

Traditions of Portland.

In the year 1773 Beargrass Creek was a meandering stream that flowed through Fincastle Co., Virginia and emptied its waters into the Ohio River at a point between 3rd and 4th Avenues, Louisville, Ky., and became the dividing line between two land-grants, which gave rise to considerable trouble in the Legislature of Virginia, and furnished much food for adverse criticism against Lord Dunmore, Royal Governor of Virginia. On Dec. 16th 1773, Lord Dunmore granted a patent of two thousand acres of land in Fincastle Co., Virginia (Afterwards, Jefferson Co., Ky.) lying east of the Beargrass Creek and south of the Ohio River to Dr. John Connally as a reward for services rendered during the French and Indian Wars. On the same date (Dec. 16, 1773) a similar tract of 2000 acres, lying west of the Beargrass Creek, was granted to Charles

De Wardsdorf. The next year
Col. John Campbell bought a half
interest in the Connolly tract, and
later joined Dr. Connolly in
purchasing the De Wardsdorf tract
of 2,000 acres. Still later Dr.
Connolly mortgaged his half interest
in the 4,000 acres for \$450. The land
was then divided, and Dr. Connolly
took the upper 1,000 acres and the
lower 1,000 acres, leaving the
middle 2,000 acres for Col. John
Campbell. In 1775 the American
Revolution broke out and Connolly
joined the forces of the King.

John Campbell was captured by
the Indians and held captive for
several years. The revolution
ended in victory for the Colonists.
In 1780 the bitter feeling had taken
such strong hold upon the newly
freed people that the Legislature
of Virginia escheated Col. John
Campbell's land at the Falls while
he was still a prisoner, on the
supposition that he, like Connolly,
was a Tory.

The government donated 1,000 acres of the confiscated land to found the town of Louisville at the Falls of the Ohio.

When Col. Campbell was released from prison and his case understood by the Legislature of Virginia, several ^{special acts} laws were passed in his favor. Finally his land was returned to him and a fee simple title vested in him and his heirs forever. There was a reservation, however, in the final act passed for his benefit, that the lots purchased in the 1,000 acres by the citizens should not be disturbed and that the title thereto, should remain in the purchasers.

All the rest of the Connolly and De Wansdorf lands, including the islands lying in the Ohio River near this body of land, namely - born Island, The Goose Island group and Sand Island were returned to Col. John Campbell by act of the Legislature of Virginia.

Col. John Campbell had a survey and a plat made, of the prospective town

of Campbellsburg, situated on or near the present site of Shippingport. He sold a few lots to some traders, but the sales were so few that the enterprise seemed doomed to utter failure and the State of Virginia might just as well have kept the land which she had confiscated. Then appeared the little band of French refugees, who had fled a second time from the tireless reaper, Death. Yellow fever had chased them from their new home at Philadelphia and they paused not in their flight until they drew their canoes ashore at the Falls of the Ohio. This was the little Tarascon party that purchased 24 acres of land upon which to build their permanent homes. The settlement thus made was not Portland, but it was the foundation from which Portland sprung. It was Shippingport, and, in all probability, had there been no Shippingport, there would have been no Portland — Louisville itself might still have been a tiny village, and we, its

rustic villagers, content with simple life.

Soon after the transfer of the deed to Nicholas Berthoud, Col. John Campbell died, leaving the remainder of his three thousand acres, more or less, to his brother Allen Campbell in Ireland, upon condition that he would become a naturalized citizen of the United States. Soon after taking the oath of allegiance Allen Campbell died. He willed the entire property to his brother Robert Campbell and his sister Mrs Sarah Beard, a widow.

Robert Campbell died a short time after receiving the legacy, and the entire estate passed into the possession of Mrs Sarah Beard who sold it to Fortunatus Cosby for the consideration of \$10,000 or $\$3\frac{1}{3}$ per acre.

The following is a copy of the first deed to the land upon which Portland was laid out, the same being executed between Sarah Beard, the party of the first part and Fortunatus Cosby, the party of the second part etc.

Deed book 8 page 48

Jefferson Co. Clerk's office

May 27 1806

The said Sarah Beard, the party of the first part, does hereinafter convey to the said Fortunatus Cosby, the party of the second part, his heirs and assigns forever, for the consideration of \$10,000 a tract or parcel of land lying and being in the County of Jefferson, State of Kentucky on the Ohio River, adjoining the town of Louisville, containing by estimation three thousand acres, be the same more or less. One thousand acres of which being the one half of two thousand acres patented to John Connolly by patent Dec. 16, 1773. The other two thousand acres patented to Charles De Wardsdy. The patent bearing the day and year last mentioned; and bounded as described in said patents as will more fully appear, reference being had to the same. Also the unsold lots in the town of Louisville, consisting of 20-acre tracts, 10-acre tracts, 5-acre lots 2-acre lots $\frac{1}{2}$ -acre lots and other parcels of ground, deeded to Col. John Campbell

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also all the islands in the said Ohio River near the said town of Louisville, lately the property of Allen Campbell deceased, also the ground and ferry at the lower landing in Shippingport, which said tract of land, tracts, lots parcels of ground, islands and ferry, the said Sarah Beard holds title to as heir and representative of Allen Campbell deceased and Robert Campbell deceased.

Book 9 Page 383.

Jefferson Co. Clerk's office.

On Oct. 29, 1807 Fortunatus Cosby executed a deed of the undivided, one-third of a tract of land containing three thousand acres situated on the Ohio River, County of Jefferson State of Ky, purchased of Sarah Beard etc to Henry Clay, his heirs and assigns forever, for the sum of \$1, and other considerations already paid.

Those considerations it was whispered were debts of honor. Henry Clay being both skilled and lucky at cards had won the thousand acres from Judge Cosby in a single night.

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The laying of wagers at cards was quite allowable in that day. Even the clergy in England often played for high stakes, but the Puritan ministers rarely played for more than a shilling a corner.

It was the custom to include all of the wording of each and every deed of sale in the one being executed and recorded, so that these Deeds became bulky and burdensome in a short time if the sales were rapid.

Deed book O, page 236.

Jefferson Co Clerks Office.

May 17 1811.

Fortunatus Cosby and Mary Ann, his wife do here in deed and convey etc to W^m Lytle the undivided two thirds interest in the tract of land containing the estimated three thousand acres of land purchased from the said Sarah Beard, etc., for the consideration of \$45,000.

At that estimate the three thousand acres had netted Judge Cosby \$67,500, less \$10,000 purchase money which was \$57,500 clear profit in five years time.

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In 1813 Gen'l W^m Lytle purchased Henry Clay's one third interest in the three thousand acres of land, parcels, lots, islands and ferry thus possessing the entire tract of land.

In the year 1814 the town site of Portland was surveyed and platted by Alexander Ralston, for the new proprietor, Gen'l Lytle.

Alexander Ralston also operated the "Lower ferry" for Gen'l Lytle.

The town was laid out in one half acre lots which sold readily for \$200 a piece. In 1819 the price advanced to \$1,000 a piece or \$2,000 per acre. The "Enlargement of Portland" was next laid out and sold at \$300 to \$400 a lot of $\frac{3}{4}$ acres each. Portland extended from the Ohio River on the west to 12th St on the east, and promised fairly to outrun Shippingport and Louisville in the race for the metropolis of the state.

Portland was the gateway to the south for nearly thirty years

It had taken the greater part of the shipping from Shippingport on account of its superior harbor and better road for hauling.

Every bale of cotton and every hogshead of sugar that reached the northern interior passed through Portland or Shippingport.

Some trouble arose over Ralston's maps and a charter could not be obtained for Portland until 1834.

In 1837 the city of Louisville began to cast covetous glances at the busy settlement which was quietly minding its own affairs miles away on the banks of the Ohio.

It was not until 1852 that Louisville was able to reach out its tentacles and hold the smaller town in its firm grasp. By this act, bitter hatred was engendered in the hearts of the Portland populace, and many long years of variable prosperity have not sufficed to assuage it. They recount to this day the wealth of Portland at the date of annexation as follows: One good wharf, six good streets,

two fine school houses, and six hundred dollars in the treasury.

Excitement ran high, on the night of the annexation, when the keys to the town of Portland were formally handed over to the council of the City of Louisville.

On the morning after the annexation the children were up at the dawn and away to the suburbs to see if Louisville had rolled down during the night to attach itself to Portland for they expected to be dragged bodily from their rock bed foundation to be placed along the lower limits of the "Robber town" as Louisville was termed by their elders.

It was thought that the digging of the canal through Gen'l Lytle's land 1820 to 1830 would ruin the prospects of Portland, for ever and a financial gloom settled over it for a time; but it was granted another lease of life for the next thirty years.

When the canal was surveyed the steamboats were all modeled after Robert Fulton's Clermont, and were made of small dimensions. By 1830

the trade with the south had increased to such proportions that larger boats were constructed for its accommodation so that, when the canal was finished it was too narrow for the passage of the majority of the boats; hence, they had to land at Portland or Shippingport to unload their cargoes.

The boats had multiplied so rapidly during the palmy river days, that it was a common sight to see fifty or sixty boats lined up along the bank so close that they could only get a nose in to the landing; and some of them had to wait for days to take their turn at the wharf to unload, then back out of the crowd and sail away, with all speed for another load. Passenger boats were packed almost to suffocation with pleasure seekers from the south on their way to Drennen Springs, Ky.

Thus the busy scenes enacted at Shippingport were repeated at Portland. The little boat "Blue Wing", made regular trips twice a week up the Kentucky River to Drennen Springs to convey the travelers to their destination.

The St Charles,

One of the finest hotels in the south was built in Portland by Mr. Paul Villier at a cost of \$75,000, with another \$25,000 for the furnishings, thus, with French taste combined with American money it was a fair place ^{in which} to dwell. . . Among the resident boarders were Prof. Geo. Chase, Prim. of the Louisville Girls' High School, and his family and Mrs. Monserat Latee Principal of the Monserat school. It is said that when Mr. Caleb Dorsey returned from his southern plantation with his family and his slaves he always spent sometime at the St. Charles, before proceeding to his farm at Fryes Hill.

And the old darkies still declare that his purse was a good, strong flour barrel filled with "money to the brim. That ^{may be} is where the saying, "He has a barrel of money" originated.

The balls given at the St Charles hotel were graced by the wealth, culture and beauty of the south.

While flying feet were keeping time to merry music, in the spacious

drawing rooms might be heard the sparkling wit or deeper wisdom of these care free people "Before the War".

In 1865, when the canal was widened and the tonnage was free, Portland died suddenly and the glory of the St Charles, the finest hotel in the south, was buried in the same grave.

The once famous and aristocratic hotel was sold soon after for \$2400 and converted into four tenement houses for the colored population of Portland.

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In 1830, in the town of Metz, Germany, there lived a French refugee Monsieur Marion, who decided to relinquish his commercial interests in the ^{town} whither he had fled at the beginning of the "reign of Terror" in France.

He longed once more to cross the border and spend his declining years on the banks of the river Rhone, where, care free, he might gather the Fleur de Lis and joyously shout, "Vive La France", as the gendarmes march on.

His enterprises in the German town of his adoption had prospered amazingly

He was now accounted rich. But he
^{also} was rich in years. Old age had
piled year after year upon his
broad shoulders until he could no
longer bear the weight of time and
the weight of German guilders.

To relieve himself of his too heavy
burden he exchanged his guilders for
Louis d'or and divided the odd
centimes among his children and
went back to his happy home nestled
deep within the orchard blooms, to
dream sweet dreams of life well
spent. One of his daughters,
Madam Jean Villier had contracted
a bad case of the American fever, and,
with her husband, her children and
the strong box, she set sail for the
"Promised land," America, with her
hopes high and her determination
to cast her lot in shippingport
steadfast. The fame of that most delectable
dwelling place had over-spread the
old world and lured its sons and
daughters to leave their vine clad hills
and sunny slopes, to penetrate to the
heart of America, there alas, to take up

the strenuous life where time to dream of the quiet life in the Fatherland was granted, only after the blazing sun had looked his last upon the toil of the busy day, and the sad, sweet stars peeped timidly down, to blink their kindly bits of sympathy. But the Villiers knew naught of this unpleasant phase of life. America was to the maids of France one long life of dances, balls, flirtations and dress, while the men fancied that King Mida had left his "Golden touch" for him to take who would. In the United States there were no flaunted signs of royalty to perpetually ^{to} humiliate the proud, the rich, the gay by reminding them of their plebian birth. Wealth, grace and beauty alone were the social qualifications required by Dame Fashion to elevate the old-world damsels to the highest throne in the new world toward which their footsteps were wending and the good ships were sailing as fast as the winds could waft them.

In the same vessel with the romantic and pleasure loving Villiers sailed M. Louis Fosse and his family with a through ticket to Portland.

M. Fosse was a soldier of France Born at Nancy. He was body guard to Napoleon Bonaparte and engaged in every battle that Napoleon fought. He won medals for his bravery and was highly respected by his fellow soldiers. In Elvouck, three leagues from Metz, he married a petite French girl, and there he made his home. and formed a firm friendship for the Villiers. Glowing letters were received from time to time by the villagers from Mr. Kaye at Portland urging them to come to live with him in "God's country" One of these letters was written to M Fosse. Among other things it contained these lines, "Why do you not come and share with me the most beautiful country under the sun, where peace and prosperity reigns, where God sends the birds so thick that all you have to do is to open your arms and they fall from the

sky right into them. And gold, can be picked up in the road as you pass along." M. Fosse's mind was so inflamed by these glowing accounts that when he heard that his friends, the Villiers, were going, he packed up his belongings and started for America too. The passage over the ocean was a most perilous one. They had shipped in a sailing vessel. Each family had taken its own supplies. A storm broke over them. They were blown out of their reckoning. The Captain was washed overboard. The provisions grew scarce and after much time had elapsed they were picked up by another vessel and landed in New York Harbor after a journey of three months and 21 days. M. Fosse and his family proceeded at once to Portland where he expected to find his friend Kaye living in splendor. Instead, he found him living ^{alone} in a little frame house 16 ft 20 ft, on the bank of the river, quietly making and mending shoes. "Why did you write such extravagant

letters, to deceive me and lure me to this strange, wild, primitive land?" "Indeed, Friend Fosse, my accounts of this land were true to the letter. Look over yonder scope of country with its background of blue hills and the sunny sky above it and say, if you can, where a fairer land may be found. Gold may be had if you are not too lazy to work a little for it and as for the birds just have patience for a little while, "God will send them as even as I have said."

"Besides, Louis, I was so lonely here. I wanted neighbors. French neighbors whom I had known at home across the sea. Come in and rest, and live with me until you can provide a better home."

That very same evening the pigeons began to pass over on their way to the pigeon-roost, and the heavens were darkened by them for the next 48 hours.

Louis Fosse made the best of the situation. He bought a house and lot, turned his talents to good account.

made a comfortable living for himself and family, strove not after the unattainable, lived happily, and arrived at the ripe age of 90 years before crossing the "Dark river"; while his widow passed away at the remarkable age of 107 years.

The Villiers paused to rest in New York and were persuaded to purchase a large tract of land on the outskirts of that city. When spring came Madam Villier suggested that they go to inspect their property.

The land agent accompanied them. When they arrived at their destination they found themselves in possession of a dark, swampy woodland.

Madam Villier was so shocked that she gave way to tears. "Is it possible," sobbed she, "that I have crossed the wide ocean to bury myself in the wilderness!"

Her tears so affected the agent that he refunded the purchase money, and relieved them of their bad bargain, and thus, enabled them to continue on their southward journey.

The land which they purchased and relinquished is in the heart of New York city to-day; and you may estimate its value and their loss.

They were six months enroute from New York City to Portland.

The Ohio river had frozen over and the ice had to be broken for their passage down the stream.

A thaw came. The fateful flood of 1832 preceded them and destroyed the grandeur, the beauty and the society at Shippingport which had been the lodestone to draw these pilgrims into the depths of the continent. Poor, mud-begrimed Shippingport was no longer a fit habitation for its founders, much less for the new arrivals.

None can picture the chaotic scene that greeted the travelers as they came in sight of Shippingport save those who have viewed it immediately after a great flood has left wreck and ruin in its pathway. M^r Jean Silier took his disappointed family to the home of his

old friend, Louis Fosse, who entertained them until they could buy and build a suitable home in the humbler town of Portland.

A man named Baker owned a plot of ground two blocks from the river. During the flood he caught drift lumber enough to build a house. He had the sills dressed ready to place on the cedar posts that served for a foundation, when Mr. Villier purchased both ground and lumber and soon erected a neat two story house in which he dwelt during the remainder of his days. His maiden daughter still occupies it. He had but little room in his garden; but the gardeners of France can utilize every available bit of ground and raise abundant crops where American Farmers could scarcely raise a barrel of potatoes and a mess of peas. Around the edge of his garden he planted pears, apples, peaches and plums. Next to the fence he planted black berries, raspberries, and grapes. Between the

taller berries he planted luscious strawberries. Then came in order the rows of vegetables destined for the dinner table. The storms of seventy five winters have beaten about that garden but the sturdy gnarled old pear trees are yielding golden fruit as abundantly now as they did in those early days.

Charles McGuire, a Frenchman in spite of his name, first cast his lot at Shippingport as clerk in Perot's store but with an eye to the main chance established a general supply store in Portland in 1818. After many years of sale and barter he engaged young Paul Villier as clerk in his store.

So well pleased was he with the integrity and noble character of his assistant that he offered to wed him to Mademoiselle Letticia McGuire his beautiful daughter whom he had left in his native land, to the tender ministries of the good nuns of the "Convent of Perpetual Adoration".

The merchant sailed for France

to fetch his only daughter whom he had not seen since she was a tiny child, ~~and her gentle father had been tenderly laid to rest in the quiet city of the dead.~~

What must have been the impressions made upon the mind of the convent-bred girl, by the prospect of this vast world that lay before her unaccustomed eyes! Fortunately her pious instructors had prepared her to accede to her father's wishes in regard to her marriage with the young French American.

Must not the quiet little village of Portland have been in a flutter of excitement at the prospect of so romantic a wedding in its midst?

Were not all the feminine brains busy, picturing to themselves the dainty Parisienne with her lustrous eyes, her dark glossy curls and her petite figure? Did not those same maids mentally ^{her} into her dainty wardrobe a dozen times a day, and almost turn pale with envy at the

filmy laces from the looms of Valencia and
the rich velvets from the looms of Lyons,
(Not cotton back either, if you please) ?

As there were no. Roman Catholic) churches
in Portland at that time, the wedding
ceremony was performed in the chapel at
Pere Villier's house, where all religious services
were held and masses celebrated by Father
Boden, the first priest ordained in the
Catholic church in America. He was
ordained at Baltimore and sent to Ky.

as a missionary. (~~The settlers throughout~~
~~southern Indiana~~ came to Portland to attend
the Catholic services because Father Boden
was the only priest between Pittsburgh and
New Orleans.)

To return to the young
couple whom we left at the bridal altar.

They were very happy, but the bride kept
longing to see the good nuns who had
been to her as father, mother, and all
earthly friends for so many years.

The young husband speedily arranged for
a trip back to the mother country. They
sailed without incident, landed safe, and
took the train for Paris ~~—~~. There was a
crash. A head end collision. When the
wreckage had been cleared away, Paul Villier

was found unconscious, with his bride, by his side. She was sleeping the last long sleep, for her spirit had winged its flight.

Paul Villier and the weeping nuns buried her beside her gentle mother in the little cemetery on the outskirts of Paris.

Then Paul Villier sorrowfully returned alone to his people at Portland.

Charles McGuire was generous to a fault. He knew nothing naught of trusts and corporations, and believed in the good old adage "Live and let live," Aye, more than that he believed in helping his fellow man along life's journey. He took Martin Nippert, the foster son of Mr. Kaye, in to partnership with him. He started his son-in-law in a business similar to his own, and established Henry Vackie and M. Serf in a store on the same block with himself. These latter were Frenchmen from Nancy.

All of these merchants kept general supply stores and catered to the populace as well as to the steam boats that landed at the wharf.

A general supply store, was a department store without the system

of these days. There were plows, rakes, hoes and spades leaning against kegs of nails and horse shoes, which stood next to barrels of flour and crates of oranges. Bolts of muslin, linen and laces looked down upon the counters filled with cheeses, hams, and bacon.

While the sipping sound of oysters in the shell came from ^{barrels in the} corner behind the door. It was the custom for the merchants to go on horseback through the country to buy such produce as they needed, and the farmers to bring it into town on the following day.

If they had any pelts ready for market they were tied on the wagon top of the load and readily disposed of upon their arrival. Attached to each store was a wagon yard where the farmers who had traveled long distances, might shelter their horses and wagons.

Trappers were numerous, and wild animals were plentiful within the forests that fringed both banks of the Ohio. Large game had not entirely disappeared in 1832. Deer, panthers, wild turkeys, and small herds of buffalo

still roamed over the famous hunting ground, and made the journey from one town to another a bit exciting and hazardous.

Monsieur Serf's wife was of the trades people in her native land, and could not forsake the habit of barter and sale; hence, she opened a millinery shop in which she modeled "dy ladies chapeau" after the latest French creations and thus filled the coffers faster than did her husband.

M Serf had two children, Eduard, and Ernestine for whom they he entertained the highest ambition. The daughter was sent to school in Paris. ~~each year and returned home to spend the holidays~~

When her school days were ended and she was a highly accomplished woman she met a young French man at Stein's garden and lost her heart on the spot. Young Monsieur Aaron suffered a similar loss, and they were afflicted with that malady known in past ages as "Love at first sight". The course of true love never runs smooth, and

these two young people sailed upon a turbulent stream for many moons. It happened thus: Mr Aaron's mother was a French woman who believed in perpetuating the old world customs; hence she objected to the marriage because the bride had no dower. M Serf had lost large sums of money and did not feel that he could spare a comfortable dot for his daughter. Madam Aaron was obdurate. The lovers were in despair. At last the father furnished the wedding dower and they were married according to the Jewish rites of the Jewish church.

Several years later both the Serfs and Aarons returned to Paris, France where the elder folk soon passed away, and Mr Aaron was not long in following them. During the Paris exposition some friends called by appointment upon Mrs Ernestine Aaron the widow. They sought her through the house, but she was nowhere to be found. The alarm was given. All Paris was searched in vain. As night fall crept over the silent

city of the departed he old sexton found her lying dead upon her husband's grave.

In 1836 the first Catholic church was built. It was a ~~single~~ room, built of wood set high. It was a one room frame building set high on cedar posts to keep it free from dampness. The chimney was a huge affair built of limestone blocks which were plentiful as the whole town rested upon a portion of one of the largest floaty limestone formations in the world. Father Boden was sent to other fields to labor, and Father Persche who was sent from New Orleans to take charge of the diocese. He was poorly adapted to frontier life and proved so ill an advisor in things spiritual and things temporal that he was soon recalled and Father Viatte took up the task of ruling, guiding and counseling the pioneers. His influence was soon felt throughout the community.

More interest was taken in the religious services and the church began to prosper. The settlers from Indiana came across the river to listen to the

pleasant words and the musical voice of "Le bon bœuf" or "Good father" as he was affectionately called by young and old.

Through Father Vella's influence the men were induced to make brick out of the clay in the church yard, which they burnt in kilns upon the same ground. These bricks were used to renew the pillars of the church. The women of the congregation were not less zealous. They draped the tiny mull'd windows, with beautiful lace curtains. A delicate lace altar cloth took the place of the plain muslin one, and real silver vessels were used at the communion service.

A society of ^{from Philadelphia} nuns decided to labor in this vineyard, and offered to purchase a half block of land situated a quarter of a mile from the church. Adjoining the desired tract of land was a ten pin alley and a long frame house in which dwelt, and held high carnival, a set of counterfeiters, gamblers and highway robbers who terrorized the

community from Portland to Louisville)

Here was an opportunity to rid the country of these outlaws, without difficulty.

Every man in the settlement, Catholic and non-catholic contributed to the fund to purchase the land with the temper alley and robber's den upon it, and present it to the nuns whose purpose it was to erect a ~~school~~ building and keep a school. The fame of Cedar Grove Academy for girls spread far and wide throughout the south. The school was a great success. Pupils came from the remotest districts. How many of them knew, or even know at the present time, that the nun's kitchen is the same old room in which the lawless citizens congregated nightly to sing coarse songs, to feast and drink and carouse and plot to the detriment of the good name of Portland. Before these outlaws left they forced an entrance into the little French Church and robbed it of its valuables.

The new silver service that took

the place of the stolen one was purchased at W^m Hendrick's jewelry store in Middletown Ky. That was the only store of its kind this side of Pittsburg.

A small sleeping apartment was built at the back of the church for Father Veltalla's use that he might keep closer watch over the church property; though he still took his meals at M^r. White's as the former priests had done.

Portland was ever the friend of learning. The Frenchmen employed a tutor and established a night school where they might study the English branches.

In 1832. the Shippingport schoolhouse was removed over the stone bridge at 18th St. and placed upon a new site on Missouri Ave near 34th St, where M^r. Beals house stands.. It was a tiny frame structure which the terrible flood had spared. M^r. Lincoln, was elected to be the first school master in Portland. This small academy was a day school for children, a night school for French adults and

a Methodist church on Sundays. The Rev. Butterfield was the presiding minister of the Gospel.

The school house was placed in a snake den. But the courageous students subdued and exterminated the reptiles and thought nothing of the attendant danger, in their zeal. To the south of it was a deep, dark dense woodland of beech, cherry, walnut, poplar and maple trees, over which wild grape vines ran riot and dropped their long branches to form the delectable grapevine swing, which gave more delight to the hearts of those pioneer children than any of the modern devices ever could give, because it was so close to the heart of nature, and of her own devising.

At recess times these little French children gathered acorns and their cups to serve for dishes, selected a flat rock for a table, and spread upon it a rare feast; Wild grapes in heaps, wild cherries, sweet as sugar Honey locust pods, beech nuts, chestnuts walnuts, hickory nuts, persimmons,

and paw-paws, with rosy-cheeked apples and golden pears, all to be had for the plucking. Then, while the happy diners partook of their rich repast, and chatted gaily in broken English, the sprightly squirrels sat overhead, in the arms of the spreading trees and frisked and barked at the prospect of so many nuts, garnered to fill their larders in the hollow trees when the big school bell should ring. The little students gathered fresh supplies each day until the snow covered bush and briar and brake.

Oh what fun at recess! No time for feasting when the coasting was so fine. The long, sloping hills that led to the river's brink were filled with home made sleds, slipping over the jewel-crusted earth each bearing its weight of unalloyed happiness. After the milking time the snowball battles were thick and fast. The combatants, wrapped in woolen comforters added to the beauty of the scene as the western sun

with his cheek aglow, flung a liberal wealth of crimson-rays among them and tagged them everyone as he smiled a parting grace over the blue tops of Indiana's hills.

In winter or in summer, here, as at Shippingport the scenery beggared the artist's brush.

The same wooded islands with their grazing cattle and fisherman's tents graced the rapid river whose turbulent waters leaped and frisked and murmured alluringly over the rugged rocks that lay in hiding for the unwary boatman and dragged him down to ride in Charon's ferry if he but had his ready copper, or be he lacking of his passage money his bones were cast ashore, to be found miles lower down the stream where some pitying farmer would say a "God be with thee" as he laid the unknown floater in a lonely grave. Along the shore the spotted sycamores stretched their strong arms protectingly over the grassy sward, while high above,

there nodding heads met and whispered
as the lads and lasses sought the
shadowy promenade to tell "The old
old story," ever new, then paused to
watch the water's soft caress, as
overhanging bush or willow tree
dipped glistening branches lovingly
within its limpid tide. Then as
Apollo's flagging steeds passed slowly
down the purple hills, the boatman's
horn fell soft and clear as mellow
music on the listening ear.

The soft cadences of that horn
and the picturesque ferry at
Portland have been immortalized
in song and story.

Those giant sycamores have
been gnawed away by the ravenous
tooth of time. Portland and
New Albany were such near
neighbors that a strong man
could throw a stone across the
river to the opposite shore. Later
the river's width at that point was
estimated at 600 yards, and many
persons now living have testified to
that fact. The strong currents cut

the earth from beneath and let a hundred feet or more at a time, fall into the flood and wash away. During the last 75 years, the river has widened between Portland and New Albany, from 600 yards to $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The bed of the Ohio is ever changing. It is not generally known that traces of the old river bed are to be found in the subsoil as far to the south and west as 19th and Broadway. The Ohio river has been cutting its way northward and westward into the Indiana shore, more or less slowly for a long, long time, for centuries perhaps, and many of us may have noted the changes in its bed even in recent years. In Parkland the remains of an Indian campfire were found, several feet below the surface of the earth. They consisted of two large stones, a partly burnt log, some charred faggots and an Indian axe. How long has it been since those relics were buried by the overflowing tide, and how many times

did the Ohio's muddy current wash over them, to leave so deep a deposit of soil, and how long has the river's bed been removed from that locality?

The Portland ferry was operated by horse power. Some genius built a tread mill in the middle of the flat boat and connected it with undershot wheels, one on either side of the boat, to propel ~~it across~~ ^{the river} before the days of steam boats and it survived long after the "White giant" carried burdens up and down the river. The ferry did not make regular trips from Portland to New Albany. The ferryman stayed ever near, so that when a passenger wished to cross the river he blew the horn that hung in a tree and the ferry boat came at his call. The sweet tones of the horn were due to the acoustics of the valley. The Knobs acted as a sounding board and were just the proper distance to send back the purest of vibrant notes.

Portland could boast of having the

first street car line in the state of Kentucky. It extended from the ferry landing to 12th St. Its first superintendent was Mr. Davidson under whose management it soon went into bankruptcy, but was rescued from oblivion by Mr. H. H. Letelle and was operated under the name of the Central Passenger Railroad. Lastly it passed into Mr. Dupont's hands and became a part of the Louisville City Railway system. The first cars were double deckers, that is, they had seats inside and seats on top. These latter being reached by means of a ladder, one end of which was fastened to the roof of the car, and the other end was pulled up by a rope and fastened when not in use. The cars were lighted by coal oil lamps and heated by sheet iron stoves in winter.

They were drawn by horses at first until mules were found to be stronger and to have more endurance.

The driver collected the fare and put it in his pocket, from which

receiptable he proudly drew it forth and turned it over to the Company's treasurer, when the car reached the barn. The fare was 15¢ which was considered small indeed when compared with the Hackman's charges of from 25 cents to 5 dollars to convey a passenger over the same route.

An automatic fare box was invented by Mr. Tom Johnson ex-mayor of Cleveland, then a Louisville school boy. The fares were conscientiously deposited in the box by the passenger the paying of which was a point of honor which no southerner could overlook. The colored population were not permitted to ride on these cars until after the Civil War.

The car tracks were made of strap iron on wood. The road bed was without ballast. The turntable at 12th St. was a huge disk of iron raised high on one side, to facilitate the turning.

In 1846 Mr. Wm Duckwall operated a bus line from Louisville to Portland with a uniform fare.

of 25¢. and like the hacks they took the passenger to his own door even if it was as far as Sixth St or even to Preston's Woods.

~~Portland was ever the seat of learning and had free schools from its foundation.~~ The Rev. Overstreet was the first Public school trustee. which office was occupied by ministers of the Gospel for many years. In 1848 a new brick school house was built upon the ground which had been donated by Messrs Watson, Ferguson, and other public spirited men.

The pupils gave concerts and dramatic entertainments to obtain the money with which to purchase its first piano. Mr. Hide was the first superintendent of the Portland schools.

In 1857 the 23rd and Montgomery St school was completed, Prof. Hiram Roberts being its first principal, and Miss Hectorina McColloch the assistant. Four years later Professor Roberts was transferred

The vacancy thus created was filled by Prof. Tuel who was transferred from the Shippingport public school where he received the enormous sum of \$25, per month for his labor of love.

On the first Tuesday in April 1861, while the pupils and teachers were at the Montgomery St School were at prayer, Prof Tuel entered the office door to take charge of this new field of labor. When the prayer was ended Prof. Hiram Roberts bid a touching farewell to his pupils and passed out of the Portland viayard into broader fields. The school had lost a loving friend, a wise councilor, and an excellent teacher one whom the pupils tenderly remember to this day.

Fortunately for the school the new principal, Prof Tuel, was a man as gentle, kind, competent and true as the one whom they had lost. He was a thorough musician and did much to develop the latent

talent in the community, and to establish a course of vocal music in ~~the~~ our public schools.

While the people of Portland took a deep interest in the cause of education, they were not much concerned about the cause of religion. Until 1860 there was only one good church edifice in Portland, "The Notre Dame Roman Catholic". The E.M. Church South was still holding services in the abandoned little school house, on Missouri Ave. It was to this little frame church, that Jacob Goodson was appointed by "Conference".

He was a Methodist preacher, ^{an} ex-ship carpenter, a broad shouldered, broad minded, plain, good man and a zealous worker for the faith. He said, "We must have a new church." The congregation said, "We have not the necessary funds" (The former pastor received only \$60 and a load of wood for his year's services) The Rev. Jacob Goodson was undaunted. He

persuaded them to purchase a lot on High Ave. between 33rd and 34th Sts. He soon enclosed it with a neat picket fence and laid the foundation for the superstructure, with his own hands. He was assisted in the rougher work by the idle young men whom he found loitering around the street corners, and pressed into service. The more difficult work he performed himself and was soon gratified to see a substantial two story brick building, finished and furnished by his own untiring efforts, and manual labor during week days that he and the members of his flock might have a proper temple in which to worship the Lord on the Sabbath days, to follow. Today it stands a fitting monument to the Rev. Jacob Goodson, the ex ship carpenter whom all churches loved for his simple, plain, sincere life, tireless industry and ceaseless

devotion to the cause of Christianity.
He married the daughter of Frank Crofoot, who made his money by teaming, and left Mrs Goodson quite a ^{legacy} ~~consistency~~ when he died.

Jacob Goodson fell with the armor on, fully caparisoned as a warrior on "Jion's field of battle".

He preached both the morning and evening sermons at Pleasure Ridge Park July 28th 1895 and died of heart failure at the close of the service. He was buried from the Church at 5th and Walnut Sts July 30th 1895. His death was a severe loss to the Methodist Church. South.

Sunday School picnics were a source of great pleasure, and were given at Beech Grove, a wood land extending along Portland ave. from 23rd St to the old Salt River road (26th St). It belonged to Sam Parker whose large dwelling is now used as St Margaret's Hospital.

Sam Parker and Lester Parker, his brother, were the principal

owners of dray teams, before the Land N. R.R. was thought of and when that line was built, it was thought to be a losing venture, as it could never compete with the handsome steam boats and lines of drays from one fourth to one half mile in length that filled the air with the sound of wheels and the dust from the road.

Portland ave. was paved and Broadway, which was later named High St. by Mr. Harvey Newhall, was a planked road. The Salt River Road, was a corduroy road. ~~The first?~~

Steamboat men were paid excellent wages for those early days, possibly because the market was not overcrowded with such men. A captain received from \$300 to \$400 per month, while a mate received from \$250 to \$300 per month. Captain Pinkney Varble was one of the most noted Falls pilots, and he usually received

\$50 a trip for piloting a boat over the Falls from Louisville to Portland. There were but few men who knew the channel through the Rapids, and they were constantly studying it and drawing new charts because the river was ever making new channels and changing its course.

For many years the Eclipse was the largest boat that plied these waters. The Sprague holds the honor of being the largest tow boat, not only on the Ohio but in the whole world. It was too large when finished to pass through the new canal and she was cut down to fit. She can just squeeze through, but feels so uncomfortable that she usually waits at Sand Island for the smaller boats to bring her tow of coal barges from Pittsburg to the foot of the canal, where the coal fleet of a hundred loaded barges is assembled, and she gracefully tows it to the journey's end.

Her dimensions are 320 ft long, 80 ft. wide, with a sill whose radius is 20 ft. She is 1476 tons burden.

Captain James Irvin's ~~house~~ residence was one of the handsomest in Portland. It was built in the center of a block of ground bounded by High St., Montgomery St. 27th and 28th Sts. It contained 20 spacious rooms, and had French galleries on four sides of it. The grounds were laid out after the style of the best kept lawns in Shippingport. Captain Irvin owned many slaves and the negro quarters looked like a small village. Here all ~~was~~^{were} beauty and apparent happiness, for none were over worked and all were well provided for. Marse Jim and "Little Missus" were the idols of the darkies hearts.

In making excavations, within the grounds a pre-historic grave was opened. It may have been the grave of a mound builder.

or of a Shawnee Indian; most likely the latter, as it was made after the Shawnee style of burying the dead. They used six stones for the top, bottom and sides, placed the dead Indian in a sitting posture and closed the grave.

In 1847 the Marine Hospital was commenced. 1849 it was finished. It is a beautiful piece of Doric art tucked off near the river, on High street, where but few of our citizens dream of looking for it even if they know of its existence.

Every steamboat man from captain to deck hand was taxed to build it. It was a free hospital maintained at the expense of the United States Government. Right of admission to its wards as a patient is a simple proof of marine service, mercantile or navy.

Several persons of note, as well as men of political position, have claimed Portland as their home. The Rev. E. G. Parsons, the

the Actor, preacher lived in Portland and reared his family here). His son, Frank Parsons, was educated for the Episcopal ministry, but studied law and became an able prosecuting attorney for the City of Louisville.

Captain Dunc was elected Mayor of Louisville shortly after Portland had been annexed, but the legislature declared the election illegal because of some technicality in the law. Two months later a second election was held and he was defeated by John G. Baxter, the man who gave to us the English sparrow as a legacy. The Hon. Chas. Weaver, ex-mayor of Louisville, was nominated by the Portland Democratic Club. Taylor Phelan occupies the Harrington residence, erected by Jim Porter's step-father. Alice and Grace Carr spent their childhood's happy days in a tiny cottage on Rudd Ave. before the street cars rumbled

past its door, and before they
out to see the world and to dine
with Kings and Princes.

The Filson Historical Society