

## JENNY WILEY.

THE most romantic history, in the early settlement of the Big Sandy Valley, is that of Jenny Wiley. This history we proceed to give from the most reliable sources at our command, drawing our facts mainly from Hardesty's "Historical and Biographical Encyclopedia."

There is hardly a man or woman in Eastern Kentucky who is not familiar with the story of the life of this remarkable woman. The facts of her capture by the Indians, escape from them, and return to her home, have been handed down from parent to child, and they are well remembered. Her maiden name was Jenny Sellards. She married Thomas Wiley, a native of Ireland, who had emigrated and settled on Walker's Creek, in Wythe, now Tazewell County, Va., where they were living at the time of the capture by the Indians. She had a sister living near by, the wife of John Borders, who was the father of the Rev. John Borders, a noted Baptist preacher, Hezekiah Borders, Michael Borders, Judge Archibald Borders, and several daughters. Several families named Harmon lived in the same neighborhood, some of whom were noted Indian scouts.

At the time of the capture of Jenny, Thomas Wiley, her husband, was out in the woods digging ginseng. This was in the year 1790. The destruction of the Wiley family, as hereafter recorded, was

the result of a mistake on the part of the savages. Some time previously, in an engagement with a party of Cherokees, one of the Harmons had shot and killed two or three of their number, and a party of five returned to seek vengeance on the Harmons, but ignorant of the location of their cabin, fell upon Wiley's instead.

John Borders warned Mrs. Wiley that he feared Indians were in the neighborhood, and urged her to go to his house and remain until Wiley's return, but as she had a piece of cloth in the loom, she said she would finish it and then go. The delay on the part of Mrs. Wiley was a fatal one. Darkness came on, and with it came the attack upon the defenseless family. The Indians rushed into the house, and after tomahawking and scalping a younger brother and three of the children, and taking Mrs. Wiley, her infant (a year and a half old), and Mr. Wiley's hunting dog, started towards the Ohio River. At the time the Indian trail led down what is now known as Jennie's Creek, and along it they proceeded until they reached the mouth of that stream, then down Tug and Big Sandy Rivers to the Ohio.

No sooner had the news of the horrid butchery spread among the inhabitants of the Walker's Creek settlement than a party, among whom were Lazarus Damron and Matthias Harmon, started in pursuit. They followed on for several days, but failing to come up with the perpetrators of the terrible out-

rage, the pursuit was abandoned, and all returned to their homes. The Indians expected that they would be followed, and the infant of Mrs. Wiley proving an incumbrance to their flight, they dashed out its brains against a beech-tree when a short distance below where Mr. William C. Crum now resides, and two miles from Jennie's Creek. This tree was standing and well known to the inhabitants of this section during the first quarter of the present century.

When the savages, with their captive, reached the Ohio, it was very much swollen; with a shout of O-high-o, they turned down that stream, and continued their journey to the mouth of the Little Sandy. Up that stream they went to the mouth of Dry Fork, and up the same to its head, when they crossed the dividing ridge and proceeded down what is now called Cherokee Fork of Big Blaine Creek, to a point within two miles of its mouth, where they halted and took shelter between a ledge of rocks. Here they remained for several months, and during the time Mrs. Wiley was delivered of a child. At this time the Indians were very kind to her; but when the child was three weeks old they decided to test him, to see whether he would make a brave warrior. Having tied him to a flat piece of wood, they slipped him into the water to see if he would cry. He screamed furiously, and they took him by the heels and dashed his brains out against an oak-tree.

When they left this encampment they proceeded down to the mouth of Cherokee Creek, then up Big Blaine to the mouth of Hood's Fork, thence up that stream to its source; from here they crossed over the dividing ridge to the waters of Mud Lick, and down the same to its mouth, where they once more formed an encampment.

About this time several settlements were made on the head-waters of the Big Sandy, and the Indians decided to kill their captive, and accordingly prepared for the execution; but just when the awful hour was come, an old Cherokee chief, who in the meantime had joined the party, proposed to buy her from the others on condition that she would teach his squaws to make cloth like the gown she wore. Thus was her life saved, but she was reduced to the most abject slavery, and was made to carry water, wood, and build fires. For some time they bound her when they were out hunting; but as time wore away they relaxed their vigilance, and at last permitted her to remain unbound.

On one occasion, when all were out from camp, they were belated, and at night-fall did not return, and Mrs. Wiley now resolved to carry into effect a long-cherished object, that of making her escape and returning to her friends. The rain was falling fast, and the night was intensely dark, but she glided away from the camp-fire and set out on her lonely and perilous journey. Her dog, the same that had followed the party through all their wan-

derings, started to follow her, but she drove him back, lest by his barking he might betray her into the hands of her pursuers. She followed the course of Mud Lick Creek to its mouth, and then crossing Main Paint Creek, journeyed up a stream (ever since known as Jennie's Creek) a distance of some miles, thence over a ridge and down a stream, now called Little Paint Creek, which empties into the Levisa Fork of Big Sandy River. When she reached its mouth it was day-dawn, and on the opposite side of the river, a short distance below the mouth of John's Creek, she could hear and see men at work erecting a block-house. To them she called, and informed them that she was a captive escaping from the Indians, and urged them to hasten to her rescue, as she believed her pursuers to be close upon her. The men had no boat, but hastily rolling some logs into the river and lashing them together with grapevines, they pushed over the stream and carried her back with them. As they were ascending the bank, the old chief who had claimed Jenny as his property, preceded by the dog, appeared upon the opposite bank, and striking his hands upon his breast, exclaimed in broken English, "Honor, Jenny, honor!" and then disappeared into the forest.

That was the last she ever saw of the old chief or her dog. She remained here a day or two to rest from her fatigue, and then with a guide made her way back to her home, having been in captivity

more than eleven months. Here she rejoined her husband, who had long supposed her dead, and together, nine years after—in the year 1800—they abandoned their home in the Old Dominion, and found another near the mouth of Tom's Creek, on the banks of the Levisa Fork of Big Sandy. Here her husband died in the year 1810. She survived him twenty-one years, and died of paralysis in the year 1831.

The Indians had killed her brother and five of her children, but after her return from captivity five others were born, namely: Hezekiah, Jane, Sally, Adam, and William.

Hezekiah married Miss Christine Nelson, of George's Creek, Kentucky, and settled on Twelve Pole Creek, where he lived for many years; he died in 1832, while on a visit to friends in Kentucky. Jane married Richard Williamson, who also settled on Twelve Pole. Sally first married Christian Yost, of Kentucky, and after his death was united in marriage with Samuel Murray. She died March 10, 1871. William raised a large family, and after the sale of the Wiley farm moved to Tom's Creek, about two miles from the mouth, where he lived until his death.

Of the children of Jenny Wiley, Adam P. was the most noted. In physique he was scarcely excelled by any man in the Sandy Valley. Tall, straight as an arrow, brown of skin, slow of movement and speech, he was an attractive figure

to look upon. He was known far and wide as "Vard" Wiley, sometimes called "Adam Pre Vard." Why thus designated the writer is unable to say. In his early life "Vard" was a great fiddler, and carried his violin far and near, to make music for the young people to dance by. But uniting himself with the Baptist Church, he for a time gave up the fiddle and went to preaching. His sermons were, like himself, very long, and he was very zealous and earnest. After some years in the ministry—the number we do not remember—he gave up his calling, and was often seen making his old violin ring out charming music for the young people at the log-rolling, house-raising, or corn-husking. He lived to a ripe old age, and died only a few years ago, at his home in Johnson County. Before his death he visited the writer, for the purpose of having us write out the life of his mother, as he would detail it from memory, but our business engagements were such that it was impossible to comply with his request.

The Wiley family, descendants of Jenny, are quite numerous in Johnson; they are a hard-working set of men, and retain in their memory the heroic life of Jenny Wiley as a heritage of priceless value.

The farm upon which Mr. Wiley settled, just below the mouth of Tom's Creek, was known to all the old people, far and near, as the "Wiley Farm." About forty years ago it was sold to

James Nibert, who lived upon it until some ten years ago, when he sold it to Samuel Spears, who is the present owner and occupant.

As the writer was born and reared almost in sight of the "Wiley Farm," he is perfectly familiar with all the leading facts in the life of Jenny Wiley, during her stay with the Indians, and after her escape.

While they were camping on Mud Lick, some six miles above where Paintsville now stands, she said they frequently run short of lead, and when they wanted to replenish their stock they had no trouble to do so, and in a very short time. They would go out in the forenoon, and after three or four hours' absence return loaded with something which looked like stones. Then they would build a large fire out of logs, on sideling ground, throw the ore on, and it would melt and run off into trenches prepared for it; afterward, as needed, it was molded into bullets. But, notwithstanding the ease with which the Indians procured their lead, the whites have never been able to find the mines from which it was taken. Years have been spent in its search, and long pilgrimages have been made, by those claiming to be able to point out the place, but thus far to no purpose.

Were we to repeat all the legends that have been handed down from the days of Jenny Wiley, they would seem too incredible for belief in this age, when romance and hardships are not so



intimately associated as they were then. So, in the preparation of this chapter we have confined ourselves to facts, leaving out the fanciful, which the imagination of the reader can supply.

That there are vast lead-mines in the valley of Paint Creek, perhaps on Mud Lick, there is little room to doubt. That they have never been found, in view of the universal belief of their existence, is likely due to the fact that the people in that section do not know lead ore when they see it. The story of Jenny Wiley was abundantly confirmed by Indians, friendly to the whites, in later days, but they would give no intimation as to the location. We are very sorry we can not tell our readers where to find these mines!

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#### INDIAN GRAVE-YARDS.

FROM many indications, still existing, it seems evident that the aborigines of this section of country had their great cemetery at and near the mouth of the Sandy River. It is likely that their dead were brought from great distances and buried there. Evidences of this are found in the fact that for miles the skeletons of human bodies are found on digging wells, cellars, and vaults, not only immediately at the Mouth of the Sandy, but for miles up and down that stream. Bones of human beings are found buried even on the top of the high bluffs back of Catlettsburg, as though all the bottom land

had been taken up. It is hard to find a place on the Ohio River where more of the remains of the Indian, or prehistoric race of man, have been and are still being found than at the Mouth of the Sandy River. Mr. Frank Fairbairn, a very intelligent gentleman, living as a recluse two miles back of Catlettsburg, who is well informed in antiquarian lore, has collected vast quantities of these relics, by which many a private museum of the country has been enriched, as well as adding to Mr. Fairbairn's exchequer.

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#### THE WELLS FAMILY,

OF Johnson and Floyd Counties, is an old house in the valley. Rev. William A. Wells was for many years a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, an extensive farmer and land-owner, and an old-time physician, who did much to relieve the suffering of the people. He died only one year ago, leaving a large family of bright children. One son, Hon. John P. Wells, has been a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and is a prominent lawyer at Paintsville. Another son, Aaron, is a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; while M. L. K. Wells is postmaster at Boone's Camp. William is a prominent farmer and merchant, and Moses is a prominent farmer and trader.

George Wells is still living, though he is ninety-four years of age. His health is fair, and he is

able to go from place to place with the steady step of one much his junior in years. He was a powerful man in his day, a great hunter, and raised a large family of children.

There is not in the valley a more honorable, upright, or generous family than the descendants of the old house of Wells. They are true men and women, honorable in every relation of life, and have impressed themselves upon the people for good.

Rev. William Wells, also a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is quite a prominent man in the ministry, and is also a physician. He is well known in the Upper Valley, and his talent is highly appreciated, both at home and abroad.

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#### THE BRUNINGS.

FRANK BRUNING went to Catlettsburg when it was laid out as a town, taking his wife and several children with him. He was a German, from Prussia. He was at first a landscape and general gardener, and worked and prospered. When the war commenced in 1861, he had a large rectifying establishment in Catlettsburg, which he gave up when the tax was placed upon spirits by the General Government. He became a dry-goods merchant, but finally retired to a suburban home, and died in about 1880. He and his wife, who is still living, were people of wonderful politeness and courtesy. In social life none could surpass them in extending

the nice little courtesies which go to make up a sunshiny social atmosphere.

His children grew to maturity, receiving a good education. The oldest son, who bears his father's name, is a lawyer, and has served four years as prosecuting attorney of Boyd County. Another son is a steamboatman. The others are engaged in lucrative mercantile pursuits in Cincinnati and New York. Of the two daughters living, one is married and lives in Ohio; the other remains at home to cheer her venerable mother in her declining years.

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#### ALECK BOTTS

WAS a bright mulatto, who came to Catlettsburg amongst its first arrivals. He was born a slave, but was from birth nominally free, and was made legally so by his master afterwards. He was born at Olympia Springs, Bath County, Ky. He claimed to be a close relative of the celebrated John Minor Botts, of Virginia. He bought his wife, who is nearly white, although a slave at the time. When he settled at the Mouth, the now venerable M. L. Williams took a liking to him, and procured a horse and dray for the young and bright fellow, and waited till Botts could pay him out of his earnings. He soon paid his benefactor. Aleck never forgot the kindness of Mr. Williams, but took many opportunities to do him little acts of kindness in return for the confidence the generous

man put in him when he was but a poor, free negro.

Few people of Catlettsburg were better known to Upper Sandians than Aleck Botts in his day. From draying he went to barbering, and also ale-selling. He was a keen trader, and accumulated much property. In fact, at his death, which occurred about 1870, he was called wealthy. His desire to please every one made him popular with all. He was the first to attempt to introduce modern fine horses into the Sandy Valley. He was not only a great lover of good horses, but a great trader in them. His zeal in this line brought him in contact with the large stock-raisers of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and some of the wealthiest of them have dined at the house of Aleck Botts. His judgment was acceded to by all, not only as to the value and blood of horses, but also in financial ventures in general. He left a widow and a number of children. The children, like the father, all died of consumption, except three sons, and one of these is a wanderer from home.

Aleck was a tyrant over his children. He was remonstrated with by some one for chaining his eldest boy to an iron block, and making him sit for hours on the public street, the jeer of every passer. He replied that white people did not know that it was harder to control negro boys than white ones. He provided well, however, for his household, and wished them to come to honor. He

was, like the Kentucky branch of the Botts family, a Democrat, though he had the policy to keep it well to himself, for fear it might lose him the goodwill of those not of that political faith.

When he died, many of the first people of Catlettsburg and vicinity regretted his death, and attended his funeral and wept over his grave. They felt that he had been useful in the town during life, and had done much to promote its prosperity.

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### TWO SANDY COUSINS.

ALONG in the thirties two brothers from Virginia came into Pike County, Kentucky. The elder of the brothers, with his family, passed on to the Tygart Valley, in Greenup County. The younger married a young lady of a prominent family in the upper part of Pike County, and settled quietly down in life. The brother who went to Tygart died in middle life in 1852, at Portsmouth, Ohio, to which place he had moved in 1848. Seven children had been born to them in Kentucky, two sons and five daughters. The daughters had all died in Kentucky. The oldest son died soon after the father. The mother died in 1857.

The surviving son received a good education, and then learned the trade of a brick-mason. In 1861 he was in Fayette County, Virginia, working at his trade. The Civil War breaking out, and the sentiment of the community in which he lived being

almost a unit in favor of secession, the young mechanic joined the ardent young men around him, and volunteered in the Confederate army. He remained in the service until the surrender of the great Southern chieftain to General Grant at Appomattox C. H., on the 9th of April, 1865, when he retraced his steps to the scenes of his early childhood, broken down in worldly wealth.

The brave young man thought it useless to lament over the result of the conflict, in which he had fought bravely, though on the losing side, and immediately began school-teaching and selling a useful and popular book, by which his finances were soon in good shape. He not only taught school and sold books, but snatched from honest mental labor and physical toil every scrap of time not thus employed, in reading medicine under the guidance of a tutor. When his bank account was sufficient to give assurance that he could dispense with the business he had taken up only as a stepping-stone to the medical profession, to which he aspired from early youth, after reading the text-books necessary to fit him to enter a medical college, he spent two full terms at one of the noted medical colleges of Cincinnati, graduating with honor. He then took a post-graduate course in clinics, and went to Hampton City, a suburb of Catlettsburg, and commenced the practice of medicine. After feeling his way carefully, he ventured down into the bustling little city, and had a suite

of rooms prepared in the Opera-house building as an office. The rooms were fitted up in superb style, almost as inviting as the home of a family of fairies; and shelves, book-cases, wardrobes, and closets were supplied with every thing necessary for the outfit of the physician and surgeon.

The young bricklayer and Confederate soldier stands now among the leading physicians of his section, with good prospects ahead. He is a bachelor, yet goes much into society. He is a working member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he is a steward, and has been Sunday-school superintendent. When asked by some one why he united with that Church, he said it had been his mother's Church, and how could he fail to honor her choice and memory?

He is high up in Masonry, being a Knight Templar, and is also at the top ladder of Odd Fellowship. In politics he is a strong Democrat, attending the conventions and caucuses of the party, and is early at the polls on election-day, to give his party a good start.

A son was born to the brother who settled in Pike, and about the time the great Civil War was convulsing the country he moved with his family to Catlettsburg. After the war was over, and before Marion Spurlock, John Meek, and James C. Ely had built the *Favorite*, he was owner and master of the oddly shaped Sandy steamer called the *Red Buck*. He did a thriving business with



the ill-shapen craft for some time; she was the only chance. But the kind-heartedness and readiness to please both passengers and shippers made them feel kindly towards the clever steamboatman, if the accommodations were not so good as might be obtained on one of Captain Honshell's palace steamers which plowed the Ohio River. The captain prospered, and was popular, not only on the river, but with his neighbors in Hampton City, where he built a commodious dwelling.

His son, on reaching fourteen or fifteen years of age, showed signs of increasing obesity, which set in at infancy, and his parents and friends feared that it might prove troublesome; but as he neared manhood he had grown to be as solid in flesh and supple in muscle as the average young man about town, and a great deal larger in size. Like his father, he was enamored of steamboating, and turned his whole mind and attention that way. Not forgetting, however, the Scriptural injunction that "it is not good for man to be alone," he married a young lady of the highest respectability, born of one of the first families in the Lower Sandy Valley, and provided a home in the upper part of Catlettsburg, which is good enough for almost any one to live in.

By close application to business and good management, he is now among the leading steamboat owners and operators at the Mouth, and is in mercantile business besides. He is a member of

the board of town trustees, and is an efficient worker in the same. He is justly regarded as one of the leading business men of Catlettsburg, and is growing in prominence. His wife is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and it is presumable that he agrees with her. In politics he is Democratic, yet has it in a milder form than his cousin afore-named. His father, Captain Alexander Smiley (for it is needless to say that the two Sandy cousins are Dr. M. L. and Captain William Smiley) died many years ago, leaving a widow, who still likes to entertain her Upper Sandy friends in her large boarding-house in Hampton City, when they come down with their rafts on the Spring tides. The Sandy cousins are plucky fellows, and deserve the success which they enjoy.

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#### DANIEL B. VAUGHAN,

Now living at Catlettsburg, came from Wood County, West Va., in 1843, and settled in Louisa, where he kept the "Big Hotel," and worked some at his trade, that of tailor. Daniel's grandfather Vaughan came with Daniel Vaughan from North Carolina, and finally settled at or near Falmouth, Ky. Daniel's father, Atwell Boone, learned the trade of hatter, at Augusta, Ky., under Mr. Buckner, the father of the celebrated Dr. Buckner, of Cincinnati. When a young man he went to Wood County, Va., and married a Miss Butcher. The

Butchers were a wealthy, aristocratic family, and Daniel's mother was quite well educated. Even in her extreme old age she gave evidence of refined training. Like all the Butchers and her husband's branch of the Vaughans, she was a strong Baptist. The good old lady died at her son William's, at the mouth of George's Creek, in 1886, aged eighty-nine years. The husband died at the commencement of the Civil War.

Enoch Rector Vaughan, brother of Daniel, married a daughter of William Borders, of Paintsville, connecting by the alliance the house of Vaughan with the Borders, the Mayos, and other noted families in the valley. William, the youngest son, married a daughter of David Borders, Esq., this alliance connecting him to many important families in the valley. The sisters of Daniel and brothers have all died.

Daniel Vaughan married a Miss Hanner, of Kanawha County, Va. They have two children, a son and a daughter. The son is like his father, partial to steamboating. The daughter is the wife of one of Catlettsburg's chief citizens, Judge R. B. McCall.

#### AS STEAMBOATMAN,

DANIEL VAUGHAN commenced life on Sandy in 1852, by running the *Tom Scott* from the Mouth to Louisa. In the same year he built, owned, and commanded for a time the *Ada*, soon putting W.

Fuse Davidson on the boat as master, who had previously acted as clerk, James R. Hatcher, a Sandy young man, going into the office to succeed Davidson. He was captain of other steamers. The last one he commanded was the *Major O'Drain*, which ran on the Sandy in 1860. Captain Daniel B. Vaughan has, in his day, built five large Ohio steamers, and four smaller ones to run on Sandy. Com. W. Fuse Davidson died a Christian gentleman, and in worldly wealth a millionaire, at St. Paul, Minn., on the 26th May, 1887.

Daniel Vaughan might have been a wealthy man, like his early friend and fellow-laborer, Com. Davidson; but Davidson was always a temperate man in his habits. Captain Vaughan went into partnership with King Alcohol when not forty. The tyrannical old tyrant robbed him of wealth, health, and business capacity. But having a grain of grit left, Daniel B. Vaughan asserted his manhood, and rebelled against every thing that intoxicates in 1880, and started into business alone, asking, however, the favor of Heaven to rest upon him in his struggle with the craving old appetite for strong drink; and for six years and more not a drop of fire-water has entered his mouth to steal away his brains. At forty he was sometimes called "Dan;" at fifty he was called "Uncle Dan;" at sixty, "Old Dan Vaughan;" but now (1887) the good people tip their hats or wave their hands, and say when they pass him on the street,

“Captain Vaughan.” He is almost daily adding (it is true but a little at a time) to his worldly wealth; but if he lives to be as old as did his noble mother, he will become a wealthy man. He is now sixty-eight years old. He is not only a reformed man, but is a Christian in communion with the Baptist Church.

Captain Vaughan says the best prohibitory law is the law of personal prohibition; that if he can give up his cups, every man on Sandy can do likewise. When he quit chewing tobacco recently, his wife feared that it was too much of a good thing, and that it might prostrate him. But the captain said: “Wife, God won’t let me die in trying to do right. I want to part company with every filthy practice.” And he did. He said he asked the Father above to help him to break away from whisky, and he did. He asked him to help him to get rid of tobacco, and he came right along to his relief. Captain Daniel B. Vaughan is a hero. Not because he drank so much fire-water, but because he quit, and sticks to it.

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#### EUGENE CARY ELY

WAS a well-known Sandy steamboat clerk, for many years running in the trade from Catlettsburg to Pike, and from Catlettsburg to Louisa. He was a young man whom every body liked, being full of sunshine and cheerfulness in his

make-up, and as kind and gentle in his nature as a woman. He had his shortcomings, but they were merely the outcroppings of a too generous nature. He died with malarial fever, on his twenty-eighth birthday, December 15, 1879, at Catlettslettsburg, Ky., greatly mourned by his numerous friends and relatives.

Eugene's elder brother, William Wirt Ely, was for many years engaged in steamboating on Sandy and the Southern waters. He was a model young man in his morals, and never gave offense to any human being. By reverses in business his nervous system became impaired, and growing despondent, he raised the thin veil separating the life that now is from that which is to come, and passed away in 1882, without an enemy in the world.

These young men were both sons of the author, by his first wife.

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BEN. BURK AND JOHN CRABTREE.

WHEN the Civil War broke upon the country in 1861, Ben. Burk at once declared in favor of the old flag. This sentiment was heightened by the untimely death of his son, Major Bent. Burk, a few weeks after his enlistment in the Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry, Union army. The father loved his boy with all the intensity of feeling that characterized the king of Israel for his beautiful Absalom. Mr. Burk, somehow, charged the death of

his son to Southern fury, although the young man died of typhoid fever.

During the entire continuance of the struggle to set up a government in the South, Mr. Burk talked bitterly, yet never was known to do an unkind act or fail to grant a reasonable favor to any old friend, no matter how strong that friend's adherence to secession might be.

John Crabtree was an old resident near Louisa, where Mr. Burk, for many years before moving to Catlettsburg, was a prominent merchant. Some time in the Fall of 1864, Esquire John Crabtree went to Catlettsburg with a push-boat, to get a threshing of wheat exchanged at Patton's mill for flour. When ready to leave the Mouth for home, he procured a pass from the provost marshal's office on Front Street, to enable him to pass the sentinels on duty. While getting his pass, K. N. Harris, who was not only a Union man, but vindictive oftentimes in his utterances against Southern sympathizers, knowing Mr. Crabtree to be a Southern man in feeling, called him a vile name, for which the 'squire knocked him prone on the brick pavement. As soon as Mr. Harris was able to arise, with the assistance of help, he hurried away, and swore out a warrant for Crabtree's arrest; the warrant was served immediately by the author of this book, who was the acting sheriff at the time. Mr. Crabtree was told to appear on the morrow at ten o'clock before Judge C. L. McConnell, whose office

at that time was the same now owned and occupied by R. C. Burns as a law office. Sharp at the hour named, judge, jury (of twelve discreet men), sheriff, prosecuting witness, and defendant were on hand, ready for the trial. Mr. Harris swore that, on the afternoon previous, John Crabtree, the defendant, committed an assault on him by hitting him and knocking him down, giving him great bodily pain. The court asked Mr. Harris if he wished to introduce witnesses to corroborate his own testimony. He said, "No, for most of the men on the jury were eye-witnesses to the assault." John Crabtree was then called forward, and asked if he had any witnesses he wished to have sworn. He replied, "No, that he admitted the offense as charged in the warrant, and that what Mr. Harris had stated was true, and all that he could ask of the jury was that they would not fine him more than they thought he deserved under the circumstances." The case then closed, when the sheriff cleared the room of judge, plaintiff, and defendant, so that the jury might make up their verdict without leaving their seats. The sheriff closed the door of the jury-room, and sat down on the step outside, to wait for the verdict. He could hear every word and movement going on within. Soon the voice of Esquire H. M. Honaker, one of the jury, rang out, urging his brother jurors to go to work and get through with the case, as he wished to return to his daily labor. After a short pause Ben. Burk, who also was on the jury,



in reply to what Honaker had uttered, said that "*it would be well to get a piece of paper and write a little verdict.*" Footsteps were heard on the floor within, and a piece of paper was found and handed to a good penman, who was one of the twelve, when some one spoke up and said: "Mr. Burk, you have often been on juries, and you are the oldest man among us, and you must be the first to say what the verdict shall be." From the number of responses in favor of the suggestion, all must have assented. Mr. Burk spoke out firmly, and said: "Men, Kels Harris is as good a Union man as lives. John Crabtree gave him quite a jolt, and I feel sorry for Kels." He then paused as if framing in his mind proper words to be said, and proceeded as follows: "Men, I have known John Crabtree ever since he and I were boys. I know that he is a sympathizer with the South, but he attends well to his own business. Men, a more honest man and clever man than John Crabtree does n't live on Sandy. Boys, let's not fine him any thing." And they all said, "Your verdict is ours." The verdict read as follows:

"We, the jury in the case of the Commonwealth against John Crabtree, for assault on K. N. Harris, find for the defendant.

BEN. BURK, Foreman."

Be it said, to the honor of K. N. Harris, that he never fell out with his political friend, Burk,

for his action in this matter. All three of the actors are now sleeping in their graves, away from all strife and care.

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## REV. THOMAS COPLEY,

OF Wayne County, West Virginia, was an early inhabitant of the section where he lived so long and so honorably, and where his long and useful life ended but a few years ago. For nearly fifty years he was an able preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, much of the time in the itinerant ranks. He left many descendants to imitate his holy life and pure example, living in Wayne County, West Va., and Martin County, Ky. Allen Copley, a bright lawyer at Eden, is third in descent from this good and noted man of God. Many of the Copleys have come to the front in political and public life. In the great Civil War all of them were intensely loyal to the Government, and a number carried swords or muskets to defend its flag.

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## REV. JOHN JARRELL,

A PREACHER in the regular Baptist Church, while not so early in Wayne as Mr. Copley, was equally zealous in his labors in winning souls to Christ. This good man, for more than thirty years was a shining light to all around, as he labored, in season and out of season, to reconcile to God the people with whom he came in contact. His mother

was of the house of Damron, and he married a Miss Bromley, which connected him with the Damron, Bromley, and Short families—three very prominent houses in pioneer history.

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#### ROSTER CONTINUED.

William Shannon, . . .	Lieutenant, . . .	5th Virginia.
George F. Ratliff, . . .	“ . . .	39th Kentucky.
—— Childers, . . .	“ . . .	39th Kentucky.
William E. Frazell, . . .	“ . . .	5th Virginia.
Eperson Fuller, . . .	“ . . .	5th Virginia.
Henry C. Duncan, . . .	“ . . .	5th Virginia.
James K. Weymer, . . .	Major, . . .	5th Virginia.
Jacob Ross, . . .	Captain, . . .	45th Kentucky.

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#### A WAR PICTURE.

SOON after the celebrated order of General Burbridge had been promulgated, to arrest all guerrillas, bushwhackers, and other suspected persons, and ordering them to be sent to the head-quarters of the commanding general for trial, and if found guilty of the crime named, to suffer the penalty of death, inflicted by order of a court-martial, a painter, whose name is not remembered by the author, living for the time in Catlettsburg, but who a short time before had left New York City, having from that place, in the first flush of the war, enlisted in the celebrated Zouave regiment of one-year men, raised and commanded by “Billy Wilson,” was arrested by the order of of the provost marshal of

Catlettsburg, a major of a Michigan regiment, with the intention of sending the man off as coming under the description of men named in the order. Before the man, or, indeed, any others suspected or accused, could be sent away for military trial, the officer in charge had to procure the assent of at least five honorable and well-known citizens, to approve of the arrest and sending away of the accused, so that they might be summoned to give testimony before the military tribunal when the case was called. The provost marshal named came to the author of this book, who was well known for his loyalty to the government, and equally well known for his fairness in discriminating between a well-founded and a trumped-up charge, although by adhering to the moral right his own side in the conflict might be injured by his refusal to act in accordance to the dictates of some prejudiced officer.

The worst that the gassy New Yorker had done to make him obnoxious to the provost marshal was in saying that "Billy Seward, of New York, would find himself mistaken, in saying that the rebellion would be put down in sixty days, for that the ex-soldier had fought three hundred and sixty-five days, and the war was going on all the same." It is supposed that the provost marshal at Catlettsburg obtained the signatures of the required number of reliable men (perhaps by false statement), for it was given out that the prisoner (for he had been already arrested) would leave under a guard of

soldiers the next day for Lexington, to stand his trial for bushwhacking.

The whole affair looked so preposterous that the author wrote a letter, directed to the commanding officer at Lexington, giving a full statement of the case, and sent it by Captain Honshell's steamer, immediately leaving for Cincinnati, with the urgent request that one of the clerks of the boat would mail it as soon as the steamer arrived at Cincinnati, so that it would be sure to reach Lexington before the prisoner and his guards got there. The scheme proved successful. The letter, fortunately, on arriving at Lexington, fell into the hands of Colonel David A. Mims, of the Thirty-ninth Kentucky Infantry, who, for the time being, was holding the fort there.

Colonel Mims, while intensely loyal, and approving of the order to put down guerrilla warfare in Kentucky, not only as an act of justice, but of humanity as well, was nevertheless as fair a man as ever lived when called upon to decide the fate of a fellow-being. The statements of the letter, which were otherwise corroborated, induced him to see that the prisoner was set free. Giving him a pass, he reached Catlettsburg before his guards. This greatly chagrined the disappointed major, and he took every opportunity to heap indignities on the man who had headed him off in trying to do a mean act. The principal trouble with the New York painter was, that he talked too much, and said too little.

However, since the extreme prejudice of that day has subsided by the lapse of time, many who thought it a terrible outrage against humanity to send from their homes such men as Bill Wright, Sid. and Dave Cook, and Jim Smith, to be shot as outlaws against God and man, have changed their opinions, knowing that had Bill Wright been executed for the murders already said to have been committed by him, he would not have been able to kill George Archer, nor have caused Archer's friends all the trouble and anxiety of putting him out of the way as a common enemy of the human race; and Jim Lyons should have suffered with Bill Wright, before he had had an opportunity to corrupt his little brother, who, following the example of the elder villains in crime, graduated on the same gallows with them, at eighteen years of age.

Letting true humanity have fair play, especially if guided by Christian principles, is not so bad, after all. "Honor to whom honor is due," if it does sometimes cause us to revise our opinions.

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#### A SANDY COUPLE'S NOBLE ACT.

IN about 1850 one of the most atrocious murders ever read or heard of, was committed near Argolite, on the Little Sandy River, in Greenup County, Ky. A man by the name of Collins, with several accomplices, under the cover of a dark night, went to the house of a family by the name

of Brewer, near by, and murdered in cold blood the husband and wife on the most flimsy pretense that could instigate to such a revolting deed. Several children, all small, were made orphans by the awful crime. The fiends were soon ferreted out, and brought to justice, three of them forfeiting their lives on the scaffold at Greenupsburg, and others finding a home for life in the State's prison at Frankfort. We remark, without giving details, that justice followed swiftly and surely the fiends who had so outrageously violated the law of God and man.

Great sympathy went out from the humane people to the little orphan children, and they were all taken in charge by Christian people, who were not only willing to train the little ones, but could be expected to do more, in some instances at least, for their temporal welfare, than could their natural parents, had they lived; for the Brewers were poor folks.

Elba Ulen and wife, living at Catlettsburg, and having no children, begged that they might be permitted to adopt two of the children. This favor was granted to the kind-hearted pair, who took James and Annie, brother and sister, children of the murdered pair, and reared them as tenderly as if they had been bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. The children grew up to manhood and womanhood, the idols of the adopted father and mother, and greatly respected for the Christian graces that reflected their superior training.

The foster father and mother gave each of the young people a good scholastic education, sending James away to college to finish his course. When just stepping out on life's scene of business, he was stricken with pulmonary trouble, which soon put an end to his happy life, made so by the teachings of the Ulen. His sister Annie, not many years after, followed her brother to the Celestial City, where the wicked cease from troubling, but where no doubt she and her loving brother James will give their dearly loved foster father and mother a happy greeting on the sunlit shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulen still talk in a low voice when any reference is made to the death of James and Annie. The children were dearer to them than rubies.

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### MANY THINGS.

THE most commodious stone house in the Sandy Valley is the residence of Hon. Ulysses Garred, of Lawrence.

The only stone church in the Valley is Stairs Chapel, on Pigeon, Logan County, West Va. The neatest log church in the valley is Borders Chapel, on the edge of Lawrence and Johnson.

The finest court-house in the valley is at Louisa. The largest and most costly public-school building in the valley is at Catlettsburg. The largest and most extensive private school property in the valley is the Normal at Catlettsburg. The most imposing



public-school building, built of wood, is in Sandy City, a suburb of Catlettsburg.

The oldest lodge of Masons in the valley is at Prestonburg. The oldest lodge of Odd Fellows is at Catlettsburg. The Odd Fellow in the valley who has been longest a member of the order without a break, is the author of this book.

The first wedding occurring in a church in the valley came off in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Catlettsburg, July 16, 1862, the contracting parties being William Ely and Trinvilla J. Walter

The most considerable falls on any stream in the valley are the Falls of Blaine.

The largest and most wonderful gas-well south of Mason and Dixon's line is located in Martin County, Kentucky, on the Tug River, at Warfield.

The most prolific salt-well in the valley is in Martin County. More salt has been made in Floyd, on Middle Creek, than any place in the valley.

The most noted natural object in the valley is "Duty's Knob," near Pikeville, Ky.

The town in the Sandy Valley, or bordering on the same, outside of Catlettsburg, doing the largest manufacturing business, is Salyersville.

The handsomest lawyer's office in the valley is that of Walter S. Harkins, in Prestonburg.

The oldest teacher (who has taught for fifty years) is Joseph West, of Martin County.

The oldest militia officer now living in the valley is General Hager, of Johnson County.

## PUBLIC LIFE OF J. M. BURNS.

HON. JOHN M. BURNS, who studied law under his brother, W. H. Burns, at West Liberty, Ky., was admitted to the bar in 1851, and formed a partnership with his preceptor in the practice of their profession, which continued near three years. W. H. Burns, at the time resided in West Liberty, and John M. in Whitesburg, Letcher County, their practice and partnership embracing Letcher, Perry, and Breathitt Counties. John M. was elected county attorney in Letcher County, and served with ability in the office until December, 1853, when he moved to Prestonburg, Floyd County, Ky. With this removal the partnership of W. H. and John M. Burns terminated.

John M. Burns then and there formed a partnership with the lamented Judge John M. Elliott, which continued for six years. They had a lucrative practice. While this partnership existed John M. Burns, in 1857, was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky from his district, then composed of Floyd and Johnson Counties. He served in that body with industry, and manifested ready powers in debate and legislative capacity. In 1860, in the beginning of our *internecine* troubles, John M. Burns was nominated, and made the race, for the Senate of Kentucky in the then Thirty-third Senatorial District of the State, against Hon. Thomas S. Brown. The Senatorial District was composed

of the counties of Pike, Floyd, Johnson, and Magoffin. Mr. Burns was elected by a large majority, took his seat in the Senate, and served a month there with marked ability. When it was discovered, in the apportionment of representatives for the State at a previous session of the Legislature, that the Senate had in its body too many members by one, Mr. Burns resigned his seat in that body and delivered one of the most elegant and amusing valedictories ever heard, eliciting laughter, tears, and praise from members and galleries.

Mr. Burns returned to his home, and practiced his profession from this time until actual hostilities began between the sections. His profession of the law and lecturing on education, even up to 1864, engaged most of his time in Floyd County. In 1864 he moved to Catlettsburg. He served as school commissioner of Boyd County for two terms, lecturing on education in every school district in the county, each year he held the office.

In 1867 Mr. Burns ran for the office of Commonwealth's attorney for the Sixteenth District against Judge James E. Stewart, and was defeated by a reduced political majority. In 1876 he again made the race against the same gentleman for the office of Criminal Court judge in the same district. In 1880 he made the race for the office of Circuit Court judge in the same district against Hon. G. N. Brown, a wealthy and influential man, and was again

defeated. In 1886 he again ran for the office of Circuit Court judge in the same district, against Hon. George N. Brown, the same man, then incumbent of the office, and, although only in the active canvass twenty-four days, made apparently his last fight as gallantly as his first, and was triumphantly elected. At each and all of the races made by Mr. Burns, since 1864, he ran as a Republican, and was at each race, although poor, required by his party to make each canvass to his own financial detriment; yet he yielded to the wish of his party to uphold its principles. Mr. Burns's ability on the stump and in debate gave him the preference in his party, and induced his frequent candidacies, often against his judgment and to his financial embarrassment. He now holds the office of Circuit Court judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District, composed of the counties of Boyd, Carter, Lawrence, Martin, Johnson, Floyd, and Pike, and is serving the people faithfully and acceptably.

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#### LINEAGE OF THE HOUSE OF THE AUXIERS,

Of Block-house Bottom, on Sandy.

MY father married Rebecca Phillips in 1813. They had eleven children, as follows, viz.: Nat, John B., Jemima, George W., Sarah, Joseph, Samuel, Rebecca, Martha J., Araminta, and Henry J. Then my mother died September 20, 1835, and he

married Agnes Wells, his second wife. They had the following children, viz.: Margaret, Elijah B., William L., J. K. Polk, and Ann—sixteen in all—thirteen still living. Father died December 13, 1883, having lived on the same farm since 1795.

Nat. married Hester Ann Mayo; John B., Angelina Mayo, and for second wife, Mary A. Grayson; Jemima was married to John Prater; George W. to Nancy Prater; Sarah to G. W. Mayo; second, to Martin Lesley; and third, to James Denton; Joseph K., to Jane Walker; Samuel, to Rebecca Mayo; Rebecca, to Thomas Prater; Martha, to Henry Walker; Araminta, to James Nibert; Henry J., to Harriet Musick; Margaret to L. D. Chambers; Elijah B., to Margaret Richmond; William L., to Louisa Ford; J. K. P., to Emma Spradlin; and Ann, to John Richmond.

My grandmother was a Brown, the daughter of Nathaniel Brown, brother to Thomas C. Brown, who was the grandfather of W. W. Brown, now living in Paintsville. They were an English family. Grandmother died about the beginning of our late Rebellion, aged ninety-nine years.

JOHN. B. AUXIER.

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### WHY SO?

WE conceded the post of honor to our publisher, Rev. Z. Meek, D. D., by placing his superb likeness the first in the book as the frontispiece.

The author thought he deserved it by coming to his aid in bringing out the book.

THE AUTHOR.

### THE MONTAGUES

FOR twenty-five years have been a noted family near to, or at, the Mouth of Sandy. Especially has W. W. Montague, who died at eighty-four years of age, in Catlettsburg, in 1886, been a historic character. He filled the office of constable for a period of more than thirty-five years, part in Mason County, where he lived before coming to Sandy. He was jailer for one term in Boyd County.

He was the most bitter and uncompromising partisan who ever lived on Sandy, and was equally bitter in his advocacy of the tenets of the Church of which he was a member—the Campbellite, or Christian. He often said that no matter who his party might nominate for office, he would support the nominee without question. Yet with all of his bitterness he was a man, socially, of the kindest feelings; and while a great party worker and politician, he hated, with a perfect hatred, the whisky-seller, and pitied the poor drunkard, never advising the use of whisky in promoting his party's interest. He was an honest, fearless man.

His family of sons and daughters have all come to honor. One son, John J. Montague, is now filling his second term as county attorney of Boyd. Philip, the youngest, has for a long time been the

popular conductor on the Chatterawha Railroad. Polk, the other son, is engaged in railroading. Two of the daughters married noted preachers.

The whole family, while in political matters Democrats, like their father, yet unlike him, are noted for their courtesy to those who differ from them in political opinions.

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#### THE EASTHAM FAMILY

IS ONE of more than ordinary note in the Lower Sandy Valley. Many of them have filled official positions in the counties of Lawrence and Boyd. John H. Eastham, of Boyd, represented his county and Carter in the Legislature of the State. He has also been sheriff for two terms, and afterwards county judge. His nephew, Robert Eastham, was once sheriff of Lawrence County, and, after moving to Boyd County, was a leading timber-trader. Another nephew, John C. Eastham, filled the office of sheriff of Boyd for two terms; and still another nephew, Robert by name, was at one time sheriff of Boyd. D. D. Eastham, a son of John C. Eastham, is now serving his second term as county school superintendent of Boyd County. He is a promising lawyer of the Catlettsburg bar. John H. Eastham is a Republican in politics. The others named are all Democrats.

**THE CASSADYS,**

OF Martin, are a strong family in the valley. The father of Philip Cassady and brothers came to the Lower Tug country about 1837, from Tazewell County, Va. Philip Cassady has been from young manhood a live business man in the valley of Rock Castle. He has not only distinguished himself as a business man of integrity and honor, but has filled many official places in his county with credit to himself and advantage to his constituents. His brothers are also among Martin County's prominent people. The Cassadys are a well-educated people, qualifying them for foremost places in the affairs of life.