

dren, who became and those now living still are, prominent people of the valley.

Walker Porter, a son of Samuel Porter, was, during his life, one of the bright men of Prestonburg. A daughter of Walker's is the wife of Dick Mayo, a bright scion of the old famous house of Mayo.

John Porter was a large farmer on the Sandy River, above the mouth of Miller's Creek, but sold his farm, moved to Catlettsburg, and went into the hotel business. But, owing to the heavy loss sustained by him in the two great floods, and other unforeseen disasters, he has been reduced from affluence, but, with a heroic courage peculiar to the Porters, is battling to gain the summit of the hill of prosperity. He married a daughter of Judge Thomas Brown, of Paintsville, and has a family noted for grace and sprightliness of mind. Henry Porter, the oldest son, a very bright and promising young man, met with a frightful accident in 1885, by the accidental discharge of the pistol of a guest who was passing the weapon to his care while he remained a guest at his father's hotel. This sad affair caused the amputation of one of his lower limbs. But in due time he was restored to strength, and on procuring an artificial limb, obtained a lucrative position suitable to his condition in Cincinnati, where for some time he has been engaged. John Porter's oldest daughter married Glen Ford, an only child, and son of James R.

Ford and Sally, his wife. Glen has the largest material expectations of any young man in Catlettsburg.

Hon. James Porter, another son of Samuel Porter, has represented Floyd and Johnson Counties in the Kentucky Legislature. Logan, another son, is a merchant and farmer on John's Creek.

Another daughter of Samuel Porter is the wife of Mr. Burgess, a son of the late Edward Burgess, of Lawrence. He lives on Miller's Creek, being a well-to-do farmer. Samuel Porter and wife have been dead several years, both living to a good old age.

Mr. Porter was able to give all of his children a large, productive farm, and then have plenty left for himself to use as long as he lived.

THE BOOTENS,

WHILE not a numerous Sandy family, have always occupied a good place in the moral, intellectual, and material affairs of the Lower Sandy Valley. The wife of the late Major Bolt, who was the father of Montraville Bolt, the latter well advanced in years, was a Booten. This lady was noted for the vigor of her mind, and for her great kindness of heart, showing every mark of an old-time cultured Virginian. This venerable woman died in either 1885 or '86, near ninety years of age. Her mental powers were clear up to the last, and she

did not give down in physical strength till over eighty. Major Bolt and wife reared a family of great respectability.

Captain J. M. Ferguson's wife is of another branch of the same family of Bootens.

Ralph Booten, a prominent lawyer of Prestonburg, is of the near Louisa branch of Bootens. Ralph Booten, in addition to his law practice and the time heretofore given to the duties of county official life, has lately, with another, started into life an industry which, though small, is destined to add more wealth to Prestonburg than the carrying on of the largest store in the valley. Stores are great conveniences to a community, and the occupation is an honorable one, but they add no wealth to a country, while a manufactory adds wealth in proportion to the amount of material found in nature in its raw state, which is taken up by skillful workmen, and transformed into useful articles, to add to the comfort and happiness of man. The difference between the price of the raw wood and iron of which a common road-wagon is made and the worth of the wagon when completed is the amount of wealth added to the community at large, the capitalist, of course, gaining his profits out of the things produced; but as he is a component part of the community, the whole county is benefited as well as himself. The little outcropping at Prestonburg in mechanical life is a forerunner of the time not far distant when the town that was

asleep in material life for sixty years will become a manufacturing center on Sandy, as it is the geographical center in the valley. The boy who shaves out a shingle, and stops a leak in the roof of a house, adds to the world's wealth the price of the shingle, while the boy who cuts off a yard of calico for a customer, adds no wealth to any one, and yet the latter feels himself above the former. But he is not.

THE MCGUIRES, OF LAWRENCE.

NICHOLAS MCGUIRE is of Irish descent, and married a Miss Rogers, of the same nationality. They settled near Louisa, in Lawrence County, about sixty years ago (now 1887). Mr. McGuire opened up a fine farm two miles below Louisa, where the family still reside. The wife of Nicholas McGuire came of one of the most substantial families in Cincinnati. The Rogerses, for more than half a century, have been amongst the notable business men of the Queen City, and intermarrying into prominent families, still increases their high social and business standing. The McGuires are devout Catholics, as are also the Rogerses; but while holding tenaciously to every tenet of the Catholic creed, so careful are they to avoid giving their Protestant neighbors offense that no friction has ever been manifest in their intercourse with the people in religious, social, or business life. It can be said that, instead of repelling from the

McGuire household, it has attracted to themselves the love of many and the respect of all their Protestant neighbors.

A large family of both sons and daughters blessed the union of Nicholas McGuire and wife. The sons, on coming to man's estate, developed into keen business men, some going into railroading, others into the steamboat business and general trading, while others still are farmers. The daughters are ladies of uncommon sprightliness. Nearly, or quite all, of the large household of daughters, in addition to the good domestic training given to them by their well-qualified mother, received a finished education at one of the best convent schools of the Catholic Church, giving them a polish of manners pleasing to all intelligent observers. Louisa, and, indeed, Lawrence County and the valley at large, is much better by the McGuires having lived there.

The old gentleman, Nicholas McGuire, is high up in eighty—indeed, can almost reach over to the ninetieth yearly mile-stone, set on life's highway; but, with all these years upon him, he is as hale and hearty as a man of sixty. His devoted wife, while some years younger than her liege lord, is not so robust in health as he, yet is able to move around, cheering the household with the sunshine peculiar to one who has all along life's journey honored the great Father by doing deeds of kindness to her children and neighbors.

THE PETERS FAMILY.

JACOB PETERS came to Lawrence County from Virginia about 1836 or 1837, and married a Miss See, who was a Garred on her mother's side. Jacob Peters and wife have raised a large family of children. The sons are good citizens and prosperous men. James, one of the sons, is a merchant and trader. He married the eldest daughter of Captain William Bartram, a highly educated lady. The Peterses are Democrats in politics. They set a good example for their countrymen to follow by their industry and economy.

THE CLARKS,

OF Pigeon, Logan County, West Virginia, are from farther over in Virginia, and while not among the oldest settlers, the family of Ira Clark, brothers and sisters, have always held a high rank in the business affairs of their locality. The ancestor of the present old generation of Clarks laid a good foundation for future prosperity when he settled in the valley, by opening up a large, productive farm and erecting a dwelling and other buildings, not only commensurate with the good farm, but in advance of any other settler in the neighborhood. Dr. Waldron's wife is a Clark, the doctor being one of the progressive doctors on Tug.

It not unfrequently happens that a family pre-

eminent for their good social and moral position has some member in it that brings distress upon the rest of the family by some wicked or unmanly act. One unfortunate brother thus troubled the peace of the Clarks. Guy was an awful drunkard (unusual with the house of the Clarks), and lost all reason and restraint. He became so vindictive toward his wife and children that it brought him to a most tragic death, four miles above Catlettsburg, Boyd County, Ky., several years after the close of the Civil War. The wife and children had the sympathy of the community, which, to the great honor of the Clarks, was shared by them.

JAMES STAIRS.

NOT far from the home of the Clarks, on Pigeon, lives James Stairs, a very old man, who has been living where he now lives many, many years. He is somewhat peculiar. He is a great economist, though by no means a miser. He never had any children to share his joys and sorrows, but he and his wife have been useful members of society. Mr. Stairs, by his industry and economy, has been a constant reminder to his neighbors of the value of time and the importance of improving every moment of it in doing good, by laboring for the bread that perishes and for that which never is lost.

Mr. Stairs is one of the most noted of the old-time Methodist laymen found in the valley. While

very methodical and exact in his dealings, saving, and sharp in material matters, many years ago he built, without aid, a good stone church, and presented it, free of incumbrance, to his Church (the Methodist Episcopal). The good old man had never studied architecture, and never traveled much to enable him to take up models of handsome church buildings; consequently the appearance of the church is a little out of modern style, yet, nevertheless, it stands on the roadside on Pigeon as a reminder to the passer-by that God is venerated and worshiped in that locality, and that Uncle Jimmy Stairs is his humble servant.

Were the President of the United States to stop with this old servant of God, he would not be permitted to sleep at night nor eat in the morning until he joined the family in humble praise and thanksgiving to the Supreme Being for his goodness and mercies to the children of men.

THE LAWSONS,

OF the Tug region, are of Virginia origin, and not many families in the valley exceed them in industry and personal enterprise, in devising honorable means to increase their individual wealth.

Captain Mont. B. Lawson, who died in 1885, down South, where he had gone to recuperate his failing health, was a man of great force of character. As farmer, trader, and public citizen, he was

for many years one of Pike County's most honored citizens. He was a great friend of common-school education, and favored all honorable methods to promote progress and advancement in the material wealth and betterment of his State and county. Dr. Lawson and his other brother are, like Montraville, men of energy, and rank high as useful, solid citizens in the Tug Valley.

THE SMITHS, OF TUG.

THE father of Jacob Smith, the wealthy Pond merchant, and John Smith, a business man, now of Sandy City, came to the county when a boy, from Virginia. Jacob Smith, his son, is now, by a long course of work and saving, and by his keen business talent, employed in the accumulation of material wealth, properly set down as among the four or five very wealthy men of Pike County, as wealth is compared on Sandy. John Smith has erected an imposing dwelling in Hampton City, and also a long string of small tenement-houses, which, of course, have added to the prosperity of the place.

THE RUTHERFORDS,

ON Tug, came from Virginia. Dr. Rutherford has for more than thirty years been known as one of the leading practitioners of medicine in the Tug Valley. Many other members of the family are

prominent people in the doctor's neighborhood. They are farmers and timbermen.

THE SLATERS,

OF Tug, are of an old Virginia family, having emigrated to the Sandy country at an early day. The daughters became the wives of some of the leading men of the county. The family is an influential one on Tug.

THE TAYLORS

WERE from Virginia, also, in an early day. Green Taylor, of Tug, is a very forceful man, and has had much experience in mercantile life. He is now a farmer. Mitchell Runyon's wife is one of the same branch of Taylors.

"OLD TOM HACKNEY"

WAS a noted character of Sandy almost from time immemorial.

In all mountain regions there are places found where the natural make-up of the locality seems to defy Nature in her diversity of uniformity, ignores all laws governing topography, geology, mineralogy, and almost challenges geography itself. Such a place is seen as one passes along the banks of the Levisa Fork, as it plows through the mountain pass

from Wise County, Virginia, into Pike County, Kentucky. Here for a long time lived Tom Hackney. To say that he partook of the wild and slipshod appearance of the view spread out before you, would hardly be true; but, rather, Mr. Hackney was part of the wild scene himself. He did not drink in the rugged views surrounding him, that being impossible; but, rather, he was a part of the wildest crags of the partially torn-down glomerate, an unseemly, misshapen limb of one of the scraggy pines that had hard work to reach downward and find soil and moisture sufficient to retain the size and strength it had already attained before it was diverted to other little sproutlet pines striving to assume tree manhood. He was as uncomely in person and dress as the half-starved, stunted timber of the place. In speech he was not only uncouth, but vulgar. But he was a fair liver, and many noted men have, in times gone by, partaken of his hospitality. General John C. Breckinridge has been his guest. Mr. Hackney must have had a good wife, for his descendants are by no means wild, like their ancestor.

Captain O. C. Bowles, an Ohio man, who married a Sandy lady belonging to one of the proud families of Pike (a daughter of Judge William Cecil), in addition to farmer, merchant, timber-trader, lawyer, and law-maker, concluded, some fifteen years ago, to add steamboating to his other branches of business, and built a craft to ply on the

waters of the Big Sandy from Pike to Catlettsburg. He gave to his craft the name of *Tom Hackney*, and, as the boat, or monster, came plowing through the water toward you, you instinctively felt like getting away, so hideous did it appear. When she made her landing you were made nervous by the threatening aspect of the paddle-wheels, raising their arms high up the sides of the boat, as if defying you to come near at the peril of great danger. Should you be brave enough to go aboard, you would be amazed and almost horrified at the wild construction of the machinery used to propel the craft. And when the great cog-wheels met your gaze, you felt that all mechanical rules had been ignored in their construction. Captain Bowles being a man of learning, and not wishing to disregard all rules of steamboat construction, for a time tied the *Tom Hackney* to the bank, and set to work and built a real first-class Sandy steamer. But Captain Bowles had either a strength or weakness for naming his boats after some noted citizen of the county of his adoption. For his second venture, while constructing it, he chose the name of another dweller at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains. This fortunate man was *Jerry Osburn*.

On going up the Sandy, a good half-day's ride or more above Pikeville, you come to Elk Horn, a branch of the Russell Fork of Sandy. Near the mouth of Elk Horn, in a wild and romantic spot, in about 1883 or '84, the celebrated "mountain

evangelist," Rev. George O. Barnes, held a camp-meeting. When appointed, it was thought by many of his friends that thousands would flock to hear him expound the Word of Life; but, instead, comparatively a few attended the gathering of the Christian people who came in spite of hindrances. The population for miles around was but sparse, and the great inconveniences in reaching the camp were many. Therefore, with all the eloquence of Mr. Barnes, and the charming music of his gifted daughter, the camp-meeting was a failure. Near this spot a post-office has been established, named to commemorate one of Mr. Barnes's hourly expressions, "Praise," with the last words left off.

Passing up Elk Horn, you come across more Potters than can be found anywhere else in Eastern Kentucky. But they are only Potters by name, and not jug and crock makers. They are peaceable tillers of the narrow bottoms skirting the creek. After a few hours' ride you reach the home of Jerry Osburn, quite close to the celebrated Pound Gap, an opening in the huge mountain through which is a pass-way between Virginia and Kentucky. Mr. Osburn is an old-time citizen, and has lived nearly all his life in this, his romantic home. He is honored by his neighbors, and respected for his good citizenship. The people of Pike, a few years ago, elected him judge of their county, and it is due to the people of Pike, and to Hon. Mr. Osburn as well, to say that they made

no mistake in clothing him in judicial robes. He was a good officer. He is a warm-hearted gentleman, and for a long time in the past, as now, has ranked as one of Pike's solid men.

Before the war, Mr. Osburn's place was noted in a commercial point of view. A great and prosperous trade was kept, until destroyed by the Civil War. This trade reached from Saltville, Virginia, to the iron-works in Bath County, Ky., and on the Red River in the same State. Salt was hauled in wagons from the salt-works in Washington County, Va., to supply much of the demand in the counties of Pike, Letcher, Floyd, and Perry, and iron was taken back from the iron-works in Kentucky, and distributed as the great huge teams returned back to Virginia.

Judge Osburn's hotel was one of the most important on the entire route. In addition to the calling of innkeeper, he kept on sale salt, iron, and other needful articles of merchandise, for the convenience of his neighbors and to add to his own wealth. The Osburn place was a busy place until the traffic which kept it up was turned into other channels and other directions. But still the old judge is well provided for by the cultivation of a large farm.

Captain Bowles's steamer, *Jerry Osburn*, proved to be a great success, and was a source of great profit; not owing, however, to the fact that she wore the honored name *Jerry Osburn*, but because

the brainy captain had learned by experience how to build a boat, and what kind of a boat to build, to make a success. Tom Hackney was the image of the wild nature surrounding him, and the steamer named to publish his name was an image of him.

THEN AND NOW.

THE best means to find out what progress the Sandy Valley has made in the last quarter of a century is by taking into consideration the amount of mail matter taken up the valley, say in 1861, and the amount going up now (1887). In 1861 old Stephen Bartram was the mail contractor and carrier between Catlettsburg and Pikeville, Kentucky. Many of the older people may call to mind "Uncle Steve's" little white pacing-horse, on which the mails were conveyed, making two trips a week, if it did not rain too hard. All the mail-matter could then be put into a good large pair of saddle-bags, such as travelers on horseback used to carry. In fact, the mail-bag was full to repletion not more than once a week on going up, and on coming down the postmaster had to shake carefully the bag to find any thing in it, on many occasions. Money was never sent through the mails before the Civil War, but the owner either brought it down to the Ohio River, and procured a draft at the nearest bank to the Mouth, or, if it was going to Cincinnati, sent it by the Honshell line of steamers.

The mails were so uncertain and slow in their movements in those days that few people in the Sandy gave them much attention. But now (1887), how changed!

Stephen Bartram appeared like an old man when he was carrying the mails up Sandy in 1861, but still lives, hearty although venerable.

The bag that held all the mail matter then going up the valley would not hold all the letters and papers now stopping between Catlettsburg and Catalpa. The amount has increased more than one-hundred-fold in twenty-five years. It would take two mail hacks, such as Green Meek uses in conveying the mails from Richardson to Paintsville, to convey the Ashland mails up the valley. The increase is simply wonderful, and proves that the Sandy people have progressed in gaining knowledge and worldly wealth, according to the number of letters they send away and receive, and the number of papers taken and read by them.

In 1861 but few post-offices were found outside of the county towns; now a post-office is established at almost every store in the valley. Not only the man of business looks anxiously for the approach of mail-day, but women and children are on the alert for the arrival of the mail-man, who brings letters and magazines and papers for mental food, as well as kind greetings and messages of love from dear ones afar; sometimes messages of sadness are conveyed by the mails, too, but it is as

necessary to hear bad news, when it must be communicated, by rapid transit through the mail as by a slower process.

THE GREAT FLIGHT.

MANY exciting events occurred on the Sandy during the progress of the great civil conflict. The battle of Ivy Mountain was attended with great excitement and, of course, alarm, as men fell dead or wounded from the rain of shot and shell, pouring forth death and carnage. It was a serious day on Middle Creek when General Marshall, at the head of his Confederate band, and Colonel Garfield, in chief command of the Federal forces, measured military strength with each other, and grape-shot and musket-balls rained down like hailstones. It was fearful to think of.

But, excepting the human slaughter, the excitement attending those battles sink into insignificance compared with the great scare and hegira which came off at the metropolis of the valley on the day of the Presidential election of 1864. Nearly a quarter of a century has been rolled up in the curtain of time, and but comparatively few of the old, or even middle-aged, residents of Catlettsburg are now living who witnessed the awful scenes through which the people were called to pass on that eventful day at Catlettsburg.

Wishing that events so stirring in their nature as those hinted at might be preserved from dying

with the oldest man or woman at the Mouth, the author feels that he would not be a faithful chronicler of events if he failed to give them a place in the history of the Big Sandy country. As the author was an eye-witness to the principal acts of that occasion, and, indeed, was a partial actor himself in the great rout, he is enabled to describe with accuracy and faithfulness the whole wonderful affair.

As already stated, the Presidential election was being held in all of the *United States*, but the inhabitants living in the States *not united* paid no attention to the election for President of the United States. But in Kentucky, while not a very strongly *united* State, all who chose voted either for Abraham Lincoln or George B. McClellan. A number of soldiers had come home to Catlettsburg to vote. Some availed themselves of the privilege, and some did not. The election at the Mouth created no excitement whatever. The author was acting as sheriff at the polls, while W. O. Hampton, then a prominent young lawyer, was the clerk. Who the judges were, the author fails to remember; but as long as memory lingers he will never fail to remember the awful scare and suspense which came over him and many of his fellow-citizens at the hour of half-past three o'clock P. M., on that day, which will ever be noted in Catlettsburg annals, not as the day of the great national election, but as the day of the great scare.

At the hour named a hideous noise was heard. The sound came from the upper end of Louisa Street. The author rushed to the door, when a sight met his eyes which beggars description, and the sounds heard were equally indescribable. Men, women, and children were rushing pell-mell down the street, screaming at the top of their voices, "*The rebels are coming! The rebels are coming!*" At every jump the affrighted runners made, they would look back over their shoulders to see what headway the gray-coats were making. In the din of noise made by their yells they roused a lazy dog of Alex. Botts's from his slumber in the yard, and he joined in the chase. The agonizing yells of the hurrying mob and Alec's dog stirred up an old cow that had been reposing in a dog-fennel bed, and she took to her heels and ran down the street, giving out a bawl as she plowed through the excited crowd, that added largely to the pandemonium of noises. The event here narrated as being witnessed by me did not occupy over a fourth of a minute. I turned to the judges and the amiable clerk, and said that, if they did not object, as sheriff I would for the present declare the polls closed. There being no objection, I announced the close, in a monosyllable, saying to my brother officers that I wished to go to my store and lock the door. I walked away with great dignity, as I was at the time the town deputy sheriff, and it would have seemed bad for the sheriff of Boyd to appear.

excited on such an occasion, when it was his duty to lend, by his noble bearing, confidence to those not clothed in official robes. As I stepped along Louisa Street, I did not increase the frequency of my steps, but I measured out the length of each step *more* than usual in distance. In a minute I was at the corner now known as the Opera-house corner, and, on looking down the street, I saw my hopeful son Charles, then a lad of fourteen Summers, or rather Winters, pacing backwards and forwards, with a gun raised sentinel-like, acting precisely like a trained veteran. I hurried on down to the store—at that time the only building on that side of the street after the old frame was passed where the great temple of song now stands, save the old Catlett House, which stood back from the street—and took the gun from the brave lad and pushed it under the platform in front of the store-door, and told Charley he had better go home. I should not fail to mention that Pleasant Savage, Esq., father of Judge Savage, had given the gun in my charge, to keep for him until he called for it. Finding that the musket was more dangerous in the muzzle than in the breech, I carefully set it in an out-of-the-way corner, as a silent sentinel. Never till then had it been called into use, except on dress parade.

On looking up I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, as if coming down Louisa Street; but whether the number was fifty or five hundred, in my desperate state I could not divine. A half-minute had

not passed before the great cavalcade came in sight, when, lo and behold! instead of the stars and bars, with soldiers dressed in gray, the riders were my own friends and townsmen, not wearing any uniform, but very independent in the cut, make-up, and color of their clothes. How much one, on great occasions, can take in and digest in the mind! As the flying troopers turned into Division Street, and whirled round on Center, I could but notice the contrast in the horses of the braves, and the variety of suits in which they were clad. But more especially did my eyes take in the picturesque display of garments. Some were clad in the blue and trappings of the Union officer, and others in the dress of the private soldier. Some, again, wore long-tail coats, and some had on short-tail coats; but one at least had no coat of any pattern to impede the progress of his march. He had neither coat nor vest, and his pants were held up by the aid of one suspender. This great scene was all taken in in less than thirty seconds of time.

As the scared host appeared at the entrance to Division Street, the tall, commanding figure of some great military hero met my gaze; it proved to be that great old veteran, Colonel John L. Zeigler. While the main body pushed down Center Street, he kept on down Division, at the risk of death or capture, while all others were intent on personal safety.

As he drew nearer I thought the grandest

sight that I had ever beheld met my vision. He was dressed in the uniform of a colonel, with military cap and spurs, the same he had worn on many a hotly contested skirmish and battle in the Virginias, while commanding the 5th Virginia Infantry, which command, after two years of hard and honorable service, he had resigned, being succeeded by A. A. Tomlinson, a Catlettsburg boy, now one of the wealthy men of Kansas City, Mo. The brave old colonel was riding his old war-horse, which had carried its master oftentimes into the thickest of the fight, and on this solemn occasion seemed to be clothed in all its former glory.

As the colonel approached me, under a swift lope, his right hand clutching the bridle-reins and also resting on the horn of the saddle, and his left hand waving high in air as he dashed along, exclaiming in tones of thunder that the people must get out of their houses, his body sitting erect in the saddle, his long gray hair streaming out from under his cap, caused by the swift motion of his steed, and his eyes apparently emitting fire in the excitement of the hour, it was a sight that few are permitted to see more than once in a generation.

Walking swiftly to Andrews' corner, and looking down the grade, I saw that the wharf-boat and a consort of barges had been cut from their moorings at the wharf, and were floating out into the current of the Ohio. The boats were laden with Government stores. Hastening on down to Main

Street and out to the intersection with Center, but looking up Center to make sure no enemy was in sight or hearing, I turned down Center to reconnoiter. Before going many steps, I saw men pouring out of North Street, some riding tall mules, some on the backs of poor mules, some on mules with sore backs, and some perched on mules with very sharp backs. Many of the riders—most of them, indeed—were employés in the Government stables, and the mules they rode were Government animals; John Vannata, the chief hostler, was anxious to have the men ride the poor beasts out of danger. The last I saw of this tail-end delegation, moving forward to join their comrades, they were turning into the street, or road, below John Falkner's present residence, each one looking back over his shoulder to see if the enemy was upon him.

The observer went back up-town, and, seeing Judge Rice sitting on his porch, called to him to know what his opinion was in regard to the Confederates being near town. The judge said he did not believe that an armed Confederate was within fifty miles of the town. I agreed with him; yet he believed what he said, while I only hoped that it might prove correct. Walking on up to the voting-place, Mr. Hampton, the clerk, told me that the whole thing was a false alarm; indeed, was a farce.

The children of Hampton City went to school out at the Murphy place, and the school was dismissed at three o'clock, as most of the pupils

were of tender years. On leaving the school-house on that day, a little boy said to his friends that they must play soldier by forming in line, and marching into town. He procured a breakfast-shawl from one of the little girls, tied the garment to the end of a hoop-pole found near by, and was joined by another boy, who procured two sticks by the road-side, and with these drummed on his tin dinner-bucket. With banner flying and drum beating, the young soldiers were soon filing round what is now known as Cemetery Hill, in sight of Hampton City.

A woman, whose husband was engaged in the war, owned a little brindle cow, which had lain out the night before, but when it came up, though at an unseasonable hour, she concluded to go out with her pail and extract the lacteal fluid from the bovine's udder. When she was about half done milking, the little cow made a lunge, upset the bucket, spilling contents on the ground, and started off in great affright. The woman, on raising up, happened to cast her eyes in the direction of the Cemetery Hill, and caught a glimpse of the soldiers mentioned. She imagined them to be Confederate soldiers, coming in for pillage, and cried out in alarm at the top of her voice. The cry was taken up by men several hundred yards nearer Catlettsburg, that the rebels were coming, which brought out all the inhabitants of the hamlet of Hampton City, who, on a running jump, entered the town

with a loud outcry: "The rebels are coming! the rebels are coming!"

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, the election went on as before, and all, when assured of the cause of the scare, laughed heartily, and resumed their usual vocations, but expressed some interest as to the whereabouts of their fleeing brethren, who had started toward the setting sun. The people who had not been able to get away were anxious to hear whether the great crowd of men who had ridden so hurriedly away had made a stand at Ashland, five miles below; or had they crossed over into Ohio and pushed on to the alum-cliffs on the Scioto, where they could easily throw up fortifications, and hold the fort against all the Confederates in Kentucky? Or, on reaching Ashland, had they turned to the left, hurried on to Carter Caves, and taken refuge in those subterranean recesses of mother earth, blocking the entrance to their retreat by rolling the great stones found in the caves across the entrance?

But the anxiety of the home folks was soon relieved by the arrival of one of Ashland's citizens, who had come up to let the friends of the absentees know that they had fallen into the hands of kind friends, who were willing to protect them to the last extremity. The messenger found many evidences of rapid flight on the road the braves had passed over, such as overcoats, saddle-girths, broken horseshoes, pint bottles. The bottles were empty,

however. The owners were cool-headed enough to know that bottles filled with fire-water, falling into the hands of the Confederates, would only stimulate them to greater speed. When Night had drawn the curtain of darkness over the earth, the men returned to their homes, coming, however, in ones and twos, and were not seen very much in public for several days, when the matter had grown somewhat stale by the intervention of other exciting scenes.

While the author witnessed almost all that took place, he has no remembrance of any one of the excited men who left the place, save alone the late brave Colonel John L. Zeigler, who certainly manifested great bravery in delaying his exit from town to warn his townsmen of what he thought to be immediate danger, and all at the risk of his own life, or liberty at least.

TWO CHURCHES.

IN writing the history of the Big Sandy Valley, it would be a dereliction of duty to pass over the two divisions of Methodism in the Sandy Valley; that is to say, to give a history of the Methodist Church in the valley immediately following the great separation at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, soon after which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized.

In the Sandy Valley, or that part of it lying exclusively in the State of Kentucky (for of that territory alone will we now write), the members of the Church, either by their votes or by acquiescence, adhered to the fortunes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This was true of the Methodist Church from Catlettsburg to Pikeville, Kentucky, save only at Louisa, and a country Church or two in the west part of Lawrence County, and, several years later (1854), one at Catlettsburg. At Louisa Robert D. Callihan, a wealthy local preacher, and Mrs. Jones, widow of Daniel Jones, Mrs. Sarah Savage, mother of Judge Savage—both ladies of the highest religious and social position—with Rev. George Hutchison, the father of Rev. I. B. Hutchison, and a few others, organized a Methodist Episcopal Church soon after the separation, and built a small brick church, which is still used as such by the denomination that built it. A log church was built on the lands of Rev. George Hutchison, five miles west of Louisa, soon after the Louisa church was constructed, and perhaps a church, or at least a preaching place, still farther from Louisa. At Catlettsburg, in 1854, a Methodist Episcopal Church was organized with about a dozen members; and in 1857 the Catlettsburg Church built their excellent house of worship, which still well serves the purpose for whom and for which it was built.

Save these places named, the Methodist Epis-

copal Church, South, was the only branch of Methodism in the valley until 1864. The great Civil War affected the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the valley to a great extent, and for a time (three or four years), in many localities on Sandy, its places of worship were closed, and its altars had fallen into decay.

In 1864 ministers were sent into the valley from the West Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, to preach and organize Churches, and as the people were hungry for preaching, many joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and considerable progress was made in organizing charges.

In the year 1866 the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held its first General Conference after the war, and made some fundamental changes in the polity and rules of that Church, such as providing for Church and district conferences, thus bringing the laymen to the front in Church affairs, and abolishing the probationary system. These enactments by the General Conference touched the hearts and minds of the laymen, who immediately, with the preachers leading, set about the restoration of the Church of their choice in the valley. That was twenty years ago. At that time all was chaos. From the Minutes of the Western Virginia Conference, which has a presiding elder's district in Kentucky, mostly in the Sandy Valley, it is recorded that the Church had, in 1886, 4,757 members, 42 churches, and raised

for Church purposes, in one year, \$5,405.56. The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church, embracing the same topics for the same year, as taken from the Minutes of that Church, are as follows: Members, including probationers, 2,412; churches, 32; raised for ministerial support and Church benevolences, \$4,358.17. The presiding elders' districts do not precisely cover the same territory, but are not far from equal; for where one is found in a separate field alone, the other is occupying a small territory not occupied by the other.

The reflections to be made are, that instead of either branch of the Church being in the other's way, each stimulates the other to greater activity in noble Christian endeavor. Sometimes a slight friction may arise, to mar the harmony of God's host; but it is not more discernible in the workings of the two Methodist Churches in the valley than in other denominations in their religious intercourse with each other.

TWO NEW CHURCHES.

THE history of the Sandy Valley would be incomplete did we not briefly mention the two churches named below, though we have no definite data to enable us to particularize. But the main facts are given.

UNITED BAPTISTS.

SOME years ago, the date not remembered, those ministers belonging to the old regular Baptists, sometimes called Hard Shells, who did not indorse what was known as the "Hard Doctrine" of that Church, organized the United Baptist Church, and nearly all the Baptists in the Big Sandy Valley belong to that Church.

FREE-WILL BAPTISTS.

THE Free-will Baptists organized a Church in Johnson, the second of the denomination in the State. Rev. Thomas Williams became their pastor, and several of the most influential people of the vicinity of Paintsville joined the Church, among them Daniel Wheeler, Wiley Williams, John Richmond, and other noted people.

SANDY VALLEY PROGRESS.

THE early school-teachers in the Sandy Valley, as a class, had but little education, and, what was still more to their discredit, they drank whisky, sometimes taking their bottles with them to school, getting drunk in the morning, and remaining in that condition all day. A teacher who could read, write, and cipher to the single rule of three in Pike's Arithmetic, was thought qualified to teach a school. Now how changed! Not only does the State law require a teacher to prove a good moral

character, but the people at large refuse to employ one who drinks liquor. Not only do they require the teacher to possess a good character and be of temperate habits, but he must have education as well. Prior to 1861 no private schools, or but few, of high grade were to be found in the Sandy Valley. Now no part of Kentucky has private schools and seminaries of learning surpassing those in the Sandy Valley in all the essentials going to make up first-class institutions of learning.

The Normal at Catlettsburg is fully equal to the high-schools of the largest cities in the State, both in its curriculum and its beautiful grounds and buildings. Louisa, Eden, Flat Gap, Paintsville, Prestonburg, Pikeville, Medina, Blaineville, and some other places, have good high-schools, where a good classical or scientific education can be obtained by both sexes at a reasonable expense.

All over the valley good common schools may be found, supplementing the five months' free schools, or public schools kept in motion by State taxation. And all of these schools are well patronized.

Previous to 1861 but few Sandy Valley young men were sent to college. Now many are receiving collegiate training in the best colleges and universities in the country. A few wealthy men in the valley had their daughters educated away from home in young ladies' seminaries; but even this was rare, and almost created a sensation. But now

how changed! As many as four or five young ladies of Louisa alone are now studying, or have graduated, from the Wesleyan Female College at Cincinnati, one of the best and most expensive ladies' colleges in all the land. Quite a number of other young ladies of Louisa have been, or are now, attending female schools or colleges at other places. This state of affairs exists from Catlettsburg to Pikeville, and extends from Pond, on the Tug River, to Salyersville, in Magoffin County.

THE EARLY PREACHERS

WERE not whisky-drinkers, like many of the first teachers, yet no doubt some of the men of the cloth in the early days of Sandy Valley have taken their cups, as that was not an unusual thing, even in staid New England. The morals of the good, old-time preachers were commendable, and those servants of God who labored hard to win souls to Christ, and received but little or nothing for their toil and anxiety, are worthy the gratitude of the present generation. All honor to the early fathers! They did well, according to their knowledge, and many of them knew more than some people now are willing to concede.

More opportunities to obtain a good training for the ministry are offered to the present generation of young men in the ministry than the old-time preachers were blessed with. And the facts prove, when stated, that the Sandy Valley ministers of the

present have advanced beyond their fathers by applying themselves to a higher course of reading and study. It would be offensive to name the old-time preachers, and then compare the younger men, or rather the men of to-day, with them, and strike a contrast made up by the difference of the lack of education of the old preachers, who have passed to their reward, and their successors, who are still on the walls of Zion. But it is essential to historic facts to name, at least, some of the natives of the Sandy Valley who are now filling pulpits or are engaged in other ministerial work at home and abroad, thus enabling all to judge whether progress is being made in the superior culture and ability of the present preachers beyond those who preceded.

Rev. James Harvey Burns, nephew of Jerry Burns, the founder of the house of Burns in the valley, and son of Lewis Burns, born and reared on Sandy, is an able minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the Western Virginia Conference of his Church.

Rev. J. H. Hager, son of Harmon Hager, will compare with the ministers anywhere in logic, choice, strong language, and general ability. He is of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Rev. Z. Meek, D. D., who has represented his Church in the General Conference, is not only an able minister, but for twenty years has proven himself one of the ablest editors of his Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. His paper,

the *Central Methodist*, at Catlettsburg, is recognized as one of the ablest in the connection.

Rev. Charles J. Howes, whose father and grandfather were both preachers, is an able preacher, standing among the leaders of the Kentucky Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Howes not only represented his Church in a General Conference, but was made one of the secretaries of that august body.

Mr. Howes's younger brother, Rev. G. Winn Howes, although prepared for and having practiced law for a few years, is now, though young in the ministry, an able expounder of the Word in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. John W. Hampton, though not leaving the practice of the law until over forty, is regarded as a strong preacher in his Church, the Methodist Episcopal, South.

Rev. William Jayne, the founder and conductor of Flat Gap Enterprise Academy, received a college training, as others named did, and is an able minister of the Missionary Baptist Church.

Rev. Coleman, of the Pike family of Coleman, is now an able preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Iowa.

All these named were and are native Big Sandians.

Rev. T. F. Garrett, a native of Prestonburg, is an able and leading minister in the Kentucky Methodist Episcopal Conference.

THE LAWYERS.

McCONNELL, the elder Rice, Robert Walker, Henry C. Harris, R. T. Burns the first, Green Goble, Hon. John P. Martin, Hon. John M. Elliott, Hon. Harvey Burns, and others of their generation, were good lawyers, and most of them eloquent, some having a national reputation. In the days of those whom we have named education was not diffused among the masses as now. The people at large received their political information from lawyers, who were generally good stump-speakers. But few books and no papers were read by the common people; hence a man who is deemed of fair ability to-day would have appeared great indeed in the early days of Sandy history. Now nearly every one reads books and papers, and forms his opinions without consulting those who would have been guides forty years ago. The people, being better informed, have lifted themselves on a level with those who stood far above them in bygone days, owing to the fact that the public men of that day possessed educational advantages above the masses.

The science of law, like every other science, has advanced both in its pleadings and in its practice. Much of the old-day glamour has been dissipated. The lawyer of the olden time was expected to make an eloquent speech to a jury, though the speech might be mostly sound. If he did not, he fell in

the estimation of the hangers-on at courts, who went there to hear grandiloquent speeches delivered to judges and juries by some visiting attorney. Most of the verdicts of juries were influenced, too, at that time, by the eloquence of the lawyer. But now more depends on the instructions of the court, predicated on the law as expounded by the attorney. The bar of the Sandy Valley is much abler to-day than ever before. A court of common pleas may dispose of trials on its docket for a whole month, with scarcely three speeches. The law and evidence is closely applied, and the case is submitted with a mere statement by the attorney to an intelligent jury, the judge supervising the action of both attorneys and juries.

Many old-time Sandians complain that the courts have fallen into decay! They fail to see that, instead of having fallen into decay, the forms of justice have progressed with the times.

Formerly a circuit court resembled a convention, over which a solemn man, called "the judge," presided, supported by a number of bright men called lawyers, bringing into the court-house each a green satchel filled with books, which almost struck terror to many of the lookers-on. Now a circuit court resembles a body of learned men, sitting in solemn conclave, examining and determining the truth as the object of research, and applying that truth to the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty, for the general

welfare of society at large. Sandy courts, as well as Sandy lawyers, have certainly advanced in the progress of time.

THE DOCTORS

OF the early period of Sandy deserve great praise for the good they accomplished in behalf of suffering humanity. It is, however, no disparagement to them to say that the poverty incident to a new country forbade them to expect fees sufficient to buy suitable medical books or prepared medicines. Hence the most of them were "root and herb" doctors. They had never read a book on botany, but being born and reared in the woods, were practical botanists, and, familiar with nature, they knew the medicinal virtue of every plant and root found growing in the Sandy Valley. Sometimes the earlier doctor of Sandy history would gather his medicine while on the way to visit his patient, and prepare it after he had arrived at the house of sickness. All is changed now. Doctors with diplomas from colleges of medicine are found practicing in every part of the valley. Nearly all are native Sandians.

THE OFFICE-BEARERS

OF the Sandy Valley will compare in ability with those of other parts of the State or the United States. Hons. Mr. May, John. P. Martin, and John M. Elliott (the first and last Sandy born), were

able members of Congress, and each had a national reputation. They lived in Prestonburg. Hon. Laban T. Moore and Hon. John M. Rice sustained the reputation of their predecessors for ability. These gentlemen were also Sandians, born and bred.

THE SANDY JUDICIARY

HAS been, and still is, an able one. Judges James M. Rice, William Harvey Burns, M. J. Ferguson, James E. Stewart, George N. Brown, John M. Rice, and John M. Burns will compare, in legal knowledge and ability to expound the law, and in clean-cut records, with the judges in other parts of the State; and all are native Big Sandians.

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS

OF the Sandy Valley courts, like the judges, including A. J. Auxier, James E. Stewart, and S. G. Kinner, all native Sandians, in the able discharge of official duty, are not surpassed by prosecuting attorneys in other sections of the State.

THE SANDIANS

WHO have filled State offices have not only been fully up to the standard of ability displayed by their predecessors filling the same positions, but many think the Big Sandians have surpassed them in official work. Thomas D. Marcum had not long been acting as register of the land-office when it was said, by all who knew the duties of the posi-

tion, that he was not only equal to the task, but before his official term expired it was proven by his work that the office of register was never filled by a more competent man.

The lamented John George Cecil, son of Samuel Cecil, of Pike, gave great promise of distinguished work in the same office; but disease and death overtook him before he had been in the office a year. The short time he served, however, gave assurance that, had he lived, he would have been equal to any preceding him in upholding the Sandy official banner.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OFFICES

HAVE been held by Sandy men, who have shown as much talent and ability in discharge of their official duties as the occupants filling similar places from any other part of the State or United States.

A. J. Auxier, as the United States marshal, left a record for integrity and ability in managing the intricate affairs of the marshalship second to none who has ever filled the same position.

Captain A. E. Adams, of Pike, was commissioned to go as consulate to a distant country, but failed to go. Judging from the past official life of Mr. Adams, neither Sandy's reputation nor the government would have lost any thing, but would have gained much had he gone on his mission.

John W. Langley, of Prestonburg, received many promotions in a Government department at Washington for intelligent and faithful service.

Other Sandians have received commendation for competency and faithfulness in national official duty. In the highest official positions of the district, State, or nation, to the lowest, Big Sandians have been fully equal to the tasks assigned them. These positions they have filled with an ability which can not be denied them. Comparing their official labors with others in similar places elsewhere, they stand with the best.

HARD TO GET OLD-TIME INCIDENTS.

MANY families who settled early in the Sandy Valley, and assisted in making an honorable history, left no record or annals which the historian can gather up and prepare for printing. A great many families whose names are familiar to the people of the valley, and most of whom have descendants still living there, come under this difficulty. On inquiring of one whom the author thought well informed in the matter, for an early history of the Stratton family, the person applied to said that one thing was true about them—for every body said so who remembered the ancestors of the Stratton house on Sandy (head-quarters at Prestonburg)—and that was that they were the most intensely religious people that ever lived in the valley. They were Methodists.

The Colemans, of Pike, were an old-time family, with a good historic record, if it could be had. So

is the Belcher family, and the Hoffman family, of which Archibald Hoffman, the store-keeper of that name at Pike, is a member.

The Goble family, of Floyd, is an old-time house, and quite prominent. Lawyer Goble, of Prestonburg, is a son of William Goble, who was a son of Isaac Goble, one of the early settlers of the county. Dr. Isaac Goble, of the mouth of John's Creek, is a cousin of lawyer Goble. The doctor was a soldier in the 39th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry during the war, and served in the hospital department. He is farmer, doctor, and merchant.

The Conleys came early into the valley, and have become a numerous host. Many of the Conleys have risen to places of rank and official honor. Lawyer Wince Conley, of Pike, but a native of Johnson, is a leading man. His brother, who was at one time county judge of Johnson immediately after the close of the war, almost created a sensation at the time by his zeal in making good roads in his county. A doctor of ability was a brother of the lawyer and judge, and the same house furnished a good magistrate to Johnson County. Another branch of the family live at Flat Gap, one of whom is a lawyer there.

The Pickelsimers are a large family of the Sandy Valley. The father of Dr. Pickelsimer, the druggist, and a prominent physician at Paintsville, died at a great age since the writing of this

book was undertaken. His farm is not far from Flat Gap. The old gentleman was a man of high honor and great respectability.

The Robinsons are found scattered all over the Sandy Valley. Many came in an early day, and were foremost in opening the forests for the cultivation of food for man. The gentleman who is now chief magistrate at Piketon bears that name. He came but recently from Virginia.

Samuel Keel, on Shelby, has added wealth to the valley, as well as being a promoter of morality.

The Hurts, the Honakers, the Sicks, the Reynoldses, the Greers in Floyd, must not be neglected; but especially should the name of Rev. Joseph Langley, of Middle Creek, be mentioned, to show that a young man born in poverty may, in this country, by industry and economy, with moral integrity to guide him, though not permitted to stand before kings, come to the front, at least, as a man of wealth and influence, leading his family in paths of usefulness and honor.

The Vaughans, of Prestonburg; the Smiths, of the same place; the old Widow Ford, who was, before marriage, a Mayo, were noted for their religious zeal in early days. The only member of the first Fords living at this writing is Thomas, who still sticks to the early capital of the Sandy Valley, his children having married into prominent families round about.

George Peck, of Lawrence, is a very old-time

Sandian, related to the McClures. He owns a large boundary of land commencing on the Sandy River at the mouth of Griffith's Creek, and running back. Peck's Chapel, on the line of the Chatterawha Railroad, is named for him. The Pecks, like the McClures, are staunch Methodists, in communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Shannons are of an old-time family of the Lower Valley, and are connected by marriage and consanguinity with many strong houses of the county.

While Walter Osburn, of Lawrence, has been referred to already, it is not out of place to state that he still lives on Blaine, at a very advanced age. After he was eighty years old he would walk from his home (twenty odd miles) to Louisa on business. He has filled many official stations.

German Huff, of Paintsville, has also been an educator, if not a benefactor, by his example in the practice of economy. By following the laws of trade from the time he made salt on Middle Creek to the present, he has never wasted any thing worth saving, whereby he has lived well and at the same time accumulated a competency. It was said by one who knew of his current savings, that he could take twenty dollars, have a basket of provisions prepared, the product of his garden and farm, take a canoe and push it to Portsmouth, Ohio, and back home to Paintsville, and, in the sale of goods bought with the twenty dollars, make a snug profit.

The Parsleys, on Lower Tug, are descendants of

an old family. Jesse has not only been a large land-holder from young manhood, and he is now growing old, but a large store-keeper and timber-dealer. His brother Moses lives on Emily Creek, but has retired from saw-logging and gone to farming.

Captain Kirk, one of the members of that numerous family in the Lower Tug country, served in the Union army during the Civil War. His son James is a lawyer, but was for many years clerk of the county court of Martin. The office is now held, however, by George W. Hale, son-in-law of Moses Parsley.

Mark Dempsey was a very prominent citizen before the war, and in good circumstances. One of his sons, Lewis, is a merchant at Eden.

The Maynards, an old-time family in the valley, are settled from the Cumberland to the mouth of Tug. Many of them are prominent people. John B. Maynard, of John's Creek, is a large timber-dealer. Dr. Maynard, also of the John's Creek country, is a well-to-do farmer and physician. He married a daughter of the Widow Jones, of Louisa. A large family of the Maynards live on the Rock Castle at its mouth and near by. Some of them have filled official stations.

The Cline family have their seat high up Tug, although one of them lives in Martin, who has been county judge, and had many good roads built in his county. Perry Cline has for many years lived in Pikeville. He has been sheriff and school com-

missioner of his county, and represented his district in the Legislature.

The Bentleys, the Dotsons, and many others in the eastern part of Pike County, not named, have helped make up the history of that rugged section.

In going back to the Levisa, one is almost sure to find a Justice at every turn in the road, yet they have not *all* staid near by their ancestral home; for Timothy Justice lives down on Rock Castle, and Fleming Justice makes brick in Hampton City.

Of old-time physicians, we may here mention Dr. H. S. Sweatnum, who has practiced his profession since the forties; first at West Liberty, next at Paintsville, and now at Louisa. Dr. A. E. Gray, of Pike, has for twenty years been practicing at Pike, and Dr. Callihan has practiced at Prestonburg about the same length of time.

Many of the children of the old-time people of Prestonburg have come to honor. Among the number, Dr. Steel's son, John, is now not only a good physician and a large land-owner, but is a man of standing in Carter County. One of his brothers, Samuel, still lives at Prestonburg, a fixture of the town.

The Ferrells live along the Tug in different sections. Richard Ferrell, the wealthy capitalist, came to Pike after the war, from Virginia, and has grown rich and influential.

The Yorks are a Sandy people, dating back but one generation, however, having their seat on Grif-

fith's Creek and Donathon. Dr. Joshua was killed near the close of the Civil War by some one who had taken him away as a prisoner for loyalty, as his friends say, to the flag of his country.

The Carters, of Lawrence, are a noted family. They came from South-western Virginia. They were of a wealthy family. G. W. Carter has represented his district in the Legislature. His first wife was a daughter of Rev. George Hutchison, and sister of Rev. I. B. Hutchison, who is a brother-in-law of James A. Abbott, the prominent timber merchant of Louisa.

The Burtons, of Lawrence, are of the old-time stock. Samuel Burton is now judge of Lawrence.

The Sparkses, of Lawrence, are of the old-time people, and are held in high repute, as are the Ramys, Gambrells, Rices, and many others of the same section.

HUGH BOGGS, OF BLAINE,

THE Nestor of the Boggses on Cane's Creek, a branch of the Blaine, has been a man of remarkable energy. Hugh Boggs opened a large farm on his creek, and, by chopping wood and bossing other wood-choppers at the old-time furnaces, made money enough to build a steam saw and grain mill and a carding machine at quite an early day. Had Hugh Boggs lived at a place more get-at-able, he would have been to Cane's Creek what Judge Borders was

to his section, and what William Adams was to Licking Station.

The country around Mr. Boggs was too sparsely settled to expand his business, yet nevertheless he was always a good liver. Cane's Creek, in Lawrence County, is a stream of wide and rich bottom land, almost all of which is owned by the Boggses, descendants of either Hugh Boggs or his kinsmen. He nears the end of his earthly race, being quite feeble in body but smart in mind. He has been a benefactor, an educator, and a philanthropist, although in his unselfishness he might himself never have suspected it.

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY.

SANDY VALLEY MEN WHO WERE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS IN
THE UNION ARMY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

COLONELS.

Laban T. Moore, . . .	14th Kentucky, .	Lawrence Co.
G. W. Gallup, . . .	14th " .	" "
John Dils, Jr., . . .	39th " .	Pike Co.
D. A. Mims,	39th " .	Boyd Co.
J. L. Zeigler,	5th Virginia, . .	" "
A. A. Tomlinson, . . .	5th " . .	" "

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

Joseph Brown,	14th Kentucky, .	Boyd Co.
R. M. Thomas,	14th " .	" "
Dr. S. M. Ferguson, . .	39th " .	Pike Co.

MAJORS.

Bentley Burk,	14th Kentucky, .	Boyd Co.
D. J. Burchett,	14th " .	Lawrence Co.

MAJORS—Continued.

Ralph Ormsted, 5th Virginia, . . Boyd Co.
 John B. Auxier, . . . 39th Kentucky, . Johnson Co.
 Frank Mott, 45th " . Boyd Co.
 John Henderson, . . . 45th " . "

CAPTAINS.

Archie Means, 14th Kentucky, . Boyd Co.
 Dwight Leffingwell, . . 14th " . "
 James Whitten, . . . 14th " . "
 D. W. Steel, 22d " . "
 Sol. Davis, 14th " . "
 R. B. McCall, 5th Virginia, . . "
 T. J. Ewing, 5th " . "
 A. C. Hailey, 39th Kentucky, . "
 T. D. Marcum, 14th " . Cassville, Va.
 Wm. Bartram, 14th " . Lawrence Co.
 Oliver Botner, 14th " . "
 —. McKinster, 14th " . "
 Watt Wood, 14th " . "
 George Green, 14th " . "
 Allen P. Hawes, 39th " . "
 Thomas Russell, 45th " . "
 Harry Ford, 39th " . "
 William Ford, 39th " . "
 Joe Kirk, 39th " . Wayne Co., W. Va.
 Wiley Patrick, 14th " . Magoffin Co.

LIEUTENANTS.

George B. Patton, . . . 14th Kentucky, . Boyd Co.
 D. H. McGee, 14th " . "
 —. Sperry, 14th " . "
 George R. Chapman, . 14th " . Lawrence Co.
 Henry Borders, 14th " . "
 —. Preston, 39th " . "
 —. Burgess, 14th " . "
 Martin Thornsberry, . 39th " . Pike Co.

LIEUTENANTS—Continued.

James Foster,	14th Kentucky, .	Boyd Co.
James C. Ely,	14th	“ . “
James Seaton,	45th	“ . “
Lindsay Layne,	39th	“ . Floyd Co.
L. J. Hampton,	39th	“ . Boyd Co.
J. Frew Stewart,	39th	“ . Lawrence Co.

No distinction is made between first and second lieutenants.

Col. G. W. Gallup came out of the army with the rank of brigadier-general by brevet.

James C. Ely was not made a lieutenant until after he became a veteran.

Captain T. D. Marcum was frequently a staff officer before he became a captain.

Lieutenant George B. Patton acted as adjutant, and was often on the staff of the general in command.

Major John Henderson was much of the time detailed as a mustering officer.

Lieutenant James Foster was quartermaster of the 14th Kentucky.

Lieutenant Layne was the quartermaster in the 39th Kentucky.

Lieutenant James Seaton was adjutant of his regiment.

Lieutenant L. J. Hampton was adjutant of the 39th Kentucky until killed in a skirmish at Weirman's Shoals.

J. Frew Stewart was adjutant in the 39th Kentucky after the death of Lieutenant Hampton.