

TOWNS OF EAST KENTUCKY.

CATLETTSBURG.

GREAT FIRES.

ON the 22d of July, 1877, at twelve o'clock, noon, a fire broke out in Peter Paul Schauer's bakery, on South Front Street, and destroyed all of the business part of the town. The fire only raged three hours, but its work was complete. Every business house (including every hotel), save Coon Wait's grocery, was destroyed. In six months most of the "burnt district" was built up with substantial brick edifices. No one received the slightest injury to limb in contending with this great conflagration.

SECOND GREAT FIRE.

AT one o'clock A. M., during the latter part of the month of August, 1884, a fire started in the great drug-house of Patton Bros., and spread on one side to Prichard & Wellman's wholesale grocery, D. H. Carpenter's wholesale dry-goods house, and a small brick adjoining, and on the other side to N. P. Andrews's dry-goods store, all of which were consumed, with most of their contents.

James McKenzie, a young tinner, and David Kinner, a young business man of Williamsburg,

Ky., at Catlettsburg on a visit, were caught in the flames in saving goods from the Andrews building; the latter was burned to a crisp, and his charred remains were not found for twenty hours after his death. The former was taken out alive, and lingered ten days in great agony before death came to his relief. John Graham, a negro stone-mason, and another well-liked colored man, also perished in the flames while carrying out goods from the burning building.

All Catlettsburg was horror-stricken. The funerals of Kinner and McKenzie were attended by a vast concourse of people, Rev. Mr. Jackson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, delivering a great sermon on the death of young Kinner, who was the hope of his family, and Rev. Mr. Hanford delivering an oration on the death of young McKenzie, the stay of his family. The colored men were buried with great ceremony also, rich ladies laying flowers on their caskets, because they died in discharge of duty.

FIRE-ENGINE AND HOSE.

IN six months after the great holocaust, Catlettsburg procured a first-class fire-engine and hose, equal to any found in the State. The people spent \$12,000 in taxes for that purpose. It would be hard to find a better drilled company of firemen than the brave boys who risk their lives in manning the *Gate City* fire-engine and hose.

SANDY WASH-OUT, JULY, 1875.

IN the early part of the month of July, 1875, the Big Sandy suddenly rose forty feet, and as the Ohio River was at that time much below the ordinary low-water stage, the waters from the raging Sandy poured into it like a mighty avalanche, reaching to the north shore of that river, lashing boats tied there from their fastenings, and sending them adrift as though they were shingles. The force of the water was so great that South Front Street, from Division to two hundred feet above Franklin, was in less than twelve hours carried into the stream, together with all of the buildings on the street, excepting two; and from one of those left, the front rooms, the principal part of the house, which was a large one (the Bartram Hotel), were carried with the others into the river. The houses destroyed were among the best in the town at that time. The loss to individuals was \$50,000, besides the damage done to property below Division Street fronting the Ohio River by the bank giving way. This caused a great decline in the price of the property, and an ultimate loss to owners hard to estimate.

The loss to the corporation could not have been less than \$20,000, to say nothing of the inconvenience to the people at large by the great wash-out. A good-sized steamboat, the *Sam Cravens*, was at the time held in execution by the sheriff of Boyd County, Andrew Hogan, who had tied the

craft to the shore below the mouth of the Sandy River, there to remain until the day arrived to dispose of her by public outcry. But the swirl produced by the mad waves engulfed the stout craft, and tore her cabin, keel, and hull into thousands of fragments, with as little ceremony as if she had been a partridge-trap. The destruction of this boat by the rushing waters was the cause of a vexatious law-suit, brought by the owner of the boat against the sheriff for failure to save the craft. After a controversy running through seven or eight years, the sheriff gained the suit.

OHIO RIVER FLOOD OF 1883.

THE February flood of 1883 was many feet higher than the river had attained since December, 1847, and was even higher than in that great overflow. The indications for several days previous to any thing like a very high river, as well as telegraphic reports from the head-waters above, gave ample warning to the citizens of Catlettsburg to set their houses in order, to prepare for a great inundation.

When the waters of the great flood appeared on the floors of the houses on the lower streets of the town, the occupants, while not welcoming the watery messenger as a willing guest, submitted to its silent entrance with a grace and resignation most commendable, knowing that no protest would or could prevent the god of waters from making pantry,

kitchen, and parlor the haunts of his revels for at least several days; and so the inhabitants made this overflow a time of social enjoyment. Boating, sailing, skiff-riding, and social calling by the gay belles and beaus were indulged in to an extent almost unparalleled in the history of the town. The waters came into most of the houses not situated on or near the bluffs. They endured the siege good-humoredly. After a week's besiegement, many who had been driven to the second stories of their houses, and those who abode in one-story houses to other more favored retreats, were once more enthroned in their homes, which were made nicer by the thorough wash-out given them by the flood; and in three months it would have been difficult for one not a resident of the place to have known by ocular proof that any thing like a great overflow had visited the place.

Of course the people were greatly inconvenienced, and business was suspended for the time; but no great loss fell on any one, and had not the greater flood of the next year visited the place, the people would have looked back to this one as, in many aspects, a forced gala-day.

DELUGE OF FEBRUARY, 1884.

THE immense snow on the ground in the early part of February made the people restive; but when the heavens were darkened with clouds ominous of rain, followed by twenty-four hours of one

continual down-pour, the people felt their doom had come. They rallied as best they could, and set their houses, stores, factories, shops, and barns in order, to meet what was apparent to them, the coming of the greatest flood which had ever invaded their borders. By the tenth of the month the muddy waters had invaded all the houses in the lower portions of the town, and at the expiration of three more days, most of the houses in town were under water, some from one to four feet in the second story. Many inmates of two-story buildings had to abandon their homes, and seek shelter, which in many instances was most hospitably offered by the fortunate dwellers on the highlands of the town. Others took refuge on boats, both steam and flat, tied to trees growing in the town. This great deluge kept the people imprisoned for seven days. It was so far-reaching in its destruction that, for several days, many people suffered for the want of fire and food. But the famine was at length broken, as supplies came in from many quarters.

The people of Ashland, always noted for humane acts, early came to the rescue with provisions and coal. Colonel Jay H. Northup, passing up to his home at Louisa when the flood was beginning to assume alarming proportions, gave the alarm there, and no people could have responded with greater alacrity and with fuller hands of benevolence than did the noble people of Louisa. Catlettsburg will

never forget their noble generosity. To cap the Louisa climax of fraternal charity, the noble order of Odd Fellows in that place, although a small band, set to work among themselves and supplemented the public charity of the people by sending to their water-beleaguered brethren at the Gate a supply of roasted ham, home-made light bread, baked turkeys, and chickens, besides many delicacies, altogether making a *menu* that an epicure would envy. All of these creature comforts were speedily transported to the people of Catlettsburg by volunteers from Louisa. Catlettsburg will never forget Colonel Northup nor the noble people at the Forks. Catlettsburg Odd Fellows will remember their noble brethren up there with heartfelt fraternal love.

Secretary Lincoln, at the request of Congressman Culbertson, sent a draft for \$1,000. The State of Kentucky did handsomely, and that prince among gentlemen, Secretary of State Colonel McKenzie, came up to the Gate to see that the stores were properly distributed, and to encourage the distressed people. Many of our own citizens deserve great praise for their noble deeds of love and charity. Colonel Laban T. Moore gave food and shelter to all destitute of the same as long as any space was available in his large mansion, helping the extreme poor as well as the rich. James Wellman, R. C. Burns, W. N. Lanham, Captain Dye, John C. Eastham, Rev. Hanford, John Henry

Ford, E. T. Spencer, D. W. Eba, Captain Hopkins, Thomas Brown, George N. Brown, C. S. Ulen, Mrs. Rebecca Patton, Mrs. Richardson, and Rev. Mr. Meek, editor of the *Central Methodist*, gave over six hundred meals away, and never received one cent in return, not even in the provisions purchased with Government funds. But he and all who opened their houses to the flood sufferers have a better reward.

Those whom we have named lived above the water-line. A thousand kind deeds were done by others whose premises were inundated, yet having a fellow-feeling in common with humanity were busy in attending to the wants of the aged, the sick, and helpless poor.

When the flood disappeared from the lower floors and lawns, one could have a faint glimmer of the appearance of things after the subsidence of the great Deluge of Noah:—plastering falling from walls and ceiling; paper entirely ruined; windows broken, and doors so swollen out of size that they would not close; floors covered with yellow sediment several inches thick. Inside all was dark and gloomy. Without all was chaos. Logs, old gates, fence-rails, broken jars, a dilapidated bench, a dead cat, an old day-book, a broken sieve, a rolling-pin, paper bag full of spoiled crackers, a dead chicken—the whole medley, and much more, covered with mud three inches thick—greeted you. But look farther on, and all of the smaller outbuild-

ings are gone. The barn is turned upside-down, and is a total wreck inside. The fences are all washed away. The alley in the rear of your premises is choked up with logs and drift-wood, and you can't get any thing hauled from that quarter. You look further on, and you see all of your neighbors in the same wretched condition as yourself. You take a census, and it shows that forty dwellings, shops, and stores have been washed from their foundations by the great flood. Only two or three of them could be returned; six or seven of them were never more seen nor heard from. The remainder were sold for trifles, to parties near by where they had lodged, or were wrecked and used for something, or were abandoned to any one who chose to use them. The store-buildings, great and small, presented a woe-begone aspect—plate-glass windows broken in; goods wet and dripping; owners cross and crabbed; no doors to shut the cold out, they were so badly swollen; every thing confusion. Housewives were tired down with anxiety, watching, and hard work, and children were cross and fretful.

Plenty of laborers offered their services to work, but generally at high prices. One week was spent in washing out houses, putting down carpets, and placing furniture; the next was spent in repairing walls and ceilings, and fitting in windows and doors. In a week more came paper-hangers and decorators, followed by the painter. During all

this time men were busy cleaning rubbish from yards and lawns, and building fences and out-buildings. Furniture, parlor and bedroom, was added to make up for what was ruined or swept away in the flood. Not only were the dwellings of nine-tenths of the people submerged by the waters, but, to add to their burden, their churches were not in a single instance spared. They were to be cleared of the rubbish left by the overflow. New floors, new seats, and in fact a general renovation, had to be made before they were fit to worship in. But every one had a will to work, and in three months after the great event, the town had put on its former appearance, save that it looked cleaner and fresher. The houses were clean and healthy, and the churches greatly improved by needed alterations and decorations.

When the people took a retrospective view of things, they calculated that, after deducting the donations from all sources which citizens had received, the net loss on the total was at the lowest figure seventy-five per cent on their property destroyed. The money donated was a great boon to many, enabling them to get their houses back on the foundations from which they had been washed, to buy a stove or bed to supply the place of the articles lost, and to make their houses inhabitable until they could, out of their resources, raise means to make more permanent repairs. It was a great help in time of much need, and the people of Catletts-

burg will never cease to hold in kind remembrance all those who aided them in any way in this great calamity.

CATLETTSBURG CHURCHES.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Presbyterians have each a brick church edifice, built in the order named. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is the largest, the Presbyterian the most artistic, while the Methodist Episcopal Church stands between in size and appearance. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has also a neat frame church in the lower suburb. The Christians, or Reformers, have a good frame church, and at Hampton City a fine frame free church has lately been erected. The colored Methodists have a good frame church. The Regular Baptists have laid the stone foundation for a fine church, which they intend soon to complete. In all, Catlettsburg contains seven church-buildings, all finished, and one under way. The first church built at Catlettsburg, or the Mouth of Sandy, was a frame one for the use of Presbyterians and Southern Methodists, in 1849. It stood on the lot now occupied by the Presbyterian Church.

CATLETTSBURG SCHOOLS.

A COMMODIOUS two-story brick edifice, finished and furnished in the most superb manner, is the

seat of the Catlettsburg graded school. At present four professors do the work. The tuition is free, the people of the town supplementing the State tax, to keep the school in operation ten months in the year. The school-buildings in both of the principal suburbs are first-class frame buildings. The colored children have the advantage of a five months' school.

The East Kentucky Normal School has become one of the most noted and popular institutions of learning in the State. Its beautiful grounds, laid off into walks, parks, flower-plats, as well as its fine buildings, make it the pride of Catlettsburgers, and of Big Sandians as well.

CATLETTSBURG'S BENEFACTORS.

D. W. EBA, an old-time Catlettsburg merchant, has reared, by his liberality, a magnificent monument, in the erection of the Alger House, a hotel-building every way adequate, in size, location, and artistic design, to meet the wants of the live, wide-awake metropolis at the Gate of the valley. While Mr. Eba may not be commended for financial sagacity in investing so heavily, all must praise him for the good taste and self-dependence displayed in adding so much to Catlettsburg enterprise.

A. F. Morse, another old-time merchant, supplied a long-felt want by the building of Morse Opera-house in Catlettsburg. It is one of the ornaments of the town. It is not only thrown open

for dramatic performances, but is used for great meetings, religious, educational, and political. It makes a fine impression on distinguished strangers visiting the town.

CATLETTSBURG'S BANKS.

BEN. BURK, a typical old-time Sandian, was the first to open and conduct a bank on Sandy. In 1867 he went into the banking business at Catlettsburg, but continued in the business only a year. Not finding it profitable, he wound up the business, and was appointed postmaster. No one lost a cent by Mr. Burk's bank. He died many years ago, greatly respected by all who knew him. His widow still lives in the Burk homestead, greatly respected for her many noble qualities of head and heart.

Wilson & Andrews' Bank.

IN 1868 Daniel Wilson and James A. Andrews came from an interior county of the State, and started a private bank. They brought a large, strong safe, which was hauled up from the wharf on the Sunday after its arrival, requiring a string of oxen two hundred yards long. They placed the safe in an unpretending building, and soon opened business. Money was abundant at that time, and very soon the great vault groaned under the heavy deposits brought to the bank by business men and others, who felt that their money was safer locked

up in a bank vault than it would be in a trunk, or bureau-drawer. The splendid opening seemed to daze the young bankers. The families of both were favorably known to Big Sandians as people of the highest respectability, and the young men, meanwhile, conducted themselves with propriety. But they engaged in building and running large saw-mills and planing-mills, in buying suburban real estate and wild lands, and laying out a town, in building houses, in keeping blooded stock, in patronizing livery stables, and in attending festivals and all charitable gatherings of the people. Most of the things were laudable; but it took money, and the draft on their bank was too great to stand the strain. In 1873 it closed its doors, and made an assignment, when it was found to owe about \$90,000, with estimated assets a little less. The latter consisted largely in the saw-mills and planing-mills, in cheap lots in the vicinity of Catlettsburg, and disputed accounts against individuals, which required vexatious and expensive lawsuits to settle. As the personal and real property was sold at a great sacrifice, creditors only received about forty per cent on their claims. Mr. Wilson went to Texas, and engaged in stock-raising, while his partner, Mr. Andrews, went into the coal business in Ohio, but soon after took his own life.

The failure of this bank, it being the first that tumbled to the approaching financial panic—which rose into great fury in less than two weeks after by

the collapse of the great banking-houses of Jay Cook, Henry Clews, and soon by scores of others in the great money centers—was waggishly looked upon as the starter of the great financial panic of 1873; an evidence that the valley was not only noted for having been at one time the center of the greatest ginseng trade on the continent, and for being now the greatest timber center in the Ohio Valley, but must ever after be celebrated as the starter of the great financial disasters of 1873 in the United States.

Witten & Davidson's Bank.

SOON after the suspension of Wilson & Andrews, Green M. Witten and Joseph Davidson, two well and favorably known business men of Prestonburg, commenced business in Catlettsburg as private bankers. Both gentlemen had the confidence of the entire people of the valley; and while so many of the people had lost heavily by the failure of its predecessor, the bank of Witten and Davidson and of G. M. Witten was always held in high esteem; for no one lost a cent by it, while it was a great convenience to the people. After two or three years' run, Mr. Davidson withdrew from the firm, after which time G. M. Witten alone conducted its affairs with the same satisfaction to the business people as when Mr. Davidson was a member of the firm. Mr. Witten, getting tired of the worry of the banking business, and his

health declining, he wound up the affair, and retired from the field in 1882.

A National Bank Demanded.

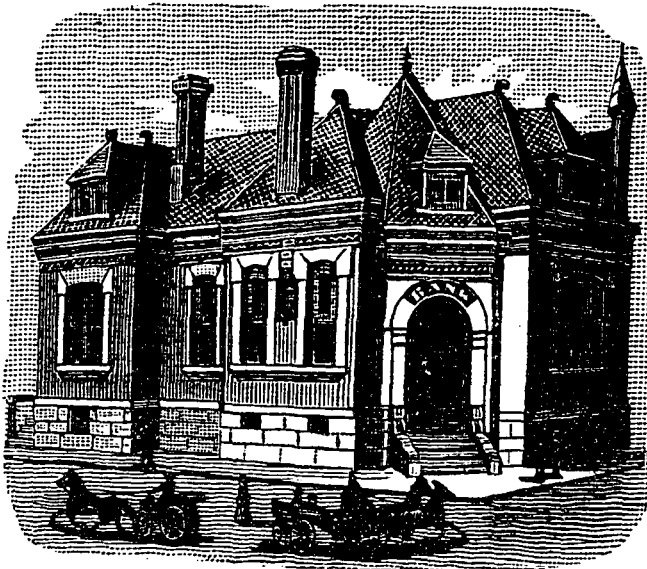
THE opening up of the Chatterawha Railroad to Peach Orchard, forty miles up the Sandy Valley, and the building of the E. L. & Big Sandy Railroad, so stimulated trade and commerce in the great valley, that merchants, timber-traders, and business people generally, more than ever felt the great need of a well-endowed bank at Catlettsburg, the wholesale mercantile center of the valley, where they might find a safe place to make their deposits and get their mercantile paper discounted. Having had a checkered experience with private banks, the people turned away from them, but wanted a bank with plenty of capital to meet the wants of their growing business, and conducted by men who, by personal fitness and training in banking business, would afford them assurance of fair dealing; and over all the strong arm of the General Government to supervise the institution, and thus make doubly sure that no more failures would occur.

Catlettsburg National Bank.

THE field being so promising, and the demand for such a bank so imperative, Mr. A. C. Campbell, of Ashland, made a full investigation, and satisfied himself of the expediency of occupying it at once.

Mr. Campbell, John Russell, of Ashland; Co-

lumbus Prichard, Robert H. Prichard, and afterwards Wallace J. Williamson, of Catlettsburg, and perhaps others, became stock-holders, and organized the Catlettsburg National Bank. The bank opened for business on the first day of July, 1882, having for its officers John Russell, president; Robert H. Prichard, vice-president; A. C. Campbell, cashier; James Trimble, teller; and J. Lewis Prichard, collecting clerk and messenger. The first building occupied by the bank was a neat and tasteful structure on Center Street, fitted up in the best manner to accommodate both bankers and customers. That the stockholders and of-



THE CATLETTSBURG NATIONAL BANK.

ficers of the new bank at once inspired the greatest confidence in business circles was no wonder, when it is known that every one of them was noted for business capacity, strict integrity, with ample capital; and, in addition, the president was an old bank director, while the cashier had had many years of experience as cashier of one of the most successful national banks in the State. These gentlemen, being safe and conservative, started the bank on a

capital of \$50,000, but some time after increased the capital stock to \$100,000, all paid in.

The steady growth of the business of the bank was so great that the stock-holders in 1885 found it necessary to provide more extensive quarters for their prosperous business. They procured the lot on the north-east corner of Division and Center Streets, being the most eligible corner in town, on which they erected a bank building, which, for beauty of architectural design, substantiality of construction, convenience of internal and external arrangements, and general appearance, is equal to the finest buildings for similar purposes in the great cities of the country. It is altogether the handsomest building in Catlettsburg, a little city now noted for its many handsome structures for both private and public uses.

The walls of the basement are built of ashlered stones, trimmed with polished blue freestone. From the top of the basement the walls are of pressed brick, laid in diamond cement, covered in by an ornate roof of the best of Pennsylvania slate. The spacious sub-cellar, which extends under the entire building, is as light and dry as the great halls above. Part of the space is used for a coal-bin. The great vault, used for storing the money and other valuables of the bank, rests on the bed-rock of the basement. The remaining space can be used for confectionery, cigar-stands, barber-shops, or other light mechanical or mercantile business.

If you wish to go above and look around and take in the main parts, you will ascend the wide, spacious stone steps, which face both Division and Center Streets, guarded on either side by huge dragons in bronze, and you are in the lobby, a large, spacious hall, capable of holding one hundred or more persons in comfort. Immediately in front of you, separated by a carved wood counter, extending to the ceiling, you will see the large counting-room in which are engaged the officers and employés of the bank, busy at work at their desks or at their money-tables. From the lobby you get a glimpse of the great vault, the receptacle of the vast sums of money that all those men you see in the office are busily employed, day by day, in receiving, counting, paying out, and caring for. When in the lobby or hall, should you desire it, and Mr. Campbell is not too busy, and should he know you to be a gentleman of principle, he will take you by a side passage-way to the private office of the bank, where the officers and directors meet to transact the business of the bank. He will also lead the way, and show you other apartments which are needful in the conducting of a first-class bank on strict business principles.

The exterior of the building is as beautiful and tasteful as the interior is commodious and convenient. The stained glass windows, the dormers in sides and roof, the beautiful minarets and graceful spires, all combine to please the eye and satisfy

the esthetic taste. Not only the citizens of Catlettsburg, but the people of the Sandy Valley in general, take pride in surveying this beautiful structure, feeling that it is a Sandy enterprise, the building being almost entirely constructed by Sandy Valley mechanics and artisans, and the bank officials and stockholders embracing a large number of native Sandians.

The description of the bank and its young life would not be complete without a short sketch of the officers and stockholders.

The president, John Russell, came to this section of country from Pennsylvania when a very young man, and obtained a position at Amanda Furnace, which he filled so faithfully that the late highly respected Hugh Means, then of Bellefont Furnace, took him into partnership. It has been said that, owing to Mr. Russell's superior management "Bellefont made money in good times and bad times;" and yet not at the expense of the hands, for he was always liked by them. He prospered in business as the years came and went, until to-day he is one of the most extensive real estate owners and manufacturers in the county. He is also engaged in large coal-mining operations, and is a heavy shareholder and president of the largest iron-works of the kind, save one, on the Continent. In a word, he is an honest, safe, and conservative business man, whose reputation for wealth, business qualifications, integrity, and moral worth has never been questioned.

A. C. Campbell, cashier, is a younger man, but has lived long enough to make his mark as a banker of unquestioned talent. He came of a family respected for their moral worth, who, by honest labor, strict attention to business, and financial ability, became wealthy. He has not only followed in their pathway, but has advanced on what they had so well begun. In his boyhood he was qualified as a book-keeper to enter the counting-house of a large iron manufacturing establishment, and was, about the close of the late war, elected by the directors of the Bank of Ashland as its teller. On the death of the late John N. Richardson, so favorably known to the elder people of the Sandy Valley, Mr. Campbell succeeded him as cashier. This change occurred in 1868. In 1872, the Bank of Ashland, doing business under a charter from the State of Kentucky, was organized under the laws of the United States, and became a national bank, with an increased capital in its vaults. Mr. Campbell continued his official position with the bank as its cashier until the year 1882, when he asked to be relieved to accept the same office in the Catlettsburg National Bank; making a continuous service now (1887) of four years as teller, and seventeen years as cashier. This makes him a veteran in the banking business. He owns large real estate interests in Ashland and elsewhere, and is one of Boyd County's solid men.

Robert H. Prichard, the vice-president, is also

a man of solid wealth, and of great financial ability. By industry and close application to business, commencing when a boy on his father's farm on the Big Sandy River, to trade in a small way, he now finds himself, before he has arrived at the zenith of manhood, a man of wealth. He is a member of the timber-trading firm of Vinson, Goble & Prichard, and has other large investments.

James Trimble, the teller, like Mr. Prichard, is a native Big Sandian, having been born and educated in Floyd County, the home of his maternal ancestors for four generations before him. His father dying while he was a little child, after he received his scholastic education he was trained in mercantile affairs by Major Morgan Lackey, his great-uncle, a noted merchant of Prestonburg, Kentucky. The directory of the bank chose him to count their money, owing to his exact business qualifications, strict integrity, and general fitness—all based on Christian principles. It is an open secret that he bids fair to reach a still higher plane in banking and financial circles.

Wallace J. Williamson and Columbus Prichard, of the directory, are both Sandians by birth and raising. The former is a native of Pike County, where he has, by inheritance and purchase, become a vast land-owner, his property being valuable in timber and minerals. He is an extensive timber-dealer, and member of the firm of Williamson & Hampton. He has other large business interests,

and is among Catlettsburg's solid men. Mr. Prichard is a brother of Robert H. Prichard, the vice-president, and, as has been said of his brother, was born and raised on Sandy. He is the owner of a wholesale mercantile house in Catlettsburg, and has other investments.

Crate Brubaker entered the bank as chief book-keeper on its opening, but was compelled by declining health, though reluctantly, to give up his position, which for more than three years he filled so ably. His departure from the bank was lamented by every officer and employé, for he was a skillful accountant and a polished gentleman, admired for his many virtues and social qualities.

J. Lewis Prichard, the collecting clerk, on losing his health, was compelled to ask to be relieved, and sought relaxation in a business which called for more out-door exercise. He, too, was a faithful employé, and was greatly missed.

Young Mr. Davis, son of Mitch. Davis, of Tazewell County, Virginia, is now filling the place of Perly Brubaker, while Bascom Hatton, son of J. F. Hatton, of Rockville Station, is the successor of Mr. Prichard.

It will be seen that the Sandy Valley is largely in the ascendancy in the number of officers and employés of the bank—another evidence of the success of business tact and qualification possessed by the Sandy young men.

LOUISA,

THE county town of Lawrence County, is sometimes called the Gem of the Mountains. It is beautiful of situation, especially so when viewed from the town hill. Frederick Moore and others owned the land on which it was built. It was laid out in 1821, and made the county seat. It has the best court-house in Eastern Kentucky, and among the best in the State. It has three good church-buildings—a Methodist Episcopal, a Methodist Episcopal, South, and a Baptist—all brick. It has a Masonic Hall, built of brick, under which is the public school building. It is the seat of a large trade. The Chatterawha Railroad, passing through it, has greatly helped to start it off on the road to progress. It has a live Democratic paper, published and edited by the Messrs. Ferguson and Conly, both natives of the Sandy Valley. A roller process flour-mill, the only one on Sandy, is located in Louisa. Many eminent men of the Sandy Valley have been at some time, or are now, residents of Louisa. It was once the seat of a great ginseng and fur trade. It is now the head-quarters for many timber men.

Lawrence County has vast forests of oak timber, and it is a wonder, the land being good, it is not denuded of it. There is a fine opening for investments in land for cultivation in Lawrence County. The county is Democratic in politics, but the people

often ignore politics and put into office men of the minority.

At Louisa the first attempt to settle in the valley was made by the erection of two forts in 1787, by Van Cover and others.

RICHARDSON,

THE present terminus of the Chatterawha Railroad, is a bustling little town, perched on the east bank of the Sandy River, fifty miles from Catlettsburg. M. C. D. Preston, a fine representative of the house of Preston, is the hotel-keeper there, and in the store has for a partner Patrick Henry Vaughan, who honors the name by his manly ways.

PAINTSVILLE,

THE county town of Johnson County, was laid out in 1842, on the lands of the Dixons, one-half mile from the Sandy River, on Paint Creek. It has an old-time court-house, built of brick, and of sufficient capacity to answer the purposes for which it was built at the formation of the county. The people year by year grow in morality; and four days, and often less, is sufficient time to keep the Criminal Court and grand jury in session; and three or four days finishes the docket of the Circuit Court. The people are, perhaps, the most law-abiding of any county in the State, and all seem to

pay their debts and settle their disputes without recourse to law.

Paintsville and Johnson County have good schools and churches, dotting the whole country. Rev. William Jayne, an educated Baptist preacher, has done much to help along the education of school-teachers in his "Enterprise Academy," located at Flat Gap, in Johnson County.

Johnson County is the opposite of its neighbor Floyd in politics, the latter being as solidly Republican, though by a smaller majority, as the former is Democratic. Before the war Johnson had at one election but seven Whigs in its borders. All others were Democrats. But the war changed it all.

Paintsville has two frame school-houses and three church-buildings. The first, built in 1866, the Methodist Episcopal, is a frame; the next, built in about 1880, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is a beautiful brick; and the last, a neat brick structure, belongs to the Christian or Reform Church.

Near Paintsville, on Jennies' Creek, lived Jenny Wiley, whose three children were killed by the Indians, and she was carried away captive, but returned several years after. The name of the fertile stream is her monument, and will perpetuate her name. Her descendants live in Johnson County.

MARTINSBURG,

THE county seat of Elliott County, is located on the waters of the Little Sandy River. It has fair public buildings. The town is small, but is growing. The county has much good corn and grazing land, and is very rich in timber and coal; and is noted for the great number of horses and mules its people raise for market.

The morals of the people are greatly improved, for it is well known that for some time in the past much disorder prevailed in Elliott. Churches and school-houses are being built throughout the county.

Elliott County is overwhelmingly Democratic.

EDEN,

THE county seat of Martin County, is a bright little place, nestled on the banks of the Rock Castle, eight miles from the Chatterawha Railroad, at Peach Orchard. It has a good brick court-house and jail, a good church (Methodist Episcopal, South), and a school-house. The land is covered with fine oak and poplar timber, selling at low prices. The great Warfield Salt-works are located at Warfield, on the Tug River, ten miles from Eden. A salt-well of great flow and strength of water is found on the farm of Wells Ward, a few miles from Eden, which has force enough to run a mill. One of the most prodigious gas-wells found

in the Union is at Warfield, in this county. The gas from the well would, if applied, run all the machinery of the industries of Cincinnati, besides illuminating the great city. General George Washington noted the appearance of the gas at Warfield in his field-notes, when he ran the line up Tug in 1767.

The county is largely Republican, although the county offices are generally divided.

SALYERSVILLE

Is THE county town of Magoffin County, and was made the capital on the formation of the county in 1860. It has a good brick court-house and jail. A good frame Methodist Episcopal Church and a school-building are among its public edifices. It has several large stores, doing a large business. Two good flour-mills and saw-mills, a woolen-mill, a large tannery, and other industries, make it a live town. The town is on the east bank of the main Licking, just below the celebrated Burning Fork, the seat of a great gas deposit. Salyersville is eighteen miles from the Sandy River, at or near Paintsville. It is near the seat of Licking Station, an old fortification built to guard against Indian depredations. Magoffin is noted for the fertility of its bottom lands and its forests of valuable timber.

In politics the county is very close, giving,

however, a small Republican majority; yet the county offices are generally divided amongst both parties. Congressman Taulbee lives in Salyersville.

WEST LIBERTY,

THE county seat of Morgan County, is on the Licking, but part of Morgan County is in the Sandy Valley. It is a small but substantial town, and has a good reputation for the number of able public men who have brought honor to the place by living in it. The county is rich in lands, minerals, and timber. West Liberty has a newspaper, formerly the *Scorcher*, now the *Gem*, which is one of the brightest journals in the State. In politics the paper is Democratic. It is conducted by the Hazleriggs, father and son. A good academy of learning is located in West Liberty. Splendid deposits of cannel-coal are found in Morgan. The county is strongly Democratic.

PRESTONBURG,

COUNTY seat of Floyd County, is the oldest town in the valley, having been founded in 1799, and named after Colonel Preston, who was at the time assistant surveyor of the public lands in Kentucky. Being so long the seat of political empire, it is natural that many great and noted men should seek a home in its precincts, or for a time sojourn in its

borders. In addition to the personal annals of citizens of the county of Floyd, found recorded in this book, many events of a general nature should be recorded, also, to make the history complete.

Stirring events occurred in Floyd County during the great Civil War. At Ivy Mountain, in the upper edge of the county, the battle of that name was fought, in the Fall of 1861, between the Confederate forces, commanded by Colonel A. J. May, and the Union forces, led by General William Nelson. The Confederates had for some weeks been recruiting their forces at Prestonburg; but on the approach of Nelson with near five thousand men, they hastily left their camp at that place and retreated up the Sandy River. On reaching the upper part of Ivy Mountain, and at the head of a long, narrow stretch in the road, on one side of which was the Sandy River and on the other a solid cliff of rock, so precipitous that a squirrel could scarce find a foothold, the Confederates arranged themselves in battle order, and waited the approach of the Union forces. The battle was sharply contested. While the Confederates had the advantage in the ground selected, the Union force was greatly superior in numbers and discipline. When the whole Union force came within musket range of the Southern army, the latter retired in good order. Several were wounded on both sides. The killed were but two or three on each side. Among the killed on the Confederate

side was Hon. Henry M. Rust, of Greenup, Ky. Mr. Rust had just finished his term of service in the Kentucky Legislature as senator from his district. Being a native Virginian, and his State having declared for secession, he felt morally bound to follow her in the war. His death was not only lamented by his Confederate friends, but he was mourned by the people of Boyd and Greenup with the most bitter sorrow ; for all knew him to be a man of superior talents, and possessing a most generous nature. What made his fate the more sad was the fact that he was betrothed to a beautiful young lady, whose father was a distinguished senator. Some time after the battle his remains were carried to Catlettsburg, and buried.

Early in the year of 1862 the battle of Middle Creek, in Floyd County, was fought, General Marshall commanding the Southern forces, and Colonel Garfield, with his regiment, the 42d Ohio, the 14th Kentucky, and other forces, commanding the Union army. For several hours a continuous rain of ball and shell was poured out. The Confederates retired when they saw that they were overcome with a superior force and were being outflanked, taking their dead and wounded with them. They marched to Pound Gap. The Union army lost one man killed, Nelson Boggs, of the 14th, and several slightly wounded. Ten years after the battle a person could have picked up hundreds of bullets, as they lay scattered in every direction. This battle

gave to Colonel Garfield a general's star, and no doubt started him on the road leading to the Presidential chair.

THE SMALL-POX.

IN 1883 one John Neal, or, as he was generally called, "Uncle Jack," a wealthy, miserly merchant, high up on Beaver, went to Portsmouth, Ohio, to lay in a stock of goods. He there contracted that loathsome disease, small-pox. Not knowing that he had been exposed to the disease, he returned by way of Catlettsburg, putting his goods aboard a push-boat, and taking passage on the same craft himself. Before reaching home he was taken sick, but still continued his journey until he reached his home. His neighbors, in the kindness of their hearts, for several miles round, called to see him, under the impression that it was measles, as he had broken out. Soon the old man died, and many flocked to his funeral. In ten days nearly four-score cases of small-pox had broken out in the neighborhood. As soon as it was known that the disease was small-pox, the county authorities set to work to meet the great emergency that was upon them.

A young doctor of Prestonburg, named A. H. Stewart, who had just returned from Cincinnati, where he had been attending his first lectures, came home to spend Christmas vacation, and hearing of the great scourge, applied himself to treating the

sick and burying the dead. For weeks he was completely shut in from the outside world, and battled heroically with the great scourge. Dr. Turner, of Paintsville, was called to his assistance, and rendered valuable service. Local doctors were also brave. The gallant young disciple of Esculapius, Stewart, remained on the ground until the loathsome pestilence was completely stamped out, and, after burning the infected buildings by order of the civil authorities, and disinfecting furniture and fumigating his own clothes, returned to Prestonburg, his home, to receive the plaudits of the people.

The people of Prestonburg, while always noted for intellectual culture, and given to hospitality, devoted more of their time and means to public affairs, national, State, and county, than to developing the town materially. But a tide of material prosperity is now flowing in, which bids fair to continue until the old, decayed buildings, erected by the first settlers, give place to modern structures, more pretentious in appearance and convenient in arrangement. Walter S. Harkins, Frank Hopkins, and others of the younger leading citizens, stimulated by their young blood, have set the example in erecting buildings, both for residences and offices, of handsome architectural construction, that would do credit to towns much larger. Especially is this so of the well-arranged office of Mr. Harkins, an illustration of which embellishes this book.

The older men of the place are catching the infection, and the time is not far distant when *old* Prestonburg will be clad in *new* garments of modern progress, and the oldest town in the Sandy Valley will become the most modern in material, intellectual, and moral prosperity.

In early days, Prestonburg was somewhat given to dissipation; but no town on the Sandy ever had a stronger moral and religious element to combat the vices of the day. The homes of the people were always the earthly paradise of preachers, the people showing them and the cause they advocated great love and respect. The great Dr. Peter Akers, once the brilliant lawyer of Flemingsburg, delivered the first sermon of his life in Prestonburg while attending court there. This great divine died in 1886, aged ninety-two years.

HINDMAN,

THE county seat of Knott County, is located on Beaver, a tributary of the Big Sandy. The public buildings are in course of construction. Knott County is a rugged, hilly country, but has valuable deposits of coal and a great deal of valuable timber within its borders. It is Democratic in politics.

PIKEVILLE

WAS laid out as the county seat of Pike on the formation of the county, in 1821. Thomas Owens, a New Yorker, but of English descent, the grandfather of Jefferson Owens, of Catlettsburg, owned the land at the time. Mr. Owens was often called "Dad" Owens as a nickname. He was a good man, upright, honest, religious, and liked by all. For a time he was a partner of Frederick Moore in selling goods at Pikeville. Mr. Moore had a large store at the "Forks." One day "Dad" Owens went into the store, and was told by his partner that he would let him take up to the Pike store all the coffee he might want; "for," said Mr. Moore, "I have just received the largest invoice ever brought to Sandy, being a full barrel of the enchanting berry." In that early day coffee was only used on rare occasions. A very sick person, or the marriage of a favorite daughter, would bring it forth; and sometimes a cup for the preacher, and one for the grown folks on Sunday morning, was indulged. Children never drank it in early times, and their health would be better and the race would be improved if they did not drink it now.

The public buildings erected were sufficient for the times, and though sixty-six years have come and gone, the same court-house and jail are doing service for the county. A new court-house and jail are now being constructed, to take the place of

the old buildings. The new ones will be not only a credit to the county of Pike, but to the State.

Pikeville improved but little until 1845, when she made a forward movement. A good frame Methodist Church was built, and many other evidences of progress appeared. Since the close of the Civil War in 1865, Pikeville has been built up with more solid and commodious brick and frame buildings than any town of its size in the valley. Two new churches have been built, one by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the other by the Church South; and a large Masonic temple graces the place. Some fine brick residences adorn the avenues. Among the handsomest are those of Colonel John Dils, Jr., and Richard Ferrell.

The trade of Pikeville is very large, coming, part of it, for fifty miles. Pike County is a very rich county in farming lands, as well as in timber and minerals. Pikeville is a picturesque little town. As it skirts the banks of the Sandy, it looks like a variegated ribbon unrolled from the block. Its people are full of enterprise, thrift, and progress.

The county is Democratic in politics; but the people pay but little regard to the dictation of their party leaders on either side, and elect to office men who suit them, regardless of political bearing.

PICTORIAL EMBELLISHMENTS IN THE BOOK.

EACH picture is designed to represent a special subject. Judge Borders, Moses (Coby) Preston, Ben. Williamson, Fred. Moore, and General Hager stand for the early pioneers. Nat Auxier, Colonel John Dils, Jr., stand for the people of the second period of Big Sandy history. Dr. Kincaid represents the old doctors, and Dr. Banfield, the younger physicians. J. Frew Stewart stands for the old classical teachers, and John W. Langley for the literary young men of the valley. Judge John M. Burns represents the brilliant family whose name he bears—a family which was a potent factor in the law and politics of the early days, and grows no less with time. Hon. M. J. Ferguson represents an honored family, and his own great name and fame. General G. W. Gallup stands for having attained the highest military title of any Big Sandian in the War for the Union; Major Burchett, to show to what eminence a young man may reach, though living in obscurity and laden with toil, if he only has energy. John S. Patton represents the young man who is sure to reach the pinnacle of fame by a steady resolve to do right and persevere. S. S. Vinson represents the sturdy Sandian overcoming great difficulties, and gaining

the front rank as a business man and upright public officer. Rev. Z. Meek, D. D., represents the youth who, in starting out in life, wrote "Excelsior" on his banner, and never stopped until he achieved success as editor, minister, and business man. Captain Marcum represents energy peculiar to the Sandy people, and is an example of the success which may be attained by trimming the midnight lamp to get an education. Felix A. Barbee represents the newspaper fraternity, as does Captain Marcum and others. Captain A. E. Adams represents the dashing cavalryman, politician, and business man. Walter S. Harkins represents the successful lawyer, who applies the laws of business to all business matters, and is not neglectful of cultivating the esthetic graces that beautify mind and person. His uncle, John Harkins, stands for a brilliant lawyer and noble man. R. M. Weddington represents journalism and the head of an old-time and honored family. Captain John B. Goff stands for the warm-hearted man and soldier of the Confederate army. William Crum represents the struggling boy, making a success in life by close application to business; while Arthur Preston is given as a specimen of the energy and thrift of the later generations of the old house of Preston. Colonel Jay H. Northup represents a leader in the broadening out of the timber-trade, and the liberal promoter of public improvements in the valley. George S. Richardson stands for the pioneer in

the development of the mineral resources of the valley. Rev. William Hampton fitly represents energy in improving the valley, and the Christian minister. His wife stands for all the virtues of the noble wife, mother, and Christian lady, and as a representative of the honored house of Buchanan.

The pictorial illustrations of the buildings found in this book are singularly correct.

The residence of Colonel John Dils, Jr., at Pikeville, is both spacious and ornate, just such a home as a wealthy and cultured gentleman would be expected to provide for his family.

Walter S. Harkins, of Prestonburg, is not behind Colonel Dils in building architecture. His law office is far in advance of any law office in the valley, both in beauty of design and completeness of internal and external arrangements.

Captain Frank Preston's homestead, at Paintsville, is ornamental enough, but, like its owner, is more solid than showy. It is one of the most comfortable and convenient homesteads in the valley.

The residence of John Lockwood, of Lockwood Station, on the Chatterawha Railroad, is called the best farm homestead in the valley. When it is stated that it cost \$11,000 to construct it, it will be plain that it has no superior in the great valley.

The illustrations of the buildings are given as specimens of the numerous buildings now found standing in every section of the valley, both on the Levisa and Tug.

CONCLUSION.

LACK of further space admonishes us that "The Big Sandy Valley" and the history of its people must close. This work was undertaken by the author with a full realization of the fact that to collect material of sufficient importance to the public at large, to fill a volume of five hundred pages, was a work of great labor. The reader will learn by referring to the preface to the book, that it was not intended, neither was it possible, to take up the beginning of Sandy history from the time the Vancoovers, in 1789, built two forts or block-houses on the point of land where the Levisa and Tug Rivers join, and nearly at the same time the Leslies assayed to make a settlement at the mouth of Pond Creek, on the Tug River, and in one continuous chain connect, in chronological order, each event as it took place, as each settler followed on the footsteps of his predecessor into the valley; nor, as was further stated, have we searched the records of the different counties to discover who were, at different times, elected to fill the various county, State, and national offices, for the reason that those facts are always at hand on the records of the county and other courts, or may be found

among the archives at Frankfort. Rather have we, as promised, recorded the important events connected with the early settlement of the valley in the order coming to us through diligent and patient research, embracing, as the chief aim, a desire to snatch from oblivion the personal and family history of the people of the valley, while by no means ignoring the political history when the individual acts of the people might be more prominently brought forth. In every case, however, we have given dates as near as could be ascertained by the closest inquiry and research.

In preparing these pages we have met with innumerable difficulties, and have had to overcome them by increased labor and physical toil, traveling hundreds of miles, and sending out numerous appeals to those who, we thought, might be able and willing to give any information throwing light on the subject undertaken by the author, for the benefit of the people of the Big Sandy Valley. Had all of those whom we personally solicited, or to whom we sent letters of inquiry, been prompt in responding, the book would, no doubt, be more interesting than it is.

The author, however, is placed under great obligations to Colonel John Dils, Jr., of Pikeville, for the graphic article he furnished on the middle period of Big Sandy history, embracing the historical acts of quite a number of well-known men and families who have been an honor to the valley.

To Captain John B. Goff, of Big Creek, Pike County, we return thanks for favors bestowed.

Major John B. Auxier, of East Point, has contributed valuable information, connected with his own personal experience and obtained from the lips of his father, the late Samuel Auxier, of Blockhouse Bottom, and from General Daniel Hager, and the general's venerable mother, a lady of strong mind and character, possessing a retentive memory, who lived to a time remembered by many people still living in the section where she spent her long and useful life.

Allen Hatton, of Rockville, Lawrence County, added much information, as also did Rev. R. D. Callihan and Samuel P. Hager, Esq., of Ashland, Ky.

Dr. Dickson, of Johnson County, helped much in furnishing facts and dates of the early history of the valley.

Mrs. Matilda Rice, of Catlettsburg, deserves honorable mention for like favors.

K. F. Leslie, of Graham's Place, Floyd County, also has our thanks for assistance in many ways.

Hon. R. H. Weddington furnished a long and valuable paper on the early history of his house and collaterals; but unfortunately the article, unintentionally, was lost or misplaced, and was afterwards reproduced from memory, robbing it of much of its intrinsic value.

Robert A. Preston, of Richardson, has aided materially in the way of statistics.

To Rev. Z. Meek, D. D., the author is under lasting gratitude for preparing the sketch of the capture, by the Indians, of Jenny Wiley, and her escape from them to her friends at the Block-house, now Johnson County, Kentucky. The reverend gentleman having been born and having lived to manhood near the place where Mrs. Wiley resided, and being connected with her by marriage, is able, more accurately than most others, to give all the facts connected with the noted woman's awful trials.

Our labor for years in the preparation of this work, in the interim of pressing cares and prostration by almost continuous feeble health, has not been without its joys, in the hope that we were engaged in a task that would add, in some degree, to the material, intellectual, and moral advancement of the people of the Sandy Valley, the heroic deeds of whose ancestors has been the basis of all that is recorded in these pages.

THE AUTHOR.