SUSAN HART SHELBY

A MEMOIR

By

S. M. W.

Lexington, Kentucky

1923

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Aet. 20.

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Οὐκ ἀπέθανεν, ἀλλὰ καθεύδει.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY
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To M. S. W.

Praestantissima, pulcherrima, atque optima
omnium feminarum.

For who that feel this burden and this strain,
This wide vacuity of hope and heart,
Would bring their cherished well-beloved again;
To bleed with them and wince beneath the smart,
To have with stinted bliss such lavish bane,
To hold in lieu of all so poor a part?

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

Let us invent a new term for the taking leave of the body by the spirit. Let it be one to which no faintest touch of sadness clings. The mystery and the loveliness in death overshadow its sadness. * * * Until we know what death is, we do not know what life is; until we know what loss is, we do not know what love is.

ANNE MANNING ROBBINS.

Life is not gone
When it passes from us. It but passes on.
In this, as in all worlds, nothing is lost:
Least of all is that lost which we prize the most.
Uplift your heart; and look o'er-head!
For those you have lost be comforted.
Believe it with all your soul and will,—
They are able to love and be loved by you still.

CLIFFORD HARRISON.

Will you seek afar off? You surely come back at last,
In things best known to you, finding the best, or as good as the best,
In folks nearest to you finding the sweetest, strongest, lovingest;
Happiness, knowledge, not in another place, but this place—not for another hour, but this hour;
Man in the first you see or touch—always in friend, brother, nighest neighbor,—
Woman in mother, lover, wife.

WALT WHITMAN.

SUSAN HART SHELBY

"Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all."

Susan Hart Shelby, widow of the late Edmund Pendleton Shelby, who passed away at her residence on Walnut Street, in Lexington, Kentucky, on the morning of April 1, 1923, just as she was entering upon her 85th year, was born on the 15th day of March, 1839, in Madison County, Kentucky, at the country place of her grandfather Goodloe, located about four miles from Richmond, on the waters of Muddy Creek, a tributary of the Kentucky River. Within the family circle and among her most intimate friends, the subject of this sketch, in her girlhood and during her school days, was generally known as "Sue Hart," instead of by her full baptismal name of Susannah Goodloe Hart.

On or shortly after the marriage of her mother, Lucy Anne Goodloe, to her father, David Perry Hart, her grandfather, William Clinton Goodloe, gave to her mother a farm of about two hundred acres, adjacent to or, perhaps, constituting a part of the home farm of the Goodloes. The marriage of Lucy Anne Goodloe (born March 28, 1819) to David Perry Hart, a younger son of John Hart and his wife, Mary Irvine, took place in Madison County on the 7th day of June, 1838. Lucy (Goodloe) Hart survived the birth of her daughter,

Susan, a little less than four years, dying at the early age of twenty-four, on January 7, 1843. There was only one other child by this marriage, a daughter, Fannie, who died in infancy. This child was named for an aunt, Fannie Hart, who had intermarried with William Irvine and whose descendants live in Berkeley, California, and vicinity.

About a year after the death of his wife, Lucy (Goodloe) Hart, David Perry Hart gave up the Madison County farm, which constituted the major portion of his wife's dowry, and moved to Fayette to live. Here he made his home for a while with Mrs. Sophia (Hart) Curle, his widowed sister. He later married, as his second wife, his first cousin, Sarah Simpson Hart, a daughter of Cumberland Hart (who had been killed by the Indians), and his wife, formerly Fannie Hughes, of Madison County. Upon the happening of these two events—the second marriage and the removal from Madison to Fayette—David P. Hart insisted on restoring to his father-in-law, William Clinton Goodloe, the farm which his first wife had received on her marriage, but upon the express condition that it should be held in trust for the benefit of his daughter, Susan. This very honorable and provident arrangement insured the education of his daughter, but, as she once remarked to the writer, by the time she had finished school "her inheritance was pretty well used up."

Because of his betrothal to his first cousin, David P. Hart was disinherited by his father, who opposed and disapproved this second marriage. He accordingly re-

ceived no part of the father's estate by way of patrimony, but his mother, who was deeply attached to him, gave him several thousand dollars, with which he went into business.

William Clinton Goodloe and John Hart, grandparents of Susan Goodloe Hart, had thirteen children each, large families being the order of the day, and of these the former group included nine sons in all, the latter eight.

William Clinton Goodloe, who was born in Granville County, North Carolina, October 22, 1769, and who died October 26, 1856, was a farmer and one of the wealthiest and most influential men in Madison County. His wife was Susannah Woods, a daughter of Captain Archibald Woods, who fought in the Revolution, and who came from Albemarle County, Virginia, and was one of the earliest pioneers of that part of Kentucky which later became known as Madison County. Succeeding Daniel Boone and others of the primitive path-breakers of Kentucky, he became one of the trustees of the town of Boonesborough, under the amendatory Act of 1787, along with Thomas Kennedy, Robert Rodes, Green Clay, Aaron Lewis, William Irvine and others. Susannah (Woods) Goodloe, who was born June 13, 1778, and died October 2, 1851, was a woman of strong character and vigorous mentality. Her marriage to Wm. C. Goodloe took place February 23, 1796. Besides Lucy Anne Goodloe, and her twin brother, George, who lived to be grown but died without ever having married, other children of this union included eight sons and three daughters, namely, Robert, William

C., John, Archibald, Harry, Thomas, Octavius, David S., and Sallie, Mourning, and Elizabeth.

Judge William C. Goodloe, the second son (born in Madison County, October 7, 1805), served the judicial district, of which the Fayette Circuit Court constituted a part, for a period of seventeen years. He was the last of the appointive and the first of the elective judges in that district. Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, once said of Judge Goodloe that he was "the ablest *nisi prius* judge in America." His wife was Almira, a daughter of Governor William Owsley. Among their children were Captain Archibald Goodloe, of the United States Army, Owsley Goodloe, and the late Mrs. William L. Neal, mother of Mrs. Louis Bosworth, whose husband, Captain William L. Neal, was an officer in the Union Army during the Civil War. David S. Goodloe, younger brother of Judge William C. Goodloe, was the father of Colonel William Cassius Goodloe, whose mother was a sister of General Cassius M. Clay. Judge John D. Goodloe, the present County Judge of Madison County, is of this family, being a descendant of Octavius Goodloe, a brother, as above stated, of Judge William C. Goodloe and David S. Goodloe.

John Hart, the paternal grandfather of Susan Goodloe Hart, was born February 5, 1773, in Caswell County, North Carolina, and was a son of Captain Nathaniel Hart (born May 8, 1734), a native of Hanover County, Virginia. Susanna Rice, the mother of Captain Nathaniel Hart, was an aunt of "Father" David Rice, the pioneer "Apostle" of Presbyterianism in Kentucky.

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GRASSLAND.

Elizabeth Rice, wife of William Lacy, of Hanover and Chesterfield Counties, Virginia, was a sister of Susanna Rice Hart, and a lineal ancestor of Major Samuel M. Wilson, of Lexington. In association with his brothers, Colonel Thomas Hart (father-in-law of Henry Clay, Hon. James Brown, and Dr. Richard Pindell) and David Hart (the grandfather of Archibald Dixon), and several other enterprising gentlemen, including Judge Richard Henderson, of North Carolina, as legal adviser, Captain Nathaniel Hart formed the "Transylvania Company," which bought from the Cherokee Indians, at Watauga, in March, 1775, all that part of Kentucky which lies south of Kentucky River. The wife of Captain Nathaniel Hart was Sarah Simpson, of Fairfax County, Virginia, who was born February 24, 1744. This marriage was consummated in Virginia on December 25, 1760. Captain Nathaniel Hart arrived at Boonesborough in April, 1775, with the vanguard of the Transylvania party, and from this time on spent most of his time in Kentucky, although he did not attempt to bring his family out till the fall of 1779. It was in this year that Captain Hart built and settled his own fort at the White Oak Spring, situated about a mile above Boonesborough and in the same bottom of the river. The White Oak Spring Fort was occupied chiefly by families from York County, Pennsylvania. Like Boonesborough, it was frequently a target for Indian attack, and not long after Captain Hart's death was entirely depopulated.

Nathaniel Hart, Jr. (born September 30, 1770, at his father's country seat, the Red House, Caswell County,

North Carolina, the eldest surviving son of Captain Nathaniel Hart), whose handsome estate in Woodford County (now the property of Senator Camden), was known as Spring Hill, wrote to Governor James T. Morehead, in 1840, a long and interesting letter, from which the following extracts are taken:

"It is impossible at this day to make a just impression of the sufferings of the pioneers about the period spoken of. The White Oak Spring fort in 1782, with perhaps one hundred souls in it, was reduced in August to three fighting white men—and I can say with truth, that for two or three weeks, my mother's family never unclothed themselves to sleep, nor were all of them, within the time, at their meals together, nor was any household business attempted. Food was prepared and placed where those who chose could eat. It was the period when Bryant's Station was besieged, and for many days before and after that gloomy event, we were in constant expectation of being made prisoners. We made application to Col. Logan for a guard, and obtained one, but not until the danger was measurably over. It then consisted of two men only. Col. Logan did everything in his power, as County Lieutenant, to sustain the different forts—but it was not a very easy matter to order a married man from a fort, where his family was, to defend some other—when his own was in imminent danger.

"I went with my mother in January, 1783, to Logan's Station to prove my father's will. He had fallen in the preceding July. Twenty armed men were of the party. Twenty-three widows were in attendance upon the court, to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands who had been killed during the past year. My mother went to Col. Logan's, who received and treated her like a sister."

Captain Nathaniel Hart was killed by a small party of Indians in July, 1782, while he was riding between the fort at White Oak Spring and Boonesborough. Besides his widow, he left nine children surviving him. The widow, Sarah Simpson Hart, died in the end of March, 1785.

The Hart family, with its extensive and powerful connections, bears the same relation to the early social and official life of Kentucky that the Lee, Randolph, and Harrison families, for example, bear to the colonial life of Virginia, or that the Schuyler, Livingston, and Van Rennselaer families bear to the early history of New York; or, as a recent biographer has expressed it, in reference to Lucretia Hart, the wife of Henry Clay: "She was a Hart, and in that section (*i. e.,* Central Kentucky), a Hart had relatively much the position of the Vanderbilts in New York today." "A three-fold cord is not quickly broken," and not only by intermarriage with the Clays, the Browns, and the Shelbys, but by matrimonial alliances with other families no less prominent and influential, the position and prestige of the Harts was strongly intrenched at the very inception of the Commonwealth. Captain Nathaniel Gray Hart, a brother of Mrs. Clay, who had formerly commanded the "Lexington Light Infantry," forfeited his valorous life as a sacrifice to British perfidy and Indian savagery in the dread encounter at the River Raisin, in January, 1813; and for long years Archibald Dixon, of Kentucky, Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, and Jessie Benton Fremont, the gifted and ambitious daughter of Missouri's lion-like Senator, were

names to conjure with throughout the nation. It was Benton, with his far-ranging vision, who, a century ago, instinctively divined the course of empire and, with arm upraised and finger pointing *Westward,* dramatically declared: "There lies the way to India!" This truly Columbian conception was first enunciated by Benton as early as 1819. With clear apprehension of its truth, the poet-prophet, Walt Whitman, seized upon the sagacious utterance and used it as the *motif* of one of his most thrilling poems, "Passage to India," first published in 1870. The brilliant and lamented humanitarian and protagonist of social and civic betterment, Madeline McDowell Breckinridge, was endowed with a double portion of the masterly qualities which have been regnant in the Hart family. In truth, it is no exaggeration to say that the Hart blood is still a prepotent strain in not a few branches of the historic families of Kentucky and other States; and those who seek a biological basis for the ethical, intellectual, and spiritual phenomena in human life will find ample confirmation of their theory that "blood will tell" in the spacious and impressive history of the House of Hart. "Nature inborn," sang the poet Pindar, twenty-five centuries ago, "none shall prevail to hide."

A letter bearing date March 14, 1807, written by Thomas Hart Benton, from Franklin, Tennessee, to his great-uncle, Colonel Thomas Hart, "one of the earliest and most important citizens of Lexington," which is now in the possession of the Missouri Historical Society, and is here reproduced by the courtesy of that so-

ciety, is of interest not only because of its comparatively early date and because Benton's epistolary remains are none too abundant, but also because of the humorous though rather subtle allusion it contains to the hostility toward Britain which at that time agitated the minds of Kentuckians and made them keenly averse to the importation or use of English fabrics. Evidence of this resentful feeling may be seen in the contemporary speeches and writings of Henry Clay and other statesmen of the period. Colonel Thomas Hart was doubtless a zealous champion of the policy of non-importation and exclusive dependence on goods of domestic manufacture as advocated by his distinguished son-in-law, who once boasted in the Kentucky Legislature that his suit of home-spun jeans was every bit as good as the finest English broadcloth.

At the date of this letter, Benton was twenty-five years of age and it happens to have been written on his birthday. His marriage to Elizabeth McDowell, daughter of Colonel James McDowell and his wife, Sarah, daughter of Colonel William Preston, of Virginia, did not occur until March 20, 1821, after Benton had entered the United States Senate. James McDowell, his wife's brother, was Governor of Virginia from 1843 to 1846, an office he surrendered, strange to relate, to accept a seat in the Lower House of Congress, made vacant by the death of his brother in-law, William Taylor. The letter in question reads:

> **"Dear Sir—My brother, Mr. Jesse Benton, carries you this letter. You will find him an unformed lad, but made of good elements.**

"I wrote you some time ago by mail, and enclosed a copy of old Pastie's entry and survey. Have you received that letter? If not, let me know, and I will write again.

"I shall be glad to hear that you incur the expence of a new suit of clothes this April!

"Give my compliments to the ladies of your house, and receive for yourself the first offerings of my friendship.

THOMAS H. BENTON."

Archibald Dixon, the only son of Captain Wynn Dixon and his second wife, Rebecca Hart, was born in Caswell County, North Carolina, April 2, 1802. The second wife of Archibald Dixon was Susan Bullitt, a sister of Colonel Thomas W. Bullitt, of Louisville, and Hon. John C. Bullitt, of Philadelphia. Late in life Mrs. Dixon wrote and published "The True History of the Missouri Compromise and Its Repeal," in which transaction Archibald Dixon, while Senator from Kentucky, played a conspicuous part, and in this book she incorporated brief biographical data concerning her husband. The reference to his boyhood is all that the limits of space will admit here. "In 1805," says Mrs. Dixon, "they (the Dixons) removed to Kentucky, where they selected for their home one of the loveliest spots in all this lovely Kentucky of ours, about six miles out from the city of Henderson, or 'Red Banks,' as it was then called. And here, under the shadow of the primeval forest, listening to the songs of the wonderful birds pictured by Audubon, to the howl of the wolf and the scream of the wild cat by night, skating for miles over the frozen flats which then extended, covered with water during the winter from four to six

THOMAS HART SHELBY,
1789-1869.

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feet deep, as far as Sebree, and were supposed to have been once the bed of the Ohio; or wading up to his waist in the water in these same flats after wild ducks; hunting the deer and wild turkeys through the grand old woods, riding races with his young companions and joining in all their games, grew to manhood the lad who was to 'achieve for himself fame and fortune, by native force, honor, and pluck.'" Archibald Dixon's first wife was a daughter of Col. Joseph Cabell, of Henderson, and their eldest daughter, Rebecca, became the wife of Governor John Young Brown.

Of Henry Clay, the "Great Commoner,"[1] volumes would have to be requisitioned to recount the deathless deeds, but such volumes any library of respectable proportions may be relied on to supply. It is enough, in passing, to say of him what was once said of Lord Byron, that "his very dregs were better than the first sprightly runnings of other men;" and, as his old friend, Aris Throckmorton, used to declare: No matter where Henry Clay happened to be or what the character or complexion of the society he was in, he was "always *Captain.*" In the memorable oration delivered at Louisville, in 1867, by Judge William Fontaine Bullock at the unveiling of the Hart statue of Henry Clay, this same thought finds eloquent and ornate expression. "For nothing" (in the words of the eminent jurist), "was Mr. Clay more remarkable than his *personal bearing.* In all his intercourse with men, whether public or private, his presence was the assertion of his claim to pre-eminence. This was not arrogance or assumption; it was the natural exhibi-

tion of his real character. He did not invoke, but he commanded attention; he did not solicit, but he extorted recognition and respect; and this despotic claim was asserted without reference to station or influence or power. If he was haughty, he was at the same time conciliatory; if he was overbearing, he was also generous; if he was exacting, he was ever ready to make concessions."

It certainly argues something more than a mere casual coincidence that colossal figures such as Clay, Shelby, Brown, Benton, Dixon, McDowell, Fremont, and their compeers should have been thus intimately identified, by blood and marriage, with the Harts; and whatever else may be thought of this extraordinary collocation of "personalities and parts," it can hardly be explained as naught but "the accident of an accident."

Susanna Hart, a sister of John Hart, likewise born in Caswell County, North Carolina, on February 18, 1764, became the wife of Colonel Isaac Shelby (afterwards the first Governor of Kentucky), to whom she was married in the fort at Boonesborough, on the Kentucky River, on April 19, 1783. She died at Travelers' Rest, in Lincoln County, Ky., June 19, 1833. Hence Susan Goodloe Hart and her husband, Edmund Pendleton Shelby, were second cousins, through the Harts.

The wife of John Hart was Mary Irvine, born in Madison County, Ky., on March 4, 1784. She lived to be nearly eighty-six years of age and was active and alert to the very last. To this grandmother, Susan (Hart) Shelby was always deeply devoted and she never tired of extolling her virtues and singing her praise. Friends

of the family can never forget with what enthusiastic pride the picture of Mary (Irvine) Hart was invariably pointed out by Mrs. Shelby to visitors to the Shelby home. It is said that Mrs. Hart was riding horseback, wrapped in a heavy cloak, from her own farm to that of one of her sons and, in some manner, became entangled in her cloak or riding-habit and fell from her horse. The shock she sustained from the fall shortly thereafter terminated in her death. This happened on September 14, 1869, about eleven years after Susan G. Hart's marriage. Her husband, John Hart, had passed away many years before, on April 20, 1846. Mary Irvine was a daughter of Captain Christopher Irvine and his wife, Lydia Callaway, the latter being a daughter of Colonel Richard Callaway and his wife, Frances Walton. Colonel Callaway and Captain Irvine both lost their lives at the hands of hostile Indians.

John and Mary (Irvine) Hart, whose wedding occurred on October 26, 1802, had eight sons and five daughters, namely, Nathaniel, John, Christopher, Isaac, David Perry, Edwin, Thomas, and Irvine, and Sophia, Fannie, Lydia, Mary, and Sarah. Sophia Hart married Clayton Curle. John Hart settled his five sons who grew to manhood near him, giving to each (except David Perry, whose second marriage had displeased him) about five hundred acres of land.

David Perry Hart was born in Fayette County, on the 5th day of January, 1814, on the "old John Hart place," located on the Tate's Creek Pike, about six miles from Lexington. He died on his farm, near Germantown, in

Shelby County, Tennessee, May 15, 1886. As may be seen from the fine oil portrait preserved of him, he was an auburn-haired, good-looking, happy-tempered, attractive man, of a decidedly sociable disposition and with a great fondness for music. He himself played well on several musical instruments, and he was the life of every company in which he happened to be thrown.

While a very young girl, living with her parents in Lexington, Susan G. Hart, went to school to Jane Chambers, a one-armed school teacher, who conducted a school on High Street. Of her, the pupil once laughingly remarked: "She could slap harder with her one arm than other women could with two sound arms."

Then, a short time later, this bright and beautiful young girl was sent to Richmond, Ky., to be near her Goodloe grandparents, with whom she was always a prime favorite, and there lived for five years at "Elmwood," the home of her kinswoman, Mrs. Elizabeth (Jones) Goodloe, who married John Miller, a merchant of Richmond, who was afterwards a Union soldier and lost his life in the Civil War. He is said to have been short in stature "but military to a degree."

During this period of her residence in Richmond, Susan G. Hart attended the "Richmond High School," at the head of which, at that time, was the Rev. Ezekiel Forman, father of the Hon. T. T. Forman and grandfather of M. Don Forman, Esq., of Lexington. One of the teachers in this school was Miss Mary Franklin, who afterwards became the wife of Major Robert S. Bullock and was the mother of Judge Franklin Avery Bullock,

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EDMUND PENDLETON SHELBY,
1833-1917.

Dr. Thomas S. Bullock, and Mrs. Cary F. Moore. During their association as teacher and pupil in this school, Susan Hart and Mary Franklin became fast friends and this ardent reciprocal attachment lasted throughout life. One of Mrs. Shelby's daughters (now Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson), was named Mary Bullock Shelby in honor of her paternal grandmother, Mary Bullock Shelby (*b.* 4th March, 1800; *d.* 27th June, 1836), daughter of Hon. Edmund Bullock and second wife of Major Thomas Hart Shelby, to whom she was married March 1, 1821, and also as a compliment to her mother's life-long friend, Mrs. Robert S. Bullock.

From two Albums of Autographs, filled with sentiments in verse and prose, by devoted juvenile friends of her school days in Richmond, during the years 1854-56, the following selections have been made. These impromptu and unpretentious effusions are interesting, not so much for their intrinsic merit as for the evidence they afford of the fervent affection and glowing admiration entertained by many of her youthful contemporaries for the beautiful, attractive, and popular young school girl, "Sue Hart." As one, who had abundant opportunity to know her and every reason to love her, has declared, "She was a raving, tearing beauty, as smart as a whip, and a favorite with all."

"No sweeter maid e'er trod the moor,
No saint more fitly shrined."

One ardent admirer wrote:

"I can assure you that it is a source of the greatest gratification to me to have the pleasure of writing in your Album. One on whom I have ever looked as a friend, and one who has added as many charms to the social circle as there are grains of sand on old Ocean's shore, and one in whom all the qualities are combined that are requisite to render her an ornament to the brightest circle—I cannot but compare you, in the social circle, to the rising of the morning sun."

Another, in reminiscential mood, penned this:

"When looking back to days gone by, my thoughts invariably turn to those happy school days, when first I knew thee. It was my good fortune at that early period of my life to have made your acquaintance, of which I always have been and shall ever continue to be proud. Since I first knew you, it has been to admire and respect you; and never can I forget you and the many happy days that I have spent in your company; no, never, until I shall be called upon to give the final account of myself at the bar of the Great *I AM.*"

A fond cousin contributed these lines:

"We have been acquainted long—have spent our youth, the Spring-time of life, hand in hand, ever enjoying to the fullest extent friendship's most sacred blessings. According to the chronology of man, we have yet many days to number, some of which may meet us ladened with joys, some of which must meet us clouded by misfortune's thickest gloom. Autumn, the Fall of life, will soon steal upon us, bearing upon its zephyrs cares unavoidable. In preparing yourself for the duties, obligations, and responsibilities which may then devolve upon you, permit me to say you have attained much. Your efforts to acquire wisdom have been crowned with bountiful

success; you have made acquisitions to your stores of knowledge, the value of which is more priceless than earth's richest jewels. Continue then to cultivate the faculties with which your Maker has endowed you, for although it may increase your responsibilities, rest assured it will increase in a tenfold greater degree your satisfaction, your contentment, your enjoyment, your all. That your future days may be as calm as the bosom of a summer's lake, and that 'Old Age' may steal your shining locks with his most gentle touch, is the sincere wish of your affectionate cousin."

Another cousin inscribed the following:

"Farewell, Sue, my gentle cousin,
Ever be thy young heart free;
Happiness thy boon companion,
Aye burgeoning in festal glee."

The Age of the Album (distinctively Mid-Victorian) is long since past but, for that very reason, it may be that the airy, light-hearted sentimentalities and austere amenities, here assembled, will excite a gleam of interest and evoke a sympathetic smile at the youthful pastimes and phantasies of the long ago. Even Whittier deigned to dignify the album with his limpid verse, for once he wrote:

"Our lives are Albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true:
And, as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they meet the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears."

Among other lasting friendships formed during these girlhood days in Madison County may be mentioned those

with Mrs. Mary Clay, sister of Miss Laura Clay, of Lexington, who married Hon. Myron T. Herrick, the present Ambassador to France; Anne Russell; Irene and Sallie Miller, the last named later becoming Mrs. Herr, of Lexington; Mrs. Betty Miller Hinton, Mrs. Mary Miller Stephens, and Miss Lucy Miller, of Paris, Ky., all three daughters of Mrs. Shelby's aunt, Mrs. Betsy Miller, of Richmond; Mrs. Jennie Adams Hitchcock, of Irvine, Ky., an older sister of Mrs. Kate W. Milward, of Lexington, who married Dr. Hitchcock, a noted teacher; Mrs. Caro Simpson Mills, of Winchester; Mrs. Lizzie Irvine and her husband, William Irvine; Col. James B. Caperton; Caroline Goodloe (afterwards Mrs. Wm. L. Neal), and Mrs. Sallie Goodloe Smith, sister of Mrs. Neal; and Mrs. Sallie Ann (Clay) Goodloe, wife of David S. Goodloe, and mother of Col. Wm. Cassius Goodloe, Dr. David S. Goodloe, and General Green Clay Goodloe. Later intimate friendships included Mrs. Rebecca Tevis Hart, mother of Mrs. J. N. Camden, of Spring Hill, Woodford County, and Mrs. Sara G. Humphreys and Miss Sarah Hanson, of Lexington. A host of others, both among the living and the dead, might easily be enumerated, did space permit.

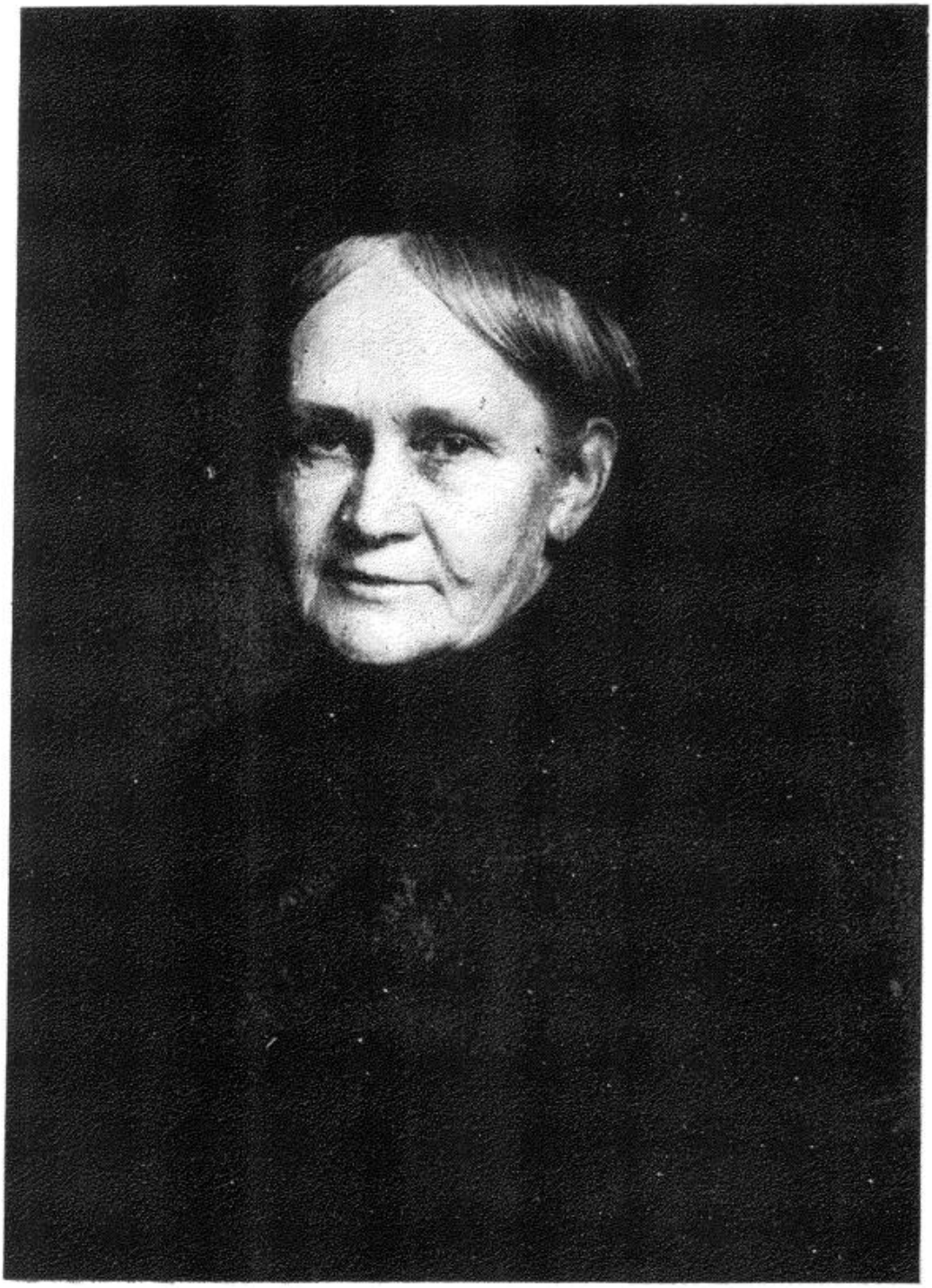
While Susan G. Hart was attending school in Richmond, her father, David P. Hart, moved from Lexington, Ky., where he had taken up his residence when his daughter, Susan, was about five years old, and where he had for some years been engaged in business, to near St. Joseph, Missouri. After Susan had finished her course in school, at Richmond, which was "as good an

education as the times afforded," she went out to Missouri to live with her father and step-mother. Speaking of this journey to what was then considered a remote section in the sparsely peopled West, Mrs. Shelby once said that she came from Richmond to Lexington by stage coach or in a private horse-drawn conveyance, rode from Lexington to Louisville on a passenger train of the old Lexington & Ohio Railroad, and traveled thence by boat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers all the way from Louisville to St. Joseph, Missouri, in the famous "Platte Purchase."

After a time, she came back to Kentucky on a visit to her relatives, whose number was "legion," and while here, was courted and became engaged to Edmund Pendleton Shelby, the handsome and accomplished youngest son of Major Thomas Hart Shelby, Master of "Grassland," and of Mary Fontaine Bullock, his second wife. Soon afterwards, she returned to Missouri, and was there married at her father's house, in Buchanan County, near DeKalb, and about eighteen or twenty miles southwest of St. Joseph, on Saturday, the 4th day of December, 1858, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Elder D. S. Burnett, of the Christian Church, performing the ceremony. Will T. Scott, an uncle of Dr. John W. Scott, of Lexington, officiated as "best man." Mr. Scott married Mary Y. Brown, a sister of Colonel John Mason Brown, and John M. Scott, a son of theirs, is a well-known lawyer of Louisville. The weather was so cold, it is said that the river packet boat was frozen in near Independence, Missouri, as the young bridal couple journeyed slowly homeward

to Kentucky. Life then was not devoid of either romance or adventure. Referring in after years to this important turning-point in her life, Mrs. Shelby was wont to say that she was never perfectly happy in Missouri but (to use her own words) was "crazy to come back to Kentucky." Indeed, this longing for her native land was but one of many evidences of that profound love of Kentucky and that overflowing pride in her people, which were always most pronounced traits of her strongly marked personality.

Susan Hart Shelby was a lingering survivor of that notable elder generation of Blue Grass Kentuckians, which is fast becoming extinct. She was one of the few remaining representatives of the Old South, who have known what it is to own and be served by slaves and what it is to be without slaves and to witness the growing scorn for domestic service by free labor no less than by the menials who were once in the thralls of legalized bondage. Those, indeed, were the days "when knighthood was in flower," and of that old *regime* it may at least be said that the one invariable and inviolable rule for the government of its social relations was *noblesse oblige*. It put the substance above the form, the essence above externals, the spirit above the letter, virility above volubility. It abhorred insincerity, artificiality, pedantry, selfishness, and knavery. The enduring tenet of its unaffected and unostentatious religious life was summed up in the marvelous exhortation of the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are



SUSAN HART SHELBY,
Aet. 68.

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just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Susan Hart Shelby was endowed with a warm and affectionate nature and returned freely and unreservedly the love and affection of her friends and of her numerous kindred and large family connection, who fairly worshiped her. These ties of blood and friendship she had a marked faculty for strengthening and retaining up to the very day of her death. Her brightness and quickness of perception and the vigor, originality, and elasticity of her intellect were the admiration of all who knew her, and her mind and heart were both as clear and pure as a star. She was pronounced and outspoken in both her likes and her dislikes. To her friends she was loyalty personified; from infancy she was much used to having her own way, her temper was of an imperious cast, and her antipathies, though few, when once formed, were ineradicable; and, upon occasion, she could express her aversions with a strength and emphasis that left nothing to be desired. But she was the soul of generosity and literally did not know the meaning of selfishness.

Her tastes were pre-eminently domestic, she was passionately fond of flowers, in the lore of which she was deeply versed, and was an untiring and highly successful gardener. Her extensive acquaintance with plant life and her discriminating taste are both amply attested by numerous scrap-books and note-books on horticulture, which she compiled. The daily task of watering the shrub-

bery and plant-beds at "Grassland" was a man's-size job, but to the perpetual dismay of the boys of the household, it usually fell to their lot to perform this irksome labor, with the aid of a horse and water-cart. Mrs. Shelby seemed never to tire of stooping, with trowel in hand, to loosen the earth about the roots of a backward plant, or to coax a delicate exotic into life. It was a not uncommon remark with those who looked on in silent wonder that she appeared to have a "steel-spring back." Sometimes she presented a comical appearance when she stuck on her head a man's broad-brimmed straw or low-crowned felt hat, and walked about the yard and garden. Yet such was the simple dignity of her bearing that nothing she did seemed uncouth or ridiculous. She liked that significant line of Lord Bacon's—"God Almighty first planted a garden," she derived solace from the fact that the Nazarene himself was once mistaken for a gardener, and she would have prized that verse of John Oxenham's on "God's Garden"—

"In every grass-blade's tiny tilted spear,
No two alike in all the mighty sphere;
—In every daisy jewelling the mead;
In every tiniest, humble, wayside weed;
No lowliest thing that germs, and springs, and grows,
But at His best the Master Craftsman shows."

It was a life not without its vexations, its trials, and its heart-wrenching bereavements. To ease the pain of sorrows, too sacred for more than bare allusion here, caused by the loss of dear ones, and to lighten the cares of her household, she turned for diversion, in later years,

to the study of genealogy, in which she became greatly interested and highly proficient, and, with the aim of collecting materials for a comprehensive family history, she did extensive research work and conducted a wide correspondence through a number of years. Not only did she have the gift of expression but she was an excellent correspondent, and her letters, particularly those addressed to her children at school, were lofty in tone, graceful in diction, admirable in spirit, and altogether models of their kind. She was never dull but uniformly bright, breezy, and original. She was deeply imbued with the modern spirit, was in full sympathy with the progressive mood of her time, took a keen and appreciative interest in the every-day happenings of the world, and was one of the earliest, as she was one of the most ardent, advocates of equal suffrage and of equal civil and political rights for women. Originally a member of the Walnut Hill Presbyterian Church, upon the removal of the family to town, during the winter seasons, to be nearer the schools needed by the growing children, commencing in 1876, she identified herself with the First Presbyterian Church of Lexington, and remained a member of this congregation until her death. Her faith was firm and unyielding but liberalized, clarified, expanded, and ennobled by the new and deeper knowledge which has come to this generation and tended to elevate and broaden the religious life of our time.

While in her last years her memory failed her perceptibly and painfully, her vivacity, her quick and piquant wit, her keen sense of humor, her agreeable con-

versation, cheery laugh and cordial manner never forsook her. One marked peculiarity clung to her to the end—she was never known to sit, even momentarily, in a rocking-chair. She eschewed "easy chairs" of every kind and always sat in a straight-back chair or on a divan or sofa by preference.

Until the year 1895, when, with the advent of the disastrous panic of that period and by a cruel turn of fortune, the ancestral estate of the Shelbys was wrested from the ancient tenure of its owners, there was rarely a day that visitors did not share the bounty of the hospitable abode of the master and mistress of "Grassland." It was the far-famed and oft-frequented rendezvous of a long roll of distinguished guests. Over this home and its happy and harmonious inmates, Susan Hart Shelby presided with a grace and dignity and charm seldom surpassed. House parties were the regular order of the day, and there was always "room for one more." All were warmly welcomed; all were made comfortable and happy; and few or none ever took their departure without a sharp pang of regret.

"The sea-sand none hath numbered;
And the joys that Theron hath given to others—
Who shall declare the tale thereof?"

In all their dealings with neighbors, friends, and kindred, the unwritten, unspoken, intuitive rule of conduct of this open-handed, big-hearted, lovable company of congenial spirits, which they themselves, nevertheless, would have been the very last to avow, corresponded per-

fectly to the divine maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

To this representative Kentucky family, a neighbor and friend, who knew them well, has recently paid this appreciative tribute:

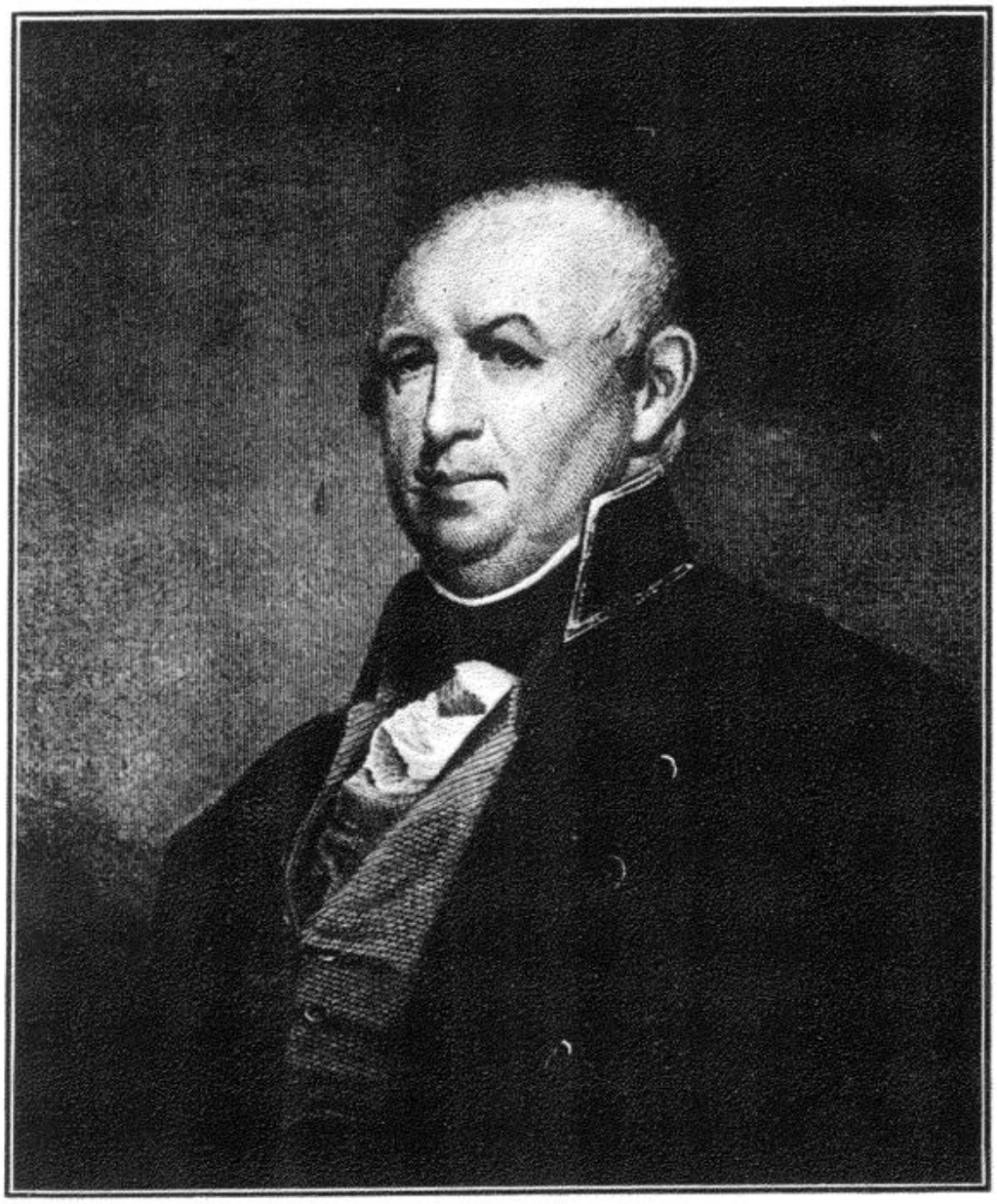
> "The Shelbys were an elegant country folk. The men were true gentlemen, and the women, true ladies. Their children were of the same character. The three brothers, 'Good Ike,' Tom and Edmund, as they were known to their neighbors and friends, looked actively after their farms, and mingled, without reserve, with their neighbors at the church, at the sales, the blacksmith shop, the country stores, the fairs, and the various places where country people were accustomed to assemble. They engaged in no controversies with any of their neighbors. If either of the three ever had a controversy in court, I never heard of it. They were a God-fearing and thoroughly Christian people. They were all Presbyterians except Isaac P. Shelby, who was a Baptist, and to the day of his death the clerk of the East Hickman Baptist Church. Before and after the war there were good schools at Walnut Hill and East Hickman which their children attended until they became of college age."

Major Thomas Hart Shelby, being a widower and living alone, at the time of his youngest son's marriage, it came about very naturally that Susan Hart Shelby should be installed at once as the undisputed mistress of the manse. In this capacity she succeeded her deceased sister-in-law, Mary Cosby Shelby, Major Shelby's second daughter, who was the first wife of Hon. George S. Shanklin, to whom she was married July 3, 1856, and who paid the debt of nature after a few short months of

married life. The eldest of the daughters, Elizabeth Fontaine Shelby (*b.* May 8, 1824; *d.* June 7, 1895), who became the wife of Judge William B. Kinkead, to whom she was married July 5, 1843, had for a number of years, both before and after her marriage, kept house for her widowed father, but when the Kinkeads moved to Covington, Ky., in 1850, the care of the establishment passed into the hands of Mary Cosby Shelby, as stated above.

Not because she was naturally inclined to be self-willed and used to having her own way, but because he dearly loved her, it was Major Shelby's pleasure to grant to Susan Hart Shelby her every wish, and for him and, by his inflexible behest, for all the other inmates of "Grassland," "Miss Susan's" will and word were the supreme law. And so it was that, during the remainder of her father-in-law's lifetime, she was a favorite with him as, indeed, she was with all of her "law-kin."

The system of slavery still prevailing and Major Shelby having a large number of negroes, the position as mistress and manager of this large household imposed no slight responsibility upon the shoulders of the young wife and mother; but she met every responsibility with assured ease, firmness, and confident courage. Like the ideal house-wife portrayed to King Lemuel by his mother, "Strength and dignity were her clothing, and she rejoiced at the time to come; she looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness; she opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue; her husband was known in the gates, when he sat among the elders of the land. Her



Isaac Shelby

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children rise up and call her blessed. Many daughters have done worthily, but thou excellest them all."

The picture of thrift, contentment and happiness found in this lovely home was not very unlike that drawn by Henry Clay, in his earliest speech on Protection to Home Industry, delivered in the Lower House of Congress on April 26, 1820. In the course of this speech, to illustrate the point that self-sufficiency in domestic production is a capital resource of inestimable value, and alluding to "Traveler's Rest," the historic homestead of Governor Shelby in Lincoln County, the great statesman said:

> "If you want to find an example of order, of freedom from debt, of economy, of expenditure falling below, rather than exceeding, income, you will go to the well-regulated family of a farmer. You will go to the house of such a man as Isaac Shelby. You will not find him haunting taverns, engaged in broils, prosecuting angry law-suits. You will behold every member of his family clad with the produce of their own hands, and usefully employed; the spinning-wheel and the loom in motion by day-break. With what pleasure will his wife carry you into her neat dairy, lead you into her store-house, and point you to the table-cloths, the sheets, the counterpanes, which lie on this shelf for one daughter, or on that for another, all prepared in advance by her provident care for the day of their respective marriages. * * * What the individual family of Isaac Shelby is, I wish to see the nation in the aggregate become."

But that Governor Shelby, with all of his industry and frugality, was neither miserly nor self-centered, but at all times a most affectionate and indulgent parent, is well illustrated by two old letters, which have been pre-

served, and which are thought suitable for insertion here. These letters were written from "Traveler's Rest" and were addressed to his daughter, Susan or Susanna Hart Shelby, while she was in Lexington visiting her great-uncle, Colonel Thomas Hart (who died June 23, 1808), and his wife, Susannah Gray Hart, and their family. The first of these letters evidences a spirit of paternal liberality and the second a vein of gentle playfulness that, in so rugged a character, are extremely captivating.

"March 30th, 1808.

"DEAR SUSAN—

I have nothing worth writing to you about, but, supposing that you will be glad even to hear of the welfare of the family, take the opportunity by James to acquaint you that we are all well just now. Your mother has been greatly afflicted all the winter with the rheumatic pains in one of her knees, which confined her to the room almost ever since you left home, but she is now perfectly recovered. We do not know what to say about your return home. You must write us when you want to come back, & horses shall be sent for you upon short notice.

If your money runs short, do not spare the Gold I gave you—and if even that is not sufficient for your purposes, let me know in time & I will send you a further supply,—or if you stand in need of any money at any time, apply to Mr. Hart to furnish you & it shall be returned to him as soon as you inform me thereof.

I send you seven dollars by James to purchase a comb for Nancy. She says you must get her the handsomest one you can for the money.

Your Mother had tho'ts of visiting her relations in Fayette this Spring, but I suppose it is all talk & that she will not be able to accomplish it before the fall. She is very much immersed in cares.

Farewell—be a good girl and write to us as often as you can.

Your affectionate parent,

ISAAC SHELBY."

The second letter, written five weeks later, is as follows:

"May 4th, 1808.

"DEAR SUSAN—

I have been prevented from sending for you, near a week past, by the excessive rains which have fallen for some time. I hope by now you are satisfied with your long (sojourn) abroad—indeed I fear you have been too long troublesome to the good family you are with.—Tomorrow or next day we shall expect you to shape your course homeward, and we will try to regale you the rest of the season in winding yarn and wheying cheese. This, I suppose, will at first be a great cross to your mind. But remember that life is a continual scene of pleasure & pain, & to act our part well, we must bear adversity with becoming resignation.

(My herd of deer) look very well & I flatter myself I shall have a few good ones any time in the Summer that Mrs. Hart may find it convenient to pay us a visit. No event will afford me more pleasure than to have an opportunity of treating her with several of the best venisons in my park.

Your affectionate parent,

ISAAC SHELBY."

This digression touching Governor Shelby naturally invites a more particular reference to that other Susan Hart Shelby, who was for so long the faithful partner and inseparable companion of his earthly pilgrimage. A friend who penned an obituary on her death, which occurred on June 19, 1833, used these well-chosen words of her:

"The character of the deceased and the deep veneration with which she was regarded by her family and a wide circle of friends, will excuse something more than a passing notice of an event which has filled them all with poignant and unaffected sorrow.

"Mrs. Shelby was a daughter of Capt. Nathaniel Hart, one of the associates of Henderson, who originally claimed Kentucky by purchase from the Cherokee Indians. She adventured, in early life, to Boonesborough, where her father fell a victim to the savage foe. She encountered the perils and privations known only to those who participated in them, which were incident to the early settlement of this State, and lived to see the wilderness then interspersed with a few rude fortifications, and a handful of hardy hunters, converted into the cultivated abode of three-fourths of a million of intelligent people. It is commendation enough that she was the cherished companion for nearly half a century of such a man as Isaac Shelby, whose life is so intimately associated with the history and glory of our common country. In all the qualities of general intelligence, domestic economy, and industrious management, she stood in the same relation to her female friends as did her venerated husband to the Patriots, Warriors, and Farmers of the day in which he lived."

It was as an heir of such a parentage and dowered with a prototype and a tradition such as this that Major Thomas Hart Shelby (born at "Traveler's Rest" May 27, 1789; died at "Grassland" February 14, 1869), came from Lincoln over into Fayette, in 1816, to occupy the moiety of a magnificent virgin domain of over three thousand acres, on the waters of East Hickman Creek, given him by his father, the Governor's first-born son, General James Shelby, having been the recipient of the

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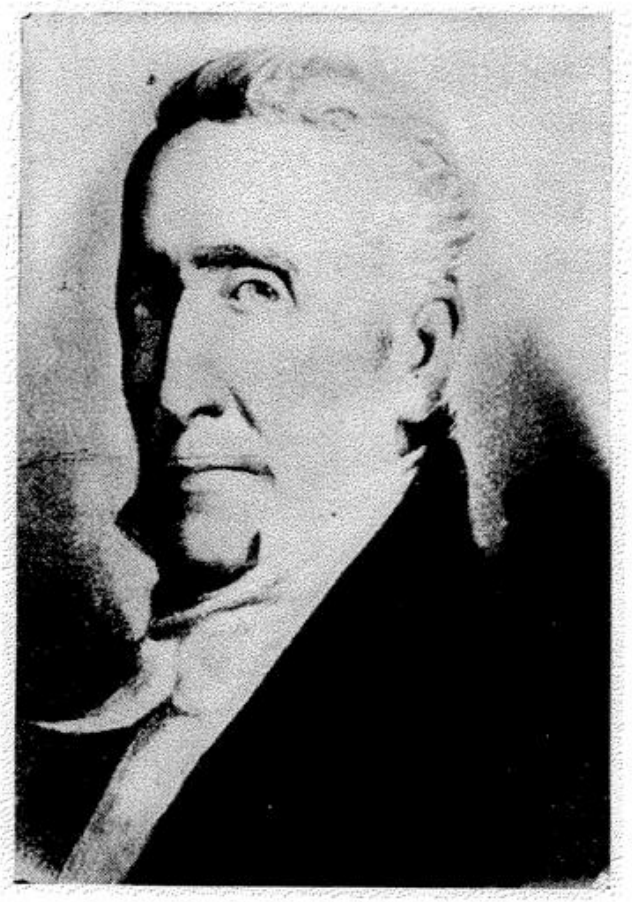

EDMUND BULLOCK.

other half, which he called "Richland." After spending the first few years in a temporary log house, Major Shelby, in 1823, erected the palatial brick mansion, which still stands, and there laid the foundations of his elegant, substantial, and prosperous home; and in due time, his son, Edmund, who succeeded to the handsome old home-place and a goodly share of the ancestral estate, sustained by the faithful, steadfast, and intelligent co-operation of his beautiful and brilliant young wife, Susan Hart Shelby, followed without faltering the beaten path of high thinking and honorable living marked out by his father and his grandfather before him.

To Judge George Blackburn Kinkead, who is a grandson of Major Shelby and was himself born at "Grassland" on February 10, 1849, and is now in his seventy-fifth year, the writer is indebted for the privilege of using the following extracts from the valuable and interesting Memoirs, as yet in manuscript, which Judge Kinkead, in his hours of leisure, has composed for the gratification of his family.

> "My grandfather, Thomas Hart Shelby, the fourth child of Governor Isaac Shelby, was an unusually handsome man. He was of amiable disposition, and though always dignified, was easy of approach, and beloved by all. Even the plainest people, such as tenants and laborers, have time and again said to me: 'He was the noblest man I ever saw.' Upwards of six feet in height, of what the term 'full habit' would describe, but by no means portly, with dark blue eyes and a healthy, rather florid, complexion; straight as an Indian; graceful in his movements, he was a beautiful dancer and a superb horseman. He bore and felt himself a gentle-

man and dressed the part, unlike the generality of farmers and even urban citizens. His invariable custom was to wear a broad-cloth coat and vest (wine-colored he called it), lavender trousers, and, in summer, either a white or buff vest, and a silk hat kept in perfect order. Indeed, I doubt if he ever owned a soft or undress hat; certainly I never saw him wear one.

"My grandfather owned a superabundance of slaves, that accumulated on the place by natural increase, and with the exception of old Polydore, whom he bought as a child from a slave-ship in Charleston, I never knew of his purchasing or selling a slave. All were comfortably housed, clothed, fed and cared for in a most humane manner. For many of his old slaves he entertained a most affectionate attachment. I remember his particular regard for old Tom, and this incident, which he related to me, is indicative of his relations. A white man of disreputable character lived in the neighborhood. He was a coarse, brutal fellow, who maintained himself by exchanging liquor with negroes for pelts, which they trapped, or for articles which they stole. In an altercation with a slave from an adjoining farm, he was murdered, and the suspect, upon being arrested, caused old Tom to be summoned to prove an alibi. My grandfather brought Tom into Lexington in his buggy on the day the case was assigned for trial, and the old negro was placed on the stand. He swore that the accused had spent the entire night of the murder with him in his cabin. My grandfather had previously established the character of Tom for truth, and testified that he commanded his entire confidence and respect. Knowing the negro as he did, however, something indefinable in his bearing on the witness stand disturbed him; and as they rode home that afternoon in profound silence, suddenly my grandfather spoke. 'Tom,' said he, 'I am in great distress; I have ever had implicit faith in you, and, although I am unable to say just why, the

thought disturbs me, and I fear you did not tell all or the exact facts as you delivered your testimony on the stand.' Tom remained silent for a long time, then turning said: 'Old Master, forgive me; I believe God will forgive me; I don't believe it was a sin to tell a little chunk of a lie to save a man's life.'

"Grandfather cultivated his lands in the usual crops, but the larger portion remained in grass, and on this he fattened several hundred head of cattle each year. New York was generally his market, and as there were no railroads, they were driven on foot, at easy stages, the entire way. Once, indeed, in the year 1846, he conceived the idea of an European market, and being vastly more progressive than most farmers of his day, actually sent his drove of several hundred on hoof, under the conduct of competent drovers, to New York, and then loading them on a sailing vessel, accompanied them to England, and sold them in that market. Plentifully supplied with money, the proceeds of this venture, he did not return until he had seen the sights of Europe to his satisfaction.

"At times he sold his cattle on the place to stock purchasers. These people would visit his home for several days, and after agreeing on the price per pound, would ride among the cattle daily, and familiarize themselves with them. The method of arriving at their weight was crude, as at that early period there were no cattle scales in the country. On the day appointed, the whole herd would be corralled, and the weight ascertained as follows: My grandfather would select what he thought to be the *largest* steer—and he was a marvelous judge, his services on such occasions being generally sought by his neighbors. This steer would be turned into a lot, and then the purchaser would select—judging, of course, by his eye alone—the very *smallest* in the herd, and it too would be turned into a separate lot. This process would be pursued until but one steer remained. This last one would be esteemed the aver-

age of the lot; and then a very dramatic incident ensued. Bang went the rifle, and the steer would fall from a shot directed at the curl in the forehead, just in front of the seat of the brain. Without delay, the animal would be dressed and quartered; every possible portion being preserved. The different portions of the animal would be weighed separately upon steelyards; the aggregate showed the weight of this particular steer, and he, by agreement, represented the general average of the herd, which, at the agreed price per pound, showed the value of the entire lot. On one occasion, such as I have described, John Webb, the overseer, who fired the shot, accidentally caused a deplorable tragedy. The steer moved his head just as he pulled the trigger; the ball struck a horn, and glancing, struck a favorite negro in the heart, who was standing to one side to keep the animal quiet, causing instant death. I did not see this but my grandfather and my uncles have often told the story in my presence.

"I have said my grandfather was progressive, and this is further evidenced by a letter in my possession, addressed to my mother, in which he says he had just examined and purchased a pair of 'cattle scales' in New York, and predicted that the day would come when the old method above described would be abandoned and that ultimately every head of stock would be sold by actual weight. This elicits an amused smile in this day. He was also the first in this county to introduce a threshing machine, as a substitute for treading out the grain with horses or the flail, which had been handed down from patriarchal times. I myself when a little tot have often ridden horses on the threshing floor, and have watched the beautiful and rhythmically graceful manipulation of the flail."

Upon the death of Major Shelby, a friend (possibly his brother-in-law, Judge William Fontaine Bullock) contributed this deserved tribute to his memory:

"Major Shelby was the third son of the late Governor Isaac Shelby, and was born at Traveler's Rest, the residence of his father, in Lincoln County, Ky., on the 27th of May, 1789. Coming to manhood, although well fitted to enter the learned professions, and to fill the more public stations in life, he chose rather to follow the pursuits of agriculture, a calling to which he brought unusual intelligence and good judgment, and in which he achieved remarkable success.

"He settled upon his lands near Lexington, in the fall of 1816, in the midst of what was then an unbroken forest, but now one of the finest and best improved estates to be found in all that favored region. The eye can hardly look upon a more pleasing prospect of field and woodland than that which stretches away on every side around his hospitable mansion. Major Shelby was twice married, once to a daughter of Major John McDowell, by whom he had two children, both of whom died in early life; and a second time to the only daughter of Major Edmund Bullock, who died at the age of 36 years, leaving a family of five small children, four of whom survive their father, and are now living upon his estate in Fayette County. He was always a domestic man, fond of home and devoted to his family. During the latter part of his life especially he seemed to live almost exclusively for his children, and to find the comfort of his declining years in their happiness and success. They were all settled around him, and he dwelt among them as a venerable patriarch, whose counsels they followed with affectionate reverence, and to whose wants, as the infirmities of age and failing health came on, they all ministered with filial tenderness and love.

"Concerning the manner of his life, it may be said with truth that Major Shelby was a man of the most exemplary character. His uprightness and hospitality were proverbial. His intercourse with men, whether business or social, was always marked

by a high regard for truth, as well as by unaffected kindness and good will. Few men have enjoyed in a higher degree the confidence and esteem of their neighbors. Few men have been more deserving. But the best remains to be told. Major Shelby died a Christian. God was merciful to him in his old age, and his last days were emphatically his best days. The hold of his heart upon Christ grew stronger to the last. He went down into the 'valley of the shadow of death' fearing no evil, for he felt that Jesus was with him. And so he died, in the confidence of a certain faith in Christ, and in the comfort of a 'good hope through grace' of life everlasting."

The last time the entire family was gathered together at "Grassland" was in 1889, just twenty years after the peaceful passing of Major Shelby, the grandsire of the younger generation. The picture of the house, which accompanies this sketch, was taken at about that time. Many delightful memories are associated with this ancient edifice and its vicinage. Running the length of its spacious cellar were the huge sycamore troughs, which were prepared and put into place when the foundations of the house were first built, and which were used for salting fresh meat. In this cellar, besides other copious supplies for the table, were regularly stored immense quantities of apples, the annual harvest from the fruitful orchards. From the depths of the cellar these juicy pippins would be brought forth on a winter's evening, to be eaten either raw or roasted, according to taste, and some one might then occasionally be minded to repeat Cowper's cheerful lines:

SUSAN HART SHELBY FISHBACK,
1791-1868.

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"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Back of the great hall, which extended almost the entire distance from the front to the rear of the house, was a narrow passageway or back hall which afforded a secure hiding-place for the unlimited assortment of guns and hunting equipment with which the junior members of the family outfitted and amused themselves. Each boy, as a matter of course, had a gun and a dog of his own, and every one of them, in time, became a crack shot. Memorable indeed was the day when Will, in his eighth year, killed his first fox, and scarcely less celebrated was the proud day when he brought down his first wild goose. The hunting and trapping of 'coons, civet-cats, minks, ground-hogs, skunks, and other "varmints" was a not uncommon sport. Fishing and swimming, to say nothing of the milder holiday exercise of gathering nuts or picking blackberries or the picnic excursions to Elk Lick Falls, likewise had their appointed innings with the sport-loving and frolicsome youngsters. In season, there was always an abundance of quail, and doves (since become so scarce) were "as plentiful as sparrows are now." Nobody then paid any attention to rabbits or squirrels or looked on them as "fair game." Except on rare occasions, squirrels, whether black, gray, or red, were granted immunity as ornaments or as pets, and hares, like foxes, were commonly classed and treated

as creatures of the chase. It was an everyday occurrence to bag a mess of quail and the dove "shoots" usually netted from 50 to 150 birds; and the "dove pickings" by moon- or lantern-light around the wood-pile and the delicious dove suppers that followed were events of the first magnitude.

There were no telephones, no automobiles, no airplanes, no interurban traction lines or motor buses, no parcel post or rural free delivery, no typewriters, no electric lights, no motion pictures, no victrolas, no syncopated jazz or terpsichorean novelties, no wireless telegraphy or broadcasting by radio in those halcyon days to enliven the daily round of this idyllic rural life or to sweeten the tones of its "pastoral symphony"; but mechanical inventions, howsoever wonderful or useful, and new-fangled amusements, however extravagant or sensational, were far from being essential to the wholesome gaiety and happiness of those who gathered around the bountiful board or slept beneath the sheltering roof of "Grassland" and called it home. Here tranquility and amity and contentment reigned with an absolute and unmingled sway. Here one might perennially witness both innocent mirth, solid comfort, and true *otium cum dignitate*. It was the unrivaled domicile of decorous independence.

Golf was unknown and bicycling as yet was an innovation, but there was croquet and tennis and archery and dancing a-plenty, and many a jolly joy-ride was had about the lanes and driveways and through the verdant woodland pastures on the two Indian ponies, "Gipsy" and

"Minnie," and on the easy-going saddle mare, "Bay Minnie," or her mate, the well-broken thoroughbred filly, "Lulu." The place could boast its war-time legends also. No one could, for the first time, visit the orchard without being reminded of the accidental killing of a Federal private soldier during the Civil War by one of his comrades, while his commanding officer and staff were being entertained at dinner inside the mansion, of his hasty and sombre burial, wrapped only in his army blanket, in a secluded corner of the orchard, and of the removal, years afterwards, of his remains to one of the National Cemeteries. The cavernous ice-house, filled to the brim in the winter-time from the frozen pond near by, which served the double purpose of ice-house and refrigerator for a daily deposit of great five-gallon cans of milk, was the standing wonder of the country-side, and to it, in case of sickness or a luckless ice famine, everybody in the neighborhood resorted freely to get ice. Another object of interest, even exceeding the ice-house in size, was the capacious smoke-house, and still another was the old threshing floor, granary, and hominy mill in the rear of the barn and corn-crib; and the vegetable and flower gardens, it goes without saying, were not only objects of ceaseless labor and attention but a source of constant diversion and delight.

Miss Lucy Miller, a spinster cousin, was one of a valued train of faithful and efficient tutors and governesses, who saw to the welfare of the young daughters of the house. John Webb, who by-and-by married and moved away, and his brother, William Webb, a bachelor,

were successively for forty years or more the trusted overseers of the live-stock and farming affairs, and lesser factotums who followed them, for short terms of service, included Collett, a hard-working and loyal retainer from the Tennessee mountains, a most useful companion on a camping trip, and Bethune, an industrious German, who helped to instal the incubator, apiary, and other modern labor-saving contrivances, with which Mrs. Shelby from time to time experimented. "Uncle" Spencer Seals, the coachman, "was the aristocrat among the negroes," and his wife, "Aunt" Susan Seals, his counterpart in the kitchen, Mort. Grievious, the dairyman and gardener, and his wife, Laura, who passed successively from nurse to cook and from cook to seamstress, and Pattie Lee, the sprightly and intelligent nurse and housemaid, to mention but a few, are some of the faithful servants, whose names are still gratefully cherished by every living member of the family. When "company" came or "the quality" gathered for a feast or a fête, it was "a sight for white folks to see," to behold this troop of beaming, biddable, ebony-hued domestics decked out in all their picturesque finery, and to receive the homage of their good-natured, carefree, but well-trained ministrations. Though "Miss Susan" ruled this group of servitors with a rod that occasionally had the weight and ring of iron, they one and all respected and obeyed her without murmuring, and were pleased and proud to be in her employ.

To some, not of this ilk, these random reminiscences may sound like petty trivialities and "beneath the dig-

nity of history," but these pages are intended primarily for those who have special reasons to care even for inconsequential details, and to her whom we essay to commemorate they recalled radiant images of the past most fondly and devoutly cherished.

Concerning his uncle, Edmund P. Shelby, Judge Kinkead, in the MS. Memoirs, previously alluded to, has left this record:

> "Uncle Eddie, who lived with my grandfather at 'Grassland,' but a couple of miles below 'Richland,' our home, was the best shot and the most graceful handler of a gun I ever saw. I hunted with him a great deal, and, following our dogs, I knew every foot of land between my home and the river. He was fifteen years my senior, but by this time I had developed into a tall and sturdy lad, and our tastes being so similar, we became intimate companions. I loved him above all my relatives, and this affection subsisted uninterrupted until the day of his death. Though he attended Centre College, in 1849-50, he was never what is called a 'finished scholar,' but nevertheless one who indulged himself in a lighter vein of literature, and he kept himself posted and abreast of the times upon all political subjects and current events. I have sometimes thought that the sweetest melodies my ear ever caught flowed from his delicate touch on the violin, and I am sure I never knew a more upright, a more courageous, and withal a gentler character. He gave me my first dog; I fired my first shot from his gun and with his assistance, and I did my first fishing with a pinhook of his construction, as we sat together on the bank of an affluent of Hickman Creek, at the root of the big sycamore tree, still standing and silently calling upon memory to review the happy days of early childhood.

"He left a tender impress upon all who knew him, and even the humblest laborer cherished a fond affection for him. I have heard old Bob Fitch, who as a youth worked on his farm, exclaim in rapture: 'He was the loveliest man I ever saw.' Then in a burst of enthusiasm, in his quaint mode of expression and his deep bass voice, he added: 'If I was door-keeper in Heaven, and Ed. Shelby should present himself, *unbaptized,* I would say, By God, walk right in.' "

Born at "Grassland" on July 26, 1833, Edmund P. Shelby, the last surviving grandson of Governor Shelby, departed this life in the city of Lexington on the 14th day of December, 1917, in the 85th year of his age. He was a high gentleman, cultured, gentle, hospitable, and brave—a lovely and most lovable character. His union with Susan Hart Shelby was blessed with seven sons and four daughters; and five sons, two daughters, five grandsons, and three great-grandsons still survive to perpetuate the family name and exemplify the sterling qualities everywhere associated with it.

Despite her ardent temperament and the great store of energy, with which she was by nature endowed, Mrs. Shelby, for a year or more prior to her death, had gradually been forced to yield to the inroads of advancing age. About two months before she passed away she underwent a severe attack of influenza which left her in a very weakened physical condition, and the day before she breathed her last, she sustained severe burns about the body from the accidental igniting of her clothing by an open-grate fire, near which she was standing. Though the blaze was quickly extinguished and everything pos-

GEORGE S. SHANKLIN,
1860-1916.

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sible done to relieve her, the shock from this distressing injury was too much for her enfeebled constitution and unhappily contributed to hasten the end.

Susan Hart Shelby was connected by blood and marriage with many of the oldest and most prominent families in Kentucky. She traced kinship with the Harts, Goodloes, Irvines, Woodses, Callaways, Claibornes, Waltons, Millers, Hansons, Minors, Bentons, Voorheises, Talbots, Taylors, Harrisons, Dallams, Dixons, Simpsons, and other well-known families of Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky; and her husband's lineage included in its collinears and affinities the Shelbys, Harts, Rices, Bullocks, Todds, Fontaines, Daviesses, Clays, McDowells, Kinkeads, Magoffins, Pindells, Coxes, Owsleys, Deadericks, Davenports, Pattons, Prestons, Hammonds, Bledsoes, Warrens, and others too numerous to mention, whose names are as familiar as household words throughout Kentucky and the Nation.

To her who, in the ripeness of a blessed and benignant old age, has thus been called hence to a higher sphere and with buoyant and jubilant zest has bravely fared forth "to where beyond these voices there is peace," one who was a girlhood contemporary, a class-mate at school, and a life-long friend, and who, with the true and tried affection of an own cousin, inscribed a sentiment of passionate devotion in that Album of Autographs of the long ago, has happily been spared to pay this further loving tribute:

> "I know of no life that was more filled with happiness and sorrow, the lights and shadows that come

to us all. She had such an intense nature, that she felt both in unusual degree. She was so loyal and true. I knew her from her youth up and never knew her to do an unworthy thing. She has entered into her well-earned rest and is being recompensed for her fine work here. I know of none who reared a finer family—all representative men and women. Dear Cousin Ed we *all* loved and appreciated. He truly was a most lovable, courtly gentleman. My recollections of 'Grassland,' beginning before the death of Major Shelby, the finest type of old Kentucky gentleman—his mantle falling on the worthy shoulders of your dear father—then you dear children coming on apace—all bespeak a most attractive home, so hospitable and fine."

"It is not far to Heaven, when Spring is near."

As gently and serenely as the breaking of the dawn of the cloudless Easter morning, upon which she passed away, Susan Hart Shelby took her leave of earth and her dauntless spirit winged its flight to the Paradise of the ineffably blessed. As the sands of life ran low, and deepening shadows for a moment veiled the things of sight and sense, it is not hard to frame the inaudible Farewell that, faint as a seraph's whisper, issued, we may fancy, from her tremulous lips:

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good Night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good Morning.'"

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

OF

EDMUND PENDLETON SHELBY AND SUSAN GOODLOE (HART) SHELBY.

I. Thomas Hart, *b.* 9th October 1859; unm.; resides in Lexington with his sister, Lucy G. Shelby.

II. William Kinkead, *b.* 7th January 1861; *d.* unmarried, 20th September 1900. Graduated from Princeton in the Class of 1883. After graduation taught school and studied law, attending lectures for a while at the Law School of the University of Virginia. Was admitted to practice by the Fayette Court of Common Pleas, January 16, 1889. Located for some years at Big Stone Gap, Virginia. Upon returning to Lexington was elected Principal of Johnson School and devoted himself exclusively to teaching until his death.

III. Lucy Goodloe, *b.* 16th September 1862; unm.; graduated from Sayre Institute in 1881; later took up teaching and taught for a number of years in the Lexington Public Schools; was for a short time an instructor in Latin in Sayre Institute; and during the greater part of its existence was the President and one of the leading promoters of the Industrial School of Lexington. At present, she resides in Lexington.

IV. Lily Fontaine, *b.* 2d August 1864; *d.* 29th December 1918; *m.* 19th October 1886, George Sea Shanklin, a graduate of the University of Virginia Law School, in the Class of 1886, and a prominent lawyer of Lexington, Ky. He was admitted to practice by the Fayette Court of Common Pleas on September 14, 1885, and by the Fayette Circuit Court on November 17, 1885. He was one of the principal organizers of the Fayette Home Telephone Company, of Lexington, and held the office of President of the corporation from its formation up to the time of his death. He was *b.* 14th August 1860, and *d.* 9th February 1916. Was a son of Hon. George S. Shanklin, Sr., a lawyer and prominent citizen of Nicholasville, Ky., who was Presidential Elector for the McClellan and Pendleton ticket, in 1864, and a member of Congress from Kentucky, 1865-67. He also frequently represented Jessamine County in the House of Representatives of Kentucky. His first wife was Mary Cosby Shelby (*b.* 1826; *d.* 1856), the second daughter of Major Thomas Hart Shelby and his second wife, Mary A. Bullock, to whom he was married July 3, 1856. His third wife (the mother of George S. Shanklin, Jr.) was Mary Price, a sister of General Samuel Woodson Price, the soldier and artist, and a granddaughter of Colonel Joseph Crockett, a veteran of the Revolution and for many years U. S. Marshal for Kentucky.

ISSUE.

1. Shelby Shanklin, *b.* 6th June 1888; *m.* 26th September 1914, Eleanor De Remer, of Schenectady, New York, *b.* 1st March 1890. They now reside at Clearwater, Florida. He graduated from the University of Kentucky, Department of Mechanical and Electrical En-

gineering, in 1910, and was for some time in the employ of the General Electric Company.

ISSUE.

1'. John De Remer Shanklin, *b.* 27th November 1916.

2'. Shelby Shanklin, Jr., *b.* 31st December 1920.

2. George Sea Shanklin, III, *b.* 14th April 1891; *m.* 3d March 1914, Adeline Jones. She was *b.* 1st October 1890; daughter of Milton Jones (*d.* 1897), and Louise (Turner) Jones, of Harlan, Ky. They reside in Kansas City, Missouri, where he is a member of the Frank Purcell Walnut Lumber Company.

ISSUE.

1 George Sea Shanklin, IV, *b.* 17th August 1919.

3. Arthur Price Shanklin, *b.* 4th November 1898. He graduated from the University of Kentucky, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering Department, in the Class of 1922. He is now located at Newark, New Jersey, in the employ of the Carrier Engineering Company.

V. Edmund Pendleton, *b.* 25th November 1866; *m.* 31st August 1917, Gertrude (Singleton) Mathews, a distant cousin, who is a writer of distinction and the author of a number of books. Mrs. Shelby was born 13th April 1881, at Momence, Illinois, and is a daughter of William Frank and Gertrude (Magoffin) Singleton, and is a granddaughter of Governor Beriah Magoffin and a great-great-granddaughter of Governor Isaac Shelby. During 1917-18, she was editor of "The News Letter," the official organ of the Woman's Committee of the Coun-

cil of National Defense. Her latest book is "How to Face Peace," 1919.

Dr. Shelby graduated, A. B., from Kentucky University (now Transylvania College) in 1887, and received from the same institution, in 1902, the A. M. degree. He studied medicine at the University of Virginia in 1889-90 and later at New York University, from which latter institution he graduated, with the M. D. degree, in 1891. He was formerly Curator to New York City Hospital, and for some years Chief of the Department of Pharmacology in Cornell University. He is now Professor of Chemical Medicine in New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and Attending Physician to the New York City Hospital. Besides membership in numerous other medical societies and social clubs, Dr. Shelby is a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the American Congress of Internal Medicine, member of the American Medical Association, and a Fellow of the American College of Physicians. With his wife he resides in New York City, where he is in the active practice of his profession.

VI. David Hart, *b.* 3d April 1869; *m.* 9th January, 1913, Lulu McGowan of Sturgis, Michigan. David Hart Shelby attended Kentucky University (now Transylvania College) for two years but left before graduation in order to assume the management of the "Grassland" farm, of which he had charge for three or four years. Later, in association with Thomas U. Dudley, son of Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, he carried on a coal operation at Jackson, Ky., under the firm name of Dudley & Shelby. He now resides in Kansas City, Missouri, and is a member of the Frank Purcell Walnut Lumber Company.

VII. Isaac Prather, *b.* 26th March 1871; *m.* 5th January 1900, Augusta Taggart, daughter of Colonel Moses W. Taggart, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. She died at Little Rock, Arkansas, 7th February 1920. Col. Taggart (*b.* at Millport, Alabama, 27th November 1843; *d.* 31st March 1922) was a Confederate veteran, having enlisted in Company H, 11th Alabama Infantry. He served in the war through the Battle of Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded and lost his left hand. For many years after the close of the Civil War, he was a prominent cotton broker of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and was for years President of the St. Louis Cotton Compress Company.

Isaac Prather Shelby attended Kentucky University (now Transylvania College) for two or three years but later entered the Engineering School of the State College (now the University of Kentucky), from which institution he graduated in 1892. He has been engaged in civil engineering and construction work in the State of Arkansas for the past twenty years and resides in Little Rock in that State. He served in the World War, having been commissioned a Major in the Quartermaster's Corps, U. S. A., on June 6, 1918. His duties were with the Construction Division, and he was stationed at Camp Pike, Ark., and later at Camp Dodge, Iowa. He was honorably discharged March 14, 1919.

ISSUE.

1. William Taggart Shelby, *b.* 28th January 1902.
2. Susan Macon Shelby, *b.* 14th January, 1908; *d.* 22d April 1908.
3. Edmund Pendleton Shelby, III, *b.* 22d March 1915.

VIII. Evan, *b.* 13th December 1872. Graduated from Kentucky University (now Transylvania College) in 1893, with A. B. degree. Studied law for a year in the office of his brother-in-law, George S. Shanklin. Located in New York City in 1894, and entered the Law Department of Columbia University, from which he graduated with the B. L. degree in 1896. Has been in the active practice of his profession in New York ever since, with the exception of time spent in the military service. Immediately upon the declaration of war against Germany, in April, 1917, he tendered his services to the Government and was commissioned a Major in the Quartermaster's Corps and assigned to the legal section of the Construction Division, which had charge of the erection of the cantonments and training camps and the housing problems of the War Department. His efficiency was such that he was speedily promoted, first to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and later to the rank of Colonel. At the urgent request of his superiors, he continued in the service for about a year after the signing of the Armistice of November 11, 1918, and after being honorably discharged was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. On April 3, 1920, he was appointed by the United States Railroad Commission as Regional Counsel for the Eastern Region, comprising some seventy-five different lines of railroad within the jurisdiction of the Administration, for the purpose of adjusting unsettled claims of private litigants against the Government and of the railroads themselves against the United States, arising during the period of Federal control of the transportation systems of the country. He still holds this important and responsible position, besides giving attention to a large general practice. He is a member of the Kentucky

Society of New York, and has served a number of terms as its President.

IX. Susan Hart, *b.* 30th April 1875; *d.* 21st April 1876.

X. Mary Bullock, *b.* 25th December 1876; *m.* 26th October 1899, Samuel Mackay Wilson, *b.* 15th October 1871, a son of Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., and of his second wife, Mary C. Bell, daughter of James Franklin Bell, of Fayette and Scott Counties, Ky., who was the paternal grandfather of Major-General James Franklin Bell, of the United States Army.

Mrs. Wilson is a graduate of Sayre Institute, of Lexington, Class of 1894, and was a student at Dana Hall and Wellesley College, Massachusetts, from 1894 to 1896. In addition to her connection with many other local activities, Mrs. Wilson was Editor-in-Chief of the "D. A. R. Souvenir," an elaborate historical pamphlet issued by the Lexington Chapters of the D. A. R. as a memento of the Twelfth Annual State Conference held in Lexington on October 22-23, 1908; and, on April 18, 1911, in Washington, D. C., delivered the presentation address at the unveiling and dedication of a marble bust of her great-grandfather, Governor Isaac Shelby, the gift of Kentucky to the Memorial Continental Hall of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution. During the World War she was Chairman for Fayette County of the Registration of Women for War Work, a branch of the work of the Council of National Defense, and carried out the registration of over 10,000 women; in the United War Work campaign, in which seven local organizations united, she represented the Y. W. C. A. of Lexington, and she was con-

stantly at work for the Red Cross throughout the war. In 1916, she was President of the Woman's Woodrow Wilson Democratic Club of Fayette County, the largest in the State; in 1920, she became the first President of the Fayette County Woman's Democratic Club, an office she held continuously until 1923; she officiated as the first State Chairman of the Women's Department of the Democratic State Campaign Committee of Kentucky, in the Presidential campaign of 1920, and on March 9, 1921, she was appointed a member of the Democratic State Executive Committee as the woman representative thereon for the Seventh Congressional District of Kentucky; and is recognized as a potent leader in the new political life of the women of her native State. In 1921, she was Chairman of the Woman's Division of the first Lexington Welfare League drive, when $110,000.00 was raised by popular subscription for the "community chest." In 1921-22 she was State Vice-Chairman for Kentucky of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, and was a member of the Welcoming Committee to greet Lord Robert Cecil, on the occasion of his visit to Louisville, April 17, 1923, in the interest of the League of Nations.

Samuel M. Wilson was educated at Centre College, Danville, Ky., 1886-91, and at Williams College, Massachusetts, 1892-93. He studied law in the Law Department of Centre College, 1894-95, and has been practicing law in Lexington since June, 1895. Has done considerable historical writing and belongs to a number of historical and patriotic societies. Is a Trustee of the Lexington Public Library; an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Lexington; a member of the Perry Memorial Commission; and is President of the Kentucky Society of

Sons of the Revolution, the Year Book of which he compiled and published in 1913. He attended the Military Training Camps, at Plattsburgh, New York, in August-September, 1916, and in May-August, 1917, and, in October, 1917, was commissioned a Major in the Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. A., Judge Advocate General's Department, and assigned as Assistant Judge Advocate of the 77th Division, National Army, then stationed at Camp Upton, New York. He served in France with this Division from April 13, 1918, until its return to the United States, a year later, and upon the demobilization of the Division, he was honorably discharged at Camp Upton, on May 12, 1919. From June 14, 1918, until his discharge, he was Judge Advocate of the 77th Division, and on April 7, 1919, while still with the A. E. F. in France, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He still retains a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the United States Army.

XI. Arthur, *b.* 9th April 1881; *d.* 23d July 1898. The premature demise of this lovely boy blighted a life that seemed full of the richest promise, and caused poignant sorrow to all who knew and loved him.

APPENDIX B.

THE PURITANS AND PRACTICAL LIBERTY.

Maclean Prize Oration, Princeton College, 1882.

By William Kinkead Shelby, '83.

At the rise of Puritanism in England the destinies of all Europe were approaching a crisis. Some measure of freedom had indeed been achieved for the consciences and the minds of men. But despotism in the state was lifting a mighty arm to throttle the spirit of moral and intellectual liberty; for frail as yet was the offspring of that great labor, the Reformation. The fate of society for all future time was involved in the struggle which England had the glory to begin, which caught inspiration from the cry of Wycliffe and Hooker and Hampden, which received its most powerful support from the mighty pen of Milton.

But why was it in England that monarchy should receive the first blow? Germany and Switzerland had taken the lead in emancipating the human mind; Puritanism in England differed little in creed from Protestantism on the continent; wherein lay the power which gave it to England to overturn tyranny, to consummate the Reformation, and to become the parent of constitutional liberty throughout the world?

Will you explain the fact by saying that the British nation was younger, more vigorous than the rest of Europe, and thus more capable of shaking off oppression? Will you answer me that the brilliant thinkers of the time had peculiarly enlightened the minds of Englishmen upon the everlasting rights of communities? Does the galling oppression of a tyrannous line of kings account for the grandest movement in behalf of practical liberty the world had ever seen? No; the key-note has not yet been struck. You have not yet supplied the woof for these theories.

There was a deep moral power which permeated and made effective all other causes—a power which emanated from the hearts of the Puritans, from the fundamental principles of their character. In them alone was found the spirit which no vicissitudes of fortune could turn from its course; the spirit which contained energy sufficient to carry it through revolution and anarchy; the spirit in which was vitality sufficient to sustain life until the winter of trial was over, and spring should develop it in its glory.

You all know the Puritan character. Its marks are on the surface: "he who runs may read them." You will not call them bigots; because their creed was taken directly from the word of the Most High. You will not say they were fanatics; because the ends for which they struggled were not imaginary, but real and practical. You will not pronounce them disloyal; because they were bound to truth and their God by a tie which was not to be broken for the sake of any other allegiance. If their

minds were narrow, charge it to the intellectual darkness, the shadows of which had not yet been dispelled. If they were intolerant and cold, the blame should be laid upon that cruel church whose evils were still in them by inheritance.

The faults they had find many excuses; their virtues deserve the highest praise. How shall we cease to venerate their fidelity to conscience! Elizabeth's preference for ritual could not beguile it. It could not be trenched upon by her "Ecclesiastical Court." It held out against the oppressions of Laud, and preferred hardship, poverty, exile, to submission. How shall we cease to admire their sublime fortitude! Charles could not break it down by threats, nor by persecution. It stood grandly, immovably firm, before the terrific charge of Rupert, at Marston Moor and on Naseby Field. And when, at Naseby, there went up from the invincible ranks of the Puritans the shout of victory, Charles Stuart fled in terror from the field, and the knees of every despot in Europe were loosed with dread.

Not for one generation only, not for one land was that day's battle fought. The blessings there won by Cromwell and his "Ironsides" are enjoyed by every civilized country in the world today. Yet when England, sick of confusion, turned once more, for a short time, to monarchy, a licentious court and a scurrilous press laughed at the eccentricities of the Puritans, and pronounced their principles a failure. "But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt." I point you to England, delivered from

tyranny; to her affairs, directed with superior wisdom during the darkest portion of her history; to the great measure of political and religious liberty secured to her citizens, and enjoyed by them in increasing fulness to-day. I point you to her proud literature, influenced and leavened by the genius of Bunyan and of Milton, crowned with "Paradise Lost," its brightest jewel, and I ask you whether Puritanism did fail in the land of its birth? Or, if the qualities of the immense trunk are too broad to be estimated with certainty, let us examine the qualities and the fruit of a branch.

At the darkest hour of its history the spirit of Puritanism turned from its native shores, and, looking aloft for guidance, sought a spot where it might work out its destiny. Fifty millions of us now turn our thoughts to Plymouth Rock, and salute with filial affection that heaven-directed little band. Our hearts are filled with gratitude when we reap in security and at peace the plenteous harvest of blessings which has sprung from the seed of their sowing. Puritan piety and perseverance colonized our land. Puritan valor asserted and made good our independence. Puritan conservatism warded off disruption and ruin, while Puritan humanity wiped from our national escutcheon the foul curse of slavery. The strongest, surest stones in the structure of our nation were taken from that quarry at Plymouth. The most cherished of our institutions owe their prosperity, in a great degree, to the vigor infused into them by Puritanism. That spirit has followed us all the days of our national life, giving us prudence in youth, dignity

and strength in manhood, restraining from evil ways, inspiring with love for justice and for perfect freedom. It has delivered the Church from all obligation to the State. It has made the priest a pastor, and religion a "reasonable service."

Such is Puritanism in America. If its success be doubtful in the Old World, its triumph is assured in the New. England's overreaching colonial policy may be a disgrace to the spirit of Cromwell's prudent reign. The cruel wrongs of Ireland may be a dishonor to the memory of Hampden, the patriot and the philanthropist. But there *is* a land where Puritan honesty and Puritan justice have prevailed—where the glad song of an emancipated race answers back the cry of Ireland's oppressed. And upon the bosom of every ocean I see the hopeful faces of those whose prows are turned hitherward: for America is the Ararat towards which the shattered and storm-tossed barks of all nations are drifting slowly home!

Note.—The above oration was published as one of a number of "Selected Specimens of College Oratory," in *The Speaker*, by Raymond and Miller, in "The Princeton Series of Expression," Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, 1893.

APPENDIX C.

ADDRESS

Delivered by Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson (*née* Mary Bullock Shelby) on April 18, 1911, in Washington, D. C., at the unveiling and presentation of a marble bust of Governor Isaac Shelby as Kentucky's gift to the Memorial Continental Hall of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Madame President-General, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen:

By the gracious favor of my good friends, the Daughters of Kentucky, it has happily fallen to my lot to present to our National Society, as an appropriate gift for this most exquisite Memorial Hall, a handsome portrait-bust of Governor Isaac Shelby, justly celebrated in American history as a brave and magnanimous soldier, a sagacious statesman, and a patriot who counted no cost in his devoted service to the land which gave him birth.

To the Daughters of Kentucky, for their generous act in choosing me as their representative on this interesting occasion, I am most sincerely grateful. For this new proof of the enduring affection and admiration cherished by Kentucky women for one whom, with pardonable pride, it is my privilege to claim as a revered Revolutionary ancestor, I beg leave to express my warmest gratitude.

Within less than eighty miles of this beautiful edifice, in the vicinity of the modern Hagerstown, and in Lord Baltimore's Province of Maryland, on the eleventh of December, 1750, Isaac Shelby was born. Drawing his life-blood from the sturdiest of Welsh and English ancestors; early disciplined in the woodcraft of the frontier, with his mind stored and teeming from childhood with the thrilling tales of border warfare, in which his father, Captain Evan Shelby, had been long and arduously engaged, it is not surprising that, on reaching man's estate, Isaac Shelby should have displayed a natural aptitude for war and an exceptional capacity for leadership. Indeed, it has been truly said of him that he was a born soldier and a soldier born to command.

The family having moved from Maryland to Southwest Virginia, at the first call to arms in Lord Dunmore's War, he was thought worthy to receive a Lieutenant's commission in a company of the Fincastle troops, of which Evan Shelby, his father, was Captain. At the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in the fierce, all-day, hand-to-hand battle of Point Pleasant, which occurred on October 10, 1774, both Lieutenant Shelby and his more experienced father gained imperishable renown.

Six years sped by, and the crisis of the Revolution is reached. General Gates, at Camden, crushed by disaster, falters in despair. Flushed with victory, Cornwallis and his relentless invaders grow ever more insolent and aggressive, and threaten death and extermination to all who do not instantly submit to the royal authority.

In such an emergency we find Isaac Shelby gloriously fulfilling the expectations which his high character and soldierly qualities had year by year increasingly inspired. Acting promptly and resolutely, he lost no time in planning, maturing and putting into effect the movement of the allied patriot forces by which Major Patrick Ferguson and his redoubtable army were triumphantly overthrown on the rocky heights of King's Mountain.

Ranked as one of the decisive battles, and, in the South at least, as the real turning-point of the Revolution, the officers in command of the American forces were thenceforth inevitably assured of a permanent place among the heroes of the great War for Independence. To Isaac Shelby belongs exclusive credit for the bold conception, and to him unstinted praise must be awarded for the determined energy and vigor with which he brought Colonels Sevier and Campbell and McDowell and Cleveland and their intrepid associates to join in the daring expedition.

Omitting the mention of other useful and extraordinary services, rendered by Colonel Isaac Shelby during the Revolutionary War, it is enough to say that he came out of that war a marked man, universally respected and honored.

The Revolution over, at the age of thirty-three he took up his abode permanently amid the virgin forests of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Nine years later he assisted in framing the first Constitution of this pioneer Commonwealth, and was elected, almost without opposition, as the first Governor of the new State.

In 1812, when war with Great Britain was again declared, he was promptly summoned by his fellow-citizens to serve as Governor of Kentucky once more. In this, our Second War of Independence, Governor Shelby, now a Major-General of Militia, and commander-in-chief, under General Harrison, of an army of four thousand Kentucky volunteers, demonstrated the vitality of his rugged manhood and the unfailing strength of his patriotism by winning, in the forefront of battle, at the head of his courageous comrades-in-arms, fresh laurels both for himself and his beloved Kentucky, in the notable Battle of the Thames. For his services in this battle, fought on the 5th of October, 1813, on Canadian soil, and fast upon the heels of Perry's famous naval victory on Lake Erie, Governor Shelby, a few years later, received a handsome gold medal and the unanimous thanks of Congress. The grateful Commonwealth whose destinies were entrusted to his guidance during this trying period, promptly recorded its appreciation and its gratitude in resolutions which declare "the high estimation in which they hold the conduct of their venerable Chief Magistrate, Isaac Shelby, in leading the Kentucky militia into Upper Canada, to victory and to glory. The plans and execution of them were not the depictions of patriotism, with which others amuse the admiring multitude; they were splendid realities, which exact our gratitude and that of his country, and justly entitle him to the applause of posterity."

When not serving his country as a soldier in the field or as a civil officer in legislative halls or in the executive

chair, it was Governor Shelby's delight to occupy himself with the ordinary pursuits of peace and his chief interest lay in the simple joys of home and country life. His old Kentucky home, "Traveler's Rest," was, until the end of his long life, an unrivaled seat and center of truly genuine and dignified hospitality. And the traditions of that earlier day, when every weary, way-worn traveler was welcome, have been handed down by successive owners of the estate, members all of them of the Shelby family, even to our own time.

Thus in brief, Madame President-General and you, honored Daughters of the American Revolution, have I endeavored faintly to picture the career of one we are assembled to honor and concerning whom we this day bear witness that he deserved well of his country. The events here narrated furnish some of the reasons why Governor Shelby should have been Kentucky's choice for a place of honor in this national shrine. Dying in his seventy-sixth year, he bequeathed, like the patriarchs of old, to his children and his fellow-countrymen to the remotest generation a heritage which shall outlast all the vicissitudes of time.

So, now, in loving memory of his name and fame, and on behalf of the many fair Daughters of Kentucky, who with one accord have sought thus signally to honor him as one of Kentucky's favorite sons, I commit to your safe-keeping and present to you as Kentucky's gift, this life-like sculptured portrait of Governor Isaac Shelby. I beg you to receive and treasure it as a just and fitting memorial to this illustrious soldier, statesman and hero

of the American Revolution, of whom it has been truly said by a distinguished contemporary, adapting the words applied to his great compatriot, the immortal Washington, that he was "great in war, great in peace, and lives forever in the hearts of his countrymen!"