

MUSEUM CORNER

CROMWELL'S COMMENTS
John Cromwell (1862-1951) was a banker and mayor of Cynthiana and a local history buff. He wrote popular articles for the Cynthiana Democrat for a number of years, the following is one of them.
The Story of Margaret Goudy June 6, 1935
Full six-score years has lumbered there,
That broken-hearted maid,
With dust upon her yellow hair,
And lily face close laid.
In the old cemetery is a tombstone bearing this inscription:
“Here lies the innocent—though persecuted Margaret Goudy,
Who was born May 6, 1792,
And died October 12, 1814.”
Lichens have darkened but have not entirely obscured this sorrowful inscription; time seems to have been kind to the stone and to have preserved if there is a warning to the uncharitable. Tall marble shaft’s have fallen around it, and huge granite slabs have broken above the grave of those who in life would not have deigned to so much as look at Margaret Goudy, but who,

perhaps, bore their share in slandering her.
Her sad story was related to a young girl, in 1852, by an old woman wavering along the boundary between this world and the next. The old woman’s name was Casey, and the children of the town called her “Granny Casey” and believed her a witch
It is thus that Mrs. Lucinda Boyd introduces the story of Margaret Goudy in her “Chronicles of Cynthiana," published a little more than 40 years ago. Mrs. Boyd devotes an entire chapter to the story. For the benefit of The Democrat’s readers, we shall endeavor to give it more briefly.
Margaret Goudy was brought to Cynthiana from Scotland by her father when she was seven years old. Her mother had died a year before she removed from her native land. At the time her troubles began she was living with her father in the house now occupied by Miss Margaret Hedges. (Footnote: Southeast corner Main and Mill Streets. This house was destroyed in 1966 and replaced with a Standard Oil Station.)
She had the fair complexion and

yellow hair that belongs to Scotch women, and at 21 years of age, the people of Cynthiana pronounced her beautiful. Her manner was simple and modest, her dress always appropriate, and she wore about her long and luxuriant hair the “snood,” which in Scotland signifies “purity of maiden fame.”
About this time there came to Cynthiana a young countryman of hers, and what more natural than that they should have been drawn together and that their acquaintance should have eventually ripened into love.
Her father, a good, but austere man, opposed the match on the grounds that he knew nothing about the young man’s antecedents. And when they insisted, finally agreed that if they would wait until he could write to Edinburg and learn about the young man’s character from those who had known him long and well, to allow them to marry; provided the report came favorable.
Naturally the young man received the father’s fiat with bad grace, but the two agreed to wait one year, in the meantime, he left Cynthiana.

Margaret became 21 years of age in May of 1813; as the autumn of that year approached her health began to fail, and also the gossips became busy with her good name.
This finally came to her father’s ears and when he confronted his daughter with the stories which he had heard his own suspicions became aroused. He called in a physician who reaffirmed them. He then bitterly reproached the daughter, telling her that she had ruined her life and broken his heart. She protested her innocence to the last, calling on God to witness it.
The father then took her to an attic room, never allowing her to leave it, except once in 24 hours to take exercise in the back yard, which was surrounded by a high fence; and there she stayed for many months, cut off from all her friends.
It is said that during her incarceration her lover came back to Cynthiana. He was not allowed by the father to see Margaret, but managed to speak with her once thru the window. But alas! His mind had been poisoned like the rest, and he went away leaving her to her fate.

Before the summer of 1814 began to wane the father came to realize that he had wronged his child. The same physician was again called into consultation, and this time his diagnosis was—a “tumor.” Under the circumstances, the father’s state of mind can better be imagined than described and the physician, what of him?
Long after Margaret’s story had ceased to be talked about there came to Cynthiana a man yet in the prime of life, but bearing on his face the impress of great sorrow. He searched and found the grave of Margaret Goudy, and sat by it day after day and then disappeared, and his fate was never known.
Lucinda Boyd’s book, Chronicles of Cynthiana, is for sale at the Cynthiana-Harrison County Museum for \$20.00. To learn more about Margaret’s story, during the month of October the Roh’s Opera House conducts its “Ghost Walk” tours.
Museum hours are Friday and Saturday, from 10 a.m.-4 p.m.. The museum is located at 124 South Walnut Street in Cynthiana.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

THANKS FOR HELPING MAKE VETERANS ENROLLMENT CLINIC A SUCCESS!
The Cynthiana-Harrison County United Veterans Club would like to give a big thank you to Cynthiana for all the help in making the Veterans Enrollment Clinic for the VA

hospital possible and such a success.
Special thanks to the judge executive and staff for letting us use their meeting room, and to McDonald’s for providing snacks and coffee for the veterans during the process.
Thanks also to everyone who pro-

moted the event on the radio, through the Chamber, and by putting up posters.
The Cynthiana-Harrison County United Veterans Club invites all veterans to our monthly meeting, held every third Tuesday at Biancke’s, starting at 6:00 p.m.

In the waning days of the season

BY BRUCE FLORENCE
COLUMNIST

Before we surrender completely to the coming fall and winter, I thought I would share a few of the summer joys that made life fun, richer or maybe even not feel so scorching hot.
Ever had or been to a ‘Bean Off? I don’t know how the phrase came to be, but I do know the fun of a ‘Bean Off’ cannot be exaggerated.
Like most good things a ‘Bean Off’ takes some work. Planting, hoeing and then picking has to come first, but then the pay off is certainly worth it. Kin and neighbors gather on the porch with the bushels of freshly picked beans.
Breaking for canning sounds pretty tedious, but when you have just the right mixture of ages and experiences the stories, tales and gossip can keep you entertained for hours.

Whether you put up t20 or even a 100 quarts, listening to the pop, pop of the Mason jars sealing promises good eating when the snow flies.
Once when the porch was full of breakers and the pickers in the garden, V. decided he should go to town for lunch for everyone. He did and when he got back I distinctly remember him saying, “You know we could have gone to the Coach House for what hamburgers and fries cost these days!”
Another summer delight was making Early Harvest applesauce. The early apples make a smooth, tangy sauce that the later apples miss. Papaw used to tell us when we were deep in the process of preparing and freezing that we had to remember that you can’t eat snowballs!
I loved picking blackberries, but once I saw a snake in the berry patch and it pretty well cured

me; plus I always got chiggers, too. But once, when my girls were still very little, I drove the car across the field to the patch, opened the doors and made them stay inside.
I had put some big rocks in the trunk which I threw right in the middle of the berry patch to scare away any slithering life. We came away with a goodly amount of berries and saw no snakes, but I did manage to carry home several chigger bites.
The girls had lots of fun sharing the adventure with Daddy, but even the cobbler and jars of jam didn’t keep him from fussing about the family car bumping across the rough field!
Enjoying ice cream outside from an old-fashioned crank style churn was much more fun for those of us lined up for our bowl than it was for the boys and men who had to turn the crank for what must have seemed like hours!

Not too long after that the electric ones came out we bought an early version. More ice cream and less work. We also loved going to Ice Cream Suppers. There are far fewer of them today, but thankfully our friends at St. Edwards still hold on to the tradition. I can almost taste We Three just thinking about it.
We must not leave out the county fair, which promises fun for the kids. Not too long ago the circus and possibly a carnival would also come to town. Depending on your age I guess, the excitement level of these events still leaves echoing memories of hot nights, cotton candy, loud music, bright lights and more than likely a ferris wheel to take our breath away.
Today’s summer pleasures are also fun, but looking back at how things used to be is a special memory, too.

Coyotes do not deserve to be labeled as villains

BY JAMIE ROWE
DIRECTOR, GRIT AND GRACE WILDLIFE REHABILITATION

Look at her for a moment ... really look at her.
This beautiful girl is one of the coyotes currently in our care.
And I wish I could somehow make people see coyotes the way we get to see them...
Not as monsters.
Not as killers.
Not as something that automatically deserves to be feared or hated or hunted.
But as wild animals with a purpose.
The whole reason she is here is heartbreaking.
A human shot and killed her parents and left her behind to die ... to slowly starve to death.

misunderstood for generations. They have been labeled names like monster, villain, nuisance, invasive, vicious, etc.
But she doesn't know any of the names people have given her species.
She only knows the smell of the woods.
She only knows the sounds of other coyotes.
She only knows how to find food.
She only knows how to survive.
And she has a job in the ecosystem, too.
Coyotes are scavengers, and that word sometimes gets a bad reputation. But scavenging isn't a bad word; it is an incredibly important part of nature.
A scavenger is an animal that feeds on animals that

have already died. Coyotes will hunt, but they will also eat carrion ... animals that died naturally or were left behind by another predator.
They're part of nature's cleanup crew. And that matters a great deal.
They help remove carcasses from the landscape, recycle nutrients back into the ecosystem and make sure nothing in nature goes to waste. They also help regulate populations of rodents and other prey animals.
They aren't out there killing just for the sake of killing.
They're surviving. They're filling a role. They're part of the balance.
And perhaps one of the

most incredible things about coyotes is their ability to adapt. They have had to learn how to survive in an ever-changing world, even as humans continue to alter the landscape around them.
They are intelligent. They are resourceful. They are family-oriented.

SEE **COYOTES/PAGE A7**

NOTICE OF PUBLIC HEARING

The Public Service Commission of Kentucky will hold a hearing beginning on Tuesday, October 13, 2026, at 9:00 a.m., Eastern Daylight Time, for the purpose of cross-examination of witnesses in Case No. 2026-00094, which is the Electronic Application of Kentucky-American Water Company for an Adjustment of Rates, Approval of System Improvement Program, and Tariff Changes. This hearing will be streamed live and may be viewed by connecting to the YouTube link posted on the PSC website, psc.ky.gov, on the day of the hearing. Public comments may be made at the beginning of the hearing. Those wishing to provide public comments may do so by arriving at 211 Sower Boulevard, Frankfort, Kentucky, before the start of the hearing.

Medicare Enrollment Is NOW!
Let’s Talk!

Rachel Lewis
502-558-8975
Licensed Insurance Agent



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POSTED!

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass, fish or shoot upon the lands of the undersigned. Any person caught trespassing in violation of this notice will be reported to the sheriff and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. It is necessary that we take this step to protect our property and wildlife.

No Trespassing on Fisher Farm or Fisher Estate property in Harrison Co., Berry KY. Owned by Gary & Patricia Earle without written permission from Patricia Earle agent.

Posted No Farm Trespassing at 13027 Ky Hwy 356 Sadieville Ky, Harrison Co

No Hunting or Trespassing on the property belonging to Billie Grob lots 1, 4, 5, 6 and 41 of Maric Lane.

List your posted property here!
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