WARWICK OF THE KNOBS; A STORY OF STRINGTOWN COUNTY, KENTUCKY. WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF KNOB COUNTY

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JOHN URI LLOYD

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Warwick of the Knobs

A Story of Stringtown County, Kentucky

By

John Uri Lloyd

Author of "Stringtown on the Pike,"
"Etidorhpa," "The Right Side
of the Car," etc.



With Photographic Illustrations of Knob County

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PREFACE

REPEATED and persistent questionings concerning the section of our country introduced by these Stringtown Novels must be the author's justification for the following somewhat personal ascription. This land is not, as many persons suppose, a creation of the imagination. It is as real as boyhood home can be to the man whose nearest and dearest ties of love and kinship have ever been therein. The scenes are laid in picturesque Boone (Stringtown) County, Kentucky, where are to be found exceptionally fertile soil, magnificent scenery, and features of rare interest to historians as well as to naturalists, some of which may be briefly noted.

Passing from Cincinnati down the gorge that marks the great bend in the Ohio River, we reach the glacier cliffs known as "Knobley" and "Split

Rock," which, below Petersburg, lie on the Kentucky side of the river adjacent to the mouth of Woolper Creek. It was here that the buffalo roads from the north and the west crossed the Ohio, and here, near this famous paradise of the red hunter, the Indians were lying in ambush the ill-fated day in 1781 that the massacre of Colonel Loughrey and his troops took place. From Knobley to Hamilton, Kentucky, the Ohio runs practically south. Between these points, to the west, lie the rugged hills or knobs (Warwick's country) in and among which flow Middlecreek, Gunpowder and Big Bone creeks, their branches all heading in the high interior ridge, along the crest of which runs the Lexington and Covington (Stringtown) pike. This formation is all of fossil limestone. Against these knobs the Arctic glaciers expended their energies, and to a distance of from three to six miles inland may be found glacier débris, often on the very top of the heights. Thus it is that granite boulders and gravel from the far north overlie the uplifted native formation, while above the bases of some of the knobs. in the sands that possibly formed the shore of the ancient ocean, lie extensive beds of coprolites,

some of enormous size, telling the story of gigantic prehistoric reptilian life.

Long after these time-lost periods, possibly contemporary with the mound-builders, who subsequently lived, reared their clay monuments and died, but left no written word, this land became the home of the mastodon. That is shown by the bones found in the quagmire or jelly ground of Big Bone Springs, where, in the heart of the knobs, the great beasts were entrapped by the bottomless mud, to perish. And it may be added that in early settler days such bone relics were also abundantly scattered over the surface of the ground about these famed saline sulphur waters. That these historic knobs and bottom-lands were the scenes of the battles between the Indian tribes is affirmed by the many battle-field burial-places thereabout, concerning which the grave-covered top of Mount Pisgah overlooking Gunpowder Creek, and the cemeteries in the valley below and elsewhere, speak volumes that are the more impressive by reason of their tantalizing silence.

This fascinating land, in which is crushed so much of life and action, so much to hold the mind of one who likes to ponder the past, seems to have been predestined to passion, turmoil and struggle. The stone-cast evidences of Nature's convulsions, the fossil relics touching mighty forms of prehistoric life, the deeds of savage valor suggested by the Indian name of the country, the struggles of the white pioneers and settlers, the part its people have taken in statesmanship and in war—these and other things that we need not name to the reader of Warwick of the Knobs are the record which this highland that lies between the North and the South bears engraved in its soil, its rocks, its traditions, legends and people's hearts.

Of necessity, however, the story of Warwick utilizes only such of these features, both natural and historical, as can be touched without weighting it with scientific details or other technicalities; for a work which has for its direct object the picturing of human life and incident cannot do more than excite a thirst for such knowledge.

To persons who may be directly interested in historical events, social conditions and the local scenes presented or involved, the author ventures to suggest a personal journey to the section where the novels are laid. It should, however, be remembered that the incidents depicted in this story of Warwick are drawn from those momentous times forty years ago, when in this section of our country fact needs but be slightly, and often not at all, disguised, in order that it may parade as fiction.

To the foregoing, which so imperfectly describes the home of the "Stringtown Novels," the author finds it essential to add a word concerning the creed of the personage whose name gives the title to this volume. In this direction also it must be confessed that only the most cursory touch is possible, certainly nothing need be added concerning the lesson to be drawn from his life and action. And yet, increasing interest in the faith of Warwick leads the author to feel that a few formal words may be of service.

In Kentucky fifty years ago the religious sect to which Warwick belonged was an influential body of frugal, industrious citizens of unimpeachable integrity. Although in numbers the organization dwindled as the years passed, the zeal and the faith of its membership, their devotion, their reliance on the Bible as they interpret its precepts, their faith and honesty, are as strong to-day as in