue party arrived.

In the year 1797, we find Stephen Rowan married to Catherine Reed and settled in Ohio County, Kentucky, evidently still preferring rugged life of the early settlement days to that which attracted his brother, John Rowan, to Bardstown, Kentucky.

A devotional link existed between the brothers, Stephen and John, though separated by environment; old records and letters preserved by the descendants proved the tie between the brothers was held intact.

We quote from the following recorded in the court records in Hartford, Kentucky:

"We, the undersigned heirs at law to William Rowan, deceased, do hereby in consideration of love and affection to our brother, Stephen Rowan, assign to him our respective interests and claims to the within bond mentioned, authorizing him to receive a deed for the same. Witness our hands and seals this 28th day of April, 1801.

John Rowan
Elizabeth Rowan
Andrew Rowan
John Douglas

Captain William Rowan and Elizabeth, his wife, lie buried at "Federal Hill", at Bardstown. home of the son who made the spot famous. John Rowan and a sister lie adjoining the parents. Andrew Rowan is buried with his family at Shawneetown, Illinois, and Stephen and Catherine Rowan rest in a small cemetery in Ohio County, near the old trail from Hartford to "Vienna", the section of the country they loved.

Historical references: Collins' History of Kentucky; Ohio County In The Olden Days; court records Nelson County; Pennsylvania Colonial Records.

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<u>Times-News</u>, Hartford, KY, 18 December 1986, p.13A:

Lineage Lines

By Harry D. Tinsley

Rowan Genealogy

John Rowan, of Greenhear, Parish of Govan Lonark County N.B. Aryshire, Scotland, born 1543, died 1605, married Miss ---- Gibson.

John Rowan, son of above, born in 1565, died 1614, married in 1590 Agnos Shanks.

John Rowan, son of above, born 1605, died 1685, married Jane Anderson.

Rev. John Rowan, son of above, born in 1630, died 1717, married -----McPhediss. He went to Ireland in 1660, the year Charles II came back to the throne, on September 13, 1661 was inducted to the Rectory of Dunaghy Diocese (Episcopal) of Conor, Antrine County, Ireland, residing at the old stone Alias Church. The ancestors of the Rowans came from Moneshan, Ireland.

The children of Rev. Andrew Rowan were:

1. Capt. William Rowan.
2. Rev. John Rowan, of Ballynagappay, County Down, Ireland, born 1664, died 1728, leaving seven sons, Abraham, Steven, John, James, William, Andrew and Robert.
3. Andrew, born 1688, died April 1780. Andrew Rowan, third son of above Rev. Andrew Rowan, died in April, 1780, in Farm Township, York County, Pennsylvania, leaving a will dated March 8, 1770, executrix, wife, Agnes, mentions the following children: Andrew William Jean Susannah Agnes, Margaret Mary,

William Rowan, second son of above Andrew Rowan, born in Ireland in 1728, came to America with his father, died in Kentucky in 1795, married Sara Cooper in 1758. They had four children:

1. John Rowan, married Anne Lytle.
2. Stephen Rowan, married Katy Reed, January 27, 1797.
3. Nancy Rowan, married Moses Cook, December 18, 1788.
4. Andrew Rowan, married Sally Singleton, August 11, 1807.

Stephen Rowan, second son of above William Rowan, was the father of Dr. Alexander Rowan, of Ohio County, Kentucky, born 1798, died 1878, married America Simmons, date ----. They had the following children:

1. Mary (America), married Jeff Bell.
2. William A., married America Tanner.
3. Mizella, married Alfred G. Tanner.
4. Richard A., married Martha Holbrook.
5. Martha, married Oscar Holbrook.
6. Elvira, married Artemus Pirtle.
7. Lou, married Elijah C. Woodward.
8. Laura, unmarried.
9. John Butler, married Martha Bennett.

From the late J. Ney Rowan's collections.

The National Motto : "God, Home and Country": 1949-1989, 40th Anniversary, 1949-1989, Captain William Rowan Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, Livermore, KY

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROWAN (md) ELIZABETH COOPER
(For whom the Daughters of the American Revolution Chapter at Livermore, Kentucky is named)

Their children:

- Stephen Rowan (md.) Katherine Reid;

- Andrew Rowan (md.) Sarah Allen Singleton;
- John Rowan (who owned 'My Old Ky. Home at Bardstown, Ky.) (md.) Ann Lytle
- Alice Rowan (md.) Lorenzo Cooper and
- Elizabeth Rowan (md.) Judge William Kelly.

Children of Stephen (b.1776; d.1841) and Katherine Reid (b.1779; d.1832)

- Alexander;
- Stephen Randolph;
- William;
- Andrew and John Rowan who md. (1) Lydia Stevens (2) Sarah Bell.

Children of John Rowan (b.1807; d.1883) and Lydia Stevens (b.1829; d.1853) (md. 6-11-1835)

- Charlotte Ann (b.9-28-1836; d.10-24-1838)
- Stephen William (b.6-7-1838; d. 8-9-1910)
- Mary Catherine (b.12-1-1841; d.4-1916)
- John Andrew (b.4-4-1844; d.11-30-1876)
- Alexander (b.11-9-1846; d.7-27-1847)
- Alexander Cass (b.7-25-1848; d.1-1-1904)
- Augusta Lydia (b.7-22-1851; d.10-1851)
- Thomas Henry (b.5-26-1853; d.8-6-1853)

Children of John Rowan and Sarah Frances Bell (b.l1-11-1820; d.12-l9-1870) (md. 2nd 1857)

- Elizabeth Rowan (b.6-27-1857; d.8-15-1857)
- Minnie Bell Rowan (b.1-4-1858; d.2-10-1929)
- Thomas E. Rowan (b.10-1-1859; d.11-19--1885)
- Sarah Frances Rowan (b.4-20-1861; d.5-21-1941)

Minnie Bell Rowan (b. 1-4-1858; d.2-10-1929) (md.3-24-1886) to James Robert Moseley (b. 9-25-1859; d.11-1913). Their children:

- Bessie Moseley who md. Oren Coin.
- Rowan W. Moseley (d. 1922);
- Browder Moseley who (md.) Morea Turnage and
- Frances Moseley (b. 1-16-1897) who (md. 1-19-1926) Randall Boyd Hoover (b.6-19-1896; d.3-2-1964).

Children-of Frances Moseley and R. B. Hoover are:

- James Rowan Hoover (b.4-29-1931) (md.11-9--1951) Annetta Jarvis. Their children: Deborah (b.l-8-1954.); Jeffrey Rowan (b.9-29-1955)
- Bess Moseley Hoover (b.l-12-1927)(md.10-14-1950) James G. Owen. They have one daughter, Ann Stacy Owen (b.1-25-1956.

Sarah Frances Rowan (b.4-20-1861; d.5-21-1941) (md.6-24-1888) John Fo1ey (b.1860; d.1903) Their children:

- Timothy Rowan Foley (b.1893; d.1-30-1947)
- Marie Foley (b.1-24-1891) (rnd.1l-11-1915) Louis R. Charlet (b.2-28-1889)

Andrew Rowan (c1769-1853) Chronology

By Jerry Long

- Andrew Rowan, son of William Rowan & Elizabeth Cooper, born c1769 in Pennsylvania.

- Andrew Rowan immigrated to Kentucky with parents in 1782.

- Nelson County, VA 1786 & 1789-1790 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (not found in 1787-1788; in 1792 Nelson County, VA became Nelson County, KY)

- Jefferson County, KY 1789-1793, 1796, 1799-1802 & 1804-1807 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (not found in 1794-1795, 1803 & 1808-1810 Jefferson County, KY Tax Lists).

- Logan County, KY 1795 Tax list: Andrew Rowan (not found in the 1792-1794 & 1796-1797 Logan County KY Tax Lists)

- History of Henderson County, Kentucky, by Edmund L. Starling (Henderson, KY, 1887): Pages 49-50: "A commission from his excellency, the Governor, bearing date December 22, 1798, directed to Andrew Rowan, Esq., appointing him Sheriff of the county, was produced and read, whereupon the said Andrew Rowan took the oath prescribed by the Constitution, and with Daniel Ashby and Jacob Newman, his securities entered into, and acknowledged their bond in the penalty of one thousand dollars for the said Rowan's duly and faithfully performing the said office of Sheriff according to law." Page 106: "There seemed to be a religious determination to put a stop to profane swearing, and no matter who sinned, if detected, he was sure to be made a victim of the law. At this court, General Samuel Hopkins, Eneas McCallister and Andrew Rowan, the first Chief Justice of the court, under whose authority the grand jury was empanneled, the second Chief Magistrate of the County Court and the third High Sheriff of the county, were each indicted for profane swearing, and like old patriots, confessed the fact and paid their fines without a murmur" Page 107: "At the July term of Court,1810, the High Sheriff, Andrew Rowan, indulged too freely of a mild, spiritual intoxicant, called "bounce," and spoke a profane line or two, contrary to the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth, for which he was "bounced" upon by the grand jury and made to pay a good. round sum. The indictment accused him of being drunk, and nevertheless it was about time to celebrate the Fourth of July, which fact failed to serve as a vindication or exemption."

- Henderson County, KY 1799 Tax List, town of Henderson: Andrew Rowan (not found in the 1800-1804 Henderson County, KY Tax Lists).

- Ohio County, KY Deed Book A: Page 179 – On 28 April 1801 in consideration of love & affection for our brother, Stephen Rowan, the heirs of William Rowan, deceased (John

Rowan, Elizabeth Rowan, Andrew Rowan, & John Douglas) assign their claim to one-half of an entry for 2,000 acres on Rough Creek. Ohio County, KY Deed Book AA: Page 190 – On 25 August 1806 Stephen Rowan, John Rowan, John Douglas & wife Alice Douglas, William L. Kelly & wife Elizabeth Kelly convey to Andrew Rowan title to 1,100 acres in Nelson County on Pottinger's Creek opposite the site of Pottinger's Settlement for love & affection and the sum of $100 paid to John Douglas & wife, and the sum of $20 paid to Stephen Rowan, and the sum of 5 shillings paid to John Rowan & William L. Kelly. Page 274 – Daniel Barry on 22 June 1810 sold to Andrew Rowan 342 acres for $684.

- Nelson County, KY 1806 & 1808-1809 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (in 1809 owned 1100 acres on Pottinger's Creek in Nelson County, KY; not found in the 1792-1805, 1807 & 1810-1817 Nelson County, KY Tax Lists).

- In Nelson County, KY on 11 August 1807 Andrew Rowan married Mrs. Sarah (Allen) Singleton. The daughter of James Allen & Mary Kelsey, she was born during 1765-1775 and died 1828-1850; she married first on 27 June 1794 in Nelson County, KY to William Singleton, who died in 1802. Sarah Allen Singleton was a sister of Joe Allen, for over 40 years county clerk of Breckinridge County, KY and of John Allen, one of Kentucky's heroes who gave his life in the War of 1812 and for whom Allen County, KY was named in honor of. The Allen family sketch in the book, Historic Families of Kentucky, by Thomas Marshall Green (Cincinnati, OH: Robert Clarke & Co., 1889, p.276) states that "By Andrew Rowan, Sarah Allen had a daughter, Eliza Rowan, who married Mr. Harwood; and a son, Joseph Allen Rowan, who graduated at West Point, and died early and childless.

- Ohio County, KY 1810 Federal Census, p.449: Andrew Rowan – in household 1 male 10-16, 1 male 26-45, 1 female 0-10, 1 female 10-16, 1 female 26-45, & 8 slaves.

- Ohio County, KY 1811-1817, 1835 & 1837 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (during these years shown as owning 1100 acres on Pottinger's Creek in Nelson County KY & 342 acres on Rough Creek in Ohio County, KY; not found in the 1799-1810, 1819-1833, 1834, & 1836 Ohio County, KY Tax Lists).

- Breckinridge County, KY Deed Book D, p.120: Allen Singleton notarized that on 18 January 1817 he received from Andrew Rowan, a slave named Tom, who was left to him by the will of his deceased father, William Singleton.

- Breckinridge County, KY 1819-1828 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (in the 1828 list shown as owning 7 ¾ acres in town of Hardinsburg, 300 acres on Tules Creek in Breckinridge County, KY & 342 acres in Ohio County, KY; not found in the 1800-1809 & 1811-1817 Breckinridge County, KY Tax Lists).

- Breckinridge County, KY 1820 Federal Census, pp.229-230: Andrew Rowan – in household 1 male 0-10, 1 male over 45, 1 female 10-16, 1 female over 45 & 8 slaves. [note: Andrew Rowan & Sarah Allen had two children – Eliza C. Rowan, born 1808-1810, married William W. Harwood, 20 December 1832 in Breckinridge County, KY and Joseph

Allen Rowan, born 1810-1820, who died single, in Daviess County, KY his father, Andrew Rowan, was appointed administrator of his estate on 14 February 1848.]

- Breckinridge County, KY Order Book 3, p.289: Andrew Rowan was appointed to be the sheriff of Breckinridge County, KY on 18 March 1822. His brother-in-law, Joseph Allen, posted bond. Immediately upon assuming office, Andrew appointed his step-son Stanley Singleton as the Deputy Sheriff.

- Breckinridge County KY Order Book 3, p,354: Andrew Rowan, Esq., Sheriff of Breckinridge County on 20 January 1823 was authorized to collect the county revenue tax.

- Daviess County, KY 1833, 1835 & 1848 Tax Lists: Andrew Rowan (not found in 1829-1830, 1834, 1836-1848 & 1849-1845 Daviess County, KY Tax Lists).

- Daviess County, KY Administrator Bonds & Order Book E, p.83: Andrew Rowan was appointed administrator of the estate of Joseph A. Rowan, deceased, on 14 February 1848.

- Kentucky 1852-1861 Vital Statistics: Andrew Rowan died 10 April 1853 in Ohio County, age 84, son of William Rowan. Died of old age; age 84; resident of Ohio County; born Nelson County; widowed.

- The Daily Courier, Louisville, KY, Monday, 18 April 1853, p.3: "The Owensboro Gazette notices the death of Andrew Rowan, the only surviving brother of Judge John Rowan, who died in Ohio county, on the 5th inst."

- Courier-Journal, Louisville, KY, Tuesday, 19 April 1853, p3: "OBITUARY – Departed this life on Tuesday, April 5, 1853, In Ohio Ky., ANDREW ROWAN, only surviving brother of the late Judge John Rowan, of Kentucky, at the advanced age of 90 years. Thus hath passed away the last link that bound us to the "Dark and Bloody Ground." The subject of the above notice came to this section more than seventy years since, when the wildness of nature was spread around, and, having been nurtured among such scenes, it is not strange that he partook both mentally and physically of its grandeur. He was a man of herculean frame and mind, and, although not educated in schools, was highly gifted and one of nature's noblemen. In his early manhood he filled with honor to himself several very important offices. For a sketch of his life we must look to those better acquainted with his history. He has gone to the grave after having lived a score of years more than are allotted to man, regretted by a host of friends throughout the State."

- Some sources report that Andrew Rowan, his wife, Sarah Allen, and his parents, William & Elizabeth (Cooper) Rowan were buried in the Rowan Family cemetery at Federal Hill in Bardstown, KY. However, they have no gravestones there and I could find no definitive proof of their place of interment.

Rowan Family Cemetery, 501 East Stephen Foster Avenue,
Federal Hill, Old Kentucky Home State Park, Bardstown, KY.