

# THE BIG SANDY VALLEY.

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## FIRST SETTLEMENT ON SANDY.

THE following certificate so kindly put into the author's hands by Mr. Richard F. Vinson and Dr. Milton Burns, would at first thought seem to leave no doubt that the neck of land lying between the Levisa Fork and Tug, in sight of where Louisa now stands, was the first place where a permanent settlement in the Sandy Valley was attempted to be made. The very same year, 1789, the Leslies attempted to make a settlement at the mouth of Pond Creek, on the Tug River. They, like Vancouver and others at the Forks, were driven back by the Indians, who were at the time prowling around in the valley.

The Leslies returned in 1791, but instead of stopping at Pond, they went on to John's Creek, and formed what to this day is known as the Leslie Settlement. The Leslies must have been the earliest permanent settlers in the Sandy Valley, yet immediately after their coming, the Damrons, the Auxiers, the Browns, of Johnson; the Marcums, on Mill Creek; the Hammonds, the Weddingtons, the Pinsons, Justices, Walkers, Morgans, Grahams,

Williamsons, Marrs, Mayos, Lackeys, Hagers, Laynes, Borders, Prestons, and others, followed closely on their trail.

#### AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN HANKS.

I WAS employed by Charles Vancouver in the month of February, 1789, along with several other men, to go to the forks of Big Sandy River, for the purpose of settling, clearing, and improving the Vancouver tract, situated on the point formed by the junction of the Tug and Levisa Forks, and near where the town of Louisa now stands. In March, 1789, shortly after Vancouver and his men had settled on the said point, the Indians stole all their horses but one, which they killed. We all, about ten in number, except three or four of Vancouver's men, remained there during that year, and left the next March, except three or four men left to hold possession. But they were driven off in April, 1790, by the Indians. Vancouver went East in May, 1789, for a stock of goods, and returned in the Fall of the same year. We had to go to the mouth of the Kanawha River, a distance of eighty-seven miles for corn, and no one was settled near us; probably the nearest was a fort about thirty or forty miles away, and this was built may be early in 1790. The fort we built consisted of three cabins and some pens made of logs, like corn-cribs, and reaching from one cabin to the other.

We raised some vegetables and deadened several acres of ground, say about eighteen, on the point, but the horses being stolen, we were unable to raise a crop.

[Signed,]

JOHN HANKS.

This deposition was taken in 1838, the deponent being in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

#### PIONEER CLOTHING.

WHAT did they wear eighty years ago in the valley? The men wore buckskin breeches and hunting-shirts of same material, home-made linen

or cotton shirts made by their wives and daughters. They generally wore moccasins made of buffalo hide. Their hats were either made by a local hatter out of the abundance of fur at hand, or made at home out of fur skins.

The ladies of the valley dressed well and comfortably in those good old days. They spun and wove the cotton and flax into cloth for the family wear, out of which they made handsome dresses and other female wear. They bleached the cloth at the spring branch until it was spotless white. Another part they would color with barks, and make the most handsome stripes. And when made up in the latest style of that day, and worn by the belles, the beaux were as much struck with the beautiful decoration of their sweethearts, as the beaux of to-day are when their girls appear in silk. Sometimes they wore deer-skin slippers, which were very nice. The old men who linger behind say that the women not only dressed comfortably, but looked handsome in their home-made wear.

#### WHAT DID THE PEOPLE EAT?

THIS question is sometimes asked at the present time. Their bill of fare was a very good one. A more tempting one could hardly, to-day, be furnished by the best livers on Sandy. Bear-meat boiled, or roasted before the fire, or on wooden bars over a furnace made for the purpose. Venison

broiled on the coals, or boiled and eaten cold. Pheasants hung up before the fire and roasted to a fine brown. Johnnycake made of corn-meal beaten in mortars or ground on hand-mills, shortened with bear-fat, with some stewed dried pumpkin put in the dough. Wild honey in the comb, or strained; maple molasses in abundance in its season, and plenty of maple-sugar to sweeten their spice or other domestic tea. Huckleberries, services, and other wild fruit as relishes. The epicure of to-day would delight in such a meal.

Hog-meat and beef soon followed along, with a little flour, and after 1820 coffee was used quite often. The old pioneer did not lack for plenty to eat, and that of the best.

#### THE STORE DRESS.

AN elderly lady living on Peter Creek, in Pike County, related to us an incident in which her grandmother, when a young lady, was one of the actors. She and a young lady friend were the first in the settlement, seventy-five years ago, to own a store dress each, and a pair of store shoes. The goods was of the brightest colors, and made in handsome style, ready for the approaching Sunday religious service in the neighborhood.

The young ladies all rigged out in their showy gowns, with shoes and stockings in hand, when Sunday morning came, started on foot to meeting. On their journey they came across a herd of cattle

browsing on the pea-vine. One of the beasts, catching a glimpse of the girls' new gowns, became frantic with fright, which was communicated to the whole drove, and they scampered away with the velocity of a train on a railroad. The cattle had never seen any calico before.

## THRILLING ADVENTURE.

ABOUT the time the Leslies came to the valley, say 1790, Charles and Emla Millard, the former the grandfather and the latter the grand-uncle of A. J. Millard, of Big Creek, came down on Tug from Clinch River to hunt bear and deer for their pelts. They encountered a roving band of Indians, who showed fight. Emla getting behind a tree, with the river between him and the redskins, placed his hat on a bush so concealed by the undergrowth of pea-vine that the Indians fired several shots into the hat, thinking it was on a man's head. Millard halloed over to them to come out from behind the timber, as he had done. While one of the savages was on his all-fours, peering out, Millard fired, striking him on the hips, and with a yell he fell dead; the other Indians scampered off. Millard went over and found a horn full of powder and pouch full of balls; retracing his steps, he and his brother made off up the river. When they came to John's Creek they found it overflowing its banks, but plunged in, and being laden down with deer and bear skins, Charles was drowned. His body was never found. A

creek which empties into John's Creek at the place where Charles Millard was drowned, is to this day called Miller's Creek, the *d* being left out.

#### BIG SANDY VALLEY.

THIS valley is one hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and about eighty miles wide, on an average, from east to west; in area as large as some of the prosperous Northern States. It is drained by the Big Sandy River, or as is now sometimes called the Chatterawha, with its Levisa and Tug Forks, and their numerous tributaries. Both these rivers rise in south-west Virginia, twenty miles or less apart, both flowing almost directly north on parallel lines of from twenty-five to forty miles apart, until near their junction, twenty-five miles from the Ohio, where they unite and flow on to the Ohio in one stream. The Sandy and Tug Rivers are fed by numerous tributaries, some of which are in size and volume of water carried off, sufficient to be known as rivers, rather than creeks. Among the principal tributaries of the Sandy may be mentioned the Blaine, which heads in Elliott and Morgan Counties, Kentucky, and flows in a north-easterly direction, and enters the Sandy eighteen miles from its mouth. Its length is seventy-five miles.

Paint Creek heads in Morgan County, Kentucky, runs thirty miles east, and empties its turbid waters into the Sandy at Paintsville, sixty miles from the Ohio. Paint is a short but a broad, deep stream,

affording water enough to float out great rafts of logs from very near its head.

John's Creek is a stream more than a hundred miles long; heads up near the sources of the Big Sandy and Tug, between the two, and runs nearly equal distance, parallel with them, and empties into the Sandy eight miles above the mouth of Paint Creek.

Beaver is a long straight stream, indeed quite a river, heading in Knott and Letcher Counties, Kentucky, running north-east on a very straight line into the Sandy, twenty miles above John's Creek. Shelby rises in Letcher and Pike, and is a stream like all previously named, capable of floating large rafts. It flows into the Sandy River above Pikeville.

Rock Castle and Wolf Creeks empty their waters into the Tug River from the western side, both rising in the same section, but flowing apart. The Rock Castle joins the Tug eight miles above its mouth, while Wolf makes a short cut and plunges into the same stream forty miles above. Pond is a short but powerful water-way, heading in Pike County, and emptying into the Tug fifteen or so miles above Wolf. Peter Creek, above on the same side, is quite a stream. From the east side of Tug River is Pigeon, Sycamore, and others, to say nothing of the almost countless smaller creeks and creeklets which help to swell the tide of the Sandy and Tug Rivers from south-east and west.

This system of water-ways drains a part or all of the counties of Boyd, Lawrence, Elliott, Morgan, Magoffin, Martin, Floyd, Johnson, Pike, Perry, and Knox, in Kentucky; and Wise, Dickinson, Tazewell, and Russell, in Virginia; and McDowell, Wyoming, Logan, and Wayne, in West Virginia. The bottom or level lands on the two large rivers widen out in some places more than a half mile. The soil is a rich sandy loam, as productive as are the Ohio bottom-lands. Most of the tributaries are equally rich in soil, while, if possible, the cove lands, which are always abundant in a hilly country, interspersed with so many streams like the Sandy Valley, are still more productive.

The bottom and cove lands produce heavy crops of grain, tobacco, and meadow-grasses, while the hillside lands serve well in grass, grain, and fruit, of nearly every species peculiar to a north-temperate latitude. In early day this valley was the great center of the ginseng industry, and while not so abundant as formerly, it is yet found in considerable quantities. Other medical roots abound. Wild and domesticated bees find a congenial home here, making honey and beeswax, articles amounting to great value. Fur skins add much to the wealth of the people. Poplar, oak, cherry, walnut, sugar, beach, hickory, linden, sycamore, and other timber, abound in every valley, cove, and mountain-side.



## NAVIGATION.

THE Big Sandy River is navigable for steamboats to Pikeville, one hundred and five miles, the Tug River for ninety miles, making nearly two hundred miles of navigable waters; whilst, in addition to this, the tributaries named in this chapter, and some short ones not mentioned, are navigable for rafts of logs and other timber and lumber for at least nine hundred miles more, making a total of more than a thousand miles of navigation, centering at the mouth of the Sandy, or Catlettsburg. This valley has a peculiar topographical formation. Could one stand on some commanding height and look down upon the valley, it would appear in shape like a great oval basin, the southern end resting at the base of the Cumberland Mountains, the northern dipping into the Ohio River at Catlettsburg, while on the east the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia raise their tall peaks as a wall of adamant, while the hills of east Kentucky, covered in living green, form its western boundary, thus compelling an outlet, and an only outlet, at the mouth of the Sandy River, and head of the valley.

On the main streams and tributaries of the Sandy Valley, especially in the upper part of it, quite a considerable population had gone in from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, long before Shortridge, David White, or the Hamptons had settled at or near the Mouth. They had brought their

domestic stock with them, and some also their negro slaves, and commenced opening up the county to civilization before scarcely any thing had been done lower down the valley. The Auxiers, Meads, Staffords, Borders, Williamsons, Strattons, Leslies, Ratcliffs, Lackeys, Osburns, Prestons, Cecils, Porters, Hatchers, Laynes, Weddingtons, Friends, Hatfields, Marcums, Runyons, Justices, Prestons, Porters, Brewers, Fulkersons, McDowells, Clarks, Goffs, Garrards, Browns, Dixons, Maguires, Grahams, Morgans, Robinsons, Belchers, Bevins, Walkers, Mayos, Hagers, Millards, Stumps, and others, were, some of them, much earlier than David White, at the Mouth in 1798.

With such a vast country, and with a growing population with productions to sell and wants to supply, it is reasonable to suppose that the people of the valley in that early day were put to great inconveniences in exchanging their products for the necessaries and comforts of life. They of course had to go to the Mouth to make the exchange. But even there they found no store at which to trade, but with their crude push-boat or canoe laden with the fruits of their toil, had to continue on three miles further to Burlington, or down to Limestone; or they could sometimes get an entire outfit of Joseph Ewing, who commenced store-keeping in 1815 or 1816, one-fourth of a mile above the Mouth of Sandy, in Virginia. These drawbacks existed to annoy and embarrass the old-time settlers of the

valley, until Williams and Catlett opened out a large store just in front of where G. W. Andrews & Sons' large brick now stands. From this time onward, embryo Catlettsburg increased in trade and commercial importance, until it is now, 1886, reckoned in commercial circles as the most thriving emporium of East Kentucky.

From 1815 to 1834, the greatest competitor, with merchants at Burlington and Limestone, and at or near the Mouth of Sandy, was Frederick Moore, who stopped much of the up Sandy trade at the Forks by buying produce, and furnishing supplies from his large store.

Now, in 1886, Catlettsburg has a population of three thousand souls, with large wholesale stores and growing industries, while Burlington contains a population of less than two hundred, living principally off the product of their gardens and fruit-trees. Frederick Moore got quite wealthy, but much of it was made by dealing in Catlettsburg real estate.

In 1830 the vast forests of timber in the valley had no real value attached to it. This year, 1887, more than a million dollars' worth has been sold to dealers at Catlettsburg, or passed on to cities below. In 1830 the existence of stone-coal was almost unknown. Now long trains of cars pass out on the Chatterawha road daily, laden with the best of coal from the Peach Orchard mines, fifty miles up the valley.

Salt springs abound in every county in the valley, and salt has been made from the water of these

springs from the earliest settlement of the country until the present time.

#### COAL-OIL.

PETROLEUM has been known to exist in the valley for fifty years. Since 1865 many wells have been bored to bring up from the caverns below the oleaginous fluid. In many places oil of the best quality has been "struck," but so far not in paying quantities. Scientists say, however, that when the proper level is struck, oil will be found in vast quantities. In boring for oil at Warfield, in Martin County, some fifty-seven miles from Catlettsburg, on the Tug River, a trunk of gas shot up with the sound of thunder, and throwing out a light in all directions for many miles around, which at night enables people to read without the aid of any other light.

The gas here, if utilized, would run all the machinery of the manufactories from Catlettsburg to Louisville, including Cincinnati. Salt in great abundance was made at Warfield previous to the war by Governor Floyd, of Virginia, and since then by Colonel Barrett, the present proprietor there. The gas would furnish fuel so cheap that salt could be made here as cheaply as at any point in the Ohio Valley.

#### POTTER'S CLAY.

POTTER'S CLAY of the finest quality is found in several places in the valley, especially in Boyd

County. In 1847 an English company bought several thousand acres of land on the bank of the Sandy, two miles above the mouth, for the purpose of erecting potteries to turn out the finer grades of cupboard ware. Some of the clay found here was sent to England and made into cups and saucers, and several sets of them, sent to the vicinity of Catlettsburg soon after, in quality compared favorably with the best of China ware. Those named, with other valuable minerals found in the valley, added to those already noted, together with the vast timber supply, to say nothing of the fine lands and genial climate, with few changes, are destined to make the Big Sandy Valley one of the most prosperous countries in the Central West.

## PIONEER PREACHERS.

OF the early preachers of the Sandy Valley, Rev. Marcus Lindsay made a more lasting impression than any other who went before or followed after him. He was a Methodist divine of great talent and culture. For four years he, as presiding elder, went up and down the valley proclaiming the Gospel, with an eloquence of irresistible power. Many gray-haired men now living wear his honored name. Mr. Lindsay traveled the Sandy district about the time of the War of 1812. After Mr. Lindsay, Rev. William B. Landrum was the most noted. He commenced his ministerial career on Sandy much later; not, indeed, until 1834. He

was no great preacher, but a very useful, popular one. He married more people than any man of his time in the Sandy Valley. Bishop Kavanaugh preached much in his younger days in the lower part of the valley, and the great Bascom has held spell-bound Sandy audiences.

Of lay, or local preachers—

Rev. R. D. Callihan, now an octogenarian, of Ashland, Ky., has been longer in the service than any other, being sixty years an active preacher of the Word.

Rev. James Pelphrey, of Johnson County, and Rev. Wallace Bailey, of Magoffin County, Baptist preachers, have each been preaching near sixty years. The latter died in 1885.

Revs. John Borders, Benjamin P. Porter, Andrew Johnson, George W. Price, and Goodwin Lycans, of the same Church, served long and faithfully in the ministry; but those of them now living are too far advanced in years to be very active in the ministry.

But we must not fail to give a brief notice of two of the most prominent and useful men of that early age—the brothers Spurlock, Burwell and Stephen. While not living immediately in the valley, yet they were only a short distance away, on the Twelve Pole, and they made frequent visits up and down the valley, preaching as they went. They were men highly gifted, of great power in the pulpit, and were loved by all. Burwell Spurlock was one of the greatest reasoners of his time, and

was authority upon Bible exegesis. Stephen, while not so clear as a reasoner, was, perhaps, more powerful in his appeals to the people. They were true yoke-fellows in the Gospel, and were enshrined in the hearts of the people; they were connected with the Methodist Church.

A man of wonderful power in the pulpit was Rev. Philip Strother, who preached in the valley for many years. He had a most captivating voice, was a man of true eloquence, and had superior descriptive powers. He was greatly loved by the people, and his name is worthily perpetuated in his gifted son, Hon. Joseph Strother, at this time judge of the county court of Carter County. He was an old-time Methodist, and did much to make that Church the power for good it has been and is in all that section.

A man of the most marked peculiarities in the ministry was Rev. Henry Dixon, of the Baptist Church. He was a fine fiddler, and in his old days always took his fiddle with him to Church, carrying his Bible under one arm and his fiddle under the other. He would introduce the service by playing several tunes, and then close in the same way. The novelty of such service always attracted the people, and the old man always gave them wholesome advice.

#### TEACHERS OF EARLY DAYS.

JOSEPH WEST taught school from Prestonburg down to the mouth of Tug. He has been a teacher for

fifty-five years, and now, 1887, is still handling the rod. He lives in Martin County, and is greatly respected.

Lewis Mayo, Esq., was a teacher of great learning and ability. He commenced teaching in 1837, and kept schools of high grade for twenty-five years. He was a noble Christian gentleman. He died near the close of the Civil War.

James McSorley taught county schools for forty years in the Lower Sandy Valley.

M. T. Burriss, now of Rockville, is one of the old-time teachers of the valley. He was raised on John's Creek, in the Leslie settlement.

Prof. Wm. N. Randolph, of Paintsville, reaches back to the days of bear and wolves, when he first took up the ferule to teach young ideas to shoot. He is still at it.

William Murphy, of near Catlettsburg, taught county schools twenty-five years. He died in 1877.

Charles Grim, of Johnson County, was an old-time teacher for many years, and being a very small man, always had to surrender to the boys on Christmas, according to the custom of those pioneer days. The rule then was, "Treat or be ducked," the treat consisting of not less than one bushel of apples.

#### SALT SPRINGS AND WELLS.

THAT salt water abounds in every section of the Sandy Valley is a fact well known from the earliest times until now. Henry Clay, the great



erator, in partnership with John Breckinridge, the grandfather of General John C. Breckinridge, owned a large boundary of land on Middle Creek, Floyd County, Kentucky, ten miles from Prestonsburg, where the earliest salt-works in the valley existed. Salt was made here in 1795, and almost continuously until some time after the great war closed. The original owners disposed of their title to the land for a mere trifle, and the Harrises, the Hamiltons, and others, worked the wells, sometimes on a small and sometimes on a large scale. During the war, the salt made at the Middle Creek wells sold on the ground for two and three dollars a bushel. The wells are now in repose, awaiting enterprise to work them again.

At Warfield, on Tug River, some sixty miles above Catlettsburg, great quantities of salt have been made, both before and since the termination of the war. The works were first started by Governor John B. Floyd & Brothers, of Tazewell County, Virginia. They built up quite a little town there, and made great calculations to enlarge the works; but the war coming on, Governor Floyd, the prime mover in the industry, went away, leaving in charge agents to look after the welfare of the property until his return. But going into the Southern army as a general, he went down amid the clash of arms, and never returned to Warfield. Salt could be made there now at a small cost; for a company, on boring for oil, at about a thousand feet, struck

an inexhaustible supply of gas, which is still burning, although several years have passed since it was developed. It lights the country for miles around with a more dazzling light than could be done with millions of jets of artificial gas. We say that it is inexhaustible, because General George Washington, when making his wonderful survey up the Tug River, says, in his Field Notes, when at the point opposite where Warfield now stands, that he found a burning spring bubbling up out of the water. This was in 1766. Salt can be made from the salt water in every county in the valley, which has been done in seasons of extreme low water in the river, preventing merchants from keeping a full supply on hand.

Near the mouth of Blaine, on the Virginia side of the river, salt in considerable quantities was made as far back as 1813. Judge Robert B. McCall's father was engaged at that place in boiling salt, as were his grandfather on the maternal side. McSorley, the father of John McSorley, was the clerk and store-keeper at the same time. He afterwards went to teaching, which he followed the remainder of his life, which terminated some years ago.

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#### THE MOORE FAMILY.

FREDERICK MOORE, the founder of the house of that name in the Sandy Valley, was of Teutonic origin, his ancestors coming to Philadelphia or its

vicinity before the Revolution. When quite a young man he married a Miss Van Horn, sister of John Van Horn, so well and favorably known among the old settlers of the Lower Sandy Valley. Soon after, or perhaps before, his marriage with Miss Van Horn, he established a nail factory in the city of Philadelphia, working twenty-five operatives. This was before cut-nails were made. This plant of Mr. Moore's was equal



FRED. MOORE.

to one now working four hundred men. The War of 1812 coming on, played sad havoc with the young man's business; it broke it entirely up. But young Moore, true to the instincts of his race, did not sit down and lament his lot, but saved the remnant left of his hard earnings, and with the money bought a stock of goods, hired the late John Van Horn, whose sister he had several years previously married, to clerk for him, left his wife and

their two children (Sarah, afterwards Mrs. Poage, and later Mrs. Savage, a little girl of two years; and Frances, afterwards Mrs. William T. Nichols, then a young infant) with relatives in the East, and started with the goods for the "Forks" of the Sandy, then six years before Louisa was a town, which place he reached in 1815. He bought a large tract of land, including the plat on which the beautiful town of Louisa now stands, but added to his possessions a much larger boundary on the opposite side of the river, taking in the land on which now stands the town of Cassville, West Virginia, but then Virginia.

Mr. Moore, soon after his arrival, found himself at the head of a most extensive and prosperous mercantile business, the principal articles of traffic being in that root so highly prized by the Celestials, ginseng, and fur skins.

In 1818, after an absence of three years, he sent on to Philadelphia for his wife and two little daughters, to come on and occupy the comfortable home he had provided for them, one-half mile below the "Forks," on the Virginia side. The wife and children found no palace cars, as now, to journey in to reach their future home, but endured many discomforts and tedious delays in making the long journey. At length the mouth of the Sandy River was reached, and the tired mother, with her two little daughters, was safely resting at the Catlett House, the *Alger* of that day, at the "Mouth."

When tea was spread, and the guests all seated round the festal board, a laugh rang out from all at the innocent remark of little Sarah, who told the servant, who passed her the bread made of Indian meal, that she did not eat "chicken-feed." This was the first corn-bread the little girl had ever seen, and she insisted on being supplied with bread.

After resting a night, the mother and children went on board of a packet bound for the noted "Forks," twenty-five miles above. The packet was nothing more nor less than a push-boat, like one sees to-day. The boat was manned by several stalwart Sandy giants, all under the control of the now venerable William Biggs, but at that far back time not yet out of his teens. The refined, gentlemanly bearing of Captain William Biggs at once made Mrs. Moore his friend, which was shared by all the Moore and Biggs family in after life. Mrs. Moore was the only lady passenger aboard the boat. When time came on to prepare for dinner, the captain blushing asked his lady passenger if she would lend a helping hand in getting up the noon-day meal. The scene at the hotel, the evening before, had convinced the young navigator that nothing but wheaten bread would be permissible to set before such a lady as he, by his own native instinct of gentility, knew his passenger to be. He had more than one man aboard who prided himself on getting up the best of "corn-dodgers" or "johnny-cakes," but flour to them was as unknown as was

Indian meal to Mrs. Moore and children. They had the bliss of eating flour-bread at weddings, and once or twice at a "hoe-down;" but how it was made was beyond their culinary knowledge.

Mrs. Moore at once proceeded to take her first lesson in bread-making. In her country men baked the bread in large clay ovens; the higher class of ladies, to which Mrs. Moore, *née* Van Horn, belonged, never. When the viscous dough stuck with pertinacity to her tapering fingers, she lost all patience, and asked the bewildered young captain to help her out of the sad predicament her effort to be useful had brought on. Captain Biggs hastily dipped a gourd of water from the river, and poured the liquid upon her outstretched hands, and soon her spirits revived as she saw no permanent harm was done.

The little craft soon reached the "Forks," and the Moores were settled in their home, which in after years was to be visited by as many (if not more) distinguished people as that of any homestead in the valley. Mr. Moore prospered as merchant, tanner, saddler, shoemaker, and farmer, and for a short time distiller, but abandoned the latter as soon as he saw the evil effects the poisonous liquid had upon the community.

In 1821 Louisa was made the capital of the new county of Lawrence, and the people of to-day owe Mr. Moore a debt of gratitude for the large-sized lots, the broad avenues and streets, which

make Louisa the beautiful little city it is. He built a number of large brick edifices, that even shame some of the buildings erected long since. Mr. Moore was not only a close, compact business man, but was equally a public-spirited citizen.

One great reason of the financial success that fell to Mr. Moore's lot may be attributed to the fact that while a strict party man, a Whig, he let office-seeking severely alone. Yet several offices were forced upon him—colonel of the militia, magistrate of his district, delegate in the Legislature—trusts that he filled with great acceptability to his constituents in Virginia. He not only had every one of his numerous children well educated, sending them from home, at great expense, to seminaries or colleges, to take on the finishing touch, but he did much to promote education for the poor of his section.

The old red mansion of the Moore's was the stopping-place of all Methodist preachers as long as it was occupied by the family; besides great statesmen and lawyers were frequent guests. Mr. and Mrs. Moore never failed to liberally supply the wants of the sick poor for miles around with dainties from their well-supplied larder. Three sons and six daughters made happy the Moore household. The mother and daughters were zealous Church members and Christians. The sons inclined the same way. The father never subscribed to any religious formula, but he acted like a Chris-

tian, in visiting the sick and administering to their needs, helping the widow and orphan, assisting in their support, and visiting the prisoner in jail. This great and good man died, aged ninety-two years, in 1874. His noble wife followed him in 1881, at the age of eighty-six. They not only left to their children a large material inheritance, but their noble example for good during a long, well-spent life.

Mr. Moore was at heart opposed to slavery; but as he grew rich, slaves fell to his ownership. They were treated with great humanity. The chief manservant, James Brown, or Uncle Jim, never left the family, but clung to the younger generation of Moores until the day of his death, which occurred in 1885, aged near one hundred years. When Mr. Moore and wife grew too frail longer to continue at the head of the household, the sons and daughters agreed that the good old servant should never want for any comfort as long as he lived. They kept the vow, and when he died they gave his remains a Christian burial, and wept at his departure. "Uncle Jim" was a sincere Christian.

Ben Burk, a great admirer of Frederick Moore, told the author that once a great scarcity of food prevailed in the latter's neighborhood, and that he could not bear to hear of the cries of distress coming up from the poor people around him, and handed out meat with such a lavish hand, to appease their hunger, and that without price, that his



wife had to lock the meat-house door to keep her benevolent husband from giving away the last joint of bacon on the place.

He had a great respect for preachers, and would notify his hands and servants, when one came to the house, that, he being a minister, they must use no improper language in his hearing. While one of these gentlemen of the cloth was visiting at the Moore mansion one day, a hand on the place used profane language, which so offended Mr. Moore that he rebuked the man in similar language, and called the preacher aside and begged not to blame him or any of his family for the man's rudeness.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore gave to the world nine children, three sons and six daughters. They have all borne aloft, unsullied, the Moore-Van Horn escutcheon, and, like their parents before them, are first-class citizens, and respected for their many virtues. W. F. Moore, the oldest son, is a man of extensive reading, and is one of the most scientific farmers of Boyd County. The youngest son and child, Frederick Moore, Jr., is, like his oldest brother, a farmer also, but lives in Lawrence County. His only marriageable daughter is the wife of a noted physician of West Virginia.

#### COLONEL L. T. MOORE,

WHILE not the oldest of the family, is, in consequence of his great ability as a leading lawyer, not only in the valley but in the State, and being a

public man of high repute, nominally, at least, the leader of the family of Moores in the valley. He was educated at Marietta College, and became a lawyer, opening an office at Louisa when admitted to the bar, soon after he had reached his majority. About this time he married a daughter of Colonel John Everett, of Guyandotte, Va., a lady of rare beauty of person and accomplishments of mind. He took high rank as a lawyer from the start, and gained in popularity with the people, owing to his fervid eloquence and warm friendships.

His friends at Louisa urged him to make a race for the Legislature on the Whig ticket. He consented, on condition that his chief issue should be, if elected, to urge the passage of an act establishing normal schools in the State to train young men and women for teachers. One St. Clair Roberts, a man of great popularity at the time, possessing an implacable will, yet destitute of the common rudiments of an education, was nominated by his party to run against Moore. Fortified by his own ignorance, he appealed to the people not to squander their taxes on such nonsense, and defeated the man who was the people's real friend.

In 1859 Mr. Moore was nominated by the Whig party of the Old Ninth District for a seat in Congress. He made a brilliant and successful race against William Moore, or *Billy*, as his friends called him, who was the nominee of the Democracy. Billy Moore was not only a man of talent,

but was a wily politician, while Laban T. Moore was unknown to most of the people of the district except in his own county ; yet before he had gotten half over the district, in a joint debate with his able competitor, he had convinced all who heard him that he was not only a young man of brilliant endowments, but was an orator of great ability. He was elected by two hundred and forty-six majority, and, soon after the result was known, his friends in Mason County donated the largest steer in their county to be barbecued in honor of the young mountaineer's election. The gathering took place at Catlettsburg; where people from all parts of the district attended. The great ox was roasted by John F. Faulkner, an old barbecuist, still living, as lively as ever. The dell where the monster meeting was held is still known as the Moore Barbecue-ground.

The Congress in which he served was a stormy one, just on the eve of the Civil War ; but he bore himself with manly fortitude against the shafts of hate from both sections, and, while a Southern man by instinct and in feeling, when the final hour came to break up the Union of the Fathers, he spoke out in thunder-tones against it, and declared himself a Union man. In the Spring of 1861 he came home and made speeches in advocacy of the old Government; and in the Fall of the same year, with William Vinson, L. J. Hampton, and others, was instrumental in getting into service the 14th

Kentucky Regiment. He was its first colonel, but soon resigned, to make place for one he thought better qualified to lead the troops to victory. He was a Union man during the war, but freely criticised the methods of carrying on the war. He voted for McClellan in 1864.

In 1863 he moved to Catlettsburg, where he now lives. He was elected to, and served one session in, the State Senate from his district, commencing in 1881. He was made chairman of a special committee to improve the school laws of the State. He did the work well, and ever since the free schools of the State have grown in favor with the people. He was pushed by his friends for a seat on the Appellate Bench. He was defeated for the nomination, yet his successful rival was defeated by a stiff majority in a district largely in his favor, politically.

Colonel Moore has a large and profitable law practice, and does not care to turn aside to fill offices. He is one of Catlettsburg's most honored citizens. His family consists of himself, wife, and four daughters. His oldest daughter, a graduate of Vassar College, a young lady of superior talent, and entering upon literary pursuits, with the prospect of a long life of usefulness before her, was stricken down before her plans were fully carried out to use the talents and accomplishments she possessed to better the race of man. Her mantle has fallen on her sisters, who are doing much, by deeds

of charity and kindness, to assist the young to get a moral and intellectual training to fit them for lives of virtue and usefulness. The young ladies are Christian workers, are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but stop not within Church lines in their noble deeds of doing good to others.

Colonel Moore, like his father before him and his brothers, is an ardent Mason, and foremost in many good works.

The oldest daughter, Sarah, married John Poage, an iron manufacturer, by whom she had one child, a daughter. She became the wife of H. C. Gartrell, who, dying, left her with several children. Mrs. Gartrell lives on her fine farm, called "Cliff Side," half-way between Ashland and Catlettsburg. Mrs. Poage married, for her second husband, Pleasant Savage, by whom she had four children, three sons and a daughter.

#### **HON. S. S. SAVAGE,**

THE eldest son, is a lawyer and prominent citizen of Ashland. After the death of his father, which occurred at Louisa in 1862, where the family then lived, the widow, with her children, moved to Catlettsburg, where Samuel studied law, and practiced for several years. He filled the office of town police judge with acceptability to all classes of people. He afterwards moved to Ashland, and was soon after elected county judge, and filled the office with firmness and ability. He is regarded as one of

Boyd County's most talented men. He is a Democrat in politics, and a leader of his party. He is married, and has a wife and several children. He has the most imposing presence of, perhaps, any man in his county.

Frank, his brother, was first a banker, but has for years been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Cincinnati. Alfred, the youngest, is a contractor on public works. The daughter is engaged in literary pursuits in Ashland. The mother died many years ago.

Frances married W. T. Nichols, who was prominent in business circles, first at Louisa, then at Catlettsburg, and finally at Ashland. They had one daughter, who married a gentleman living in Brooklyn, New York; and as they had no other children, they moved to that city to enjoy her society. Mr. Nichols died there several years ago; but Mrs. Nichols, though bowing beneath the weight of years, was able to visit her Sandy friends in 1886, and make them happy by her presence.

Another daughter married Talton Everett, of Guayandotte. They reared a large family of children, who fill high positions in life.

Mrs. Wallace, of Louisa, is also a daughter. Her husband, Thomas Wallace, came from Ohio, and became one of the foremost business men on Sandy. He was assassinated by a rival in business many years ago, yet, notwithstanding his sudden taking off, left his large business in good shape,

and his family well off. A son of his, Hon. Frank Wallace, of Louisa, is the State senator of his district. G. W. Castle, his son-in-law, has filled several positions of trust, among them county attorney. Another son-in-law, Mr. McClure, is county superintendent of schools. The youngest son of Thomas Wallace has been police judge of his town. Another daughter of Fred. Moore is the gifted Mrs. Sullivan, postmistress of Louisa. Her husband, Rev. C. M. Sullivan, a distinguished preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died soon after the Civil War, leaving her three sons to cheer her pathway in life.

#### COLONEL GEORGE W. GALLUP,

WHO married Rebecca, the youngest daughter of Frederick Moore and wife, came from New York State about 1850, quite a young man, and engaged in school-teaching at South Point, Ohio, where he gave great satisfaction to his employers. He subsequently went to Louisa, studied law, and was admitted to the bar at that place. He went into partnership with Colonel L. T. Moore, his brother-in-law, which continued to 1861. When the 14th Kentucky was organized, in the Fall of 1861, Mr. Gallup went into the regiment as quartermaster. In less than a year, owing to the resignation of Colonel Moore, and, still later on, the resignation of Colonel Cochran, who succeeded Colonel Moore, Lieutenant Gallup was promoted to the colonelcy

of the regiment. Some dissatisfaction was occasioned by Gallup's promotion, but the new colonel soon showed his officers and men that he was "the right man in the right place."

The 14th was in many a fiery skirmish and hard-fought battle. Especially was it exposed to the enemy's lines in its march on Atlanta from Nashville, under Sherman. Colonel Gallup was not



GEN. G. W. GALLUP.

only popular with the other officers of the regiment, but was idolized by the men for his kindness and humanity to them. His daring and bravery was equal to his humanity. In a hotly contested battle, on the line from

Nashville to Atlanta, an orderly from the commander of the brigade rode up to Colonel Gallup, saying that the general wanted the 14th to capture a redoubt which was vexing the entire brigade. Colonel Gallup was in a position to know that it would take five thousand men to capture the enemy's works; and told the orderly to so report to his chief.



The orderly soon returned, and mildly intimated to the colonel that it was a lack of courage that prevented his moving with his command on the enemy. Stung with indignation, Colonel Gallup, with drawn sword, telling his men to stand still, marched up within a hundred feet of the redoubt, the bullets raining all about him. The orderly scampered away, soon returning with an apology from his chief.

Colonel Gallup, no doubt, would have attained to a general's place, had not red-tape and jealousy intervened to prevent it. After three years of heroic discharge of duty on the tented field in battling for the old flag and the old Government, he returned to the peaceful walks of life, settling down in his old home at Louisa, never again taking up the practice of the law, but engaged in the milling and lumbering business.

Moving to Catlettsburg, he became a contractor on the C. and O. Railroad, and then took the contract to build the Key's Creek Mining Railroad, in which he lost heavily. On the retirement of Ben Burk, whose health failed, Colonel Gallup was appointed, by President Hayes, to succeed Mr. Burk as postmaster at Catlettsburg. He held the office till the day of his death, in 1881, discharging the duties required with singular faithfulness.

George W. Gallup was no ordinary man. Had he continued in the lines of literary pursuits which he had marked out in his youth, he would have risen to literary fame. While he was a good lawyer,

he never liked its practice. After coming in contact with large bodies of men in the war, he was ever after inclined to engage in works that required great numbers of operatives to perform the work. And as colonel in the army, so was he as the employer and manager of large forces of workmen—liberal, considerate, and just. He wanted his employés to fare well, although himself might fail to get *his* money.

He was an impressive speaker, and sometimes could be called eloquent. He was brought out by the Democracy, soon after the war, as a candidate for State senator. The district was Republican, and Colonel Gallup was beaten, although he made a gallant fight. He never after acted with the party, but declared himself a Republican, and remained one until death.

He was an adherent to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and belonged to several benevolent orders. He left a widow and one grown son. The son, George Frederick Gallup, succeeded his father as postmaster at Catlettsburg, and, like him, made friends by the impartial and business-like manner in which he discharged his official duties. He was dismissed to make room for one who, although he made a good postmaster, failed to have the claims that Fred. Gallup had to recommend him to the office.

For meritorious conduct Colonel Gallup was brevetted brigadier-general.

## COLONEL JOHN DILS, JR.

IN getting up the material for the history of the people of the Big Sandy Valley, the author invited Mr. Dils to furnish for its pages all of the more important events coming under his notice. During his nearly half-century residence in the Upper Sandy country, constantly mixing with the people in their social, business and political affairs well qualified him for furnishing historical matter impossible to get from any other source.

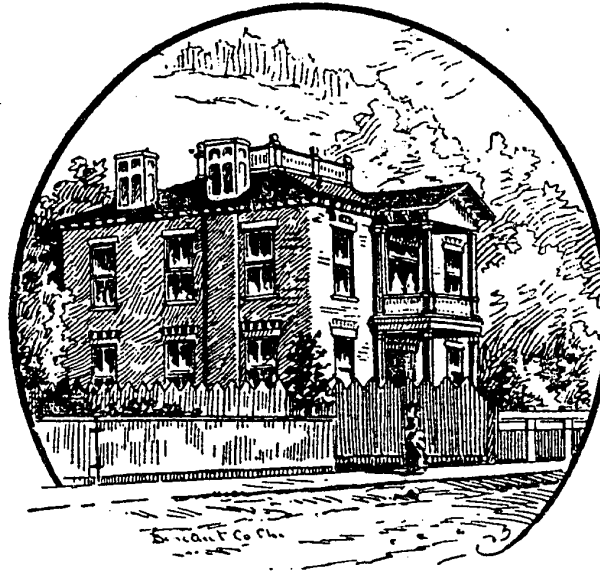


COLONEL JOHN DILS, JR.

The graphic and scholarly way in which he has discharged the task is sufficient reason for giving his manuscript, as it came from his own hands, a place in the book, without any alteration whatever.

Colonel John Dils was born, 1819, in Parkersburg, Wood County, now West Virginia. His father was John Dils, Sen., and his grandfather bore the same name, who, together with his brother Henry, emigrated from Pennsylvania, on the Monon-

gahela River, near Brownsville, and came to West Virginia, and settled in Wood County, near Parkersburg, about the year 1789. They had both served in the War of 1776, and were active participants, with the Ohio colonies of Belpre and Marietta, in the Indian troubles on the frontier, in the early settlements of that



Residence of Colonel John Dils, Jr., Piketon, Ky.

day. His father was with the Wood County militia under Colonel Phelps, who went to arrest Colonel Burr and his men on Blennerhassett Island, under the proclamation of President Jefferson in 1806. But failing to find him on the island, Colonel Phelps, with a part of his men, hastened to the mouth of the Big Kanawha River to intercept Colonel Burr's retreat; but Colonel Phelps was again foiled by the wily foe.

I have often heard my father express words of sympathy and kindness toward the unfortunate Blennerhassett and his beautiful and accomplished wife, who were the owners of the historic island that bears their name. To be reared amongst the living actors of those stirring events of our coun-

try's history, has made an impression and left a charm that no romance or fiction has ever been enabled to supplant the real, as imbibed in my early boyhood. The very air was rife with the tales of the wonderful deeds of early frontiersmen. Ransom, a swarthy, dwarfish negro, who became the property of my cousin, James Stephenson, was the servant and waiter of his royal queen, Mrs. Blennerhassett. He was a good fiddler, and a favorite with the youngsters in his nocturnal visits, and many were the joyful reels I participated in under his teaching and inimitable music; and when tired with "tripping the toe," we would gather around our sable friend to listen to some wonderful stories he was so fond of relating of the prairie queen whom he had so proudly served, but now "far away from her own dear island of sorrow."

But it was meet for me the spell should be broken, by leaving dream-land and the magic of the hour. In 1836 Mr. Callihan, who had married my sister the year previous, stopped at Parkersburg on his return from an Eastern trip of purchasing goods, to get me to accompany him to his home at Pikeville, Ky., which I accepted, as I was anxious to be with my sister. And thus it was Big Sandy became my future home, where I now live, and have resided ever since, save a short time during the late war, when it became expedient to remove my family to a safer and more congenial place. The impression, as I traveled alone up the Big Sandy

Valley for the first time, would be difficult to recall, save its wild but rich presentation of both land and forest, and its far excelling any thing of the kind in the majesty of the mountains that I had ever seen. The people I found to be plain and simple, with unbounded hospitality. Most of them were the early pioneers of the country; some had been soldiers of the Revolution, and many others of the War of 1812 and the Indian wars. The country abounded with game. Bear and deer were abundant, and hunters were numerous and happy. Hunting was the principal occupation of both young and old. In the season for killing game a man without a gun was out of occupation, unless he was a merchant or preacher. A good gun was worth a good farm or first-class horse, as I have often heard hunters say.

The peltry taken from the wild animals found a ready sale. Many a fat bear and deer's carcass, after being stripped of its hide, was left to be devoured by ravenous wolves, wild-cats, etc. It would be marvelous to the present generation should I relate some of the old hunters' yarns of experiences in their hunting expeditions. I am now thinking of some of the old Nimrods; such men as the Pinsons, Maynards, Colleys, Belchers, Owens, and a host of others, not forgetting Uncle Barney Johnson, of block-house and golden wedge fame. This golden wedge Barney plowed up on his farm from an Indian burying-ground, and gave it to a

blacksmith neighbor to braze bells with, not knowing its worth. I heard the brazier say it was the best brazing metal he ever had in his shop.

In addition to the abundance of game to supply the roaming hunter, it was the land of honey and ginseng. It was no trouble for a little boy or girl to make from one to three dollars a day in digging the latter article. It was generally collected in the Fall of the year in its green state, and sold to the merchants, who had it clarified for the Eastern market before shipping. Ginseng was the principal commodity of exchange in all the Upper Sandy counties, and I can only say the amount collected and shipped down the Sandy River annually was really fabulous. But the bear, deer, and ginseng have long since mainly disappeared, and the fine timber of the forests is fast following in the same footsteps.

About the 1st of December, 1837, I was intrusted by Mr. Callihan with a considerable amount of money, which I belted around me, to overtake a large drove of hogs which belonged to Mr. Callihan's partner, H. B. Mayo, of Prestonburg, and which was in the care of his son, A. I. Mayo. The country I had to pass through was entirely strange to me, with only a settlement here and there, being almost an entire wilderness. As I had to pass through the Pound Gap of the Cumberland, but little better than a bridle-path, and as I had heard that was the main passage of the Goings and Murry

gangs of horse-thieves, to East Tennessee, I had many misgivings whether I would be able safely to deliver the money. But, nothing daunted, having procured a weapon, I had determined to deliver the charge or die in the effort.

About twenty miles from Pikeville, where the Shelby Creek forks, instead of going to the left, I took the right-hand path, and, after traveling near fifteen miles from the direct road to the Pound Gap, I learned my mistake, but was told if I would cross the mountain, which was very high and rough, to the left, I could again fall into the right road, some six or eight miles distant. It was then snowing heavily. I was directed to follow a dog-trail which had just passed over the mountain, returning home from a bear-chase; but while I could climb the rugged mountain with little difficulty myself, I found it quite different with the horse I was leading. Indeed, I found the progress so slow and the dog-trail becoming so dim and difficult to follow from the snow-storm, with also a good prospect of a night's lodging in the snow, my better judgment was to right about face and retrace steps, which I hastened to do, as night would soon be on me. It was near ten o'clock when I drew up at the house of my kind friend, S. Hall, that night, for lodging, having traveled fifteen miles, with no other incident than having the pleasure of seeing a large bear cross my path not more than a mile from Mr. Hall's house. After partaking of a hearty supper



of good fat bear-meat, sweet milk, corn-bread, etc., and relating the incidents of the day, not forgetting to mention I desired an early start in the morning, I soon found myself tucked away in good, warm feathers, with a light heart, happy in the thought that the belt with the money was all safe around me, and by the next day's travel, nothing happening, I would be relieved of all dread and care by safely delivering it over to Mr. Mayo; all of which it was my good fortune to accomplish after traveling more than fifty miles, not seeing over a half-dozen houses in the space.

In 1840 and 1841 I taught two subscription schools of five months each per session. In November, 1842, I was married to my present wife, Miss Ann Ratliff, third daughter of General Wm. Ratliff, of Pike County, Kentucky. The following year I went into the mercantile business with R. D. Callihan and Jno. N. Richardson, known as the firm of Jno. Dils, Jr., & Co. In two years following, it was changed to Richardson & Dils.

In 1846 the war with Mexico broke out. President Polk issued a proclamation, calling for volunteers, and a company of one hundred men was made up at a general muster, a few days after the announcement. I was elected captain, C. Cecil, Sen., first lieutenant, and Lewis Sowards second lieutenant; but the company was never called into service on account of being too remote for transportation.

In 1852, after twelve years of uninterrupted pleasant business relations with my friend and partner, J. N. Richardson, I bought him out, and continued the business in my own name until the War of the Rebellion in 1861. In October of the same year I was arrested at my own house, by the order of Colonel Jno. S. Williams, who commanded the Confederate forces, then camped around Pikeville. I was only a private citizen, but was treated as a felon, and sent as a prisoner of war to Richmond, Virginia, under a heavy guard, and placed in the notorious Libby Prison for safe-keeping. My wife came to Richmond as soon as she could get permission to pass through the lines, and I was liberated a few days before Christmas. As we were traveling through Buchanan County, Virginia, on the head of Sandy River, we stopped to feed our horses and take supper, in order to reach Grundy that night, so as to make the next day's ride lighter; for we were anxious to get home the day following, to see our little children, whom she had left in the care of a trusty servant and a brother-in-law.

But that night's ride came near being my last. About a mile from where we got supper, we were called to halt by a party concealed in the timber on the hill-side. My wife was just before me on a bridge. As she did not hear the summons, I called out to her to stop. I asked the concealed party what they wanted. They evaded my question.

I requested them to come down; I wanted to see who they were, so I could report them. They halloed out, "Go on." We started, but I was fired at three times before I got that many lengths of my horse, the shot just brushing the back of my head, and dashing the little twigs from the brush in my face. We moved up pretty lively after that for a few miles.

I visited Washington the February following, with a view of getting relieved from any military obligation I might be considered bound to observe to the Confederate States. I was neither sworn, nor did I sign any parole, but was simply discharged, as I understood. But still I did not feel just like a free man; not that I wanted to go into the service, but I knew my failing: I would speak out my sentiments—therefore I desired to be relieved from any trammels, however constructively viewed. After seeing my friend, Hon. Green Adams, I laid the matter before him to assist me in the difficulty. My friend introduced me to the President, Abraham Lincoln, who gave me a special invitation to visit him as often as I could, which marked favor I was pleased to accept, seldom missing a day, as each visit made it more interesting and charming as time fled away. I refer to this, as it was my good pleasure to have the opportunity to listen to what that good man had to say to each of the many who were hourly petitioning him for some favor, and wherein his inestimable worth could be seen

both in the Executive and the great, swelling, loving heart for the people.

In August, 1862, some of the advance troops of General Kirby Smith arrived near Pikeville. I was robbed of a large stock of goods by a party under the command of Colonel Menifee, and some of Colonel Caudill's command. I had to flee the country for life. I arrived at Frankfort, after stopping a short time in Louisville, the fourth day after leaving home, giving the news of what was going on. I wanted guns, as no peace could be had at home on any terms.

There were a great many people gathering in Frankfort, as the State was in a fever of excitement. Governor Magoffin resigned, and the Hon. James Robinson was inaugurated. I had the pleasure of seeing Senator J. J. Crittenden, with an introduction. He informed me that in the War of 1812 he formed the acquaintance of my father, both being soldiers under General Harrison. I was invited to his house to take tea with himself and his excellent wife, and was very kindly and cordially received. He had much to say to me about the war, and asked many questions about what I had seen while in Richmond, and also about friends who had left Kentucky, and were supposed to be in Richmond. He went with me to the arsenal the next day, to see that I got such guns as I desired, speaking many kind words in favor of myself and the people for whom I wanted the guns. I found him the

“ noblest Roman of them all,” and shall ever venerate him for his kindness to me and for the interest he manifested in the mountain people.

A commission to recruit a regiment came to me at Catlettsburg about the first of September, without any solicitation or agency on my part; I learned that it was done through such friends as the Hon. J. J. Crittenden, Garrett Davis, and others. It was several days before I could get my own consent to accept; but, there being so many refugees from the Upper Sandy counties (Pike, Floyd, etc.) that wanted to go into the service of the United States army soliciting me, I finally acquiesced, and recruited the first day about two hundred men, and soon after raised, at a considerable personal sacrifice, what is known as the 39th Kentucky Regiment, Mounted Infantry. Its efficiency or inefficiency as an auxiliary in the service of the Government has gone into history, to stand the test of an impartial judgment of the loyal mind, where its friends rest in confidence of a just verdict.

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#### THE RICE FAMILY

IS ONE of the most noted of all the old families which has given to the Big Sandy Valley its prestige in developing men of marked ability. Their ancestors were of the Celtic race, and lived in Wales. James M. Rice's grandfather came to America before the great Revolution. He took sides with the

Colonies, and fought for freedom. His son, the father of James M. Rice, came from his Virginia home, east of the Blue Ridge, in 1799, and settled near Guyandotte, Va. The next year he married, and in 1802 his most noted son, James M., was born.

It is not our purpose to go very far away for materials, although ever so abundant, or we would say more of the father of James M. Rice before he brought his young family from the neighborhood of Guyandotte, and settled on what is now known as the Toler farm, adjoining Coalton, in Boyd County.

James was then a small boy, on whose shoulders was placed a heavy load in helping his father on the farm to make a support for a growing family. This, it must be remembered, was in 1814. No iron furnaces, as now, had been established, giving employment, though the wages might be meager, to the men and boys of toil. The only place in reach of young Rice, where work could be had, was at the salt-wells on Little Sandy, where Grayson now stands. The youth had a hungering and thirsting after an education, and had seized on every opportunity to attain what he so ardently desired. The few and imperfect schools in his settlement were attended whenever he could be spared from work. Every book procurable by his scanty means was not only read, but studied. With his education barely commenced, before he was twenty years of age, he

left his father's house, and went to the salt-wells, and cut wood and boiled salt. But while his labor was arduous and exacting, he still continued his studies by reading at night by the light of the salt furnace. By the time he came to man's age, he had so improved his time that he was known as one of the best scholars of his age in all the country round about.

At this period of his life and expectancy, the celebrated John M. McConnell, one of the most brilliant men and lawyers that ever lived on Sandy, was attracted to young Rice, whom he looked upon as a young man of great intellectual endowments, and as one, if having encouragement, who was destined to fill an exalted place among his countrymen. He invited Mr. Rice to come to his home and study law in his office. Mr. Rice informed Mr. McConnell that he had not sufficient means to defray the expense of such a course, but was answered that that matter could be attended to farther along. Mr. Rice entered upon his study at Greenup, where McConnell lived, and soon mastered Blackstone, Chitty, and other writers on fundamental law.

The time came when he must go out from under the friendly roof of Mr. McConnell and family, and commence the practice of his chosen profession. He desired his preceptor to make out his bill for board and instruction, for which he intended giving his note, assuring Mr. McConnell that the first money he should earn in his practice should go to

the payment of the note. Mr. McConnell told him he would not accept his note, nor receive any consideration in money; that his stay had been a pleasure to him and his household; that he felt amply paid by the assiduity with which he had pursued his studies, and his gentlemanly bearing under his roof. "But," said the great McConnell, "if ever in the course of your future career, a bright young man, without money or influential friends, presents himself in your way, take him to your home and to your office, and do by him as I have done by you. This is all the pay I want, or will accept." The young lawyer bowed himself away, resolving that, whether prosperity or adversity should fall to his lot, the injunction should be kept.

Mr. Rice's great talents soon brought him a good practice at Prestonburg, where he settled soon after being admitted to the bar.

About this time, or before, he married Miss Jane H. Burns, daughter of Rev. Jerry Burns, a talented Methodist preacher, who was the grandfather of Hon. Harvey Burns, Judge John M. Burns, and Roland T. Burns. Miss Burns was a lady of strong mind and rare gifts, one well calculated to fill the position of the wife of a rising young public man. They first settled in Prestonburg, Mr. Rice at once taking high rank as a lawyer. After remaining six years at Prestonburg, Mr. Rice moved his family to Louisa, and by that time his law practice had grown to great magnitude. Most of his time was



spent in attending the courts of his district, making the journey on horseback. Yet, notwithstanding the great draft made on his time in giving it to his chosen profession, he found opportunity to cultivate the amenities of life, making friends wherever he went, and to give much thought to the politics of the day.

In 1836 he was elected to the State Senate from the district, and took high rank in that august body, notwithstanding his party in the Senate was in the minority. While serving his constituents in the Senate, he had the misfortune to lose his wife by death, which greatly affected him. A man of less nerve would have been tempted to yield up his office and return to private life; but a man of strong mind and intellect, like Judge James M. Rice, pausing to weep for his dead, felt that the living had claims upon him which had to be met also.

In 1840 he married, for a second wife, Miss Matilda, daughter of Richard Brown, then living on his farm at the Levisa and Tug Point, and a sister of Hon. George N. Brown. The second marriage, like the first, was one every way suitable to a public man like Judge Rice. His first wife had left him five children, two sons and three daughters, whose mental and moral training, so well begun by their own mother, was now to be carried forward by the step-mother; and it would be hard to find a wife and step-mother who discharged every duty she owed to husband and step-children with more intelligence,

discretion, and love than did Mrs. Matilda Rice. Her husband was all the world to her, and, taking his children in her charge, she instilled into their hearts and minds the principles best calculated to develop them into strong men and women. No mother ever displayed greater devotion to her children than did Mrs. Rice in rearing to manhood and womanhood her step-children, and few mothers have been more amply rewarded than Mrs. Rice in the success of her arduous labors.

Jacob—or Jake, as he wrote his name—at twenty-three, was the finest orator and most brilliant young man of his age that ever lived on Sandy. Like his father, he was a lawyer, and his friends predicted a bright career for him. From childhood he was troubled with obesity, which grew with his age, not only hindering his locomotion, but depressing his naturally bright intellect. Notwithstanding this great drawback, he was a good lawyer, a popular orator, and one of the most genial of men. He filled a seat in the Legislature from Lawrence and Boyd, and was one of the most noted Free Masons of Eastern Kentucky, filling the principal chair in the Grand Lodge of the State. He was a religious man, and often preached as a lay preacher of the Southern Methodist Church, of which he was a member. He had his defects; but they were the foibles of human nature, rather than great sins. He died from paralysis, commencing at Frankfort, while a member of the Lower House in the Legis-