

ave roamed around and about under the large beautiful forest trees that adorned the grounds and threw a glamour over the house when it was owned by my good friend, the late Linley Shuck, all of which gives me a tender recollection of the days the grace of which will never come back to me."

The suggestion of this notice concerning the Everharts came to me by having seen the vandalism meted out to the grave of old Daniel in the burying ground behind the old church. The last time I passed down the street running by the old church, a short time before circumstances necessitated my leaving home, I examined a large marble slab, the top part of a marble box tombstone, lying near the old church just on a line between the graveyard. That slab was inscribed with birth and death dates of Daniel Everhart. It was lying fully fifty feet or more from his grave, and thus had some vandal desecrated the grave of one who had filled the niche in human importance as a very prominent citizen of Marion county. The slab is too large and heavy to be carried away by one or two persons; therefore it is probably lying there yet.

It seems to me that it was a great mistake, the work of disinterment in our old graveyard, just so soon as Ryder had been opened up for interments. It was made to appear that Lebanon had a difficult task before it to make a respectable showing at filling up Ryder.

That old graveyard should not have had any of its dead disturbed. It should have, however, been kept in the best of order, instead of being overgrown with briars and brambles and of all manner of locust and other sprouts. The cost of keeping it in the best of conditions would have been so small that would have been a prettier place for those already there to rest in than Ryder is today.

It is too late to discuss that now, however, but as an old friend of mine would say, I am only "telling you like it is." It is a great pity that the removal of some bodies should desecrate many of those that remain and one so well known and at one time so well remembered by one people as was and is, Daniel Everhart. And so it is that in the whirling of time the last are first and the first becomes the last. Some of Lebanon's forbears and some of the county's men and women once prominent in the best stations of life are yet in that old burying ground, their grave markers falling into decay and disrepair and the ground covered with the litter from time where bodies have been disinterred. Such things should not have been done, much should not have been permitted.

Immediately at the entrance of the grounds of this Everhart home there is now a gully through which water drained off the road keeps a continuous little trickling of water by there. It is said that Aaron Burn when attempting to escape from the United States when he was hunted to be arrested, for treason, passed along there and stooped just like any common mortal to get him a drink of water from that little hill that is running yet. This seems to be well verified, and some time I may elaborate on it. C. A. Johnston, Louisville, Ky.

#### THE EVERHARTS OF MARION COUNTY IN THE EARLY DAYS

An exile from home, though abundantly and tenderly cared for under the auspices of my first born, yet notwithstanding I am an exile still with only the memory of the "has beens" of a happy life to mock me because they can come no more.

It is not my intention, however, that this communication to The Enterprise shall turn out either "a sermon or a sang." Simply a narrative concerning a one time most prominent family of Marion county that I wish to lay before Enterprise readers by the name of Everhart. The name is now familiar to only a very few of Lebanon's people, or to the good people of the county outside of Lebanon. A man of wealth; an owner of many slaves with, probably, the prettiest home in the county. The home was situated on what is now known as the Campbellsville turnpike, then a good dirt road which was part of the great thoroughfare leading from Cincinnati to Nashville. The beautiful home of Daniel Everhart was about three miles from Lebanon. It was a large frame building, painted white and the paint kept white by often applications. It was the custom in those days to paint all dwellings white, though at times in town some things were painted red.

The Everhart home was painted white and kept white and the brightness of the dwelling shone through the magnificent forest trees that surrounded it.

The Everhart family consisted of Uncle Daniel, his wife and a good sized family of boys and girls. Those good people lived among us before the days of birth control was known.

The Everhart family was a Presbyterian family and worshipped at the Presbyterian church, the same old church that is hard by the railroad yet. The arrival of the family at church on Sundays was quite a scene.

home was situated on what is now known as the Campbellsville turnpike, then a good dirt road which was part of the great thoroughfare leading from Cincinnati to Nashville. The beautiful home of Daniel Everhart was about three miles from Lebanon. It was a large frame building, painted white and the paint kept white by often applications. It was the custom in those days to paint all dwellings white, though at times in town some things were painted red.

The Everhart home was painted white and kept white, and the brightness of the dwelling shone through the magnificent forest trees that surrounded it.

The Everhart family consisted of Uncle Daniel, his wife and a good sized family of boys and girls. Those good people lived among us before the days of birth control was known.

The Everhart family was a Presbyterian family and worshipped at the Presbyterian church, the same old church that is hard by the railroad yet. The arrival of the family at church on Sundays was quite a scene, if not a show. I once heard my friend, the late J. M. Knott, a man of sturdy behavior and of steady conclusions, say that the arrival of the Everhart carriage at the church with the family was almost equal to a street fair. The pavements on either side were lined with members who had come early to church—to see the Everharts come in. On the outside of the carriage there was a colored driver in front, and behind was the footman perched high in the air, whose duty it was to open the carriage door and do so exactly in time and to see that the young ladies had all proper assistance in getting out of their conveyance. The two slaves who were selected to see that the family was properly assisted, worked off their duties well.

There are a few people in town and a few scattered around here and there in the county who remember those good people well. I say good people, for they were good people, but one knows that a "little show now and then is relished by the best of men" as well as by the most envious woman. Personally, I remember them well. One or two of the older boys, Dave was one of them, sometimes were beaux of my sister, Mollie Hodgen. I scarcely know what she would think of them now and it would take thought for them to place her I am quite sure. The Everhart girls were frequently visitors at our home and my sister would in return visit them. A fashion not entirely thrown into innocuous desuetude by town and country girls, yet I was frequently through that Everhart house and I

of Lebanon's forbears and some of the county's men and women once prominent in the best stations of life, are yet in that old burying ground, their grave markers falling into innocuous desuetude and their graves covered with the litter from the earth where bodies have been disinterred. Such things should not have been done, much should not have been permitted.

Immediately at the entrance of the grounds of this Everhart home there is now a gully through which water drained off the road keeps a continuous little trickling of water by there. It is said that Aaron Burr when attempting to escape from the United States when he was hunted to be arrested for treason, passed along there and stopped just like any common mortal to get him a drink of water from that little rill that is running yet. This seems to be well verified and some time I may elaborate on it. C. A. Johnston.

Louisville, Ky.