

THIRD LETTER.

OLD MAN BEATTY'S SCHOOL AND HIS NEIGHBORS—"THE TWINS"—THE RICHARDSON BOYS—JOHN C. REED, SILAS HUDSON AND NEWTON COOPER—EARLY WATERWORKS—MIX'S HORSE—THE OLD FIRE COMPANIES—WALL STREET AND ITS SOLID MEN—SHULTZ'S MILL.

WASHINGTON CITY, February 6, 1883.

Dr. John P. Phister—My Young Friend: One of my old friends has sent me the following newspaper clipping. It comes to me postmarked Frankfort, Ky :

"They are about to tear away the old market house at Maysville. It has been a feature of the city for more than half a century, and some of the oldest citizens object to its removal, in view of the ancient associations, but it ought to come down nevertheless. There are parties now living who remember well when it was built, and they say that bottles and jugs of whisky were walled up in its columns. It ought to come down if for no other reason than to get the whisky."

I have as kindly remembrances of Frankfort and its people as I have of Maysville, though not dating back so far. I hope no such promptings as are shadowed in that paragraph will cause the removal of the market house. It must be done on higher and more thoroughly moral grounds than that. It should be a ground calculated to develop purer statesmanship and a more lofty public policy. Suppose it be true that bottles and jugs of whisky are walled up in its columns, what is the use to demoralize the whole community by calling attention to it? Why has the attention of newspaper editors and political statesmen been directed to the subject? I am sure whatever I may say to you in reference to the market house will bear the same relation to your heart that the bottles and jugs do to the columns—be kept as a profound secret.

Upon a closer reading of your remarks in the council on the contemplated removal I find that they are misleading. It appears that when the removal takes place there is to be no claim for extension of sidewalk on the part of the property owners. That is a new feature in the case and does not comport with what the old boys would have done in a similar case. I was looking forward for some proceeding in chancery to grow out of the removal. Or it might be thought better to institute proceedings in ejectment, or for infringement, demurrer, *sire facias*, *aliunde*, garnishees, or possibly *nisi prius* proceedings. A great national matter was once settled by such process.

It never occurred to me that the fun was to end with the removal. However it may be I shall take nothing back I may have said of those whose names are so intimately identified with its early history.

Abijah Casto had a grocery on the west side of the market, with Machirs' family burying ground immediately in the rear. I think the house set with the gable to the street and was painted red. Casto had an alley up town but he did not live in it; he lived just on the outside of the alley on Second street. The Powers family lived near by. There was a beautiful and romantic view from this part of the city, the valley of Limestone creek, the rustic bridge, the Ohio river and the hills beyond. The hamlet of New Town to the right, Laughorn's foundry and Montague's soap and candle factory to the left, made a panorama of enchanting loveliness. The prevailing breezes being from the west the odors from the factory could always be relied on for their exhilarating influence.

Old man Beatty kept a school on north side of Second, midway between Grant's alley and Limestone street. That was an admirable location for a school at that time, a neighborhood for good boys, Sam Poyntz to the right, the Tudor boys to the left, Dick Watkins in front, George Hise and Peter Grant to the rear. In fact good boys were all round. I went to school to Beatty and studied mathematics and conic sections. These studies were immensely valuable to me in after years. Beatty was a man of learning and varied accomplishments, and a musician withal. I think I was told that he had been with Wellington, in Spain. When I attended that school I lived in New Town, in the upper one of the two houses called the "twins". They were one-story bricks and stood with the gables to the river. They were on Front street, there being no other street at that time, just below a one-story square building then occupied by Mr. Woods, I think. The McClelland boys lived in the neighborhood. They were brothers-in-law of John D. McCoy, who kept a grocery at the lower end of the Market, on the east side. I don't think these boys ever helped me to run a Sunday school.

I used to know some boys who lived in the brick house next door to the corner of Market street, on Third, south side. Their names were Austin, Warfield and Wilson Richardson. They afterward removed to the house corner Main Cross and Second Street, opposite John C. Reed's tinware store. That was a grand house in its time and always occupied by the quality of the city. The Richardson boys went to Mobile before I left the city and I lost sight of them. William Tanner, who had been editor of the Maysville *Monitor*, also went to Mobile. That was after I left Maysville. It might be a matter of interest to enquire as to the subsequent history of the Richardson boys and those who went to Alabama with William Tanner. Dr. Edgar, a Presbyterian clergyman, lived on the corner of Third and Market in a white frame house. I saw him in Nashville during the war. I also saw Dr. Grundy, who used to help me in Sunday school work, in Memphis during the war.

I spoke of John C. Reed's tinshop, Silas Hudson and Newtosh Cooper worked in that shop. I lost sight of Hudson until he turned up in a dip-

plomatic capacity in Guatemala. He acquitted himself as well there as the disturbed condition of the country would admit. There is a terseness and vigor in his dispatches from that country which give evidence of his early training. Newton Cooper, as I have learned, met with misfortune. He either died or went into the newspaper business. If the former I deplore his loss—if the latter my sympathies are with the people.

The waterworks in the city were of a primitive character and managed chiefly by David Watkins, William Meeks, Robinson Rawls, and old man Alcorn. There was no patent on their methods of distribution, and as far as I know there was no conflict as to the territory to be supplied. They were nominally under the control of the council by reason of the license on their carts.

I doubt if there is a citizen now in Maysville who can tell where Meeks or Mix lived, and what was the peculiarity of the horse he drove, and yet that was the most remarkable horse ever in the city in my days.

The fire brigade was a very important element in the stability and confidence of the city. The Perseverance engine house was next the Presbyterian church, the Neptune at the head of Market street, and the fire buckets were in every man's house. What old citizen will forget how the startling cry of "fire! fire! fire!" would ring out on the night air. A fire in those days meant business for the whole community, men, women and children. The lines were formed and the buckets were passed filled with water for the engine. By a strange coincidence the buckets always went back empty on my side. I may say that I was never backward in doing my duty at a fire. The last fire I remember in Maysville was that of the residence of Raphael W. Thompson. The boys called him "Rubba Dubba" I don't know why. That house was a frame, on Front street, below Grave alley. Thompson was a carpenter, a good man, though unfortunate in the burning of his house.

Wall street grew immensely in popularity when such worthy and prominent men as Andrew T. Wood, Stuart Rouns, Alexander and Robert Maddox, Julius and Parker Degman made it the seat of their mercantile and commercial transactions. Martin Smith tried to work an opposition to the progress of Wall street by establishing himself at the lower end of the grade. I don't think it amounted to much, possibly because his relative Dan Ebersole, was not sufficiently energetic in forcing the business.

Shultz's Mill corner Fish and Third streets, was an early institution of old Maysville. I have whiled away many hours on Saturday in that old mill. Its wheels with their cogs, bands, shafts, pulleys and hoppers, with the noise of their whirring and clatter was of unending interest to me. The engine was then beyond my comprehension and I never tired of watching its powerful motions. Engines were not so common as to be lying around loose, and were not to be found in every man's workshop. Bob Bagby lived on Third street, opposite that mill. Pus Hancock lived down about Short street and was known to the people of that neighborhood. The Outten boys, Jacob and Hiram, lived down that way; they were house and sign painters and not members of any church as far as I know.

Armstrong built a row of brick houses on the north side of Second, below Wall street. That was the first break in residence property in that section of the city, and was regarded as a marvel of enterprise and real estate pluck. In the western house of the row the elder Richeson began his labors in the city as a teacher. Maysville owes much to the memory of that painstaking and conscientious man. The nation has been the beneficiary of his work and that of those who followed him. I have a kindly recollection of that good christian man. My school days were divided between Samuel Coulter, McCauly, Dr. Williams and Mr. Beatty. Rand & Richeson gave character and tone to the educational facilities of the city, and their pupils have contributed much to making Maysville known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Maysville played her part in the great meteoric shower of November, 1833, with becoming courage and grace. I was in it and I may say I was a part of it. It happened in this way: It was on market night. Everything out of the regular order, whether supernatural or not, happened on market nights, so that we might lay it on the country boys if there was any difficulty in the case. On this particular night or morning rather, as soon as the alarm was sounded, I was on hand, not however, without some trepidation and misgivings as to the final result. The display was new, awful and grand. I had never helped to set up such a job as that. I remember to have asked aunt Nancy Dryden (pronounced Dredden by her neighbors) what it meant. I cannot say whether aunt Nancy was a maiden lady or a widow, all I know is that, although a good and kind woman, she was all alone in the world. Her residence was on Cabin Creek and she attended market regularly for the sale of apple butter and walnuts. As I said I asked her what it meant and she answered, "they are paving the streets of the New Jerusalem." That was satisfactory and consoling, because I thought I was bound in that direction. Pretty soon the rich contralto voice of aunt Nancy was heard singing, "I am bound for the promised land, etc." I joined with my sweet tenor voice and shortly after William Lilliston struck the bass key. This music was magnetic. Thomas Gurney, Johnny Smidt, who sold sausages, and many others joined in the chorus. In due time the phenomenon passed away and the old market resumed the usual routine. There was something on the countenance of the people which said "who is afraid." My limited knowledge of astronomy has never justified me in attempting a solution of that celestial display. All the great astronomers who have tried it have fallen far short of the mark.

William Lilliston was a constable and maybe he was not. It is well to be on the right side on such matters. He was a good fiddler and lived on Third street above Dr. Coburn's.

David Smith lived on the hill beyond the first tollgate, on the line of the old Indian trail. Although living without the city limits he raised a large and respectable family and bore the name as he deserved to do of a good citizen.

Willis L. Parker lived on the Ohio side, opposite the upper end of New Town. He was a clerk in some of the stores. He was small in stature but

wonderful in energy, and fully up to all the requirements of personal consequence.

Beasley's bar, at the lower end of the city, was much frequented by those who delighted in bass fishing and hoped to make a living thereby.

Kiggs had an apple orchard across the river, opposite the lower end of the city. I used to go over there sometimes just to look at the trees, as other boys would go to a watermelon patch to see the vines grow.

In no city of the world were heavier and harder hats made than in Maysville, and there were an unusual number of men engaged in their manufacture. I can only name a few, Henry L. Davis, T. S. Thornly, William Tinker, John Mitchell. I have often thought that if I had gone to school to Rand & Richeson and never worn any Maysville manufactured hats I would have been a factor in the finances of the world. So long as I wore a red morocco cap, I was precocious and my prospects were fair. But when John Mitchell made me a fur hat all my bright anticipations for the future were gone. No intellect, however gigantic, could flourish under such a hat. I have no unkind feeling toward Mitchell or his memory on account of the hat. It was made according to the formula of that day. Mitchell was respected by those who knew him. He was an energetic man and never wore any hats of his own make. Jesse Johnson kept a "confectionery, fruit store and ladies repast" on Sutton street, or at least that was the way the sign read. The sign was an innovation and was a subject of much comment among the boys. I remember that George Cox explained it to me and I was enabled to disseminate the information. There was an old Market house on Sutton street, between Second street and the river. Though a ram-shackling affair it did not give way to the march of improvement without a struggle. The heart-burnings, the dissensions, and the resentments growing out of the downfall of that market have long since been buried and I shall not disturb them.

I beg your patience as I confide in your confidence. You can't tell anything of the beauties and comforts of a superstructure by seeing the cellar dug or the corner stone laid. A man should never take a second wife until the first is well out of the way. My reminiscences partake of the unexpected. They are not chronological, alphabetical or governed by any well-planned order of regularity. I fear they may not be strictly accurate in all their details. Whilst they are not given in the form of an affidavit they partake somewhat of the substance—that is they are given to the best of my knowledge and belief. They may not be in the language of Dr. J. W. Johnson, the druggist, "a good article," but they are the best I have, and as such I commend them to you and the word of your grace, which is able to build them up and give them a place in the memory of the old boys who yet linger on this side of the Styx. O. B.