

RP 663.5 K37d 1893

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LOUISVILLE, KY

EDITION.

Kentucky's Distilling Interests

BY

The Kentucky Distillers' Bureau Co.

OF LEXINGTON, KY.

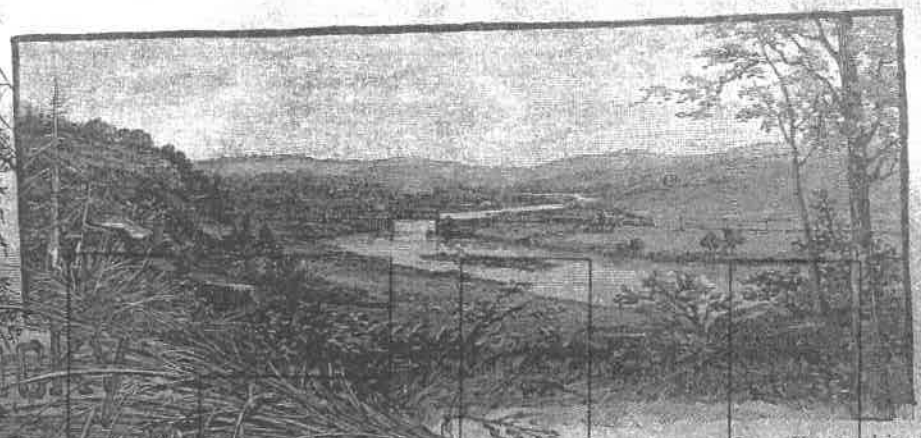
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY CONTAINING SKETCHES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE MO EBRATED MAKERS AND BRANDS IN THE STATE.

1893

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A Glimpse of Kentucky



BY J. SOULE SMITH (FALCON)

KENTUCKY and her whisky have, somehow, gone together into the realm of fiction, of humor and of poetry. It seems to be considered that no Kentuckian can exist without his favorite beverage. This is not altogether true, though to Kentucky the whisky interest is, like the breeding of fine horses, something of a specialty. The bluegrass on her hillsides, heaven-kissed, gives bone and sinew to the animal; the gushing spring from out her stony cliffs gives body and sweet flavor to her whisky. Nowhere does the sun shine so softly; nowhere does the day dawn so blushingly; nowhere does the evening linger with such beauty as it does in the bluegrass land. The heart of the world, as it is, the kiss of heaven sets a seal upon it and the sky bends above it with an eternal benediction.

To a Kentuckian everything connected with the Grand Old Commonwealth is dear. "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian," is his motto. In any land and under any flag he hails his chance acquaintance from the good old State as brother. "United we stand, divided we fall," is his battle-cry, and he never falters in the face of danger.

At home he may have his feuds; his likes and his dislikes may be apparent—sometimes there blood shed on little provocation—but away from home, when two Kentuckians meet, there is a clasping of two hands and only one heart between them. Brothers they are, and friends whom contingency could separate. What has been in old land, what has been in its confines is worthy of respect and love to each.

So a Kentuckian, wandering aimlessly upon the docks of a foreign city, once saw [illegible] from his country. An examination of their labels showed that they were filled with whisky made in a few miles of his home. Seeing one, he stooped and kissed them and caressed them with his hand. A native of the foreign land, who saw him, said: "You must be a Kentuckian," and smiled. He knew the loyalty, the love and reverence of all Kentuckians for Kentucky.

"With alien skies above his head,
And foreign seas around him,
The son of Old Kentucky said,
There were no lands, whose golden sands
Or crystal waves had found him
False to the State where Love and Fate
Forevermore had bound him."

That loyalty to Kentucky whisky is prevalent among all classes. Those who drink and those who do not drink, alike, are ready to acknowledge its supremacy above all liquors in the world. If one will drink, he had best drink what is pure and healthful. Excess, of course, is hurtful, no matter what he eats or drinks, but with pure food and pure liquor the minimum of danger can be reached. *Absolutely pure*

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liquor only ought to be given in cases where it is prescribed. Physicians who understand their business always stipulate that Kentucky whiskies must be used where a stimulant is needed.

No one has ever yet been able to ascertain the reason why a "Bourbon" whisky can not be made elsewhere than in Kentucky. Nor can any one say why the same process, using the same materials, should not produce the same whisky in different portions of the State. Those who are accustomed to the fiery products of other States and the "rectified" goods of Cincinnati and Peoria can not understand how one whisky could excel another in its excellence, or how two brands of equal excellence should have a different flavor. Yet it is so, and even among the finest whiskies in the State our connoisseurs have each his preference. Like the wines of Rhineland, of Hungary, of Oporto and Spain, the several portions of the State produce a liquor different in its flavor. It has its Hochheimer and Burgundy, its Sauterne and its Sherry; and, as palates differ in their likings, there is a fitting thing to suit each taste. Its Tokay is from the Bluegrass land

The [illegible] of a liquor from [illegible] corn, of course, came after the settlement of America. To the old world, the Orient, the shadow of a cornstalk had not come. Type of the Western vigor, corn, flourished on the western continent. A veritable staff of life it was and is the most healthful, the most nutritious, the most easily produced of all the foods for man and beast. Easy of cultivation, and fruitful in its harvest, even the untutored Indian hunter that he was, turned from the chase of deer and buffalo and elk to tend his fields of maize. And king of his land—a very monarch of his life—he worshiped it. He knew nothing of the billowy wheat or blowing clover. The cornstalk stood upon the breezy slope almost unbending; its rustling leaves made music for his simple soul; its golden ears gave hope in autumn for the coming winter. It was his trust when snows were deep, his savior, his preserver, his children's nourishment, his solace in the bleak and dreary days. No wonder that he loved and bowed before it.

And the early settlers of the wilderness found it in like manner their closest friend. The blood of brave men nourished its branching roots and the hands of noble matrons gathered its golden ears. The pollen of its nodding tassels sifted down upon the heads of playing children and the graves of buried sires. So close to the life of the new land was it that it became incorporated in poetry, and romance, and reminiscence; so that the descendants of Boone and Kenton would dream of its murmurous music underneath the shadow of Egyptian Pyramids, and the young man at Heidelburg would forget scholastic themes to sigh for just one morsel of his boyhood's bread.

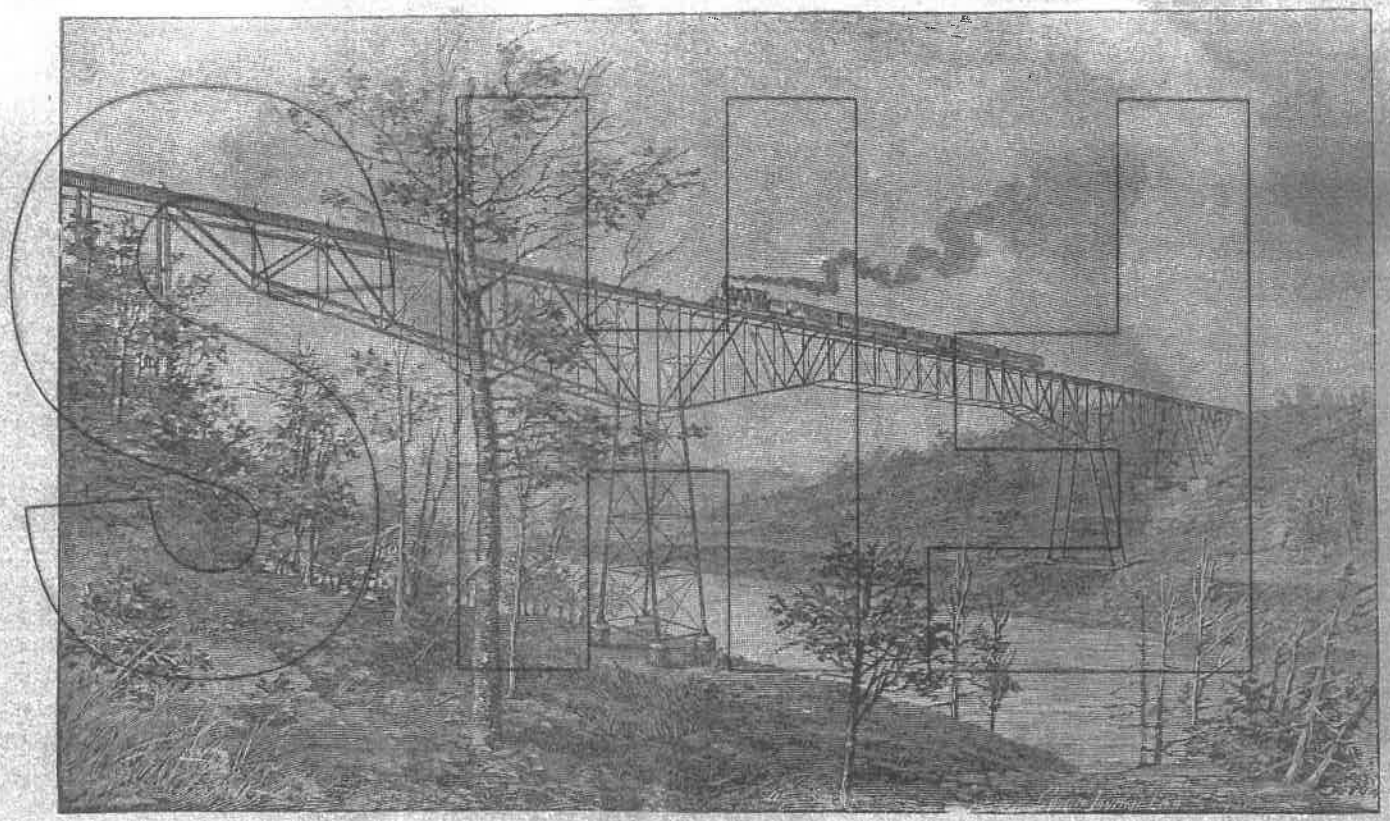
But if its body is so beautiful what must its spirit be? When first distilled the product is clear as crystal, perfectly transparent, colorless, almost without odor or taste, and sparkling in the light as if it were the liquid spirit of distilled diamonds. More than anything else it resembles the water from a pure spring, or the melted snow which trickles from the Rocky Mountains and goes gurgling through the canons in little brooks where speckled trout leap friskily into the unpolluted air. This is the poetic time of youth when the butterfly and the flower are of as much consideration as the eagle or the mountain pine. Not yet has time and meditation given it a character or position in the world.

But the days go by and it sleeps silently in the oaken barrel. It is in darkness, but not dead, for they say that when the winds blow pollen from the tassels of the growing corn the spirit in its prison strives to break its bonds, just as in gloomy cellars the new wine ferments and frets when grape blooms scent the air. Then its evaporation is the greatest, for if no other vent is given it its lighter essences go out even through the pores of the seasoned oak which forms the staves that hold it. It will not be confined.

So the years come and go. A deeper sentiment comes to it as to the man. It takes a flavor of sombreness from its surroundings. The hot fire of its youth becomes more and more a gentle glow, warm yet but not rebellious. It sees now that its mission will be best performed when many of its youthful traits have been eliminated. It is content to wait. No longer is it the bright crystal of its early days—it tends in change toward the ruby.

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HIGH BRIDGE, OVER THE KENTUCKY RIVER, AT TYRONE.

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The seasons keep their stately march across the earth. Violets blow and crocuses spring from the ground. The dogwood is in blossom and the locust is in bloom. The plowman turns the sod with gliding share and the faint smell of fresh earth is everywhere around. It knows none of these things nor cares for them—it bides its time. The winds of March, wrestling with the bare boughs, come not near it, nor do the April showers, calling the early dandelion from its sleep, disturb its quietude—it bides its time. May, filling the world with rosebuds, and June, laughing, as she passes, at young lovers nestled in bowers covered with fragrant vines, have no effect upon it. It is the hermit now preparing for its destiny in silent meditation and in gaining strength from patience—it bides its time. The autumn may rattle its ripe nuts to the ground and kiss the luscious apple till its cheeks be rosy with their blushes, and yet from out the hermitage comes no response. October's far-off mist of Indian summer brings no shadow to its soul. Nor do the drifting leaves and icy rains of an hysterical November move it from silence and self-comemplation to a deeper sadness. No longer is its cell a prison-house. It is the home of that which willingly prepares itself for greater things. It is a hermitage—the hermit bides his time. And all through the gaunt winter, while the earth like a monster ghost shudders at its own weirdness, and the frozen river looks with stony fear upon the grim mountain with its glaring coverlet of snow and the mountain recoils from the glassy eyes of the dead and silent river, when the trees with sleet-laden boughs are all atremble as their crackling branches touch each other, when the earth rings like metal and the stars shine with a deadly light like the eyes of wolves, it sleeps its deepest slumber. Not Christmas, not New Year, can awake it. It hears not the jingle of sleigh bells or the clang of skates upon the ice. It takes its rests and dreams—it bides its time. But when the breath of July bends the bluegrass and calls the tassels to the corn it wakens to the sighs within its cell for liberty. It is alive when August, robed in filmy tissues of woven sunbeams, in yellow glory sweeps across the rolling hills and stands toying with the silks upon the modest ears of corn. And when September, against her golden lip presses the purple grape and fills the air with aroma of wine, it lifts itself and laughs, and yet it bides its time. And its time comes at last. Mellow with age it has grown ready for its destiny; ready to make glad the heart of man, to bring the warm glow of its generous juices to the blood, to revive the weary and to cheer the wanderer. Taken from its home of shadows and of silence it looks once again upon the sun shine and catches sunshine to be dispensed about it. But the shadows have sunk deep into its heart and lie there with a tinge of melancholy. Its color is a rich ruby, almost like the blood of Burgundy. No longer colorless or tasteless, it now combines the "corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment and the oil of joy," all in itself. Take out the bung and let its gentle odor fill the air like breath of scented memories, and reminiscences of happy hours spent long ago! Pour out the gurgling tide and see the iridescent bubbles rim the beaker's brim! Let the air catch the incense of its breath! Hold it up that the sunbeams may break their tiny lances on its dimpled surface and burn a bright spot in its translucent heart! Let the bubbles glisten in their rainbow hues and smile in every color that they show! Mellow, soft old Bourbon, drink of gods and wine of heroes! Sweet spirit of a hallowed land, smooth to the palate, soothing to the soul, the pride of Old Kentucky's riflemen, the solace of their sons, hail, all hail, thou king of liquors, hail!

Oh, yes; its time has come at last—time of its glory and its death, for only does it reach the highest point of its existence when it dies. It gives its life to others; no wonder that the shadows linger in its soul. Sweet nectar of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," thou diest to live again. Thy life hath been uneventful; thou hast been quiescent many days, seeing no sun nor moon nor gleaming star; the zephyrs of the spring and soughing winds of autumn have been naught to thee; the sweet influence of Pleiades has not affected thee nor has Orion with his bands thrown mystic circles round thee. In thine own way thou hast come to thine own time—to thy heritage of brief life, of lingering death, of lasting resurrection. A resurrection in the burning sentences that make the orators of Old Kentucky famous; a resurrection

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"PINNACLE ROCK," CUMBERLAND GAP, BY MOONLIGHT.

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in the rhythmic melodies her poets sing; a resurrection in the scholarship she sends abroad to take the helm and steer the ship of education through the rocks of ignorance; a resurrection in broad statesmanship shown when the nation tended toward littleness, hypocrisy and cant; a resurrection in the daily lives of manly men and soft-voiced women, beautiful as dreams. It lives again in generous deeds and noble thoughts.

Its fate from now on will be to make glad the world. It knows the seasons now, and knows the months. At feasts and festivals it is a welcome guest. At holidays and merry-makings it is present. When the Thanksgiving sleet rattles in vain against the closed door, and all the world without is shivering, it is within—a member of the family. Not banished, not to darkness and to meditation, it is sipped by son and sire and grandsire. Even the soft lips of maidens add aroma to it with their kisses, and their eyes grow brighter and their cheeks more like the peach by reason of its subtile influence. It makes their billowy bosoms rise and fall more rhythmically, and turns their tender hearts more readily to thoughts of love. It is, indeed, a member of the family, and though it die beside the hearthstone it lives again in love.

At Christmas, too, it is not all unknown. The mistletoe and holly are its comrades. Over the drifted snow the guests come, and it smiles anew to hear the sleigh-bells jingle—never before did it hear them. The flickering firelight plays fitfully upon the full decanter, flashing away from the cut-glass sides, but adding radiance to the liquid smile within. The egg-nog, in its portly bowl, sits quietly upon the table, foam-covered like an eddying sea, its depths a most seductive world of sweetness. The sugar, in white silence, waits the sugar tongs. Upon the ancient sideboard gleam the glasses and the burnished silver glitters in the firelight. The portraits on the walls bend down most graciously, smiling serenely on the company. King of the scene, Old Bourbon rules, the inspiration of the egg-nog, the heart of the toddy, the acme of all himself. Not like a lamb driven to the sacrifice, or a slave scourged to his dungeon, he is the "Old King Cole" of the occasion, with twinkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, ready to give himself to merriment and joy. And when the odor of roast turkey permeates the house and the smoke of plum pudding comes floating from the kitchen the guests know that dinner is nigh and once more pay their respects to good Old Bourbon.

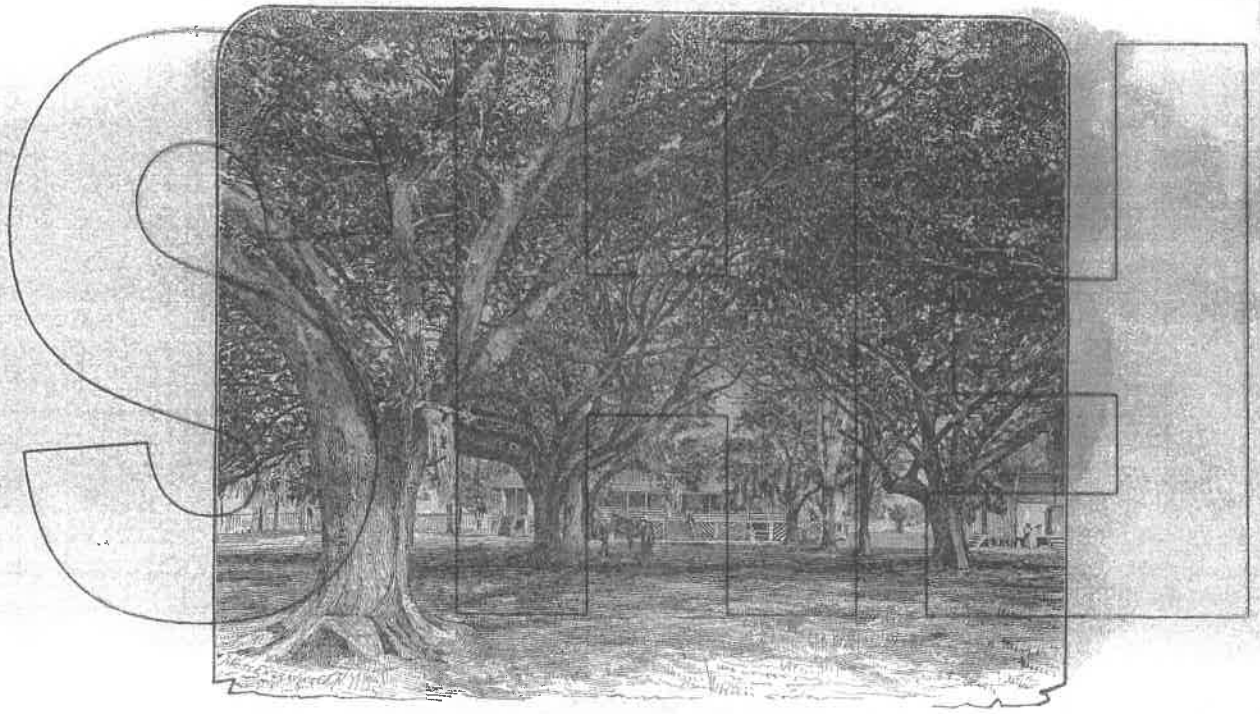
New Year comes soon and he is there also. Concealed sometimes in a bowl of apple toddy on the sideboard, his spirit yet is potent. In his dark hermitage he never knew when New Year came, now does he know, now does he make his presence felt. The browned apples have softened to their core; crushed to a pulp the sugar has been taken to their hearts; still bubbling and heaving from their contact with the fire, they are only a sweet mass not knowing of their destiny. Upon the trees they hung in autumn, wondering why they were. Russet and red and emerald green, they knew no cause for their existence. Nor yet do they know that they have not lived in vain. And so they seethe and sigh, mingling their juices with each other in most harmonious complaint. The spices come to add some pungent thoughts to their sweet harmony. A stranger to them, they half wonder at his impudence, and resent his coming. Sweet was the sugar when it came alone to mingle with their juices, but this stranger mars the concord. But still the spices penetrate the body of them all with flavor of the Orient. They bubble and complain. At last Old Bourbon comes, laughing his gurgling laugh. Into their midst he leaps. The apples greet him, the sugar loves him and the spices call him brother. Peace is made, content established, the king rules and there is no rebellion. He has reconciled the factions—they are one.

As the carriages drive up he smiles from his concealment. The callers hardly dream that he is present, but beware! You taste the apple and the spice, you get suggestion of the sugar. Behind them all comes something like a half-forgotten love. Is it a dream of early courtship? Is it a memory of jasmine bowers and moonlight nights when delicate perfumes of flowers mingled with the falling dew? Is it the recollection of a stolen kiss that never was repeated? Pure as the breath of baby lips, it has yet something of the peach bloom and the heliotrope

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AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

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about it. Is it a flavor or a perfume? Who can tell? Beware! The spirit of Old Bourbon lies in wait for you. The tasseled corn laughs from the body of the apple blossom. Spring and autumn are mingled in the two. Midwinter is in the sugar and eternal summer in the spices. The spirit of four seasons meets your lips and the Bourbon is a benediction to them all. Old Bourbon rules.

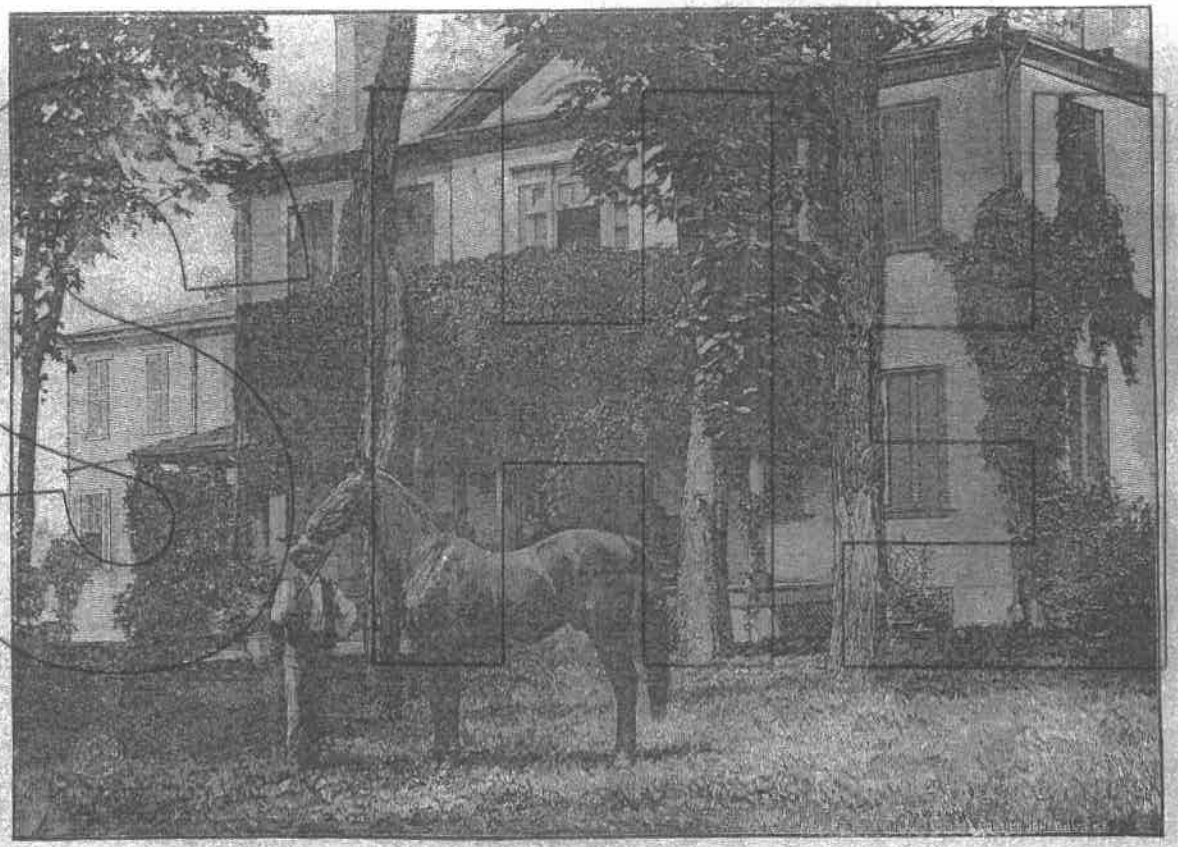
He is now free and footloose. He meets his peers on every table, finding no superior. The wines of foreign lands how humbly in his presence, and malt liquors stand afar off humbly waiting for his recognition. He is known everywhere and seen everywhere. Over the table where the men of old wag grizzly whiskers as they tell stale jokes and quarrel at their whist, King Bourbon rules. The bald heads may glisten in the gaslight and the beards be gray—he makes the heart young and the lean and slippered pantaloon becomes a boy again. By each elbow sits a toddy, a refresher and consoler. Does the partner make a wretched play, one sip consoles; a game is won triumphantly; "Here's to you, gentlemen, and better luck next time," a deep draught following the exclamation. Hour after hour the patriarchs spend over cards. They laugh, they quarrel, harmlessly, when one would think they were about to slay each other, and they separate, each vowing that he never had so pleasant an evening in his life. The Bourbon mellows in his flask, and smiles and says: "I made it so myself; you old bucks would have locked your horns had I not been peacemaker." No fiery liquor could have kept the peace, no manufactured wine. And every old Polonius, at peace with all the world, goes safely home and sleeps as sweetly as a child. King Bourbon laughs and moralizes over human life.

I have spoken of "egg-nog," the Christmas drink of all our people, the Metheglin of Kentucky. Old Bourbon loves an egg. Somehow the distillery and the farm-house have close kinship. he cackle of the hen is music to the rural housewife, and the sturdy farmer loves the gurgle of the oil of joy. They two love one another, for, in the old land, the father and the mother are as one. And when Christmas time comes the eggs are beaten to a froth; the yelks are stirred with sugar till they thicken; the flavoring is added; all is mixed, and then the Bourbon comes. Graciously and generously let him be poured—he is the inspiration of the whole. To him its efficacy must be due. A little rum is added lest the savor of the soil be stronger than the brain can bear. Some nutmeg too, to give a flavor of the Eastern world—for we are cosmopolitan. Then stir them all together in the bowl and drink but sparingly. Soft and seductive as a maiden's kiss, gentle as the dawn and dying on the palate as the sunset dies upon the Bay of Naples leaving memories behind it, it is potent in its very gentleness—most potent when it seems most harmless. There are kisses that invite, and some which lull to sleep; there are zephyrs in the lilac fronds and storms that shake the leaves from sturdy trees in autumn. The strong trees meet the storms unflinchingly; the lilacs bend before the zephyr. When Hebe gives the draught, only the gods can drink it. Foam floats upon this goblet; beneath that foam there is the mighty soul. It is soft and still; there are no breakers bubbling to the brim. It is serene with a serenity that hides its strength. Down in the depths Old Bourbon sleeps but ever ready for his waking. No Samson is he, shorn of strength by some Delilah. There are sweet dreams found in the gentle quaffing; there are dread visions in excess. A taste is heaven, for the soul responds at once to gentle influences. Too deep potations bring regret and make a sorrow of delight. Be careful when you taste it. And, as I said, Old Bourbon loves the egg. Somehow the two affiliate. There have been times when in the early spring I sought the glory of the mountains. There when the dogwood whitened the cliffsides and the redbud made them glorious; when violets carpeted the earth with white and blue and tender leaves came out upon the birch trees to meet the happy sun; when frost was on the rocks in early morn and heat in the air at midday; I have fished and camped. Camped along the riverside wherever night might find me. When morning came the first white signals in the East called me from dreams to watch the brightening colors of the sky. The clear water smoked a hazy mist, the fish leaped for the early fly, the fog rolled up through the ravines as if the breath of ghosts had been held closely in

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A KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED.

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the bosom of the night. Dim were the beetling crags across the stream. Their red and gold and gray could not be seen. Like giants they stood out through the gloom. The sun uprose and painted them. Then they were glorious. Then did I rise, and, disrobing, sought the river. A plunge into its milk-warm waters; a swim that made me think that I was battling with the waves of Lethe; a swift return adown the current, foaming and frothing on its rocks; quick to the bank, a hasty dressing and then—ah, then! A common tin cup, an egg broken into it, some soft brown sugar, and both stirred together, and the Old Bourbon poured in giving welcome from the bottle's mouth, a long sigh and it was gone. Well towelled outside, well fortified within, I did not need the fire or fear the frost.

Taken in this way, even the "moonshine" of the mountains became a veritable nectar. This "moonshine" is the subject of much poetry and sentiment. It is the "white whisky" of the dwellers among the crags. To one who has not known the mountains a description of them is impossible. Their people may be partly known, the mountains never. It seems as if there comes a certain melancholy at the sight of hills, outlined against the sky, and rising like purple exhalations from the world. Afar off they are dreams—sweet dreams and soft, and rising into greater dreams as mountains rise instead of hills. It looks as if a breath would blow them from the scene as it would blow the wreath of smoke away from tired lips. Yet are they rock-ribbed and eternal. The sweet illusion of the distance fades before a close approach. No dreams are they, no fairy visions of the moonlit night—they are the mountains, stern and dark and terrible. And through the heart of them there run unnumbered little streams which, starting at the cliffside, wind their way by devious course down to the rushing river through a wilderness of laurel and of fern. Huge bowlders stop the stream sometimes and make it hiss and foam about their bases. Here and there it widens into deep and silent pools whose depths are innocent of sunlight save what little struggles through the sombre foliage of the sighing pines. This is the mountain brook—a little rill to-day, next week, perhaps, a deadly torrent sweeping all before it.

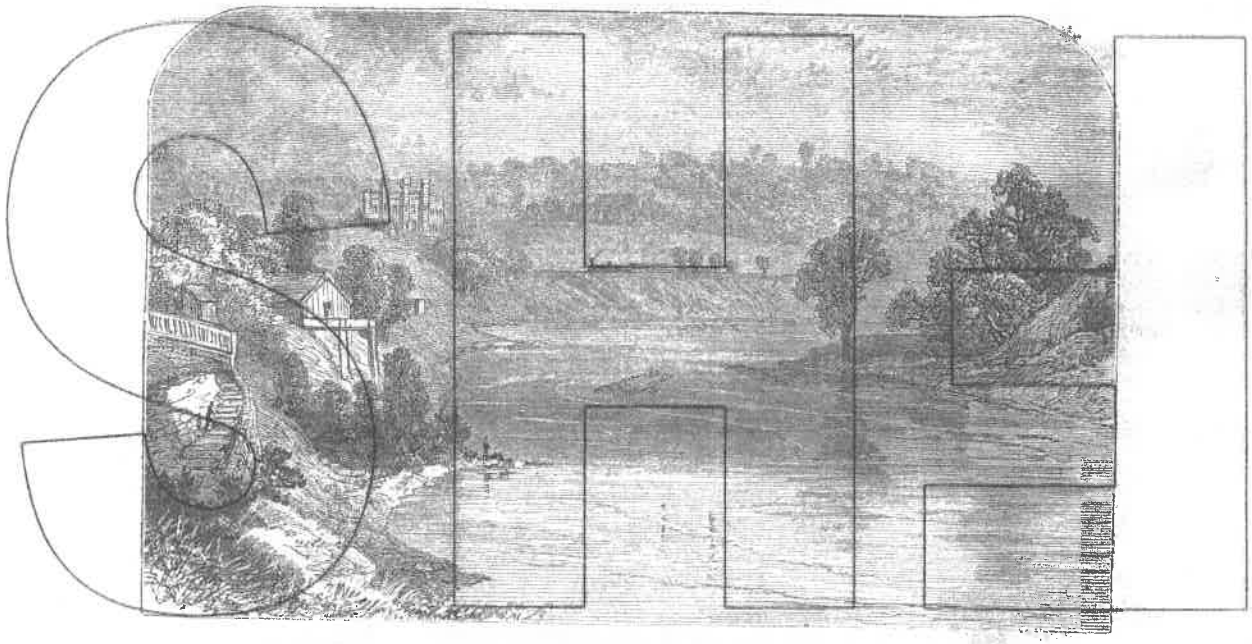
Be careful if you wish to trace this little stream to its beginning. Somewhere, among the laurel groves which line it, may lurk danger for the venturesome. There may be the sharp crack of a rifle, an unerring aim, a lifeless form and red blood on the ferns. For in the cliffs is the "moonshiner's" home. He makes it dangerous for those with idle curiosity. Himself tinged with the melancholy of the mountains, he brooks no spy upon his doings, and is ready to deal death to any one who meddles with his business. The shadow of the cliffs is darkling always in his soul; the silence of the laurel grove, unbeaten by the wind, is ever on his lips. And far up in the fastnesses of his mountain land he has his little still. To him it seems that no power on earth should keep him from converting his little patch of corn into a spirit loved by men and luscious to the lip. He has wrestled with the stony soil and conquered, as Hiawatha did with Mondamin. Hard was the contest but he won it. Now seeks he the fruits of victory in his own way. He will have his own. So in some little nook beneath the beetling crags and near the wimpling water, he locates his still. No trace to it is seen. If you should find a path do not attempt to follow it. There is a faint aroma of burning wood, a slight drift of blue smoke in the morning mist—if you would know their source perhaps there would be a ghost to keep company with the aroma and the smoke. It is not safe to know too much. But, known or unknown, the little still is there with its wooden tubs and copper worm, and the pure water of the mountain brook to cool the fiery spirit as it comes in steam. Slowly does the liquor trickle from the worm, in color like the bounding brook beside it which plashes and foams over the rocks with an eternal lullaby. All through the day it runs while the laurels fleck the furtive sunbeams as they seek to penetrate the secrets of the still. At night the stars are seen, but sparingly, so dense the foliage above. The cedars sigh upon the cliff and the pines moan, but down below the laurel thicket by the cave's mouth does not even whisper to the wind.

Around the fire are sinewy mountaineers waiting with jugs whose corn cob stoppers have been often pulled in hospitality. They are

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CORKSCREW BEND, KENTUCKY RIVER.

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waiting for the run There are rifles by their sides and each one, upon a moment's warning, could slip into the covert of the laurels ready for the coming spy. There are pickets stationed down the valley—tried men and true. Let a shot be fired by them, a signal given—the hoot of an owl, the crowing of a rooster, it matters not—into the underbrush the men crawl with their rifles ready; the fires are banked with sand, the cave is desolate and abandoned, all is darkness now. But woe to the man who dares the passage of that ravine. It is sudden death from out the darkness unto him. He knows not who his slayers were, he knows that he is slain. And the pines whisper and the cedars sigh as his life-blood flows upon the violets and stains the little ferns.

So there is romance to the whisky of Kentucky—there is poetry to be attached when one would speak or write concerning it. Among the shadows of these grim mountains it has bubbled from the worm with brightness, and the glamour of the sunshine. From dark places it has come with light set in its heart. The stars have not been malignant at its making, and the moon, touching the crags with silver tracery, has not sought too much intimacy with the "moonshine" still. In the lone ravines and deep gulches men have died for it—good men and true. Their blood has changed the blue violet and the white to crimson, where they fell. They thought they battled for their rights—perhaps they did, perhaps they were mistaken. They had battled for the Government against the South and thought it hard that they should have no right to make their corn into a spirit, salable and portable. The Government they fought for said they should not do it. They rebelled, and ever since have hidden in their caves and done their work by stealth and force of arms. They know their rushing rivers, and the quivering shadows of their ravines; they understand their beetling cliffs as we do not. They have the melancholy of the mountains in their hearts and with the violet and the dogwood bloom combine the stiffness of the crag. They stand, stern-faced, against the powers that be, defying what they can not hope to conquer.

But in the bluegrass land there is a softer sentiment—a gentler soul. There, where the wind makes sea waves of the wheat and scents itself with aroma of new-mown hay, there is no contest with the work outside. On summer days, when, from his throne, the great sun dictates his commands, one may look forth across broad acres where the long grass falls and rises as the winds may blow it. He can see the billowy slopes far off, each heaving as the zephyrs touch it with caressing hand. Sigh of the earth, with never a sob, the wind comes to the bluegrass. A sweet sigh, a loving one; a tender sigh, a lover's touch she gives the favored land. And the moon smiles at her caressing and the sun gives benediction to the lovers. Nature and earth are one—married by the wind and sun and whispering leaflets on the happy tree.

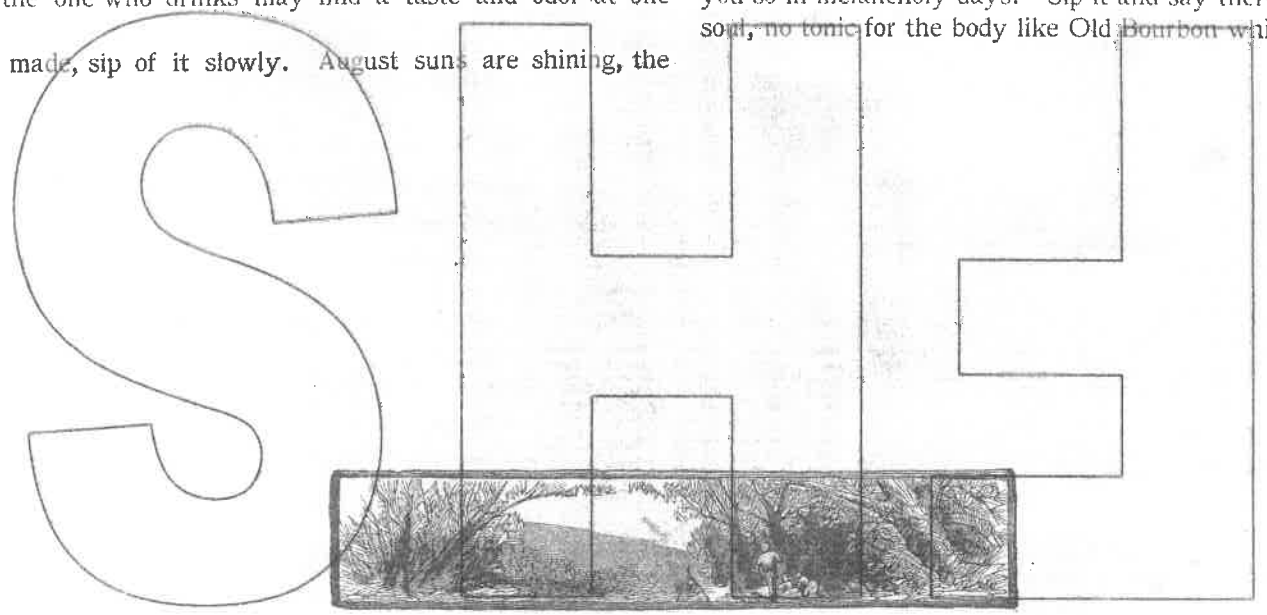
Then comes the zenith of man's pleasure. Then comes the julep—the mint julep. Who has not tasted one has lived in vain. The honey of Hymettus brought no such solace to the soul; the nectar of the gods is tame beside it. It is the very dream of drinks, the vision of sweet quaffling. The Bourbon and the mint are lovers. In the same land they live, on the same food are fostered. The mint dips its infant leaf into the same stream that makes the Bourbon what it is. The corn grows in the level lands through which small streams meander. By the brookside the mint grows. As the little wavelets pass they glide up to kiss the feet of the growing mint, the mint bends to salute them. Gracious and kind it is, living only for the sake of others. The crushing of it only makes its sweetness more apparent. Like a woman's heart it gives its sweetest aroma when bruised. Among the first to greet the spring it comes. Beside the gurgling brooks that make music in the pastures it lives and thrives. When the bluegrass begins to shoot its gentle sprays toward the sun, the mint comes, and its sweet soul drinks at the crystal brook. It is a virgin then. But soon it must be married to Old Bourbon. His great heart, his warmth of temperament and that affinity, which no one understands, demands the wedding. How shall it be? Take from the cold spring some water, pure as angels are; mix with it sugar till it seems like oil. Then take a glass and crush your mint within it with a spoon—crush it around the borders of the glass and leave no place

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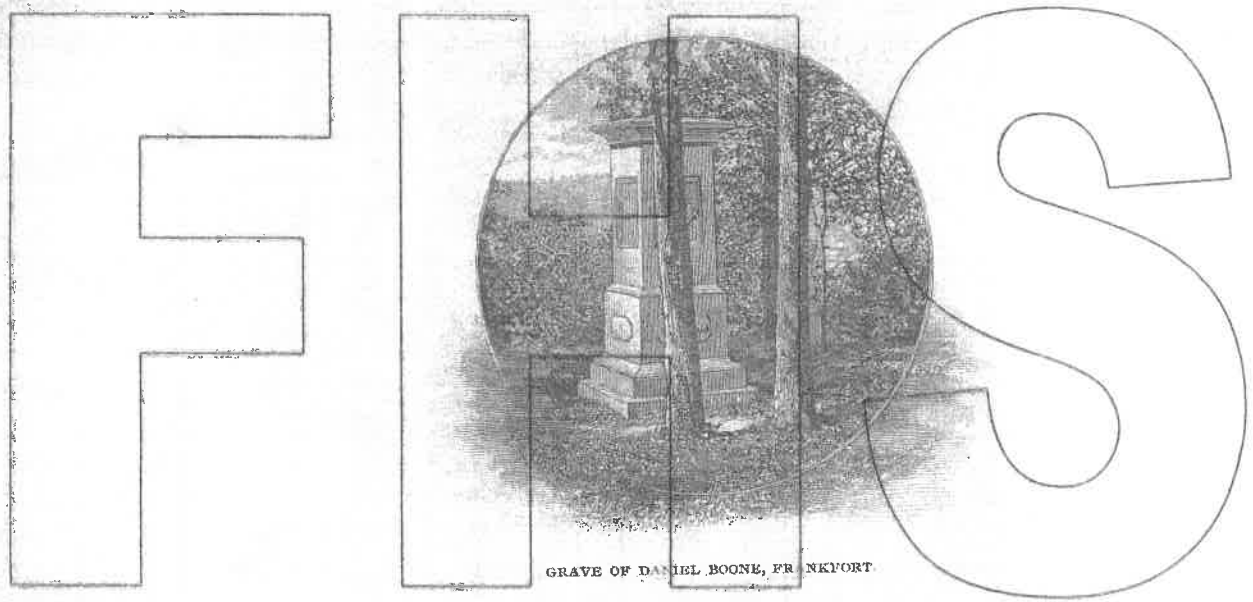
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LOUISVILLE KY

untouched. Then throw the mint away—it is a sacrifice. Fill with cracked ice the glass; pour in the quantity of Bourbon which you want. It trickles slowly through the ice. Let it have time to cool, then pour your sugared water over it. No spoon is needed, no stirring is allowed—just let it stand a moment. Then around the brim place sprigs of mint so that the one who drinks may find a taste and odor at one draught.

When it is made, sip of it slowly. August suns are shining, the breath of the South wind is upon you. It is fragrant, cold and sweet—it is seductive. No maiden's kiss is tenderer or more refreshing; no maiden's touch could be more passionate. Sip it and dream—you can not dream amiss. Sip it and dream, it is a dream itself. No other land can give so sweet a solace for your cares; no other liquor soothe you so in melancholy days. Sip it and say there is no solace for the soul, no tonic for the body like Old Bourbon whisky.



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GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE, FRANKFORT.

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DAVIESS COUNTY, KY.

THE first permanent settlement made in what is now Daviess county, Kentucky, was made by "Bill" Smothers in 1797 or 1798, when, with Felty Hask, James Smothers built a fort at Owensboro. Roger Potts followed them from Virginia in 1802, David Leoman in 1804, Mathew Rogers and William Galloway in 1805. The owners of the land resided in Virginia, and the whole county, hills and river bottoms were a dense cane brake filled with all sorts of game.

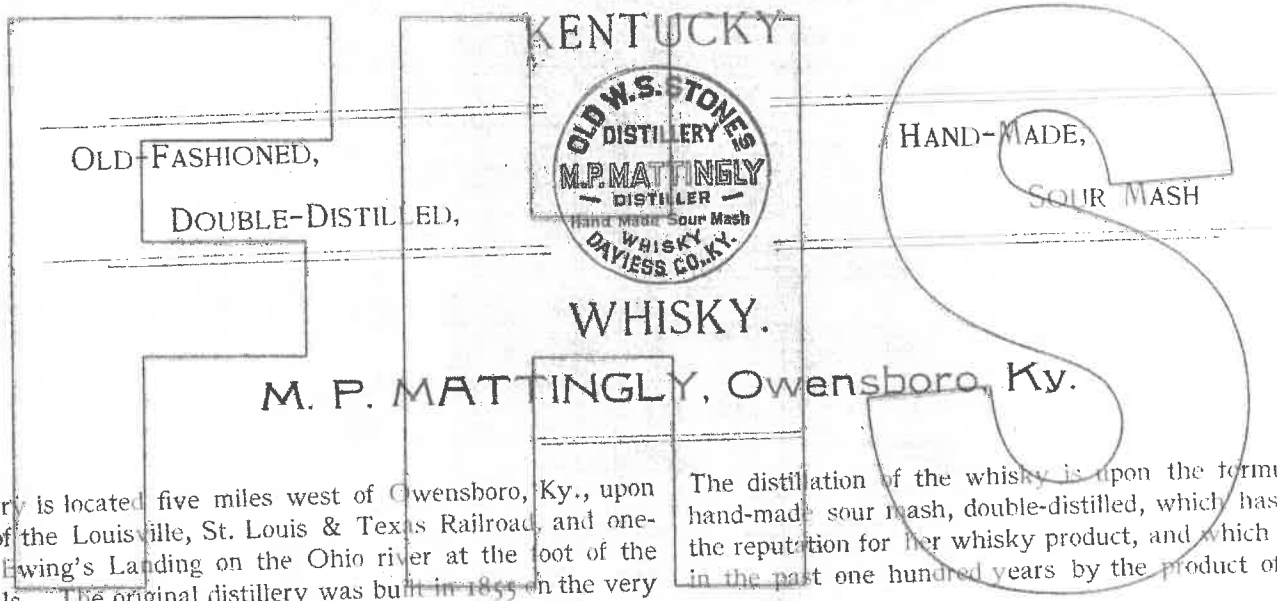
The city of Owensboro was named in honor of Colonel Abraham Owen, a native of Virginia who came to this State in 1785 and settled in Shelby county. He was a gallant soldier in the War of 1812, and was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe. The first cabin in Owensboro was built by "Bill" Smothers and was established as the county seat in 1815. Owensboro now has a population of 15,000, and with all its resources and advantages, too numerous to mention, it certainly has a bright future.

The distilling interest of the county, which is its chief interest, is represented by the largest and best known firms in this history, namely:

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OLD W. S. STONE DISTILLERY.

ESTABLISHED 1855.



THE distillery is located five miles west of Owensboro, Ky., upon the line of the Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Railroad, and one-half mile from Ewing's Landing on the Ohio river at the foot of the Bon-Harbor hills. The original distillery was built in 1855 on the very spot on which the present distillery stands, and was the pioneer distillery in Daviess county. The selection of the distillery site was made by one of the early settlers from Nelson county, who was an experienced and successful distiller, on account of the splendid vein of the purest and finest water found there, and which is unexcelled by any spring or vein in the State. It has for years been locally celebrated for its medicinal properties in relieving dyspepsia and other derangements of the stomach, and is a favorite resort for those so afflicted.

The distillation of the whisky is upon the formula of the old-style, hand-made sour mash, double-distilled, which has given to Kentucky the reputation for her whisky product, and which has been unequaled in the past one hundred years by the product of any other State or country.

The whisky produced at this distillery is equaled by few and excelled by none in purity, flavor, bouquet and finish, and has for nearly forty years held its well-deserved place among the most famous of the Kentucky brands and bids fair to continue to hold its enviable position for forty years to come.

The warehouse at this distillery has storage capacity for 20,000 barrels of whisky, is well ventilated and is lighted and heated by win-

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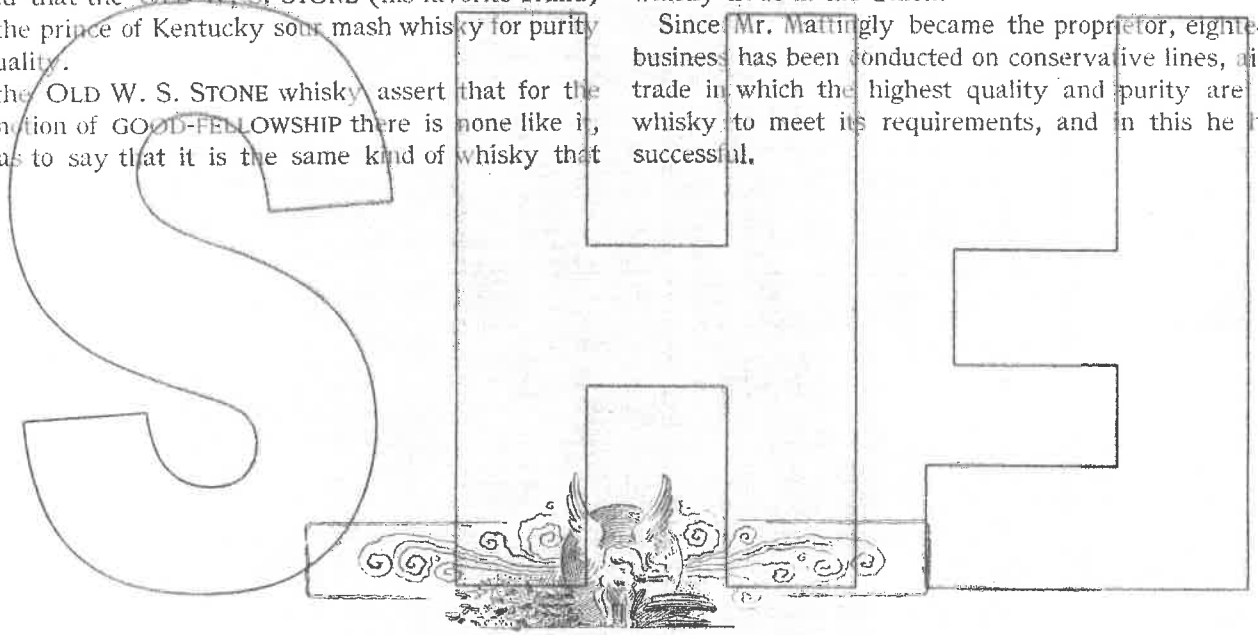
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dows in the roof fifteen feet apart and extending from the comb to the eaves, securing the natural, correct and complete maturing of all the whisky stored in it.

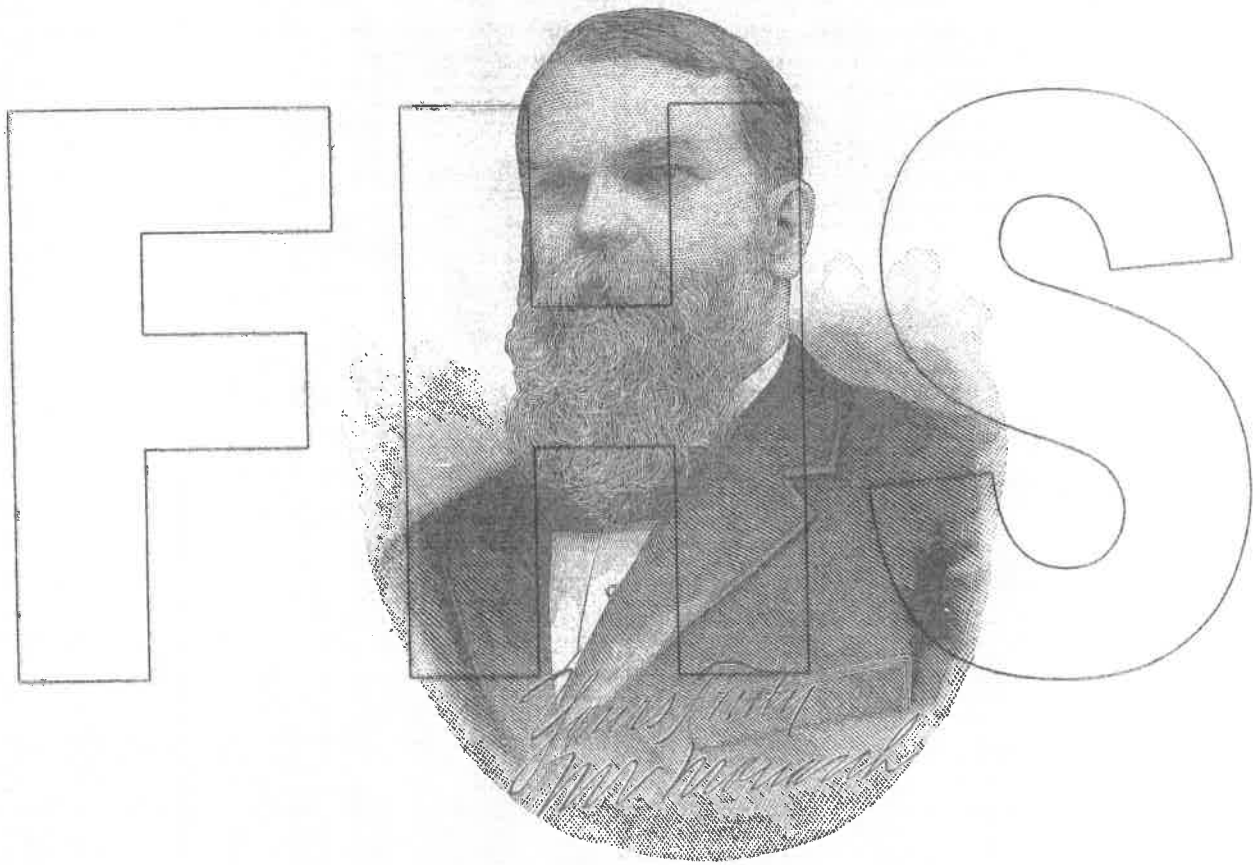
The present proprietor, M. P. Mattingly, is a thorough and practical distiller who gives his personal supervision to the management of the distillery, determined that the OLD W. S. STONE (his favorite brand) will continue to be the prince of Kentucky sour mash whisky for purity and excellence of quality.

The patrons of the OLD W. S. STONE whisky assert that for the inspiration and promotion of GOOD-FELLOWSHIP there is none like it, and some go so far as to say that it is the same kind of whisky that Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny drank when "they were fu' for weeks thegither" and that, too, without a fight, a headache or a compunction of conscience. The patronage of the product of the OLD STONE distillery extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and the lakes to the gulf, and embraces the best and most reliable houses in the whisky trade in the Union.

Since Mr. Mattingly became the proprietor, eighteen years ago, the business has been conducted on conservative lines, aiming to supply a trade in which the highest quality and purity are demanded in the whisky to meet its requirements, and in this he has been signally successful.



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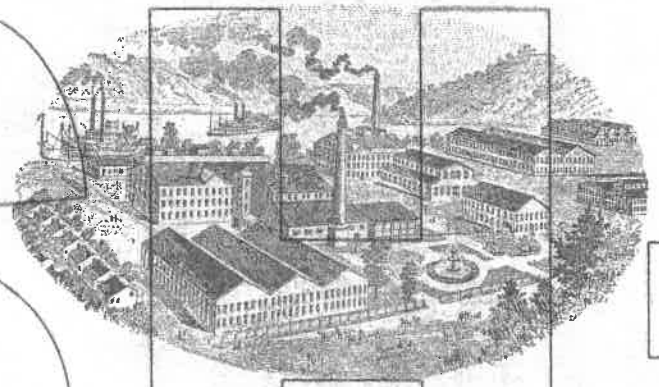


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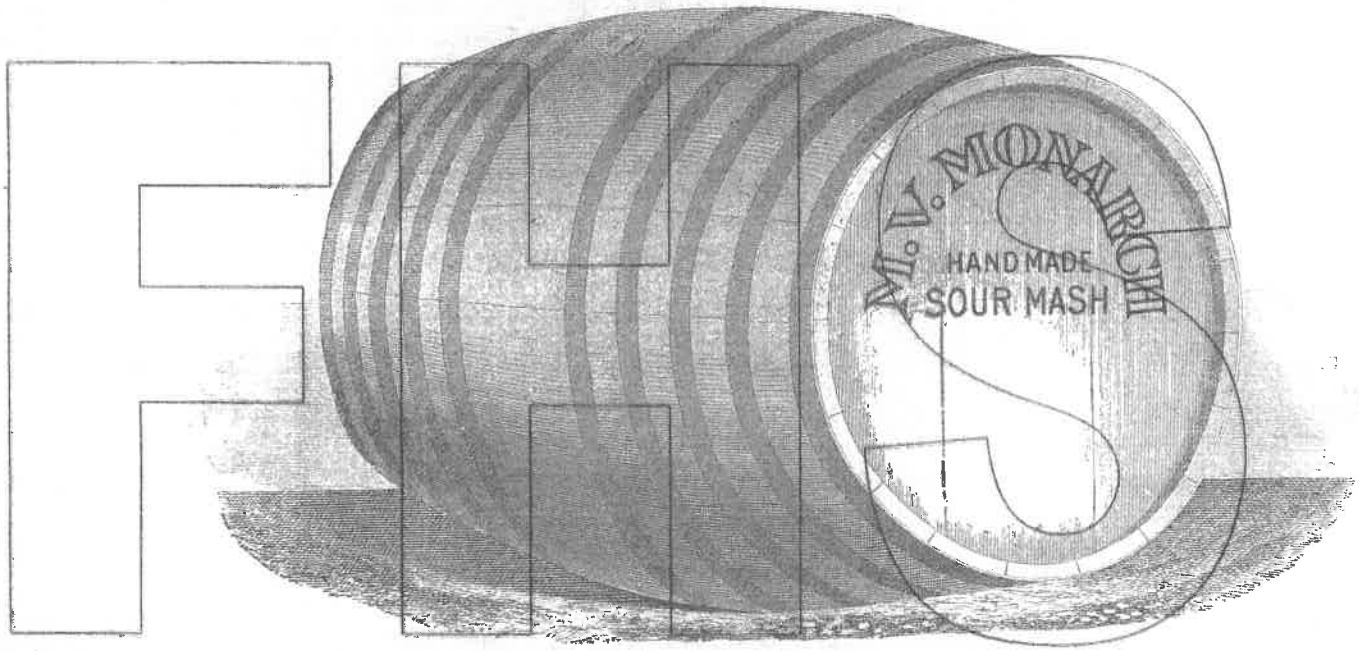
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THE M. V. MONARCH COMPANY.



IN the year 1867 M. V. Monarch, then a young man of about twenty-five years of age commenced the distillery business in a small way in Daviess county, Kentucky, about five miles west of Owensboro, making about one barrel per day. In the fall of 1868 he erected a distillery of about five barrels per day capacity, one and one-half miles east of Owensboro, Daviess county, Ky., on the site now occupied by the large distillery operated by the Sour Mash Distilling Company. This he gradually increased in capacity until the spring of 1880, at which time he was making about twenty barrels per day. In the spring of 1880 he associated with himself P. E. Payne, a young man who had been in his employ since 1870, and they incorporated the Sour Mash Distilling Company and have continued to manufacture sour mash whisky in that name up to the present time. This is now one of the lragest and best known sour mash distillery plants in the State of Kentucky. Its success can be largely attributed to the fine natural location for a distillery and the quality of water with which it is supplied. This water is obtained by means of drive wells eighty-five feet below the surface and is fifty-six degrees in temperature the year round, being the same in winter as in summer, clear as crystal and imparts a flavor to the whisky that distinguishes it from whiskies made in any other portion of the State of Kentucky or elsewhere. In 1888 the Sour Mash Distilling Company purchased other old and well-established sour mash distilleries in Daviess county, Kentucky, viz.: The E. C. Berry, established in 1868 by E. C. Berry, who was one of the pioneers in the distilling business in Kentucky, and by means of the fine quality of goods he produced did much to establish the reputation of Kentucky whiskies abroad; the John Hanning Distilling Company, established in 1871 by John Hanning, who made a world-wide reputation for an excellent old-

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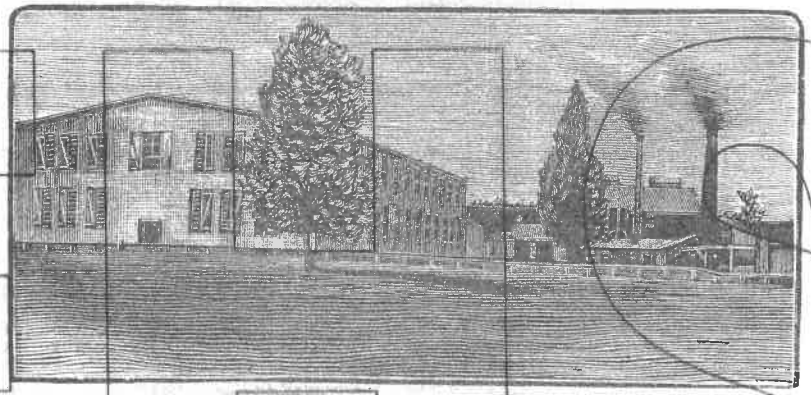
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FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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fashion sour mash whisky, which has been maintained on the brand up to the present time; the Cliff Falls Distillery, which was established in the year 1881 at Birk City, Daviess county, Ky., on the banks of Green river, by T. J. Monarch. The whisky produced at this distillery was acknowledged from the very first to be one of the best and finest sour mashes made in the State. In 1890, finding it very difficult to handle and sell the product of so many distilleries separately, the owners incorporated the M. V. Monarch Company, with M. V. Monarch, President, P. E. Payne, Vice-President, R. W. Slack, Secretary, and Fred W. Clarke, Treasurer. This company was formed for the purpose of handling and distributing to the wholesale liquor trade throughout the United States the product of all the distilleries mentioned above, and in this it has been so successful that to-day it is the largest distributer of purely hand-made sour mash whisky in the United States. The distilleries under its control make nothing but sour mash whisky, mashed in small tubs (1½ bushels of grain to the tub) with slop, and claim to manufacture and distribute more of sour mash whisky than any other house in the United States of America. They are the sole owners and controllers of the following widely-known and popular brands, viz.: M. V. Monarch, Sovereign, Jockey Club, Kentucky Tip, E. C. Berry, John Hanning, Cliff Falls, P. E. Payne, Kentucky Cyclone and Maryland Rye, all of which are guaranteed to be sour mash and made with all the care and skill long experience can bring to bear. The "M. V. Monarch" is the leading brand controlled by this company, and especial guarantee that it will at all times and under all circumstances be protected, insures the purchaser a good and paying investment for his money. The "Kentucky Cyclone" is made by a process known only to the manufacturers, stored in heated warehouses, and is ready for use at from four to six months old, and is acknowledged to be far superior to any other so-called quick-aging goods ever put on the market. The "Maryland Rye" is strictly an all-rye, nothing but rye and rye malt being used in its manufacture. The other brands are all first-class, and the handler of each claims it to be the best of all. This company has a management not surpassed by any in the country. Mr. M. V. Monarch, the President, has a general supervision over all departments and is a gentleman of a high order of executive ability in the management of a large business. Mr. P. E. Payne, Vice-President, is chief salesman and is known everywhere as a hard worker and a man who understands his business. Mr. R. W. Slack, Secretary, is the general superintendent of all the distilleries and a man especially fitted for that position—the right man in the right place. Mr. Fred W. Clarke, Treasurer, looks after the finance of the business and knows how to do it to a "Queen's taste," and never fails to see that the company's interest is fully protected in all financial matters. The above officers are assisted by the best of practical distillers, the most competent of book-keepers, good clerks, etc., all knowing their business perfectly and doing their work well.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

R. MONARCH.



R. MONARCH, Kentucky's best distiller, was born in Daviess county, Kentucky, U. S. A., June 2, 1838, the fifth son of Thomas Monarch, a native Marylander of direct Scotch descent. This branch of the family only are, distinctively, distillers.

In the early and best days of the business there was never such a thing known to the trade in Kentucky whisky as quick-aging or new-process whisky. The subject of this sketch, always being scrupulous about misrepresenting his product, has held strictly to the old-fashioned method of distilling, never having produced a drop of cheap, low-class goods. Any one wishing strictly a fine Kentucky Bourbon can always get it by writing him at Owensboro, Ky., U. S. A.

LITTLE baby do not cry,
Your sweetheart will come bye and bye
And bring some Doherty Short Horn Rye.
YES, the babies cry for it,
It gives them strength;
The ladies sigh for it,
It brightens their lives;
Sick people take it,
It brings them health;
Honest men make it,
It brings them wealth;
Physicians prescribe it,
For rich and poor;
Drinkers describe it,
They want it sure.

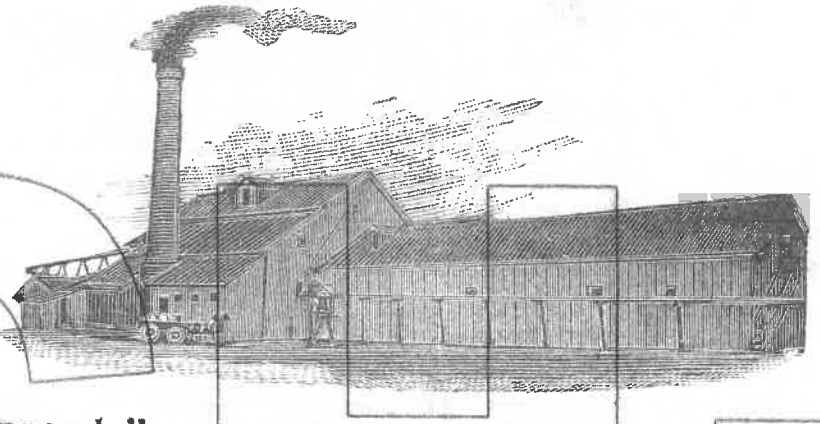
It is the most superb rye whisky on earth. Ask your dealer for a bottle and try it. If he does not keep it in stock tell him to write to

THE GLENMORE DISTILLERY COMPANY,
OWENSBORO, KY.

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"The R. Monarch."

In these days when food, drink and cloth are all adulterated, it is well for consumers to post themselves.

Nearly every one uses some whisky and nothing is adulterated to a greater extent than is whisky.

A fine, old-fashioned, hand-made, sour mash Kentucky whisky, in a pure state, is the best stimulant distilled, but an adulterated whisky is poison to both mind and body.

The "R. Monarch" whisky is the highest type of a sour mash whisky. It is distilled in the same way that bourbons were made before the war. Compare it to the average whisky sold and it is as cream to milk.

If you doubt the truth of this just write a letter to *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*, of New York, the great authority on such matters, and read what it will say.

We are interested in having pure whisky sold and we invite correspondence from the people and especially from physicians. We can not sell you direct, but we can tell you where you can secure the "R. Monarch" in all its purity. Address

R MONARCH, Distiller,
OWENSBORO, KY.

All People

Do not like the old-fashioned, hand-made, sour mash whiskies such as R. Monarch, Kentucky Club and the like, because they are too heavy and have too much flavor to suit some drinkers. What they

Want

Is a light-bodied, mild and fruity whisky, that mellows at an early age and in youth is free of the heavier oils. Such a whisky is the famous

Glenmore,

The queen of Daviess county whiskies. No gentleman's sideboard is complete without the light-bodied sour mash, the heavy-bodied, hand-made sour mash and the rye. One friend will prefer one, another will prefer another. If you buy the Glenmore you are sure of a whisky that stands at the head of its class. It is

Pure

And it is as fine as silk. Distilled by

THE GLENMORE DISTILLERY COMPANY,
OWENSBORO, KY.

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LOUISVILLE, KY

"The Ideal Whisky."

Ask a Kentucky gentleman which one of the many famous Kentucky whiskies has the most delicious taste, the most superb bouquet, the most delightful influence on the nervous system and he is very likely to name the "Kentucky Club."

The "Kentucky Club" is an ideal, small-tub, hand-made, sour mash whisky, and once you take a bottle of it to your house you will have no other whisky.

If you would like to see whisky such as your grandfather used to drink ask your dealer for "Kentucky Club." If your dealer hasn't any write us and we will tell you where to get it.

THE DAVIESS COUNTY DISTILLERY COMPANY,
OWENSBORO, KY.

"A Daviess County Sour Mash."

Down on the Ohio river, more than a hundred miles below Louisville and about ten miles below Owensboro, in Daviess county, is a very celebrated distillery, a distillery whose product is known in every town and hamlet in all this broad country, whose product gives pleasure somewhere at almost every hour to those who enjoy a fine beverage and relief to those who are struggling against the ravages of old age or of disease.

It is an old-fashioned distillery, all out of tune with modern ideas, and in touch rather with the things of long ago.

Even as our fathers and grandfathers distilled from the ripened grain the famous bourbon whisky of before the war—a liquor that carried the fame of Kentucky to all parts of the world—so also does this distillery produce its remarkable "T. J. Monarch Hand-Made Sour Mash."

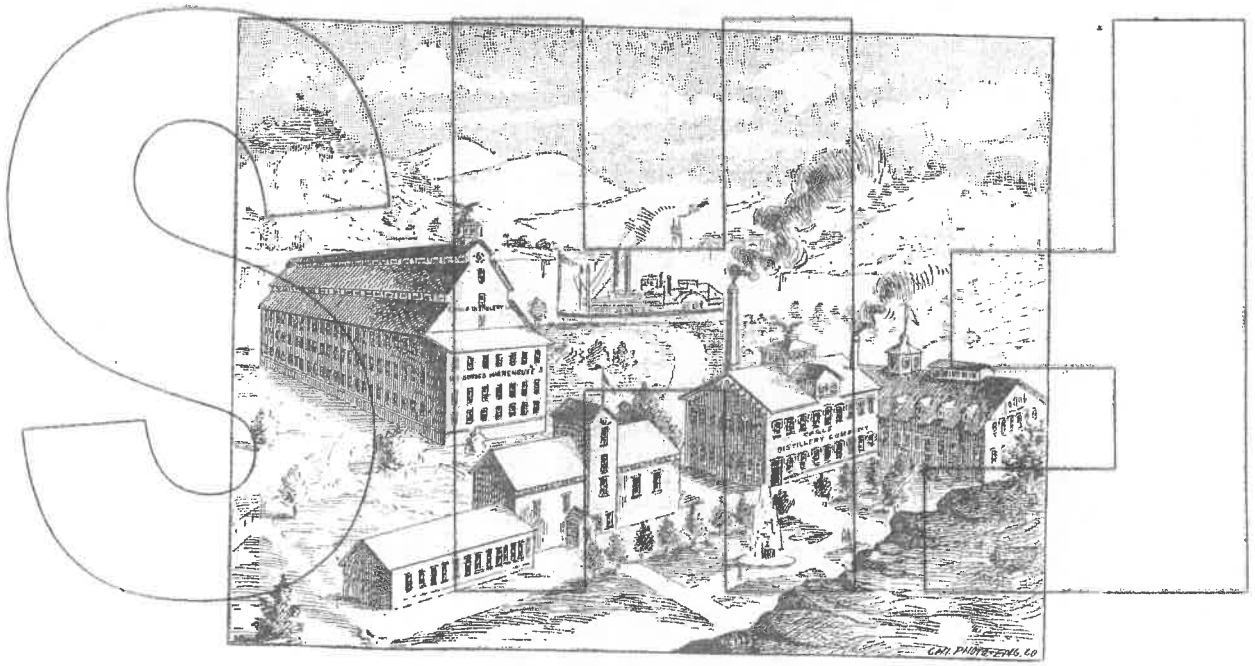
Kind reader, would you like to taste a real small tub, hand-made, sour mash Kentucky bourbon whisky? Then ask for the "T. J. Monarch" and if your dealer does not keep it write to

THE EAGLE DISTILLERY COMPANY,
OWENSBORO, KY.,

And they will tell you where you can obtain it in its purity.

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THE EAGLE DISTILLERY COMPANY

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FILES

WARREN COUNTY, KY.

IT is a well-known fact that the distilleries in this State are located in the best and most fertile counties, and the reasons are obvious. They have the very best grain right at home, and the water, which has no little to do with the richness of the soil, is just the kind that makes the best whisky. No county in the State is better adapted to the manufacture of fine whisky than Warren county. It has been called a "stray" Bluegrass county, and well it may be when the beauty of its rolling land and the fertility of its soil are considered.

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THE Spring Water Distillery Company was incorporated in 1881 at Bowling Green, State of Kentucky. The distillery is located near said city on a large bluegrass farm of fifteen hundred acres, owned by it, and on its farm is raised a considerable portion of the grain used. It also has three excellent brick bonded warehouses with patent ricking and metal roofs. The principal feature of success in making a fine grade of goods comes from the spring water used by it in the manufacturing process. This spring has a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit the entire year and is used for drinking purposes for miles around and extensively known for its purity.

"Spring Water" is the name of its principal brand of whisky, and is a pure, hand-made, sour mash goods and nothing but sound grain used.

That well-known, reliable firm of F. Goetzmann & Sons, of Rochester, N. Y., handles all its product.

R. J. MEYLER, President.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

D. C. WORSHAM, President. A. J. WORSHAM, Vice-President. R. D. REYNOLDS, Sec'y an

The Worsham Distilling Company.

ESTABLISHED 1881.



INCORPORATED 1892.

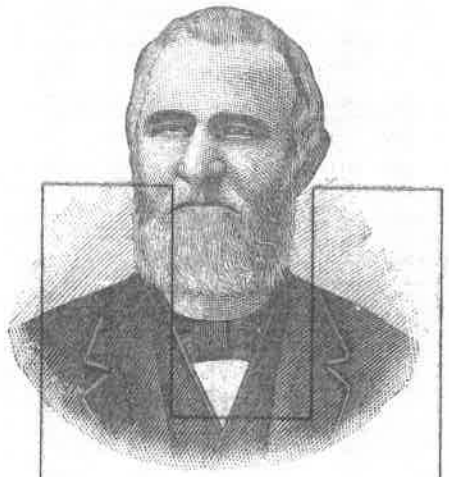
FROM the time that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, indeed, traditionary gossip repeats the story in all the fullness hereof, attesting, as it is wont, to a truth, Kentucky is and was the home of beautiful women, the finest horse flesh, and whisky as pure as the perfume of the violet or the twinkling dew-drop that nestles in the morning rose.

It is an established fact that in the climate, yea, more, in the soil of Kentucky is something that conduces to the growth and development of horse flesh that is nowhere else observable. It is emphatically the home of the race horse, for it is on the sod he is nurtured and grown to a condition whose endurance knows no limit and whose speed is beyond the attempts of horses of any other clime. There is a something in the grass that lends its superiority to the colt, making him strong, spirited, courageous and ambitious. In this soil (it is contended) there is a condition and substance that mades it the best for the growth of corn and other cereals. The corn possesses more of the saccharine properties so necessary to make it a superior whisky-maker, and from this Kentucky flint yellow or hominy corn the best whisky known to mankind is produced. During the pioneer days of Daniel Boone there were little wood stills dotting the hill and mountain the "Dark and Bloody Ground," and from the primitive worms essence whose flavor was as rich as the odorous night-b nyetonthes, with the drooping memosa, whose farewell was as ing as the Persian maiden weaving her garland of flowers, and influence upon the mind of man was to make him honest, huma full of the milk of loving kindness. There was none of that "s war" effects that is now found in so many brands of so-call tucky whiskies. The dews from a cloudless sky were neve than were the drops of whisky made by our forefathers and the children and youth without the least fear of an unhappy re

To-day the country, as the result of an enlightened age result of chemicals, as the result of a disposition to adulterati lastly, and for all, as the result of a controlling desire to make rapidly, the whole country is flooded with what is called K "sour mash" and known by whisky men to be nothing sh miserable decoction manufactured and compounded of ing unwholesome and unpalatable. The straight Kentucky fire hand-made, sour mash whisky can not be mistaken by any

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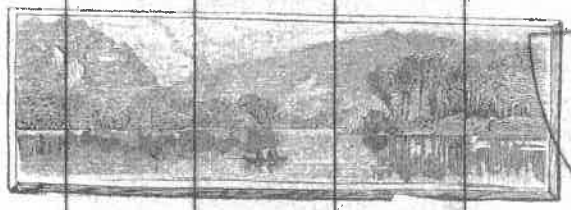
has ever seen it run from the still and has the least correct idea of its manufacture.

The Peerless Distillery, located and situated in Henderson county, Kentucky, in the midst of the best corn-producing section known to the Southwest, is modeled and operated upon the plan of the pioneer houses that considered themselves doing well when ten gallons per day were obtained. Our early distillers had no machinery and every implement, tub and kettle used was of the primitive style. Nature had to take its course and man was there merely as an assistant. The fermentation was as near natural as it was possible to bring it. Being without thermometer or other expert contrivances for testing heat, the old-fashioned fires used in evaporating the beer and then the singlings could not be controlled, and necessarily entailed much trouble upon those engaged in the work. A brief history and description of the celebrated "Peerless" Distillery will be of interest. This splendid concern, operated upon the same plan of the ancients, was established by Colonel E. W. Worsham in 1881 and is situated on what is known as the bank of Canoe Creek, beyond the limit of the city of Henderson, Henderson county, Ky. The brand of whisky and the only brand produced is called "Peerless." It is a *fire-copper, hand-made, sour mash* whisky that has stood every test to which it has been subjected, and very naturally, and truly, too, ranks with the first and best brands made within the limits of the Commonwealth. It has a reputation unsurpassed for aging rapidly and carries with it an aroma, or what Kentuckians call a "farewell," that leaves no unpleasant memories, as in fact it is a fine drinker, and each year adds tenfold to its palatableness. As a toddy-maker it stands, in truth and fact, the "peerless" brand of the Commonwealth, acknowledging no superior and recognizing but few equals. The capacity of this splendid manufactory is not pitched so high as the one who has been reading this brief history would imagine. No, no; eight to nine barrels a day is its limit, and none of the obnoxious "forcers," "acids," "fermenting mobers" are used.

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LOUISVILLE, KY

We simply yeast back day by day, using the yeast of one day to bring about fermentation of the mash the following day. Our mash is carefully prepared and broken by hand, thus requiring hard work and careful attention. One hundred and one bushels mashed each day, and this selected from the best grain grown in the State. Mr. Clark Coombs, who personally superintends the making of the "Peerless," has had twenty years' experience in producing what is known as first-class, *fire-copper*, *hand-made*, *sour mash* whisky. It is his pride, and the pride of the firm, to make nothing but the purest. A visit to their house and an inspection of the goods will convince the most doubting that this is not an advertisement of the buncomb that may be imagined, but it is a truth established and beyond peradventure. All of the machinery used in the manufacture of the "Peerless" is made of the finest copper and kept as clean, pure and sweet as possible. The distillery proper is a well-built, safe building, with metal roof, and all precautions against fire have been provided for.

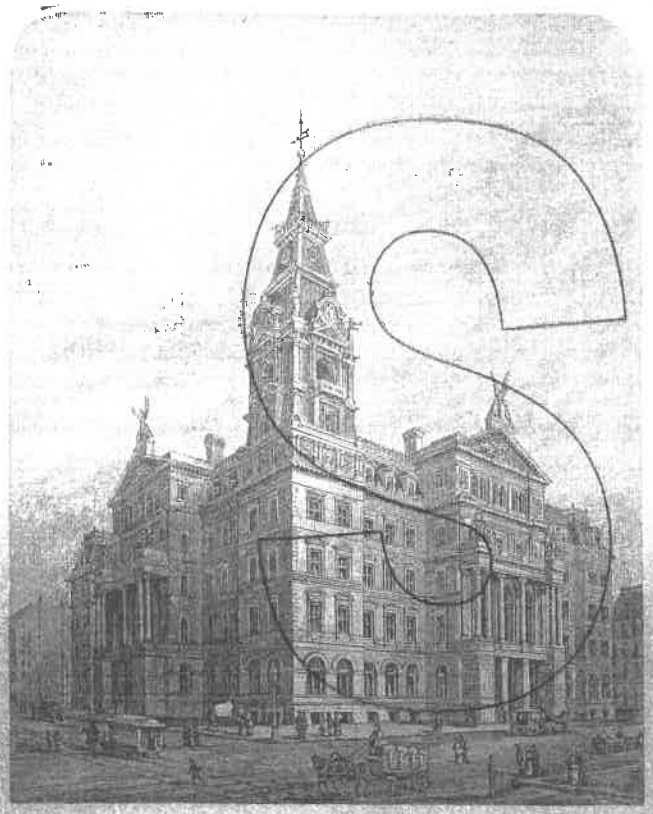
On December 31, 1891, Colonel E. W. Worsham, the founder and builder of this splendid enterprise, departed this life and the firm was reorganized. Mr. D. C. Worsham purchased the entire interest. On November 11, 1892, the distillery was incorporated under the name of The Worsham Distillery, with D. C. Worsham, President, A. J. Worsham, Vice-President, and R. D. Reynolds, Secretary and Treasurer, and is now operating under that name. The whisky made at the Peerless Distillery has established a reputation far and near for its superiority.



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UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KY.



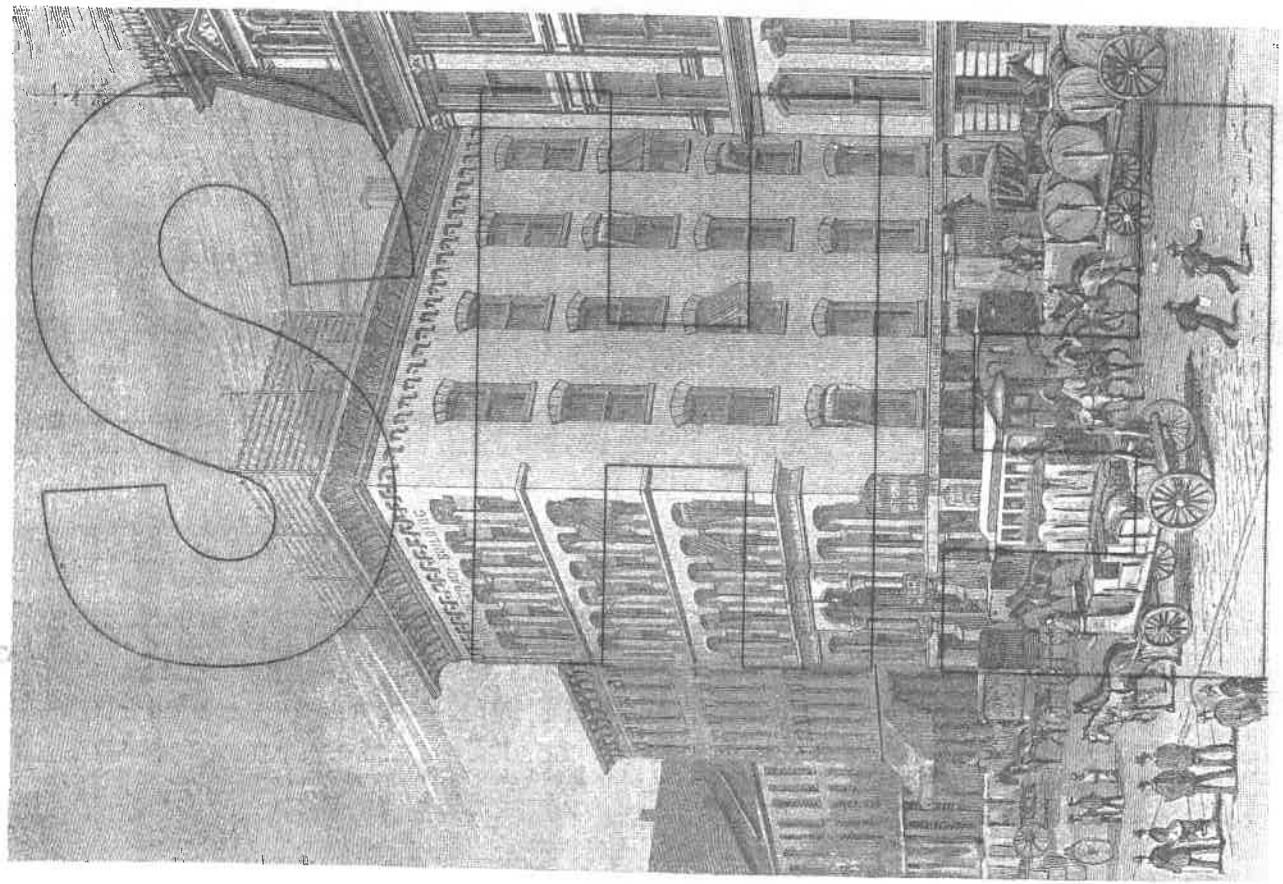
"THE COMMERCE," LOUISVILLE, KY.

VIEW ON MAIN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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LOUISVILLE, KY



LOUISVILLE BOARD OF TRADE.

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THE ANDERSON AND NELSON DISTILLERIES COMPANY.

THE above corporation was organized on January 1, 1886, for the purpose of purchasing and operating the great Newcomb-Buchanan Company distilleries, which were established in 1870, and since that date, acting under a most comprehensive, broad and progressive policy, its brands have not only been held in the front ranks but have steadily grown in popularity until to-day the demand for them is simply phenomenal, while its combined properties now represent the most extensive and valuable distillery plant within the State of Kentucky.

This plant consists of three great distilleries, the Anderson, Nelson and Buchanan, together with extensive warehouses, grain elevators, malt kilns, cattle stables, etc. The distilleries have a combined mashing capacity of 4,855 bushels of grain per day, capable of producing nearly 500 barrels of whisky every twenty-four hours. The warehouses which are all heated by steam during the winter months to insure an even temperature the year round, thereby hastening the development of the whiskies, have a storage capacity for over 100,000 barrels. The Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company operate in every one of the States and Territories, its traveling salesmen and resident agents covering the whole country from ocean to ocean and coming into personal communication with all of the wholesale liquor trade. With such a vast and thoroughly-organized machinery for distributing goods, this concern is enabled to place its entire product in small lots and in the legitimate channels of consumption.

In its "Anderson," the Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company claim to give the trade the very highest type of a small-tub, hand-made, sour mash whisky, not heavy-bodied, but light, rich, smooth and fragrant, and of that character of whisky known as a bar whisky. It is distilled especially for the finer bars, for clubs and for the sideboard. In the manufacture of the "Anderson" the grain is scalded with spent beer in the small one and a half bushel tubs; is left in these tubs for twenty-four hours before being broken up; is fermented naturally, and the beer is then boiled in a copper still, and the singlings in a copper doubler directly over fire.

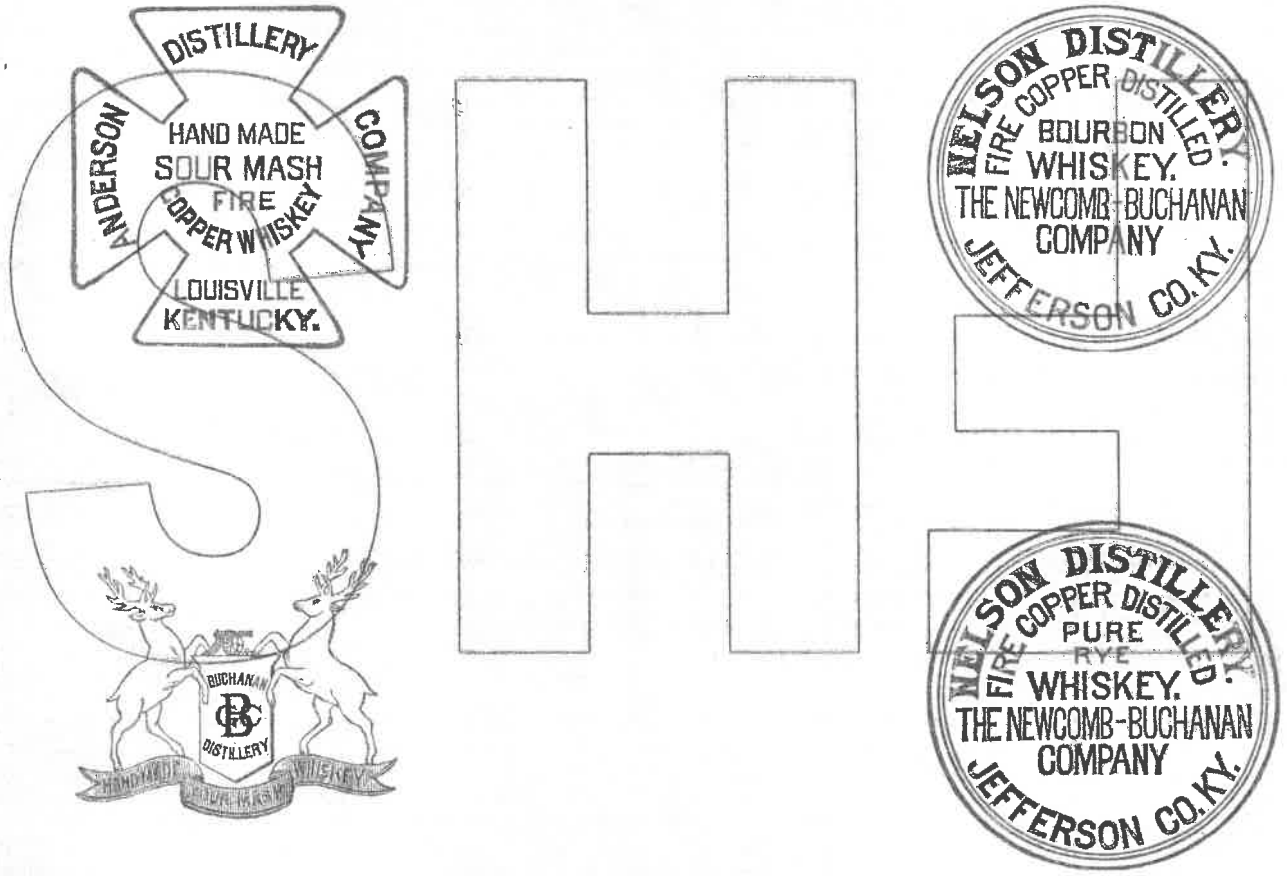
The extraordinary facilities of the Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company renders it practicable for it to give the trade every character of aging whisky they may desire, and in the "Buchanan" brand it caters to the demand, and most successfully, for a heavy-bodied, hand-made, sour mash whisky, suitable for blending, especially, and when well-matured possessed of a rich flavor and a very fragrant bouquet. This brand was first made in the season of 1880, and since that time it has grown steadily in favor with the trade.

In the manufacture of the "Nelson Bourbon" the same formula and methods are used to-day that have been used since this brand was first placed on the market, and which have made it an easy matter to sustain it in the very front rank among sweet mash whiskies. The "Nelson" is mashed in large tubs; is fermented with pure hop yeast; the mash is not soured; the percentage of small grain is very large; and it is singled and doubled in copper, the latter being accomplished directly over fire. It is the highest type of a sweet mash fire copper bourbon.

Few whiskies have ever attracted the favorable comments, season after season, that have been excited by the "Nelson Pure Rye." It is distilled from the finest Northwestern rye and barley malt, in proportions of 80 per cent. rye and 20 per cent. malt, and nothing is omitted

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LOUISVILLE, KY



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or neglected that money or experience can provide to insure its being sweet and exquisitely flavored. The extended demand for this whisky and the universal compliments that have been lavished upon it by those who sell it straight, and by those who use it for blending, shows conclusively that it suits the popular taste and corresponds with the requirements of the trade.

In its "Nelson Pure Malt" whisky the Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company takes an especial pride, and principally because of the endorsement it has received from, practically, the entire trade of the country. This whisky is distilled after the most approved ideas from the finest barley malt and is put up in both charred and uncharred packages; that put in the charred packages being intended for use in making fine blends with both rye and bourbon, giving to the same a finish and a richness that can not be obtained in any other way. That put up in uncharred barrels remains white in color and is used both for medicinal purposes and also as a substitute for Scotch and Irish whiskies in making hot drinks, it being almost identical with them in character, being preferred by many and far less expensive.

Of late years a demand has grown up in the trade for a class of goods known as "quick-maturing whiskies," and it being the policy of the Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company to give its customers what they want it began the manufacture of the now famous "U. S Club." This whisky, which has had an unprecedented sale from the beginning of its career, and which stands to-day head and shoulders above every other brand of goods of the same class, is made under the sweet mash process and by a formula that is unquestionably one of the happiest and most original ever conceived by a distiller. When it is three months old it is as rich in color and as free from all slop and kindred smells as the finest eight or ten-year-old bourbon made in the orthodox manner. The bouquet, of course, can not be compared to that of an old whisky, but it possesses, nevertheless, a pleasant flavor and a soft, agreeable aroma. It fills a want, and if a demand always in excess of supply is conclusive, it fills the want to perfection.

Samples and prices of any of the above whiskies forwarded to any part of the world on application to the Anderson and Nelson Distilleries Company, Louisville, Ky.





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THE J. M. ATHERTON COMPANY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: LOUISVILLE, KY.

DISTILLERIES: NEW HAVEN, NELSON COUNTY, KY.

THE Atherton Distillery is located near New Haven, Nelson county, Ky., a region that has long been famous as one of the three or four localities producing the finest Kentucky whiskies, the product of each locality retaining, to a certain degree, its own characteristic flavor. The Atherton Distillery was built there in 1867 and the Atherton brand established at that time. The distillery, when built, was a small frame structure, with a capacity of ten barrels of whisky per day, and the annual crop was only a few hundred barrels for several succeeding years. Now the distillery building is one of the finest in the State, constructed entirely of brick, and equipped throughout with the most improved modern machinery and distillery apparatus. Its finishing capacity is 1,254 bushels in twelve hours time, making 125 barrels per day. The amount now made and sold of the Atherton brand averages nearly 10,000 barrels per year, and it is one of the very best known brands made in the State of Kentucky, and the Atherton whisky is shipped to all States in the Union from Maine to California and from the lakes to the gulf. Connected with the Atherton Distillery is a very extensive system of warehouses, having storage capacity of more than 60,000 barrels. The warehouses are also constructed of brick, thoroughly ventilated, and are heated throughout with steam, a summer temperature being maintained in every warehouse through the entire year. No high degree of artificial heat is used in aging whiskies at this distillery as the proprietors do not believe that whisky subjected to high temperature will ever mature into the highest grade of Kentucky whiskies. Located on the premises are also cooperage works where 225 barrels per day can be made, and extensive cattle barns, machine shops and offices. The entire premises embrace more than twenty-five acres, connected with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad by three miles of track, owned and operated by The J. M. Atherton Company. The J. M. Atherton Company also make the brands "Windsor" and "Carter," which are high-grade Kentucky bourbons, and "Atherton Rye" and "Old Indian River Rye" (pure rye whiskies), which rank in excellence and flavor with those made in any State in the Union.

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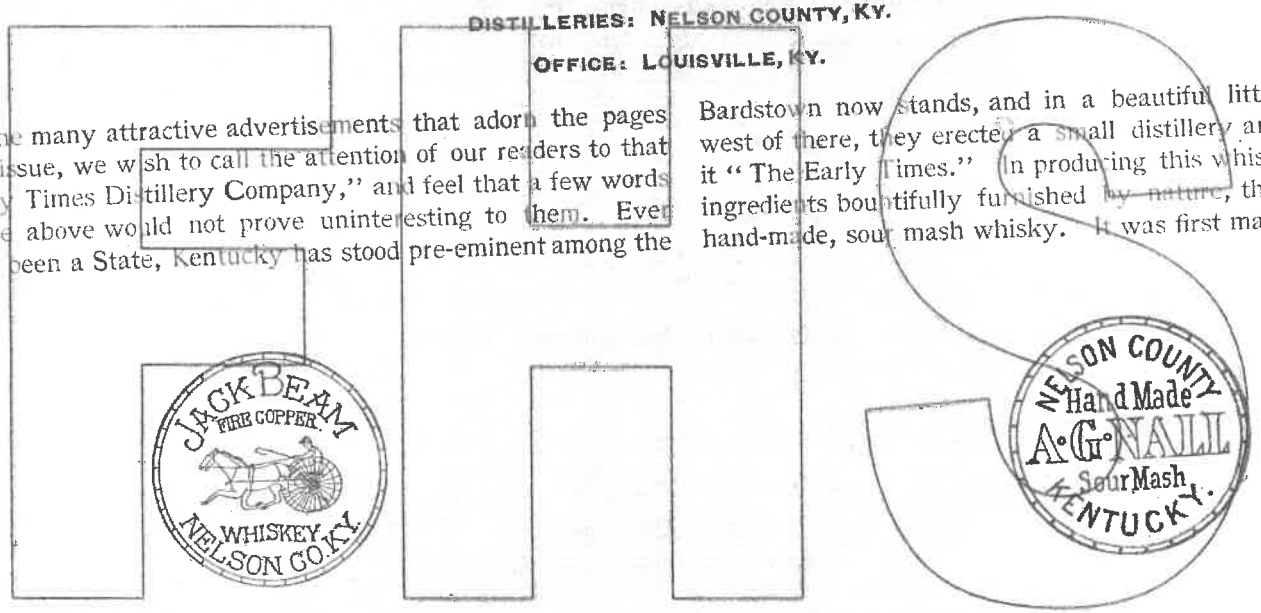
E. H. HURT, PRESIDENT.

J. H. BEAM, VICE-PRESIDENT.

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY.

DISTILLERIES: NELSON COUNTY, KY.
OFFICE: LOUISVILLE, KY.

AMONG the many attractive advertisements that adorn the pages of this issue, we wish to call the attention of our readers to that of "The Early Times Distillery Company," and feel that a few words concerning the above would not prove uninteresting to them. Ever since she has been a State, Kentucky has stood pre-eminent among the whisky-producing sections of our country; right proudly does she bear this distinction, and to her it certainly belongs. Among the most celebrated brands that have assisted in earning for her this distinction is the "Early Times," the subject of this sketch, and its name is certainly characteristic of the brand.



Many years ago, when Kentucky was one vast, unbroken forest, a band of settlers made a clearing where the flourishing little city of Bardstown now stands, and in a beautiful little valley, a few miles west of there, they erected a small distillery and very properly called it "The Early Times." In producing this whisky they used only the ingredients bountifully furnished by nature, thereby making a pure, hand-made, sour mash whisky. It was first made by the grandfather of Mr. J. H. Beam, who is the present distiller, and thus it has passed from father to son, a crop of it having been made every year since that early period by one family of distillers, and it is made now as it was then, on the old primitive plan, hand-made, fire-copper sour mash, over open wood fires, which has given Kentucky whiskies so great a reputation for purity and fine flavor.

Some years ago Mr. B. H. Hurt, a well-known business man of

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Louisville, Ky., bought an interest in the plant, and the stockholders, recognizing his unquestionable ability, immediately elected him President and Mr. J. H. Beam, Vice-President. In recent years they have added to their plant only such modern improvements as would facilitate the mashing of grain, but have, in no way, changed the old style of distillation. The grain used in producing this whisky is the very best selected corn, rye and barley and using no patent yeast to force excessive yield, none but an absolutely pure, old-fashioned whisky is produced, which they bottle expressly for hotels, clubs, druggists and family use. They call the attention of those desiring to use the genuine "Early Times" to the fac-simile of their trade mark which is burnt in the head of every barrel, is on the bottom of every bottle, as well as on the cap, and "Early Times" burnt in the cork. Any barrel or bottle represented as "Early Times," and not having fac-similes as above, are worthless, and the public are warned against them. Besides making the "Early Times" sour mash, the above company also make "Jack Beam" fire copper, and "A. G. Nall" sour mash whiskies. As we have said, the distillery is located three miles west of Bardstown, but their principal office is in Louisville, Ky., where the President, Mr. B. H. Hurt, will always be found ready to welcome their many friends.

SAMPLE



FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

TO THE LIQUOR TRADE.



IN 1872 the firm of Fible & Crabb was established. We began by making an old-fashioned, hand-made sour mash whisky, which we have continued up to the present time, at all times having in view quality rather than quantity. Our chief aim has been to raise the standard, if possible, of our goods by using only the best limestone water which flows from a living spring from a bed of limestone rock over 1,000 feet deep, and the best grain that can be procured, viz.: corn, rye and barley malt. Our cooperage is the best hand-made barrels that skilled labor can turn out; made in our own shops, of timber selected by ourselves. Our storage is the best that experience and experiments for twenty years would suggest (using no steam heat to force color and apparent age). Our warehouses are iron-clad first story, with open slat work above. They are built two feet from the ground, and barrels are stored in racks seven tiers high, thus having the benefit of a free circulation of air and plenty of light, the only true method of ripening a fine whisky. We guarantee outs not to exceed the allowance under the Carlisle bill when they come out of bond; rate of storage, five cents per barrel per month; rate of insurance, one and one-fourth per cent. per annum. We deliver goods free of drayage to the railroad.

Our brands are as follows: "Fible & Crabb," "Blue Ribbon," "Dew Drops," "Kentucky Poteen." In these brands we challenge

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

any distiller to show finer or better matured goods of same age and storage. Each year we put aside a lot of "Blue Ribbon" whisky in our free warehouse to age and ripen, to be used by us in bottling under our famous "Old Blue Ribbon Brand," which is recognized by those who have used it as the finest and purest goods bottled in Kentucky. It is highly endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians of the country. It is used by many of the best clubs of the United States, and is sold at many of the best drug stores and finest bars in America. To those who want a pure old whisky as a beverage, or for family use, we recommend it.

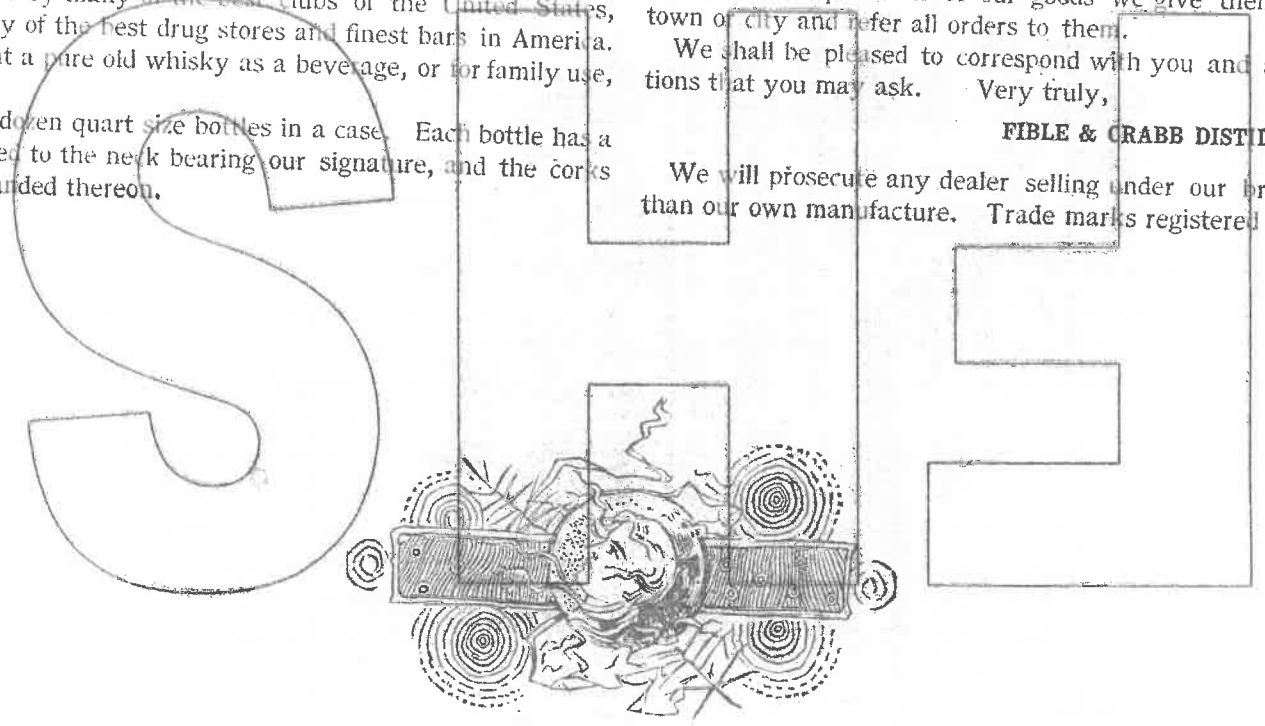
It is put up one dozen quart size bottles in a case. Each bottle has a blue ribbon attached to the neck bearing our signature, and the corks have our name branded thereon.

We bottle a younger goods under the brand of "Dew Drops," which is equally as pure, the only difference being the age. If you desire to handle in your business a fine Kentucky whisky, which you can guarantee to be absolutely pure, write to us and we will take pleasure in naming you prices on bottled goods or whiskies in bond. Where dealers will buy sufficient quantities of our goods we give them control in their town or city and refer all orders to them.

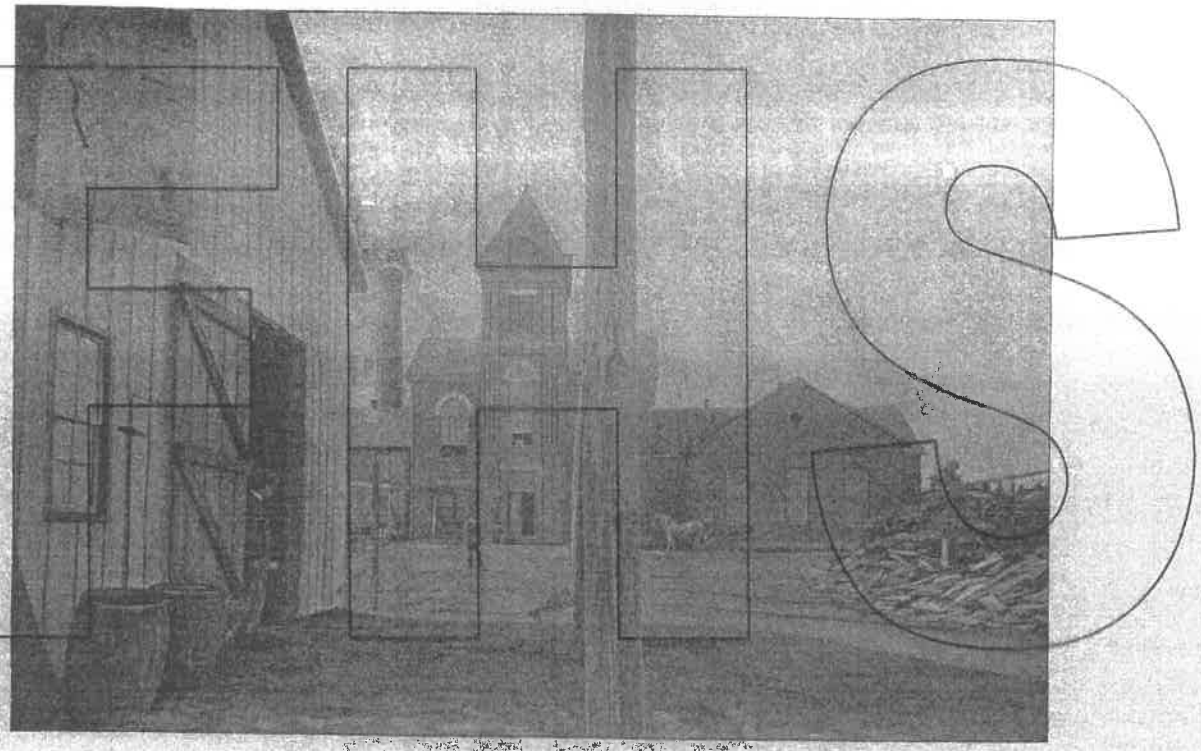
We shall be pleased to correspond with you and answer any questions that you may ask. Very truly,

FIBLE & CRABB DISTILLING COMPANY.

We will prosecute any dealer selling under our brands goods other than our own manufacture. Trade marks registered



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THE ROLLING FORK DISTILLERY.

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MUELLER, WATHEN & KOBERT,

LEBANON, KENTUCKY.

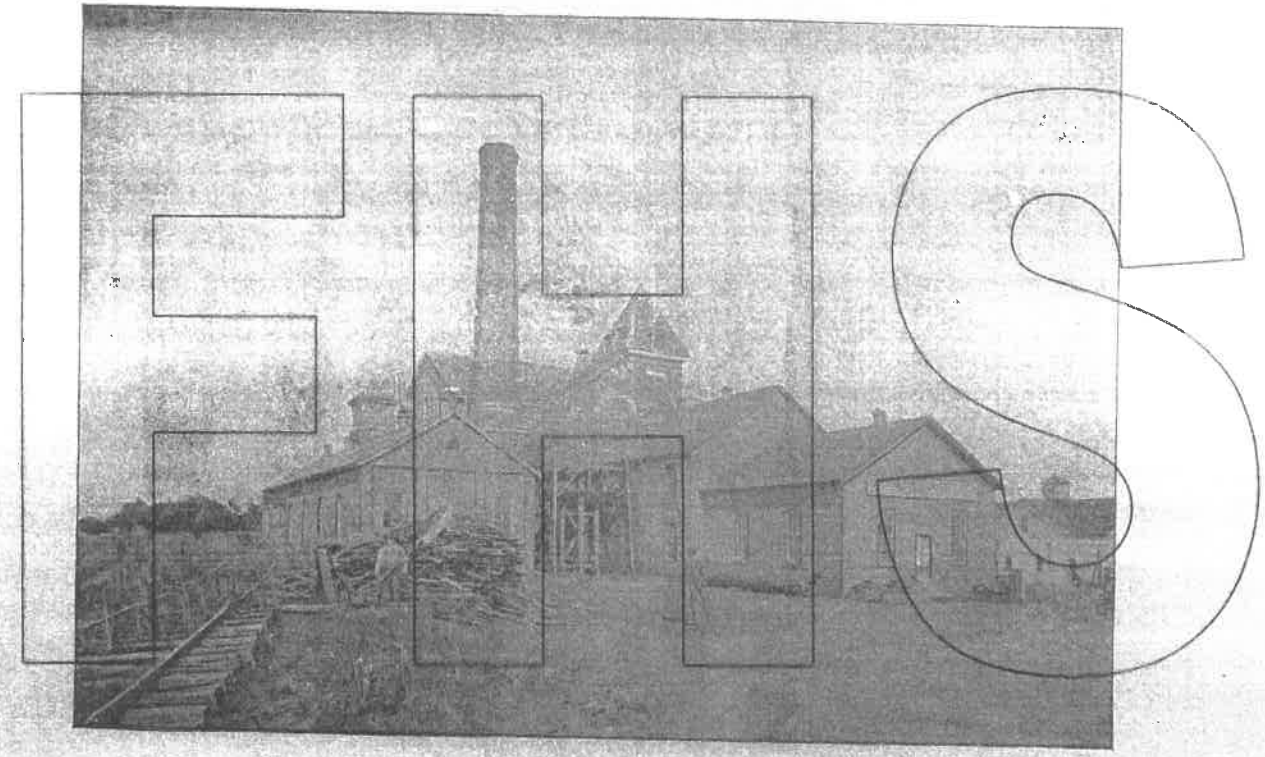
THERE is no portion of Kentucky more beautiful or better suited in every way as a place to manufacture fine Kentucky whisky than Marion county. A rolling country, beautifully drained, with many clear streams of water, sparkling springs bursting from cliffs of limestone, beautiful forests, fine horses and cattle and magnificent men and women.

In the midst of this county, not very far from the celebrated Rolling Fork river, are located the famous distilleries of Mueller, Wathen & Kobert. There are two of these houses, one a sweet the other a sour mash. In the sweet mash house the "Rolling Fork" brand is made, and in the sour mash house the "Cumberland" and "Moore & Grigsby" are made. The difference between a sweet and a sour mash whisky is occasioned by the methods of manufacture. In making a sweet mash whisky the grain is fermented directly after it has been scalded, while in a sour mash it is allowed to set over in the tubs and sour. Of course these whiskies have a different flavor, the sour mash being much heavier bodied than the sweet mash. The sweet mash whiskies mature much faster on this account and can be used as a beverage several years before the sour mash is ripened. When the sour mash whisky is fully matured, however, it is admittedly one of, if not the finest of all alcoholic beverages.

The Rolling Fork Distillery is one of the finest in Kentucky, and the product, like that of the Cumberland Distillery, is sold in every State in this Union and in many foreign countries.

The above distilleries were established as follows: Rolling Fork in 1875, the Cumberland in 1879 and the Moore & Grigsby brand in 1857.

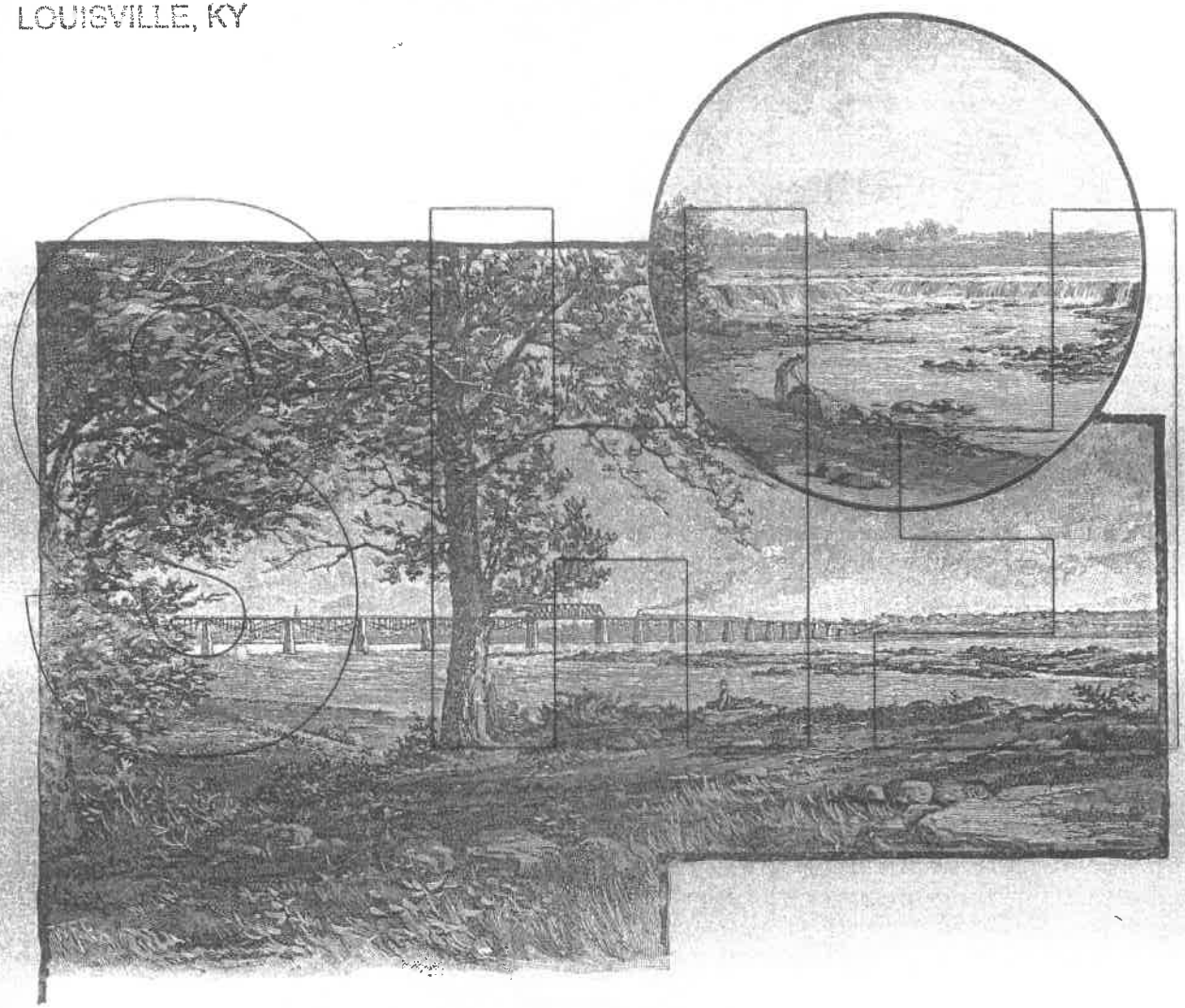
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THE CUMBERLAND DISTILLERY.

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FALLS OF THE OHIO.

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CHAS. E. LEMMON, PRESIDENT. D. MESCHENDORF, SEC'Y AND TREAS. F. W. LYONS, MANAGER OF EXHIBIT.

OLD LOG CABIN DISTILLERY AND WAREHOUSE

—OF—

The Old Times Distillery Company,

OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

CAPACITY, 350 GALLONS PER DAY.

In Operation at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Location in Agricultural Department, between Anthropological and Cliff Dwellers' Exhibits.

KENTUCKY, the synonym for pretty women, fast horses and fine whisky, is again before the eyes of an appreciative and admiring public, not the American public alone, but before the entire world. This time her vast whisky interests will be represented in a manner novel, as well as entertaining, viz.: illustrating the intricate process of distilling "sour mash whisky."

This stroke of enterprise, stamping its originators at once as progressive and energetic, had its conception and fulfillment with the proprietors of The Old Times Distillery Company, of Louisville, Ky. This company first sprang into prominence in 1880 through their brands of "Old Times," "Kentucky Comfort," and "Gladstone," which to-day are in the front rank among dealers in high-grade goods throughout the country. The plant is located in Jefferson county, close to three lines of railroads, with complete switching facilities to every road centering in Louisville. A large per cent. of small grain is used in the production of their goods, and the daily capacity exceeds 6,000 gallons. The important matter of storage is carefully looked after. There are five modern brick and iron-clad warehouses, equipped with patent ricks and heated throughout with steam, and with a total capacity of 65,000 barrels.

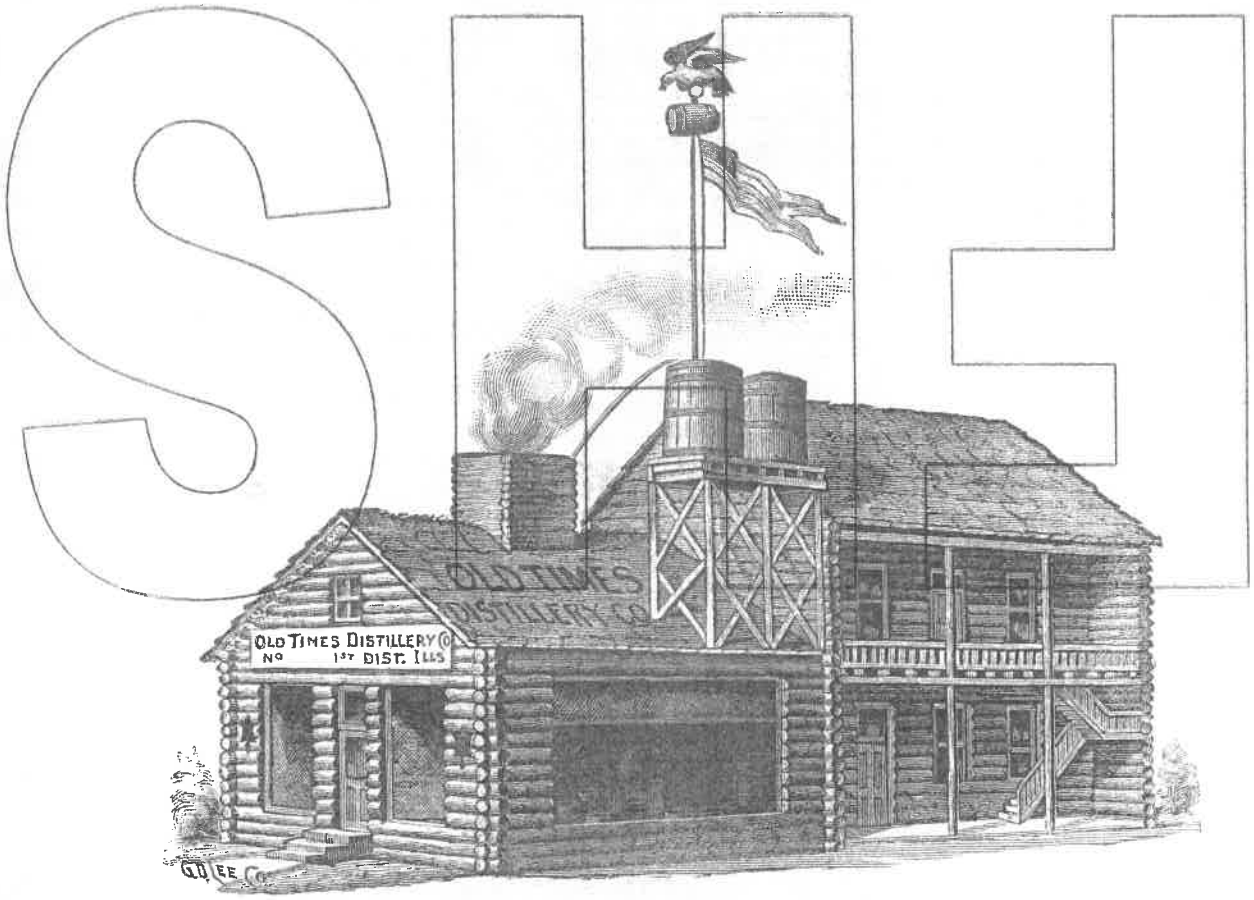
The gentlemen interested in "The Old Times" are Charles Lemmon, President, and Richard (familiarly known to the trade as Dick) Meschendorf, Secretary and Treasurer, both young and pushing business men. They are self-made men and richly deserve the unprecedented success of their concentrated efforts.

During the past six years they have not held a barrel of their product more than two months old, and to their knowledge there has never been a barrel of "Old Times" or "Kentucky Comfort" thrown upon

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

the market or sold at a loss to any purchaser. It is also claimed that during all the depression in the whisky business there has never been a package of "Kentucky Comfort" exported by any of its numerous holders, and the company has never let a boom in the whisky trade lead them to overproduce their brands. They are now establishing resident agents in all leading cities and intend devoting their whole time to the making, taking care of and freeing said brands.

The offices of the distillery are located at 205 W. Main street, in the center of the whisky trade. Chicago office, rooms 401–404 Unity Building.



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LOUISVILLE, KY

RUGBY DISTILLERY CO.,

DISTILLERS OF

INDIAN HILL

FIRE-COPPER BOURBON.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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RUGBY DISTILLERY CO.,

DISTILLERS OF

INDIAN HILL

FIRE-COPPER BOURBON.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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LOUISVILLE, KY

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RUGBY DISTILLERY CO.,

DISTILLERS OF

INDIAN HILL

FIRE-COPPER BOURBON.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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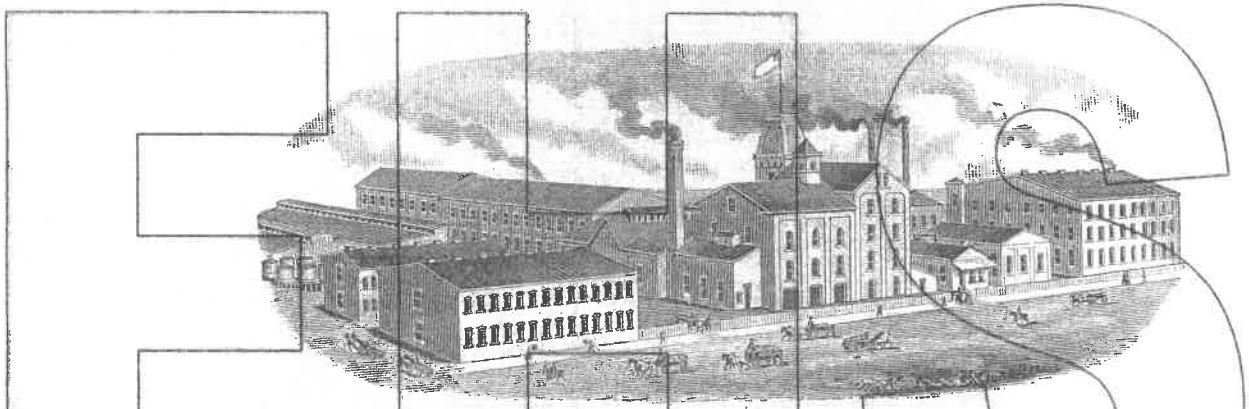
FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

PRODUCTION OF WHISKY IN

	Kentucky	Pennsylvania	Maryland	West Virginia	Tennessee	United States
Year Ending 30th June, 1880 . .	15,911,279	3,187,167	1,651,118	330,773	845,341	90,355,270
" " " " 1881 . .	31,869,047	4,686,181	2,395,843	511,659	1,321,646	117,728,150
" " " " 1882 . .	30,386,456	4,977,887	1,725,397	379,435	1,047,054	105,853,161
" " " " 1883 . .	9,900,676	2,333,342	1,176,166	182,031	893,131	74,013,308
" " " " 1884 . .	10,469,551	2,687,437	1,612,363	283,022	1,226,272	75,435,739
" " " " 1885 . .	13,458,995	2,524,742	1,715,969	210,111	791,381	74,915,363
" " " " 1886 . .	20,572,132	3,344,353	2,107,045	396,216	661,518	80,344,380
" " " " 1887 . .	19,383,109	3,683,149	1,690,083	229,278	731,022	77,831,599
" " " " 1888 . .	8,670,912	3,258,519	1,426,003	123,346	845,014	70,279,406
" " " " 1889 . .	25,130,501	4,163,569	1,976,880	268,332	1,150,828	89,358,510
" " " " 1890 . .	36,189,378	6,374,354	2,467,231	359,997	1,567,739	109,275,928
" " " " 1891 . .	33,393,045	8,059,527	2,488,950	520,084	982,110	115,962,389

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

J. B. Wathen & Bro. Company's Distillery Plant.



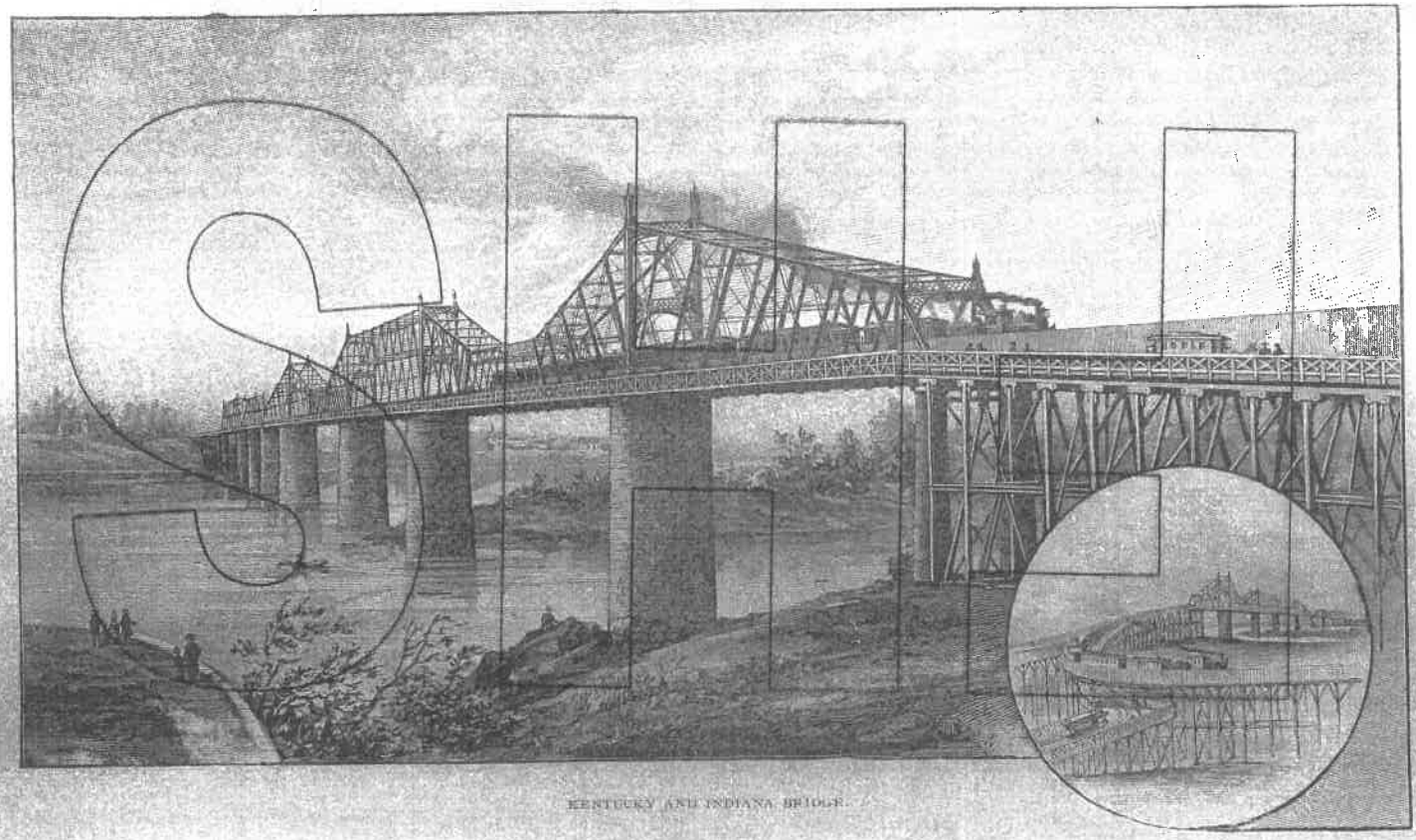
AMONG the progressive distillers of Kentucky, Mr. J. B. Wathen, President of the J. B. Wathen & Bro. Company, of Louisville, holds a conspicuous position. Mr. Wathen is eminently a man of the times, and he allows neither prejudice nor expense to stand in the way of an investigation of any improvements in the manufacture of fine bourbon and rye whiskies. In consequence of this policy the J. B. Wathen & Bro. Company is famous the country over for the extraordinary purity and rapid maturity of its product and for the exceeding delicacy of flavor that distinguishes both its bourbons and ryes.

Mr. Wathen was a pioneer in the distilling business in Kentucky, having been raised to the same by his father, who was a distiller before him. He started out for himself in 1875 at Lebanon, Kentucky, having a brother as a partner and doing business under the firm name of J. B. Wathen & Bro. The business prospered, so in 1880 it was moved to Louisville and a distillery was erected on the site of the present large plant. In 1885 Mr. J. B. Wathen purchased his brother's interest and incorporated as the J. B. Wathen & Bro. Company, J. B. Wathen, President. Since 1885 the business has increased to an extraordinary extent, and several fortunes have been expended in improvements and in providing increased capacity and increased storage, until to-day the plant is not only one of the most extensive and complete in this country, but in the world. The brands "J. B. Wathen & Bro. Standard Bourbon," "Kentucky's Criterion," "Commerce Club" and "Lackawanna Pure Rye" are sold in every town and hamlet in the United States where fine whisky is handled, and in Mexico, Central and South America a steady and increasing, although entirely voluntary, demand is paying tribute to their superior merits as ideal Kentucky whiskies.

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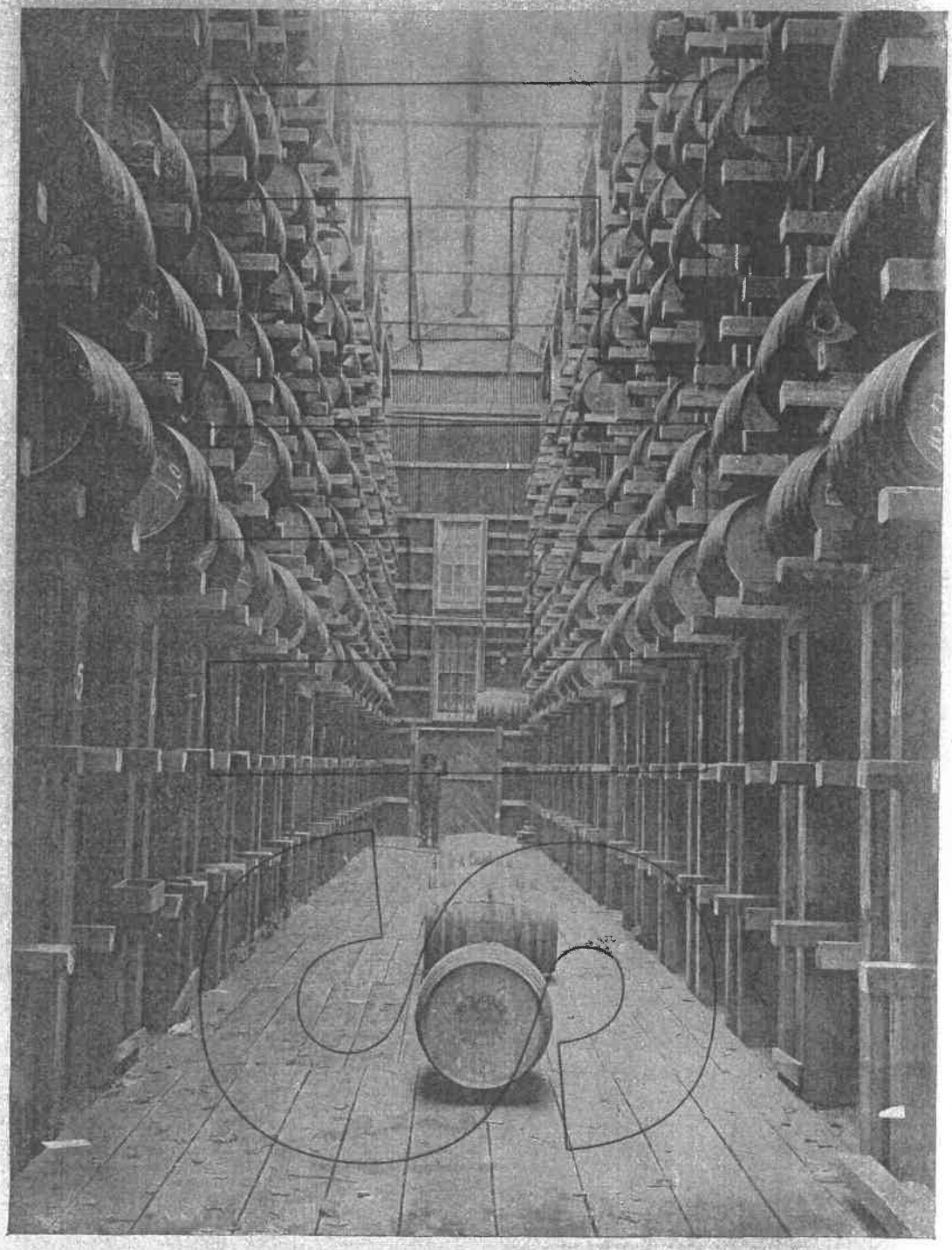
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KENTUCKY AND INDIANA BRIDGE.

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INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD VAN HOOK DISTILLERY WAREHOUSE.—THE F. S. ASHBROOK COMPANY, CYNTHIANA, KY., PROPRIETORS.

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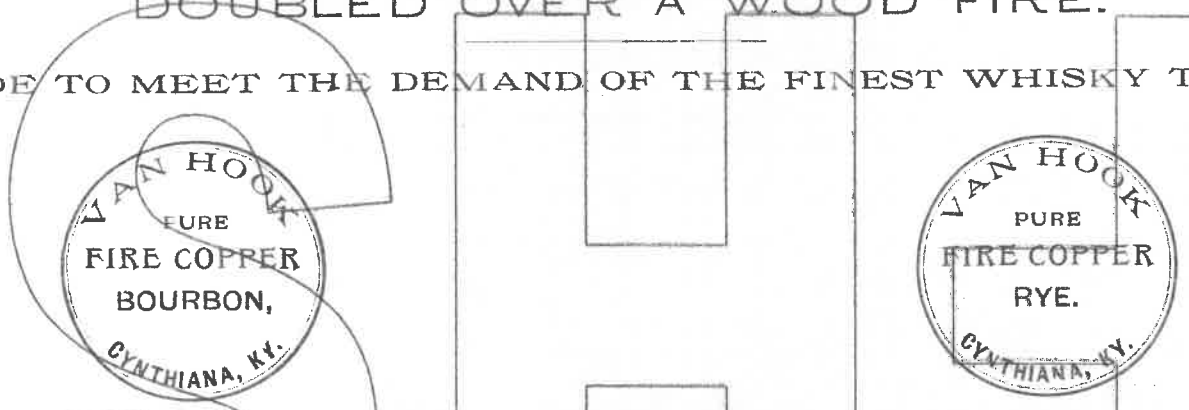
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VAN HOOK.

DOUBLED OVER A WOOD FIRE.

MADE TO MEET THE DEMAND OF THE FINEST WHISKY TRADE.



SINCE the celebrated brand of Van Hook has contributed so largely toward the fame of Kentucky for its fine whisky it will no doubt be of interest to the patrons of that brand to have submitted to them a brief sketch of the Bluegrass region, where the ever-inspiring product is manufactured. Cynthiana, Ky., known far and near as the City of the Maidens, so named after Cynthia and Anna, two daughters of Colonel Harrison, founder of the town, and for whom the county is named, is an enterprising town of about four thousand (4,000) inhabitants, located on the banks of the Licking river in the midst of an undulating, fertile, highly-cultivated country. The town is encircled by a ridge of forest-covered hills, on which are built some of the ideal homes of Kentucky. Upon entering the town the most prominent residence is Monticello, the home of the late Honorable T. J. Megibben. This home is built on the Queen Anne style of architecture, with all the comforts that wealth, science and art can afford. From this section of the old Commonwealth has gone forth the fame of many noble men and queenly women and astonishing records of thoroughbred horses, for which Kentucky is so renowned. Leading out from this progressive little city are nine (9) turnpike roads, many of them are the best thoroughfares and the finest drives found in the State. Some six miles to the south of this place, after a charming ride over a drive which, for smoothness and whiteness in appearance, can hardly be surpassed by the shell roads around Baltimore, Md., we come to the Megibben Edgewater Stock Farm, founded by the late T. J. Megibben, whose fame for producing celebrated thoroughbred horses, shorthorn cattle and fine whisky is world wide. Here on this beautiful Bluegrass farm are one hundred (100)

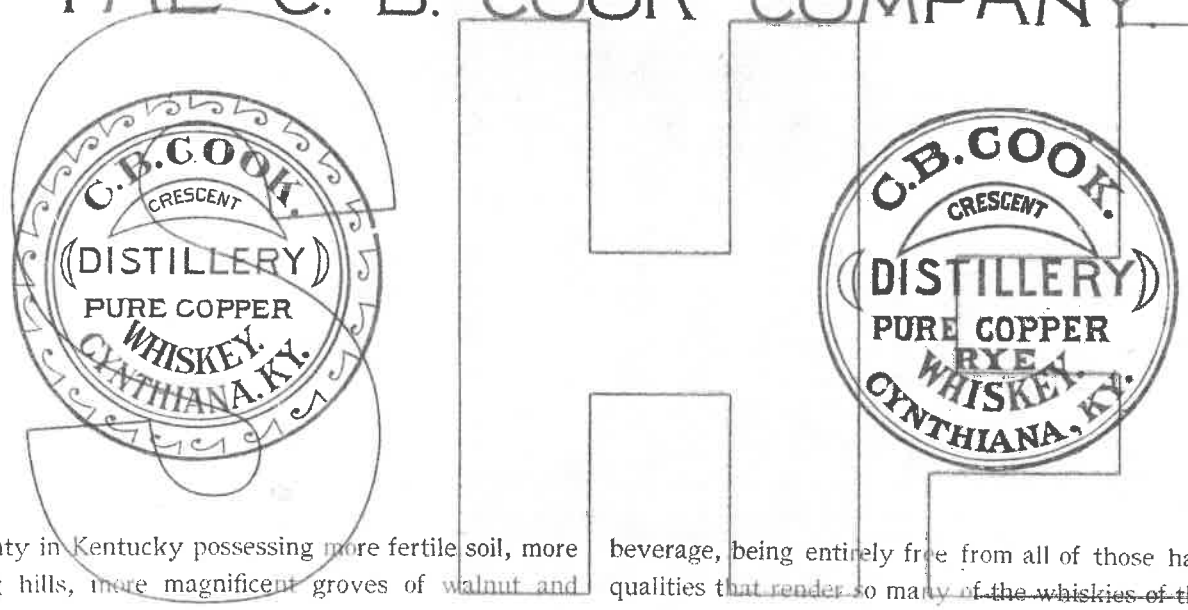
FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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head of as finely-bred thoroughbred brood-mares as can be found on any stock farm in America. Several of the mares are of recent importation. Some of those of celerity are as follows: First and foremost, and standing at the head of the stud, is the great and only Springbok, whose racing is one of the grandest performances ever accorded to any horse. After having started in twenty-six (26) races, winning nineteen (19) of them, his 2¼-mile record of 3:56½ minutes has stood for eighteen years and never been beaten. Next in order is Audrain, another stallion, whose performances as a three-year-old were the wonder of the day, having started in fourteen (14) races, winning nine (9) of them. Third comes Imported Moccasin, another stallion, sire of the dam of Morrello, winner of the Futurity Stakes of 1892. Then King Eric, a royal-bred stallion, who won many good stakes. Next comes the world-renowned Imported Deceiver who is owned in part by the proprietors of this stock farm. The following grand performers are owned or have been bred at this farm: Pessara, Huntress, Duke of Bourbon, Plunger, East Lynne, Lela May, Valera, W. G. Morris, Sportsman, Laura Davison, Avondale, Eberle, Clipsetta, Blue Jeans, Ordway, J. J. C. and Birdella M. The dams of nearly all the above are still in the possession of the Megibben Edgewater Stock Farm. We can assure our readers that it is alone worth a trip to Kentucky to visit this Bluegrass farm. Cynthiana is again brought into prominence by the Abdallah Stock Farm, the home of celebrated trotters, such as Sultan, sire of Stamboul, the champion stallion of the world, record 2:07½; Simmons, sire of Greenleaf, 2:10½; New York Central, 2:13¼; Corrolloyd, 2:13½; Simmocolon, 2:13¾. This farm was the home of Lady DeJarnett, an animal shown in prize rings from Maine to California, and was never beaten. Since this portion of Kentucky has been so blessed by nature as to produce the beautiful Bluegrass horses of the fastest records and women of the greatest beauty, is it any wonder that out of the product of the earth, we say out of the earth, for it is the cereals grown here, combined with the limestone water, that comes sparkling and gushing out from between the rocks, is made that spirit which has painted landscapes, beautiful to behold in the mind of man. We repeat, is it any wonder that the City of the Maidens, surrounded by such incentives, should be made famous by its leading brand of whisky—which is acknowledged to be the Old Van Hook—the proprietors of which are the F. S. Ashbrook Company. Their plant lies at the junction of the Kentucky Central Railroad (the Bluegrass route to the South) and the Licking river. The Old Van Hook Distillery was originally built on the same site thirty years ago by Peck & Van Hook, at which time the Van Hook brand was established. In 1885 the late Hon. T. J. Megibben, F. S. Ashbrook and E. W. Bramble, comprising the firm of the F. S. Ashbrook Company, bought the plant, remodeled and made improvements so as to turn out one of the finest fire copper whiskies known to the trade; as to how well they have succeeded we have only to call the attention of the trade to the increasing demand each year for Van Hook whisky. At this distillery is made the only, strictly wood fire doubled whisky made in Central Kentucky. The scarcity and high price of wood in this section has not caused them to deviate from this process, their aim being more for quality than quantity. The water used in the manufacture of the Van Hook is drawn from the famous Trimble spring, which lies adjoining the premises. The grain used in the manufacture is all carefully selected by one of the firm, and it is the reputation of the brand that not a barrel of musty or moldy whisky was ever produced by the present firm—a record we dare say can hardly be surpassed by any other distillery in Kentucky. The warehouses, three in number, with a storage capacity of 15,000 barrels, are built on the most approved plans, and one built the past season is said to be one of the best in the State. With all the shutters closed it is sufficiently light inside for all work, there being a glass roof twenty-four feet wide, the entire length of the building. All the brick warehouses are provided with steam-heating coils, which keep the temperature warm and dry. The Van Hook rye whisky, turned out at this distillery, is admitted by many of the handlers of the brand to be equal to the finest rye ever produced. We would like here to give a list of the leading wholesale dealers throughout the land, with their testimony of this great brand of whisky, but space forbids

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THE C. B. COOK COMPANY



THERE is no county in Kentucky possessing more fertile soil, more beautiful rolling hills, more magnificent groves of walnut and beech, more beautiful streams of water, more prolific springs, or finer horses and cattle, or more superb and delicious whisky than the county of Harrison; nor does this county lay claim to a whisky more celebrated or more justly so than the famous "C. B. Cook Bourbon and Rye," made at the Crescent Distillery of the C. B. Cook Company, of Cynthiana. This distillery was established in 1868 by Mr. C. B. Cook, and for lo! these many years its product has been known and handled from New York to San Francisco and from the lakes down far into South America. The C. B. Cook whisky is a mild, soft and fragrant beverage, being entirely free from all of those harsh and disagreeable qualities that render so many of the whiskies of this State unfit for use until they are eight or ten years old. The distillery where this whisky is made is located on the Licking river, just on the edge of Cynthiana, and it is in every way one of the most complete houses in the State. No money has been spared to put the house in such shape that it can be kept sweet and clean from one end of the season to the other, thereby insuring a regular and a sweet whisky during the entire run. The storage is of the very highest character, the cooperage the best that money can buy and as the Kentucky Central Railroad runs directly through the distillery premises all shipments are made without delay.

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WITHDRAWALS OF WHISKY FROM BOND IN

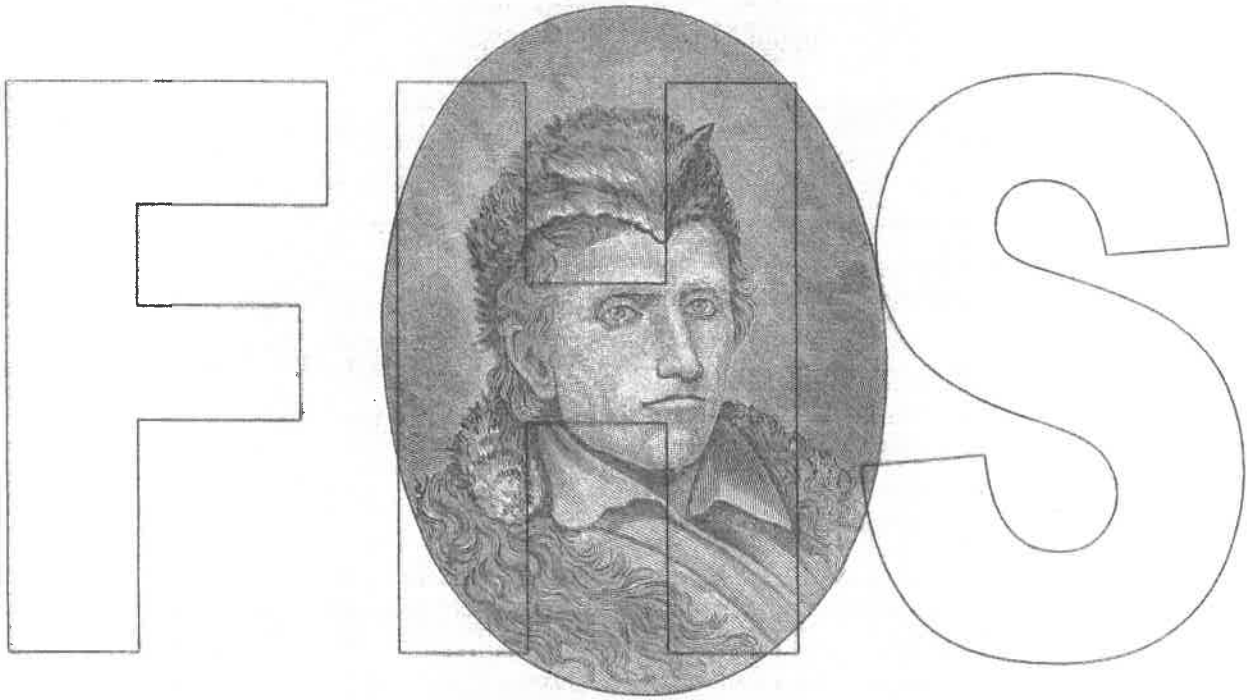
	Kentucky	Pennsylvania	Maryland	West Virginia	Tennessee	United States
Year Ending 30th June, 1881 . . .	7,636,128	1,930,852	649,991	85,867	891,174	84,443,908
" " " " 1882 . . .	9,672,463	2,236,300	886,117	112,613	759,968	80,538,627
" " " " 1883 . . .	16,409,837	3,071,860	1,731,184	290,758	984,712	83,475,060
" " " " 1884 . . .	24,610,913	4,064,825	2,358,915	442,061	1,175,910	92,433,181
" " " " 1885 . . .	21,861,909	3,539,786	1,689,468	323,792	978,537	83,692,996
" " " " 1886 . . .	18,229,832	3,011,483	1,063,035	214,059	966,362	76,972,670
" " " " 1887 . . .	13,114,465	2,515,038	1,445,195	228,279	891,148	70,782,951
" " " " 1888 . . .	15,043,201	2,782,430	1,588,848	223,508	896,274	74,391,751
" " " " 1889 . . .	20,089,708	3,265,967	2,420,529	363,875	807,667	81,879,458
" " " " 1890 . . .	18,397,199	3,829,928	1,478,283	287,101	855,220	88,066,945
" " " " 1891 . . .	17,737,639	3,810,575	1,369,437	174,650	1,057,756	92,761,985

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BOONE COUNTY.

THE celebrated Big Bone Lick is located in Boone county in a valley containing about one hundred acres. The lick itself spreads over an area of ten acres and the surface within this area was generally depressed three or four feet below the level of the surrounding valley; this was caused by the stamping of the countless numbers of wild animals drawn there by the salt, also by their licking the earth. This lick was first visited by James Douglas, of Virginia, in 1773, who found the ten acres constituting the lick bare of trees and herbage of every kind and covered with the bones of the mastodon, arctic elephants and all kinds of animals. Many collections of these fossil remains have been made for the museums. Another antiquity of this county is the site of an aboriginal burying-ground, whose history is hid in the darkness of past ages. Many curious Indian relics have been unearthed from it, such as curiously covered stone vessels, earthenware utensils, etc. Verily! Boone county abounds in interesting curiosities.

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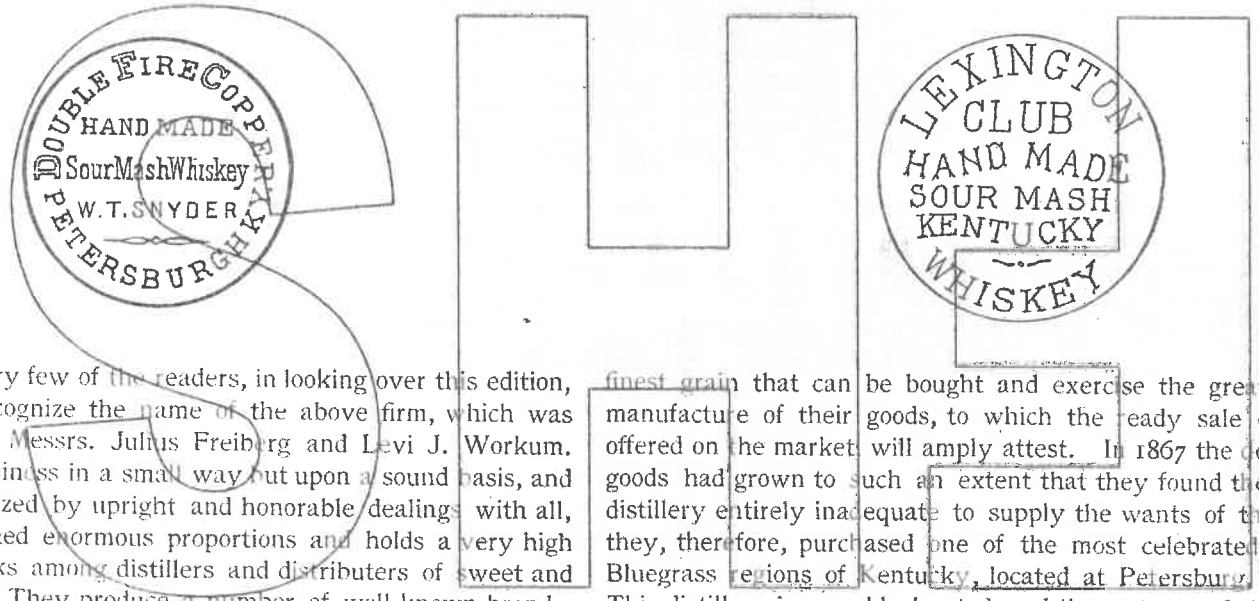
DANIEL BOONE.

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FREIBERG & WORKUM.



WE think that very few of the readers, in looking over this edition, will fail to recognize the name of the above firm, which was organized in 1853 by Messrs. Julius Freiberg and Levi J. Workum. They started their business in a small way but upon a sound basis, and it has been characterized by upright and honorable dealings with all, until it has now reached enormous proportions and holds a very high rank in the front ranks among distillers and distributers of sweet and sour mash whiskies. They produce a number of well-known brands, all of which have become famous the world over. In 1857 they built a distillery at Lynchburg, O., at which is made the celebrated "High-land Pure Rye," "Lynchburg Rye" and "J. A. Bowen" bourbon and rye whiskies. At the time that this distillery was built it was considered the best equipped and finest in the State, but, being fully up to the times, Messrs. Freiberg & Workum have, in later years, added to it every convenience known to the modern age. Nature has given them a bountiful supply of pure, cold water, which is so essential to the production of a fine grade of whisky. They use only the very finest grain that can be bought and exercise the greatest care in the manufacture of their goods, to which the ready sale of same, when offered on the market, will amply attest. In 1867 the demand for their goods had grown to such an extent that they found the above-named distillery entirely inadequate to supply the wants of their customers; they, therefore, purchased one of the most celebrated plants in the Bluegrass regions of Kentucky, located at Petersburg, Boone county. This distillery is superbly located, and the water used there stands at a temperature of 52° the year round. Here they make the famous "W. T. Snyder Sour Mash," "Lexington Club Sour Mash" and Appleton and Boone counties whiskies, all of which are so well known to the entire trade that comment would be superfluous. In 1884 this distillery, which had been entirely refitted with the newest and latest machinery by Messrs. Freiberg & Workum, was, unfortunately, burned, but with their noted energy and push they immediately decided to rebuild, and out of the ashes of the old one rose a magnificent structure that will compare favorably with the finest distilleries in the State of

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Kentucky. Every improvement known to the modern age has been placed therein, and if such a thing were possible the old brands that were made there have been improved upon.

The warehouses at both distilleries have, in late years, been entirely refitted throughout with new patent racks and are heated by steam, thereby producing a uniform temperature the year round. Besides the product of their own distilleries Messrs. Freiberg & Workum control the famous "J. N. Blakemore" whisky, which is made at Franklin county, Kentucky, in a region from which comes some of the finest brands known to the world, and it is pronounced by connoisseurs one of the finest hand-made sour mash whiskies on the market.

Messrs. Freiberg & Workum have their headquarters at Cincinnati, O., where they occupy one of the handsomest offices in the city and at which their many friends are at all times welcome. They have there also an immense warehouse and redistillers' establishment, from which they supply their enormous trade with the finest article of blended whiskies. They are, in the strictest sense of the word, self-made men, and stand foremost among the most honored citizens of the Buckeye State.

The best authority on such matters claim that the whisky trade is looking to Spanish America as one of the best fields for export. The increased production demands that the territory be extended, and for many reasons attention has been turned to the Southern countries. And while other firms are just awakening to the importance of representation there, and just beginning to introduce their goods, the far-sighted firm of Freiberg & Workum are among those who are already enjoying a well-established trade with Mexico, Central and South Americas, and the now well-known Hawaiian Islands, and are resting assured that their brands can compete most favorably with any made. While the natives of these countries superstitiously reject our overtures at civilization in almost every respect, they eagerly set aside their heathenish mescal and other fiery liquors for the velvety richness of such beverages as the "W. T. Snyder," "Lexington Club," etc. It is the pride of this reliable, conservative firm, that they are able to furnish of their own manufacture any kind of goods required in the stock of a wholesale liquor dealer, and all of it is sent forth to stand upon its own merit. No undue advertising or puffing is resorted to by the manufacturers; all they ask is for you "to taste and see that it is good."

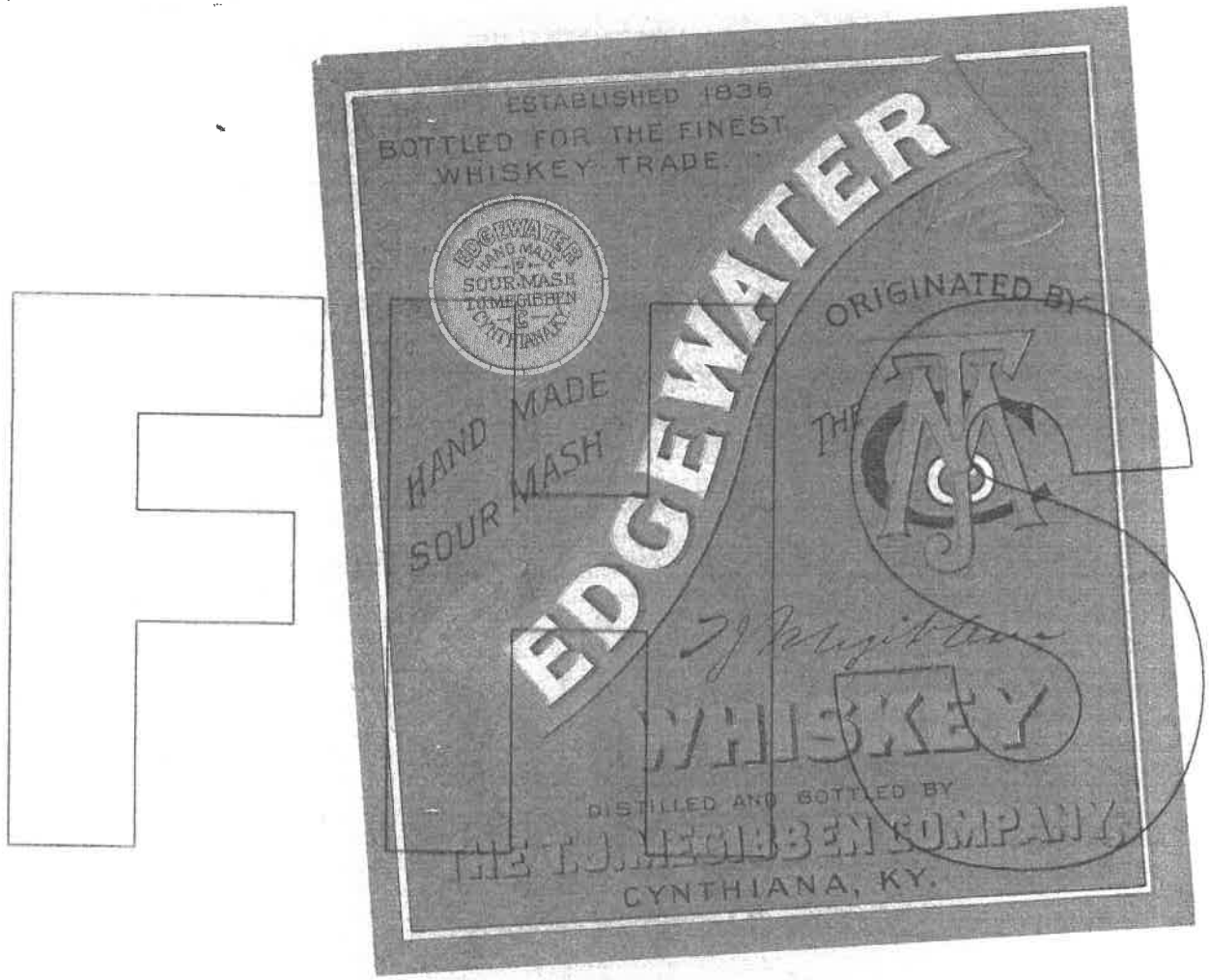
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WHISKY AND SPIRITS EXPORTED—THE PRODUCT OF

	Kentucky	Pennsylvania	Maryland	West Virginia	Tennessee	Balance United States	Total
Year Ending 30th June, 1880	5,310	42	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .	16,760,314	16,765,666
" " " " 1881	8,039	2,212	1,242	. . . . .	. . . . .	15,909,989	15,921,482
" " " " 1882	23,255	908	40	. . . . .	. . . . .	8,068,522	8,092,725
" " " " 1883	663,126	108,716	64,226	47,452	. . . . .	4,442,907	5,326,427
" " " " 1884	3,446,131	216,702	203,400	59,761	. . . . .	5,660,744	9,586,738
" " " " 1885	3,901,639	290,899	101,854	24,538	10,502	6,341,686	10,671,118
" " " " 1886	2,013,436	90,778	1,613	. . . . .	34,008	3,506,821	5,646,656
" " " " 1887	227,415	410	1,836	5,910	24,352	1,963,990	2,223,913
" " " " 1888	272,746	17,460	26,217	11,033	4,128	1,172,621	1,514,205
" " " " 1889	1,539,792	19,397	167,827	24,251	17,054	821,914	2,590,235
" " " " 1890	340,270	28,630	21,829	15,095	. . . .	975,902	1,367,726
" " " " 1891	172,050	6,129	22,610	. . . . .	172	1,475,434	1,676,395

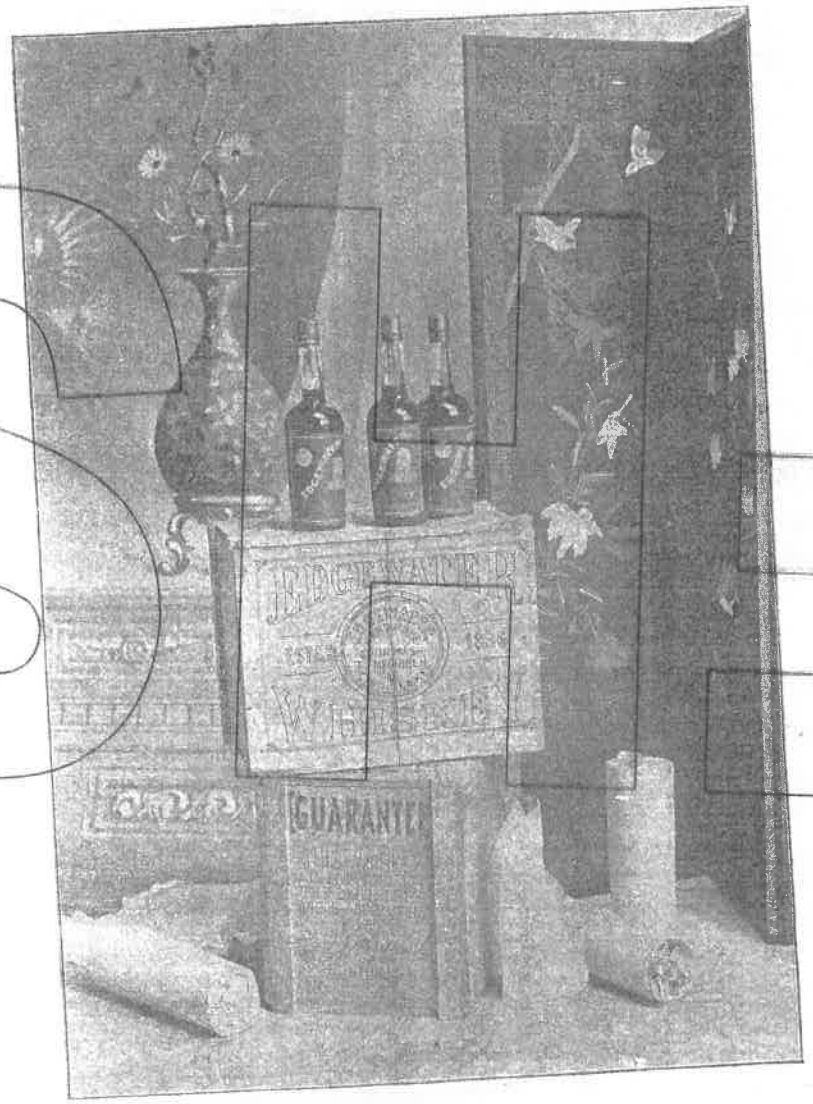
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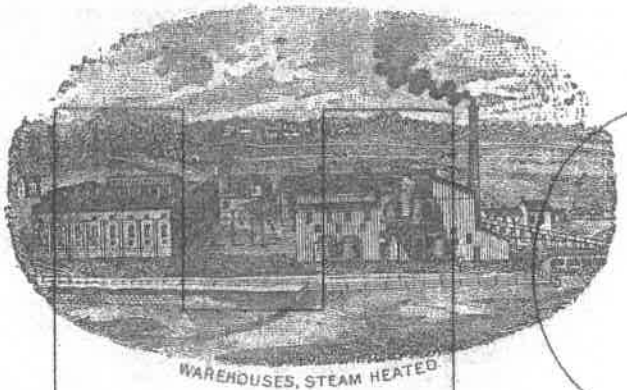
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THE T. J. MEGIBBEN COMPANY.



THE Edgewater Distillery, shown in the accompanying cut, owned by the T. J. Megibben Company, is located five miles south of Cynthiana in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky and is, perhaps, the oldest plant now in existence where whisky has been manufactured. There are a number of distilleries in the State of Kentucky where it is claimed that whisky has been distilled since the beginning of the present century, but which are in reality only located, and that in recent years, on the site of some old distillery. The Edgewater Distillery was built and operated by Benjamin Brandon, an influential citizen of Harrison county, in the year 1836; during this time it was used both as a distillery and grist mill, and was known as "Brandon's Mill." Later on whisky was distilled by Brandon & Shawhan, and then by Lail & Foley until 1855 when it was leased by the heirs of John Lail, Sr., for three years to Shawhan, Snell & Megibben, and at the expiration of the lease the junior member of the firm, Thomas J. Megibben, purchased the property. Mr. Megibben continued the business from this time until 1888 when the T. J. Megibben Company was incorporated. During this period the brand became well known and was distributed all over the United States. The manufacture of hand-made sour mash was first begun at this distillery in 1877, and since that time the brand has been known as "Edgewater." The warehouses, which have a capacity of about 25,000 barrels, are constructed after the most approved plans for the early maturing of the product and are lighted by immense skylights which give a perfect flood of light and are so arranged that the reflected rays of the sun are thrown upon the entire space. The whisky is still further matured by the use of steam-heat which is forced by steel pressure blowers to all parts of the houses.

This company recognizing the demand for a first-class article of whisky for family use last year began bottling upon a large scale, and the "Edgewater" is to be found in nearly every first-class hotel and bar in this country.

The Edgewater Stock Farm, which has taken its name from this celebrated distillery, being located near by, is one of the largest establishments for the breeding of thoroughbred horses. The great race horse, Springbok, is at the head of the stud and has produced such noted racers as Clipsetta, Audrain, Huntress and Lela May.

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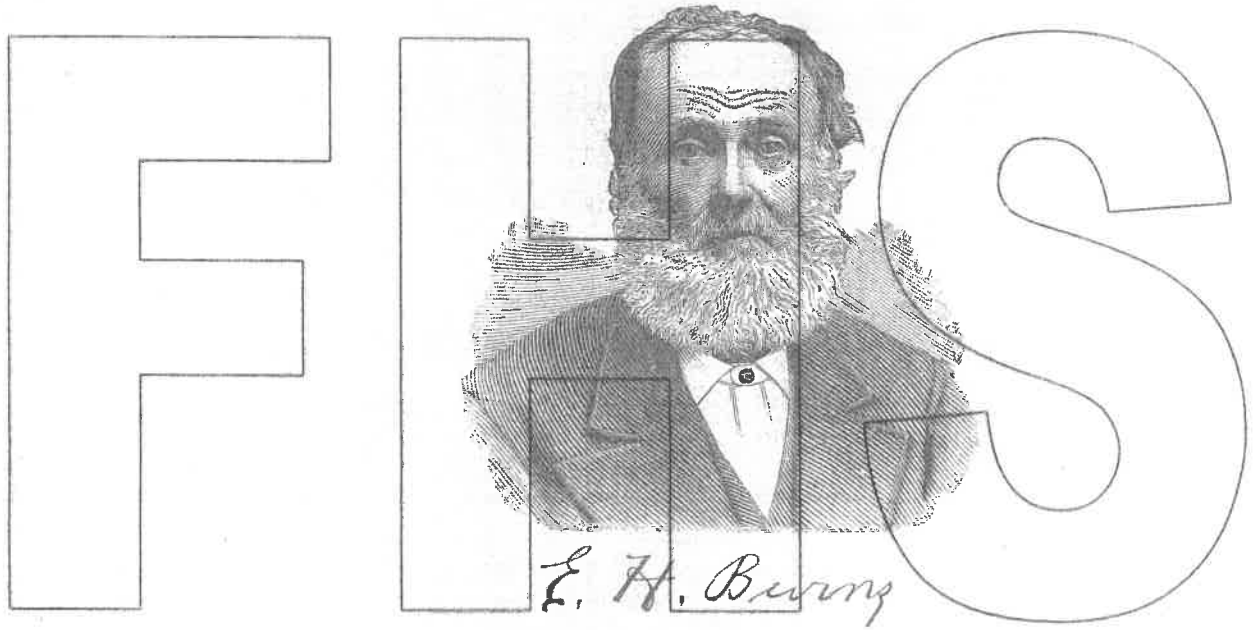
PRODUCTION OF WHISKY IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY BY MONTHS FOR THE YEARS ENDING—

JUNE 30, 1888.		JUNE 30, 1889.		JUNE 30, 1890.		JUNE 30, 1891.	
July, 1887	360,909	July, 1888	66,601	July, 1889	801,630	July, 1890	1,151,203
August, "	340,103	August, "	56,328	August, "	304,558	August, "	434,978
September, "	395,297	September, "	123,573	September, "	288,404	September, "	259,086
October, "	500,723	October, "	412,942	October, "	767,397	October, "	714,796
November, "	580,155	November, "	1,214,281	November, "	2,428,740	November, "	2,035,959
December, "	791,993	December, "	2,511,048	December, "	3,937,850	December, "	4,001,640
January, 1888	921,745	January, 1889	3,103,060	January, 1890	4,488,555	January, 1891	4,755,077
February, "	1,037,551	February, "	3,310,153	February, "	4,229,707	February, "	4,560,399
March, "	1,225,186	March, "	3,853,642	March, "	4,796,897	March, "	5,174,846
April, "	1,110,642	April, "	4,158,607	April, "	5,283,897	April, "	5,169,174
May, "	947,873	May, "	3,914,504	May, "	5,496,325	May, "	3,849,039
June, "	458,735	June, "	2,405,762	June, "	3,366,418	June, "	1,286,848
Total	8,670,912	Total	25,130,501	Total	36,189,378	Total	33,393,045

PRODUCTION OF WHISKY IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY BY DISTRICTS FOR THE YEARS ENDING—

	JUNE 30, 1888.	JUNE 30, 1889.	JUNE 30, 1890.	JUNE 30, 1891.
Second District	306,528	2,392,585	4,080,770	3,085,861
Fifth District	2,778,980	13,202,453	15,958,217	15,194,247
Sixth District	4,063,654	4,143,188	5,772,643	4,409,872
Seventh District	1,433,909	3,804,535	5,651,109	5,167,388
Eighth District	87,831	1,587,340	4,726,639	5,535,677
Total	8,670,912	25,130,501	36,189,378	33,393,045
Of this production there were withdrawn from bond before the termination of the crop year	3,078,370	3,043,050	1,808,616	2,410,871
	JUNE 30, 1888.	JUNE 30, 1889.	JUNE 30, 1890.	JUNE 30, 1891.
Stocks remaining in bond	5,592,542 Of the Crop of 1888.	22,087,451 Of the Crop of 1889.	34,380,762 Of the Crop of 1890.	30,982,174 Of the Crop of 1891.

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Wiglesworth Bros. Company.

SITUATED at Poindexter, Ky., in the very heart of Kentucky's far-famed Bluegrass section, we find one of the oldest and most celebrated distilleries in the United States, that of the Wiglesworth Bros. Company. Many years ago Kentucky proudly claimed the distinction of producing the finest whisky in the world, and to-day she still retains that distinction by producing within her borders such a grade of whisky as is made at the above plant.

The firm is composed of W. T. Wiglesworth, President, and H. R. Wiglesworth, Secretary and Manager. For many years the plant has been the property of the Wiglesworth family, and they have, by their careful attention to business and honorable method of conducting same, secured a most enviable reputation for themselves as well as for their brand of whisky, as is evinced by the constant demand for it. They have recently greatly improved their plant and spared no expense in placing therein the latest and most improved machinery that can tend to produce a fine grade of whisky; however, they rigidly adhere to the old formula.

Their distiller, Mr. E. H. Burns, first began to superintend the production of the old "John Poindexter" in 1869, and to-day he keeps guard over its creation with the utmost care and tenderness, and has won for himself an enviable reputation for extracting from the proper proportion of rye, corn and barley the choicest article of old-fashioned, copper-distilled Kentucky whisky that the art of man has yet been able to produce.

They are extremely conservative in their production, and though often urged by the increasing demand for their goods to enlarge their capacity they positively refuse, believing it to be to the interest of their customers to produce only a limited quantity each year, thereby protecting themselves as well as the interests of their friends.



FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

THE WITHDRAWALS OF WHISKY FROM BOND IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY,

For the year ending 30th June, 1888, were made in the months of—

July,	1887	1,379,519
August,	"	1,197,392
September,	"	1,034,376
October,	"	1,090,262
November,	"	1,206,819
December,	"	1,193,824
January,	1888	1,122,266
February,	"	1,074,090
March,	"	1,304,385
April,	"	1,189,207
May,	"	1,452,014
June,	"	1,799,047
Gallons		15,043,201

For the year ending 30th June, 1889, were made in the months of—

July,	1888	1,544,622
August,	"	1,672,812
September,	"	1,228,485
October,	"	1,375,008
November,	"	1,391,686
December,	"	1,344,241
January,	1889	1,589,171
February,	"	1,575,183
March,	"	2,014,991
April,	"	1,964,553
May,	"	2,336,974
June,	"	2,051.987
Gallons		20,089,708

For the year ending 30th June, 1890, were made in the months of—

July,	1889	2,102,985
August,	"	2,084,074
September,	"	1,303,298
October,	"	1,278,530
November,	"	1,224,478
December,	"	1,079,300
January,	1890	1,237,138
February,	"	1,301,531
March,	"	1,588,793
April,	"	1,714,400
May,	"	1,742,657
June,	"	1,740,065
Gallons		18,397,199

For the year ending 30th June, 1891, were made in the months of—

July,	1890	1,829,492
August,	"	2,636,137
September,	"	1,160,968
October,	"	1,231,347
November,	"	1,162,124
December,	"	1,251,868
January,	1891	1,318,014
February,	"	1,208,884
March,	"	1,347,922
April,	"	1,417,864
May,	"	1,461,614
June,	"	1,711,405
Gallons		17,737,639

The Daily Mashing Capacity of Distilleries in Operation in the State of Kentucky on 1st April, 1892, as compared with 1st April, 1891.

	APRIL 1, 1891.	APRIL 1, 1892.
Second District	5,875 Bushels.	6,643 Bushels.
Fifth "	21,590 "	24,945 "
Sixth "	6,146 "	7,240 "
Seventh "	8,021 "	8,736 "
Eighth "	8,792 "	9,024 "
Total	50,424 "	56,588 "

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Bourbon County Distilling Company.



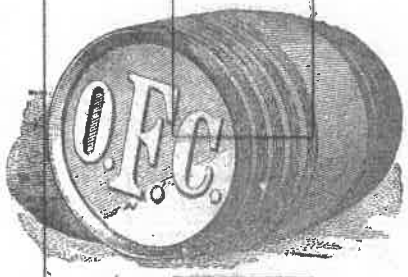


WHISKY was first made in Kentucky in Bourbon county and from that county it received the name by which it is now known over the entire civilized world. It was the Bourbon county whisky, possessing a peculiar and delightful flavor, that carried this beverage out beyond the confines of its native State and made it a staple article in all clubs and saloons the country over and a necessary adjunct to every gentleman's side-board, where completeness was in any way desired. Among the celebrated distilleries of Bourbon county none stand higher, as regards the character of its product, than the property of the Bourbon County Distilling Company, which is located at Ruddle's Mills on the bank of the beautiful Stoner creek and in the midst of one of the finest grain-growing districts in the world. The brands made at this distillery are the "H. C. Bowen Old Bourbon," "Bourbon County Distilling Company Pure Bourbon" and the "Wm. H. Thomas Pure Sour Mash." The officers are Wm. Addams, President, and C. B. Cook, Jr., Manager, and the principal office is at Cynthiana, Ky., although all shipments are made from Shawhan, Ky.



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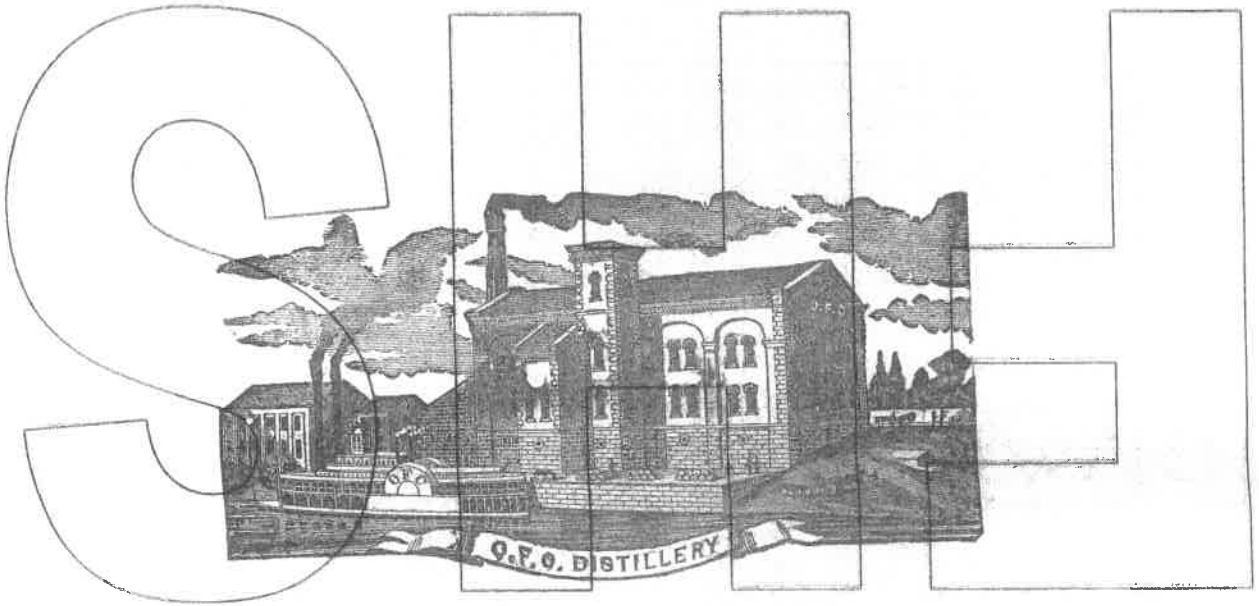
F H S



The Geo T. Stagg Co
Frankfort Ky.

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LIQUID VELVET.

The Connoisseur has spoken! He has given his opinion, and O. F. C. WHISKEY has been pronounced by him to be "liquid velvet."

Its PURITY is absolute!
Its INGREDIENTS show the perfection of selection!
Its DISTILLATION is the result of knowledge, care and the finest appliances!
NO OTHER WHISKEY equals it in delicious and satisfying taste!
NO OTHER BRAND can take its place as a medicinal and efficacious stimulant!

O. F. C. WHISKEY

Is the only Whiskey for the home side-board, the club restaurant, the hotel cafe and the medicine chest.

ONLY HIGH-CLASS DEALERS SELL IT.

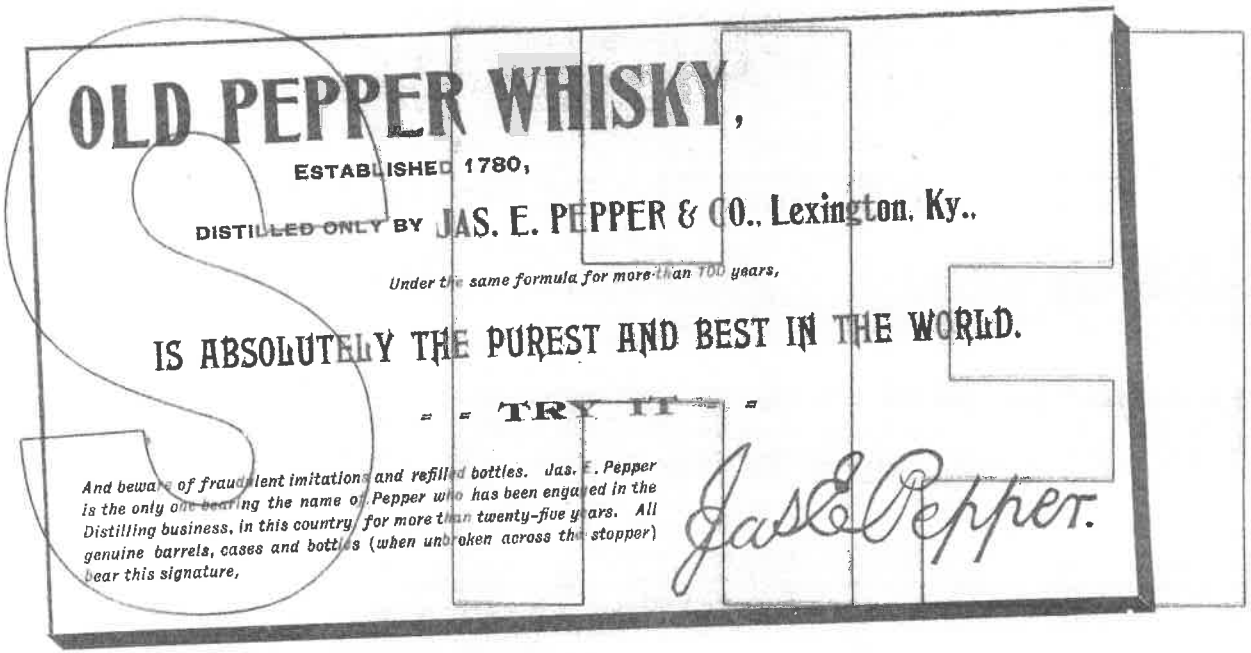
ADDRESS,

THE GEO. T. STAGG CO.,

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

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FILS

PEPPER WHISKY

Distilled only by JAMES E. PEPPER & Co., Lexington, Ky., under the same formula for more than 100 years, is the best and purest in the world, and genuine only when bearing our signature thus: Our own bottling at the

Jas E Pepper & Co.

distillery, aged under our personal supervision, is genuine only when bearing our unbroken signature, as above, across the stopper. Sample case sent on trial. If not perfectly satisfactory it can be returned to us and money will be refunded. The public is cautioned against imitation and refilled bottles. Genuine Pepper Whisky is the Best in the World. Jas. E. Pepper is the only one bearing the name of Pepper, who has been engaged in the Distillery business in this country for more than 20 years, therefore any whisky offered as Genuine Jas. E. Pepper Whisky is fraudulent, unless distilled by Jas. E. Pepper & Co., Lexington, Ky.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

OLD PEPPER WHISKY,

ESTABLISHED 1780,

DISTILLED ONLY BY JAS. E. PEPPER & CO., Lexington, Ky.,

Under the same formula for more than 100 years,

IS ABSOLUTELY THE PUREST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

= = TRY IT = =

And beware of fraudulent imitations and refilled bottles. Jas. E. Pepper is the only one bearing the name of Pepper who has been engaged in the Distilling business, in this country, for more than twenty-five years. All genuine barrels, cases and bottles (when unbroken across the stopper) bear this signature,

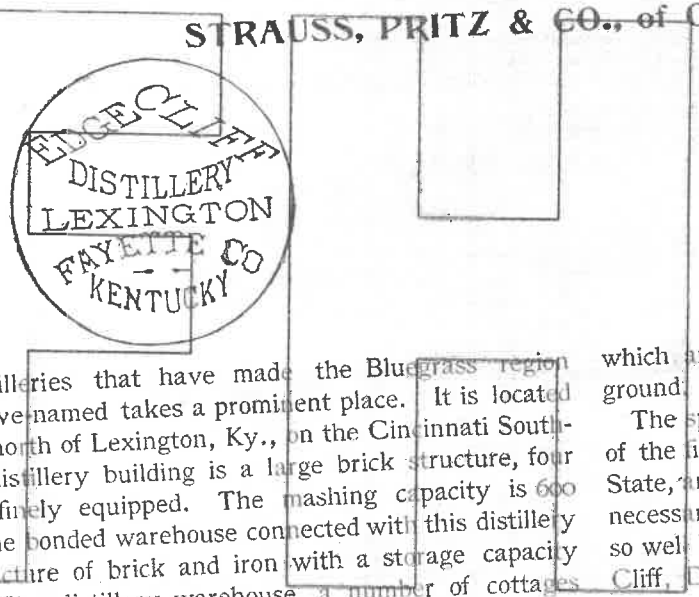
Jas E Pepper.

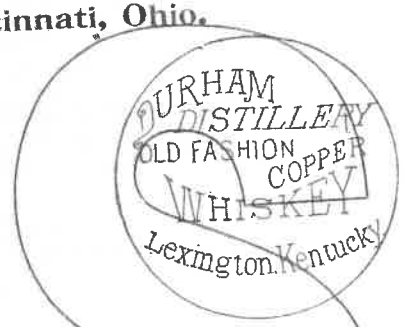
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LOUISVILLE, KY

THE EDGE CLIFF DISTILLERY,

OWNED AND OPERATED BY

STRAUSS, PRITZ & CO., of Cincinnati, Ohio.





AMONG the distilleries that have made the Bluegrass region famous, the above-named takes a prominent place. It is located two and a half miles north of Lexington, Ky., on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. The distillery building is a large brick structure, four stories high and is finely equipped. The mashing capacity is 600 bushels per day. The bonded warehouse connected with this distillery is a magnificent structure of brick and iron with a storage capacity of 18,000 barrels. The distillery warehouse, a number of cottages for the employes and cattle pens—with room for 700 head of cattle which are annually fattened here—altogether occupy nine acres of ground.

The spring from which this distillery gets its supply of water is one of the finest in the State. This is one of the model distilleries of the State, an old and famous plant, containing all the modern improvements necessary to produce the quality of whisky that has made this distillery so well known. Here are distilled the justly celebrated brands of Edge Cliff, Durham and Cream of Anderson, than which there are none more favorably known to connoisseurs of fine whiskies.

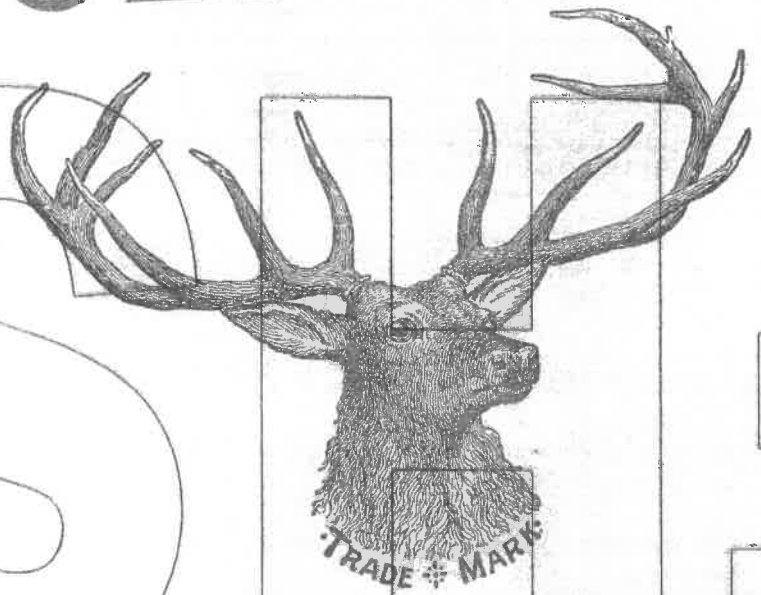


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OLD ELK

SOUR MASH. PURE RYE.



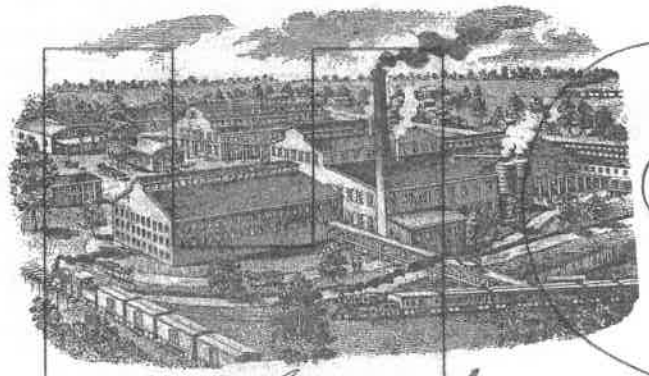
STOLL, VANNATTA & CO., Distillers, - LEXINGTON, KY.

OLD ELK

An old-fashioned hand-made Sour Mash Whisky. Distilled from the choicest grain, the equal of any Whisky distilled in Kentucky. Old Elk Rye, for richness of flavor, is the peer of any Whisky made.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY

ASHLAND DISTILLERY.



THE pioneer distillery of Kentucky, located in the city of Lexington, Fayette county, Ky. The above distillery is now owned and operated by the well and favorably known firm of Wm. Tarr Company. The present firm has been connected with the Ashland Distillery since the year 1868 and have produced each consecutive season their proportion of Kentucky's celebrated Bourbon whisky, which has always had a ready and remunerative sale. Their customers are the best representatives of the liquor trade, and they represent a greater portion of the East, West and Northwest. Wm. Tarr Company have always been very conservative in their production, and have never produced more goods than they could always find ready purchasers for; consequently, their brands, "The Wm. Tarr Sour Mash Bourbon," "Wm. Tarr Sour Mash Rye," and the "Ashland Bourbon and Rye" have always commanded a high price in the markets. The present firm, Wm. Tarr Company, are now using in the manufacture of their whiskies the water from the old Ater spring, which is located on, and forms a part of, their valuable possessions, all of which is located, as we have above stated, in the limits of the city of Lexington, Ky. This spring was, originally, used about one hundred years ago in the manufacture of whisky by an old pioneer whose name was Alex. Turner, a great uncle of Wm. Tarr, the president of the Wm. Tarr Company. The premises at that time was nothing more than a wilderness and was covered by the forest of centuries. At that time the pioneers made their social beverage in very limited quantities; in fact, tradition has it that the product of that time was carried off by the pioneers in buckets, jugs and in some cases in gourds, which would in these days and times be quite a novelty.

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United States gaugers and storekeepers were an unknown quantity in those days, every man being his own gauger, and at that time they measured with a cup. The Ashland Distillery was operated from 1865 to 1868 under the name of Turner, Clay & Co., and in 1868 they were succeeded by Wm. Tarr & Co., who operated the house in their name until November, 1888, at which time they were succeeded by the firm of Wm. Tarr Company, as a corporation with a paid-up capital of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000), with Wm. Tarr, President; T. J. Megibben, Vice-President, and J. M. Kimbrough, Secretary, all of whom filled their respective offices until the death of Messrs. Megibben and Kimbrough, who were succeeded by Thompson H. Tarr, Vice-President, and J. B. Huffman, Secretary, who fill their respective offices until the present time. The plant of the Wm. Tarr Company is a very extensive and valuable one indeed, consisting of thirty acres of land all in the city limits of Lexington, Ky., and the most convenient and best arranged distillery in Kentucky, situated in the junction of four railroads, the Louisville & Nashville, Louisville Southern, Kentucky Central and Queen & Crescent, thereby affording them the best facility of shipping in Kentucky and the lowest rate of freights, thereby affording their customers a great advantage over their competitors. The cattle and feeding stables are located on one of the branches of the well-known stream of Elkhorn, which is fully capable of carrying off all the refuse both from the pens and the distillery, thereby rendering their plant clean and healthy, an advantage which is possessed by very few in the distillery business. The distillery building is built of brick, 150 x 75 feet, with all the latest and best machinery known and has a capacity of 800 bushels daily, all of which can be worked with the small force of six men, which compares with any house in Kentucky. The bonded warehouses, two in number, are built of brick with patent ricks, with metal roof, doors and windows, with a capacity of 25,000 barrels. They also have a free warehouse built of brick with iron roof, doors and windows, with a capacity of 12,000 to 14,000 barrels. Their rate of storage is five cents per barrel per month. The rate of insurance, $8.50 per $1,000. Their goods are distilled with great care by the best process from carefully selected grain and, as a consequence, have no superior. The Wm. Tarr Company is in every particular one of Lexington's best and most substantial enterprises, and has done its full share in giving Kentucky its celebrity as a fine bourbon-producing State.



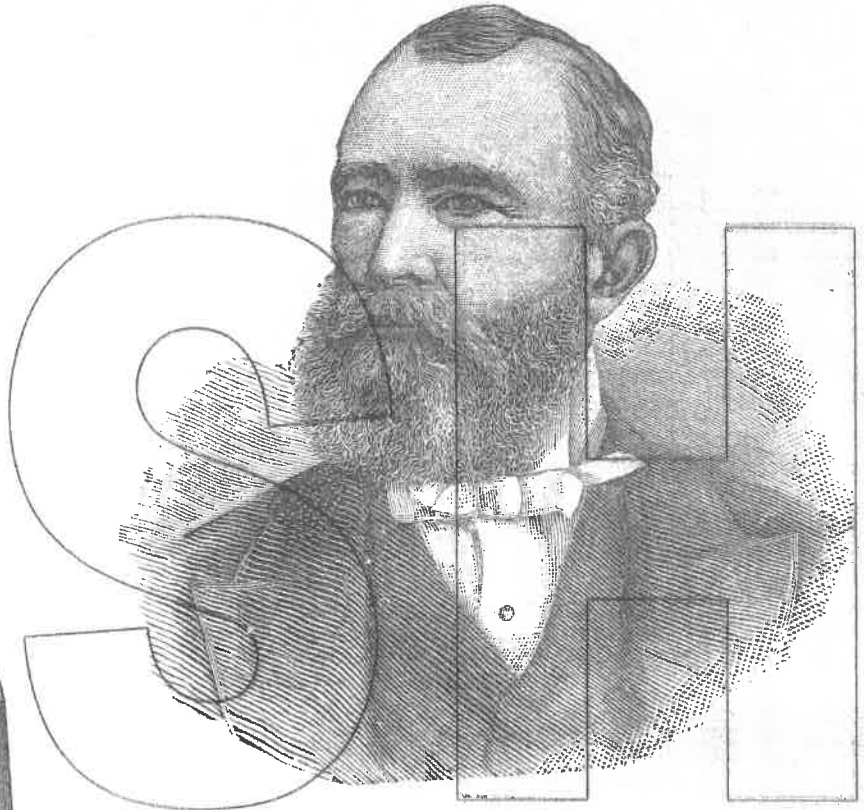
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KENTUCKY'S DISTILLING INTERESTS.





THE PREMIER KENTUCKY WHISKEY



THE PACKAGE HERE REPRESENTED ILLUSTRATES
THE "OLD TAYLOR" COOPERAGE AND BRANDING.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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Messrs. E. H. Taylor, Jr., & Sons.

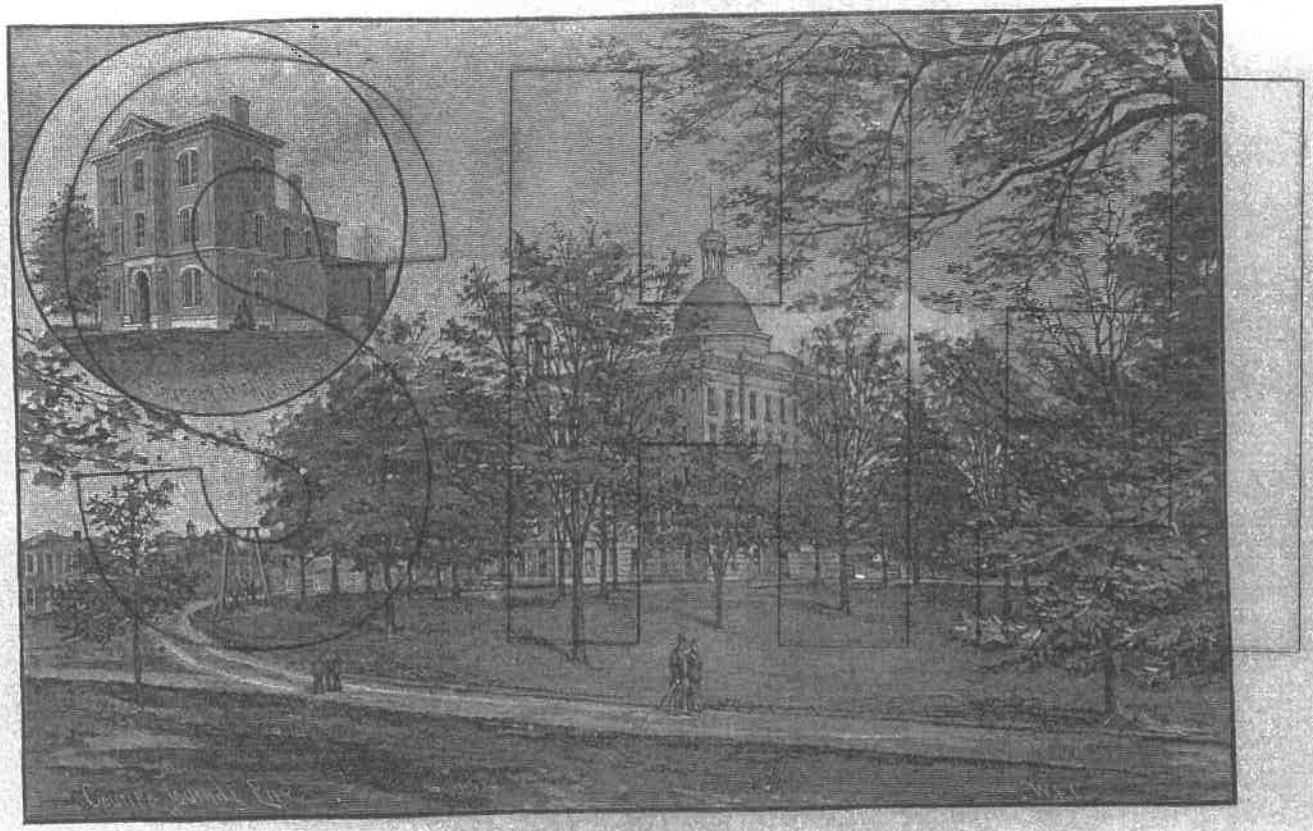
ALL producers are divided into two classes: Those who are striving to obtain the greatest quantity from a given amount of exertion and of raw material, and those who ignore quantity and consult only quality. The distillers of Kentucky are no exception to this rule, and, sad to relate, the ambition to become rich suddenly has reduced the latter class woefully and swelled the former tremendously. There are a few, however, who have held to the faith and none more tenaciously or more intelligently than Messrs. E. H. Taylor, Jr., & Sons, of Frankfort, who are the subjects of this sketch.

The senior member of this firm, Mr. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., has all his life been associated with the manufacture of fine sour mash whiskies, and several of the most famous brands of the State reached their lofty eminence under his directing care. Mr. Taylor is a man of scientific knowledge, and he does not move in the dark nor conduct his business by guess-work. When he went into the hills of Woodford county, when grain and labor and transportation were costly, to make whisky, rather than in a city like Louisville, where all of these things were cheap, he was not guided by prejudice, but rather by a practical and scientific knowledge of what was requisite in the manufacture of the highest grade of sour mash whisky. Nor was it prejudice that caused him to retain the old-fashioned and expensive methods; the small mash tub, the mashing by hand, the setting over of the mash in the small tubs for twenty-four hours and the using of barm as a fermenting agent in the place of fresh yeast, but a knowledge of the fact that those methods, together with the peculiar spring water of that particular locality, the boiling of the beer in copper and the boiling of the singlings in copper directly over fire were essentials absolutely required in the manufacture of the highest grade of sour mash.

That Mr. Taylor's convictions were true is shown conclusively by the extraordinary reputation of the "Old Taylor" whisky, justly styled "The Premier Kentucky Whisky." Recognized as the ideal sour mash by the dealers in all the States, praised by competitors, standing at the front in value, it is a staple article in the trade, without which no stock is complete nor fine bar or gentleman's side-board well furnished.

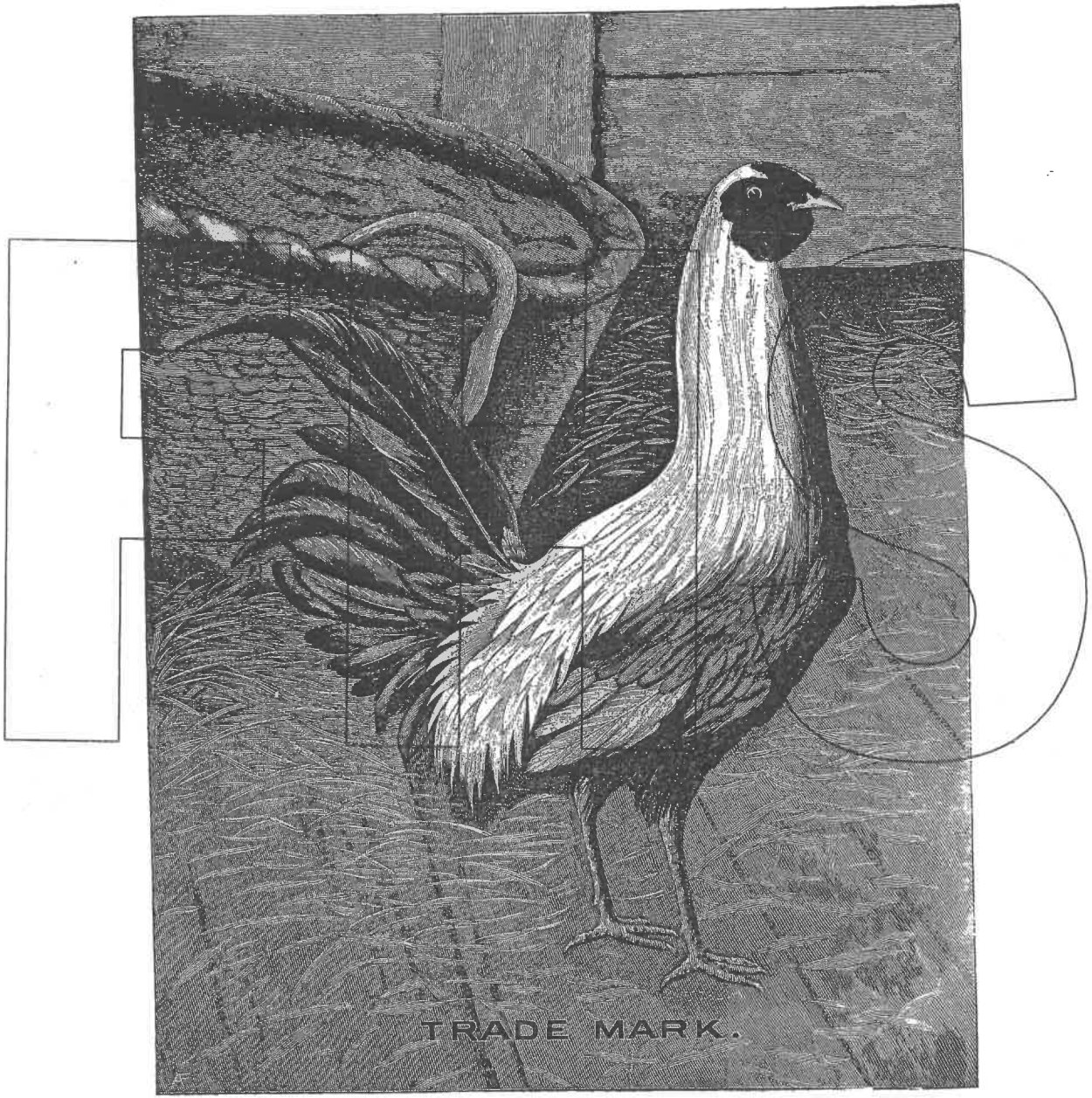
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KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, LOUISVILLE.

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THE CHICKEN COCK DISTILLERY.

SAMPLE



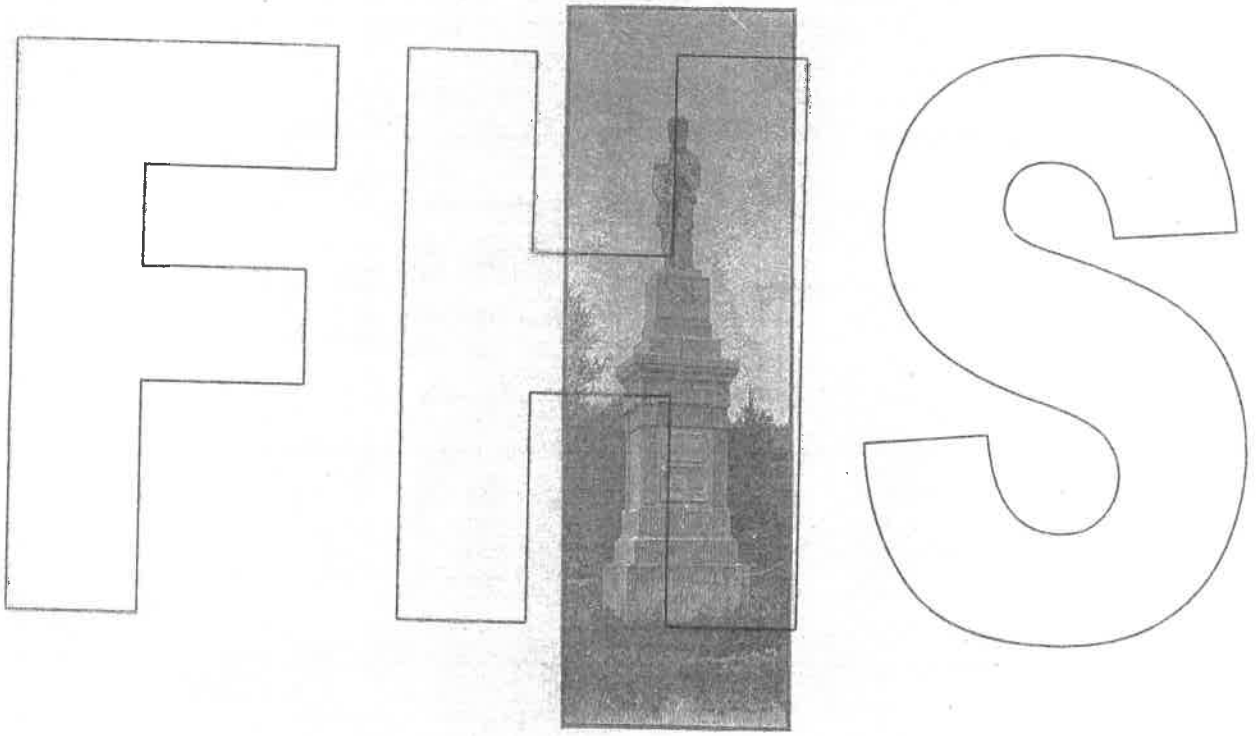
THE above represents the trade mark of the celebrated "J. A. Miller Chicken Cock" distillery, which is located at Paris, Bourbon county, Ky., right in the heart of the great Bluegrass region of that State. This brand was established by the late James A. Miller, of said county, in the year 1842, and was successfully operated by him until his death in 1860 when the distillery and entire property fell into the hands of the present management, under which it has continued with marked success up to the present time.

Bourbon county, Kentucky, has, for a century past, been famous for its production of the finest whiskies made. Indeed, Bourbon whisky derived its name from the superior quality of the article distilled in this county.

The Chicken Cock Distillery has a warehouse capacity for over 30,000 barrels, cooperage of the first-class and manufactured on the premises, and the material used is the very best that money can buy. The whisky is pure copper-distilled and doubled in copper over fire heat, and for purity and excellence of quality is not surpassed by any whisky made in Kentucky, and as such it is recommended to the trade.

Mr. G. G. White, of the company, is a typical Kentucky gentleman of the old school and has one of the most beautiful homes in Bourbon county, where he is surrounded by everything calculated to make life worth living. He is known as one of the most thorough and honorable business men in the State, enjoying the esteem and respect of all.

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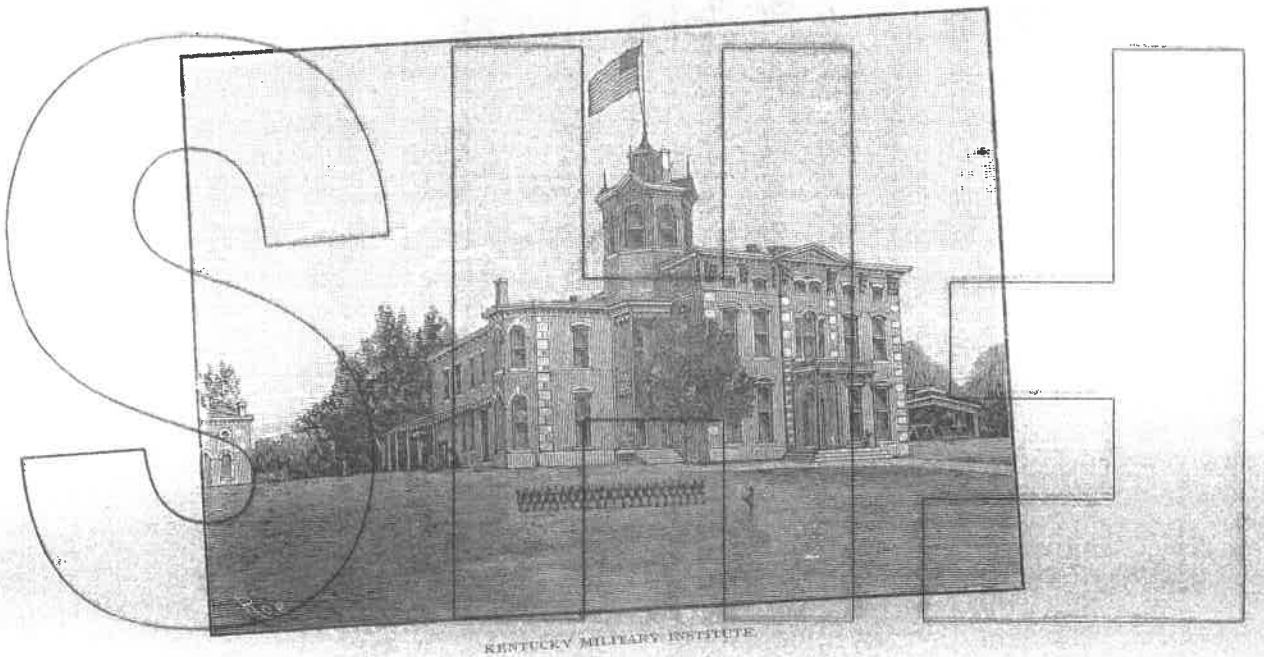


ESTILL MONUMENT.

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KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE.

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FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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SILVER CREEK DISTILLERY.





WHEREVER Kentucky whisky is known there the "Hume" whisky is known. It is a standard whisky and no stock can be said to be complete without it. It is made from selected grain and the purest of water, and no expense is spared to provide in its distillation for every quality that a gentleman's whisky should possess.

The Hume Distillery is located among the rolling hills of Madison county, Kentucky, on a picturesque stream known as Silver creek. It was established way back in 1868 by Mr. W. S. Hume (now deceased), and is to-day owned by his family, the management consisting of his three eldest sons.

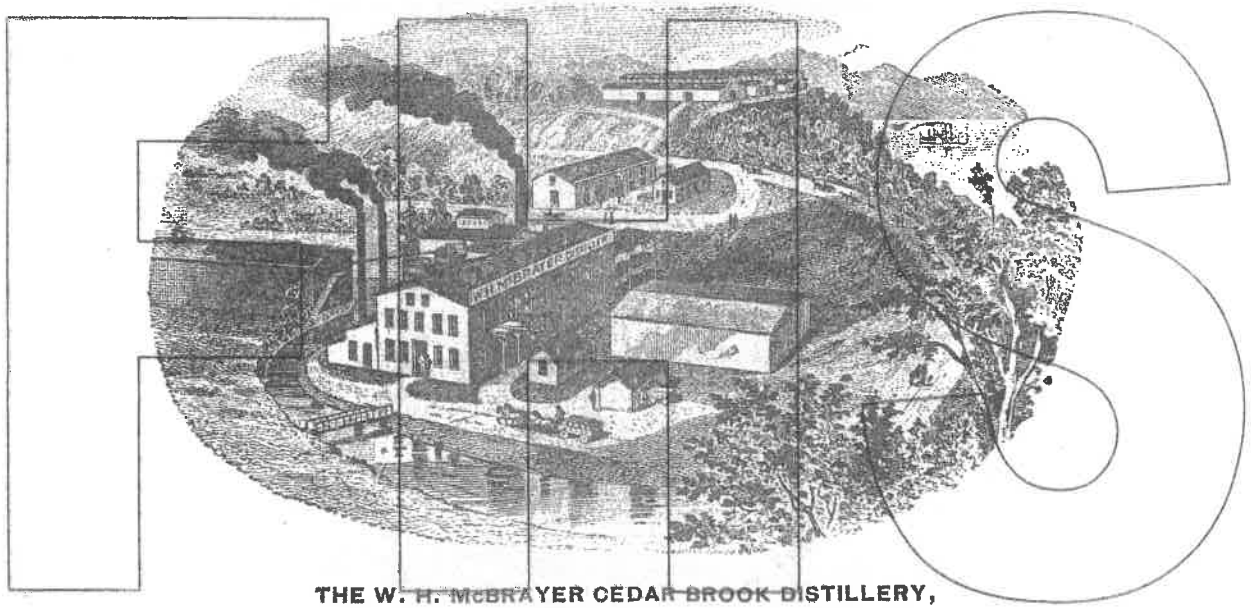
From a small beginning and a limited demand the plant has grown until to-day it has a capacity of over 1,000 bushels of grain per day, warehouse capacity for over 45,000 barrels and a constituency that extends from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf.

About the distillery has sprung up the little village of Silver Creek, with its rows of cottages, its church and school, its post-office, stores, etc., and a population of over 200 people, all of whom work in or about the plant.

W. S. Hume & Co. own 500 acres of land around their distillery, which for beauty and fertility can not be surpassed in Kentucky, and in the midst of it they have a splendid mansion where they delight to entertain their friends. The farm is stocked with fine horses and cattle and provides not only a recreation but profit as well.

Quiet and conservative in their methods, Messrs. W. S. Hume & Co. are, nevertheless, progressive, and each year the demand for their "Hume Bourbon" and "Hume Pure Rye" increases in a most satisfactory manner. The Hume Distillery is located on a branch of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and goods are delivered F. O. B. cars with all promptness that may be desired.

FILSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LOUISVILLE, KY



THE W. H. McBRAYER CEDAR BROOK DISTILLERY,

NEAR LAWRENCEBURG, ANDERSON CO., KY.

Established Prior to 1850. *D. L. MOORE, LESSEE.*

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W. H. McBRAYER WHISKY.

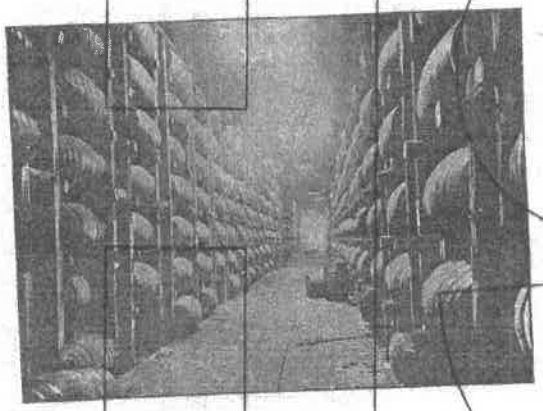
THE WORLD'S CHOICE.

THE fame of McBrayer whisky extends throughout the civilized world, and for its purity and excellence stands unexcelled. It is unrivaled as a beverage, and its equal for medicinal purposes has never been produced. Other whiskies called "McBrayer" have been thrust upon the public by avaricious competitors who sought to infringe upon the brand, but the original and only genuine W. H. McBrayer has never been manufactured by any other than the late W. H. McBrayer until after his death, when D. L. Moore, his son-in-law and executor, assumed control of the famous CEDAR BROOK DISTILLERY. There is not now nor has there been for years any other distillery operated by any other McBrayer in Anderson county, Kentucky.

The CEDAR BROOK DISTILLERY was built by W. H. McBrayer nearly half a century ago, the name being suggested to him by the dense growth of cedars which cover the cliffs and line the banks of the brook on which it is located. It was the first offspring of Anderson county, now considered the mother of distilleries—the parent of many younger but prosperous children.

The product of the CEDAR BROOK, small at the beginning, gained favor with a rapidity that necessitated an increase of capacity from time to time, and this was attended with renewed efforts to make its quality reach PERFECTION. That this object has been attained is attested by the universal demand for it and the high price it commands throughout the liquor world. The standard of excellence and superiority of this brand, achieved under the wise management of its originator, is still maintained by the present proprietor of the CEDAR BROOK, who spares neither effort nor money to keep it up to the highest grade. With that keen business foresight, for which they are noted, Messrs. James Levy & Bro., of Cincinnati, O., than whom a more reliable or substantial firm can not be found, realizing the merit and reputation which the CEDAR BROOK whisky had acquired, recently secured the control and distribution of it for a number of years and made large contracts for the future. Besides the greatest pains taken in the manufacture of this celebrated brand in selecting the very best grain and in using the purest limestone water, special care is exercised in the COOPERAGE and STORAGE. The warehouses are located upon the highest hill in the vicinity, and being built after the most approved plans and having perfect ventilation, the spirits mature, color and acquire the richest flavor during the bended period without the use of any artificial appliances whatever. For more than THIRTY YEARS the CEDAR BROOK has been the standard in Kentucky, and is now recognized as the finest and purest sour mash whisky in the world.

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INTERIOR VIEW OF WAREHOUSE No. 2, DISTILLERY No. 112, OF T. B. RIPY, TYRONE, KY.

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DISTILLERY No. 112.

NESTLED among the cliffs of the Kentucky river, about three and a half miles east of Lawrenceburg, the county seat of Anderson county, so famous for her fine bourbon whiskies, is the village of Tyrone, the birth-place and home of the celebrated T. B. Ripy distilleries. These two immense plants, with a daily output of 250 barrels, and giving employment to about 200 men, is the achievement of the perseverance and indomitable energy of that wonderful man, Colonel Thomas B. Ripy, who stands to-day at the head of the list of bourbon manufacturers of the world. This immense business, like others of great importance, sprung from a very insignificant beginning.

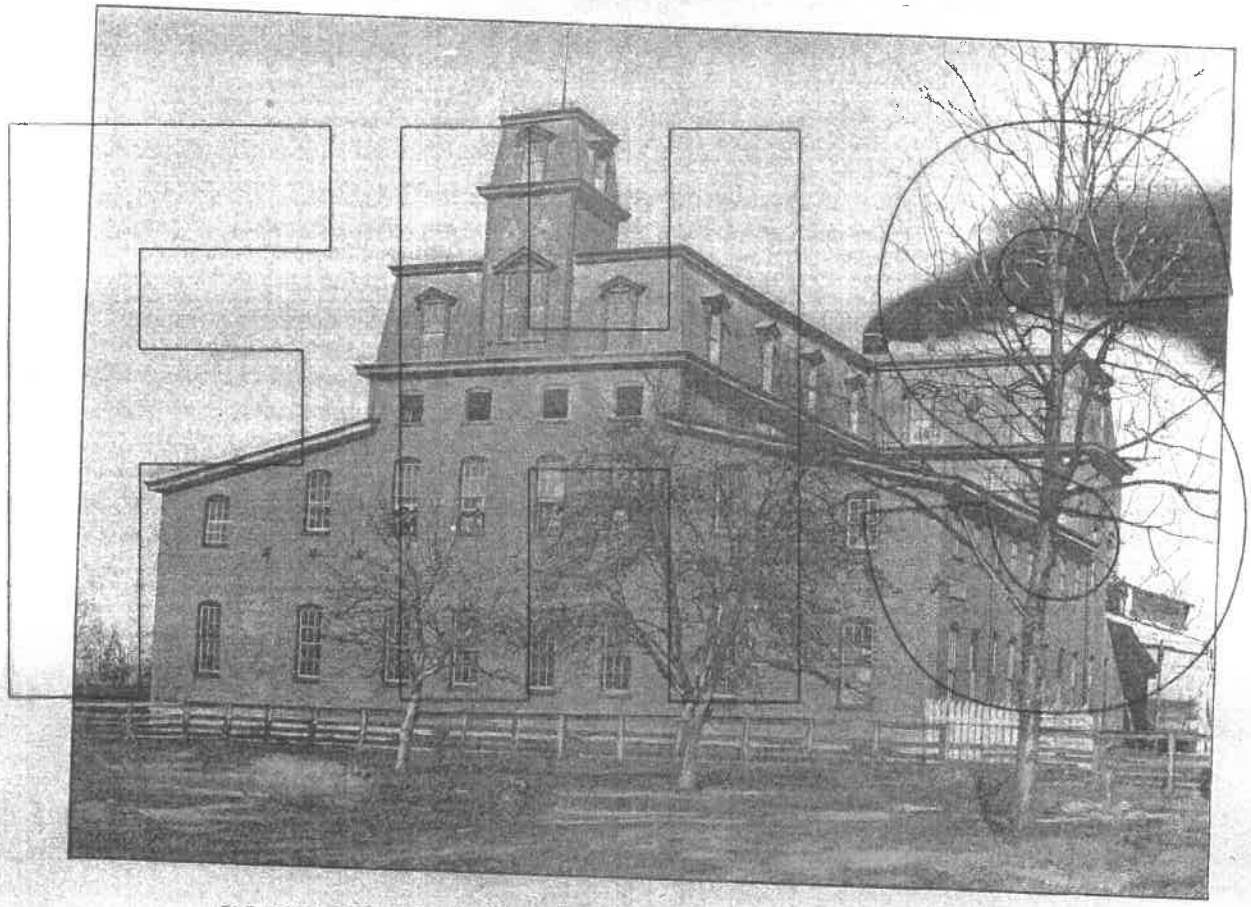
In 1867 James Ripy, father of Colonel T. B. Ripy, associated himself with Monroe Walker and S. P. Martin, two of Anderson county's pioneer distillers, under the firm name of Walker, Martin & Co., and built, on the banks of the Kentucky river, at the mouth of Bailey's run, the present site of Tyrone, what was then considered an immense distillery—a distillery with a daily mashing capacity of 100 bushels. This was considered such an enormous distillery for Anderson county, that it was the absorbing topic of the day, and everybody wondered what would become of all the whisky made at this great plant. It was in the following year that James Ripy gave the name Tyrone, in memory of his native county, Tyrone, Ireland, to the few homes that had been built for his employes about the distillery. In 1869 T. B. Ripy, who was then only twenty-one years of age, with W. H. McBrayer, bought the distillery and entire business of Walker, Martin & Co. and increased the capacity to 150 bushels. The following year, 1870, Mr. Ripy bought the interest of W. H. McBrayer and started in business for himself. Unfettered by a partner he continued to operate the old distillery until 1873, when he built the original Cliff Spring Distillery, a substantial brick building with a daily capacity of 600 bushels. He continued to operate this distillery until the summer of 1890 when he tore the old building down and built the present magnificent stone and brick structure known as Distillery No. 112. This distillery has a daily capacity of 1,250 bushels and is fitted up with all the modern improvements for manufacturing fine whisky. At this distillery is manufactured the famous brands of "T. B. Ripy Anderson County Sour Mash," "J. A. McBrayer" and "Cliff Spring."

DISTILLERY No. 418.

In 1881 Colonel T. B. Ripy, not satisfied with having the largest distillery in Anderson county, built the original Clover Bottom Distillery, a handsome brick building with a capacity of 1,000 bushels. In 1890 he remodeled this house, putting in modern machinery and increasing the capacity to 1,250 bushels. At this plant is manufactured the celebrated brands of "M. S. Bond," "S. T. Willis" and "Clover Bottom" whiskies. There is, at present, stored in the Government's bonded warehouses of the Distilleries Nos. 112 and 418, about 110,000 barrels of whisky for which Mr. Ripy receives, for storage, five cents per barrel per month. In addition to the manufacture of whisky at these plants he feeds annually 2,500 cattle.

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OLD JORDAN.



OLD FORT SPRING DISTILLERY, HARRODSBURG, KY., J. B. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR.

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Old Fort Spring Distillery.



THE cuts herein displayed represent the "Old Jordan" trade mark as it is used both upon the barrels and case goods and the Old Fort Spring Distillery as it really exists, being taken from photographs furnished. It is situated in the corporate limits of Harrodsburg, the first settlement in the State, dating back as far as 1785, and the distillery takes its name from the fact that the water used is drawn from the spring which flows under the hill upon which the first fort in Kentucky was built, traces of which are still visible, to which spring the pioneers, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and others, when the Indians were away and the wild cats asleep, were wont to go for a pure, fresh and cool drink.

These ancient things relate entirely to the surroundings and not the brand of "Old Jordan." We do not, as many others, who would, by spurious claims and willful misrepresentations, as to the age of the brand or the formula used, desire or intend to impose upon the trade or the public. The formula we use in manufacturing the "Old Jordan" is not ancient and was not used by any of the great grandfathers of the present proprietor, for as far as any of his ancestors appear in the history or traditions of the State none were ever engaged in the business of distilling before and did not produce the "Old Jordan" or any other brand, but like many other generous, kind and hospitable Kentuckians were rated as fairly good consumers, a relation to the trade perhaps more beneficial than production.

The formula we use was not discovered by Adam as he meandered through the garden of Eden, nor was it known to Rameses the First, of Egypt; and while it may be admitted as an historical fact that Marc Antony was drunk when he "threw a world away" it was not on "Old Jordan," but the caresses of a beautiful and voluptuous queen. It was not of ancient or foreign origin or discovery but of domestic birth and growth. I am not going to say that any of my ancestors in digging into the graves of the Mound-builders, a pre-historic race who inhabited this beautiful section at a time so ancient "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," discovered, among other things, a stone or tablet upon which it was engraven in curious hieroglyphics and thus rescued it from a forgotten past and left it as a priceless legacy to his children's children's children, for that would not be absolutely true. No; Boone, Kenton, Harrod and all the pioneers of Kentucky died without having known and drank "Old Jordan" or felt the inspiring influences of its glow—a sad and melancholy fact which entitles them to the sympathy of all who now live to enjoy the fullness of the land we love as well as "Old Jordan."

Since we have said so much about from whence the formula used did

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not come, it may, perhaps, not be amiss to state from whence it came. The first we ever knew or heard of it was in the hands of P. H. Jordan, some thirty years ago, who was using and manufacturing whisky thereunder. It was the same that had been used many years before by others who made the pure, old-fashioned, unadulterated, sour mash bourbon, the best of all, that improves as long as time and the ravages of a thirsty population will let it last. We procured it from him and have used it ever since—some thirteen years or more—with great success. We do not claim to make it as the ancients did, that is, by the use of the same, or rather no machinery, only that we used the same formula or ingredients with a very much improved apparatus, viz: we used the same corn, not as it came from the field in those old days, damp, moldy and rotted, but bright, fresh and clean, being put through a perfected apparatus that takes out all but the absolutely sound grains. The same rye, not that which is raised in this section, mistreated and uncared for, but the very best at any price that can be bought in the far Northwest, free from all taint of must. The same malt, not indifferently malted by ourselves in a crude and ignorant way, but the very best that can be had from the most reliable maltsters who have invested thousands in the business and whose reputations and trade are at stake. We aim, therefore, to excel and do excel the forefathers of all in the selection, care and treatment of the grain. We also excel them in our apparatus, notably our stills, the one they used very frequently scorched and burned the mash, thereby injuring if not destroying the flavor and taste of the product, while no such thing can occur with us. We do not make a cheap commodity which must be rushed on the market at any price or sacrifice, but carry large lots until they have matured and aged naturally, at ten and twelve years old. Such innovations as agitation, steam-heating and other new processes for aging are foreign to our brand and trade, and only serve to injure a fine, pure and straight whisky, such as we make.

The old worn-out trick of furnishing analyses of chemists, and doctors' certificates of quality and purity has never been resorted to by us; we leave that to the shysters in the trade, not that we have no such things but we do not deem it necessary to throw up the roll-top of our desk and invite a curious public to examine the thousand things therein contained from all over the land—how that consumption, dyspepsia and kindred diseases, from a moderate use of "Old Jordan," have almost disappeared from the land; the rheumatic who has walked out again, the impotent become vigorous, the deaf who have heard, the dumb who have spoken, to say nothing of snake bites and the bites of other venomous varmints that have been cured.

It is not necessary for us to advertise any particular place at which the "Old Jordan" can be found. It is too well known to the patrons of such cafes as Delmonico's, Hoffman House, Savarin and others in New York, the Auditorium in Chicago, for us to mention the fact to them, and when we come to Washington, the Capital of our country, the weary and worn-out statesman always refreshes himself with "Old Jordan" at that most fashionable of all clubs, Hotel Chamberlain, run by the prince of good fellows, Old John himself.

If Grover, when he goes to the Adirondacks upon a fish, must needs carry a demijohn of "Old Jordan" to grow happy with his friends around the camp fire at night, or Ben, while duck-hunting on the marshy Eastern shores, must have a flask in his inside pocket it is not our place to tell, for such trifling circumstances could add nothing to the established character of such a brand as the "Old Jordan." We make the "Old Jordan" exclusively for the firm of W. H. Thomas & Son, of Louisville, and in such quantities each season as is only sufficient to supply the demand of their trade, which protects the brand from all sacrifice, no matter what may be the congested condition of the trade on other whiskies.

The firm of W. H. Thomas & Son, who handle the "Old Jordan," taking all that is made, is of such high character and standing for honesty, integrity and fair dealing and so well known to the trade that it is only necessary to show that it was furnished by them to feel assured that it is all that it is represented to be as to age, character and condition. The storage furnished is the very best, and all rates of insurance and taxes as favorable as any distillery similarly situated.

J. B. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR.

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Rare Pamp 668.6 H87d 1893

"Hoc Bourbon."

Take with thee to thy Northern land
This beaded nectar of the South,
That, lifted in thy lily hand,
Will laugh to kiss thy budded mouth.

This generous juice of yellow corn
That waved beside our running rills,
Where autumn, with her mellow horn,
Chased panting summer from the hills.

'Tis Bourbon pure, my friend, oh, may
Its aroma remind of me
Lest you forget when far away
Our Bourbon heart that warms to thee.

Falcon.

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