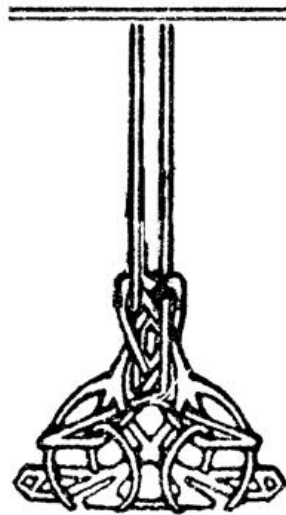


CONDENSED HISTORY
OF
FLEMING COUNTY
KENTUCKY

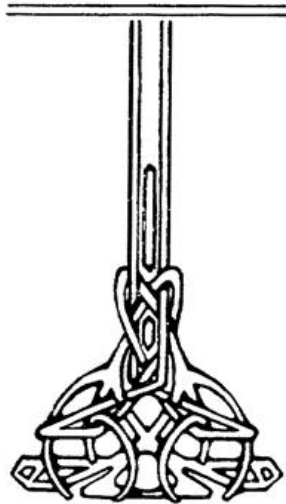


Published by
DAN T. FISCHER
Flemingsburg, Ky.
1908

Price 15 Cents

This page in the original text is blank.

CONDENSED HISTORY
OF
FLEMING COUNTY
KENTUCKY



Published by
DAN T. FISCHER
Flemingsburg, Ky.
1908

Price 15 Cents

This page in the original text is blank.

Historical Sketch of Fleming County

OF the 119 counties in Kentucky, Fleming was 26th in order of formation. It was carved out of Mason in the year 1798, and named in honor of Colonel John Fleming, a native of Virginia, who came to Kentucky in 1787, settling at Strode's Station, in Clark county. Three years later he removed to Fleming, settling at Fleming Station, five miles west of where Flemingsburg now stands, and near Fleming creek. Harvey T. Grannis now owns the land on which the fort was built. Some of the graves where the settlers buried their dead, and the spring where water was obtained for the garrison, are yet to be seen. In very dry times this spring failed, and water was carried from one located high up on the creek bank, fronting the Joseph Bell farm. This spring is about 200 yards below iron bridge between Flemingsburg and Tilton. The spring is on the land of the late "Larry" Howe. Early of mornings, when men went to this spring for water, they always halted on the summit and examined the surroundings for Indians in ambush before descending to the spring.

In 1791, a party of Indians stole two children and some horses in Clark county, and were pursued by a smaller party of whites. The Indians crossed Licking river at upper Blue Lick, making their way to the Ohio river. A short distance west of where Battle Run church now stands, in the ravine that heads near the turnpike road, almost opposite the old Ricketts house, among the giant poplars and a dense undergrowth, the Indians halted in ambush and awaited the coming of their pursuers. Soon the whites appeared, and there was a hot fight, with about equal loss; but being greatly outnumbered, and the Indians in their chosen position, the whites were forced to retire.

Colonel John Fleming, of Fleming Station, who was at Strode's when the Indians committed their depredations, joined

in the pursuit and was badly wounded in the fight. Being pursued by an Indian with uplifted tomahawk, he dropped behind a log, and, resting his gun on the log, he fired and killed the Indian. Just then his faithful mare, that had broken loose when the fight commenced, came running to him, halted beside the log, received him on her back and bore him safely home. He died at his station in 1794. This fight gave to the little village and the creek on which it is located their names—Battle Run.

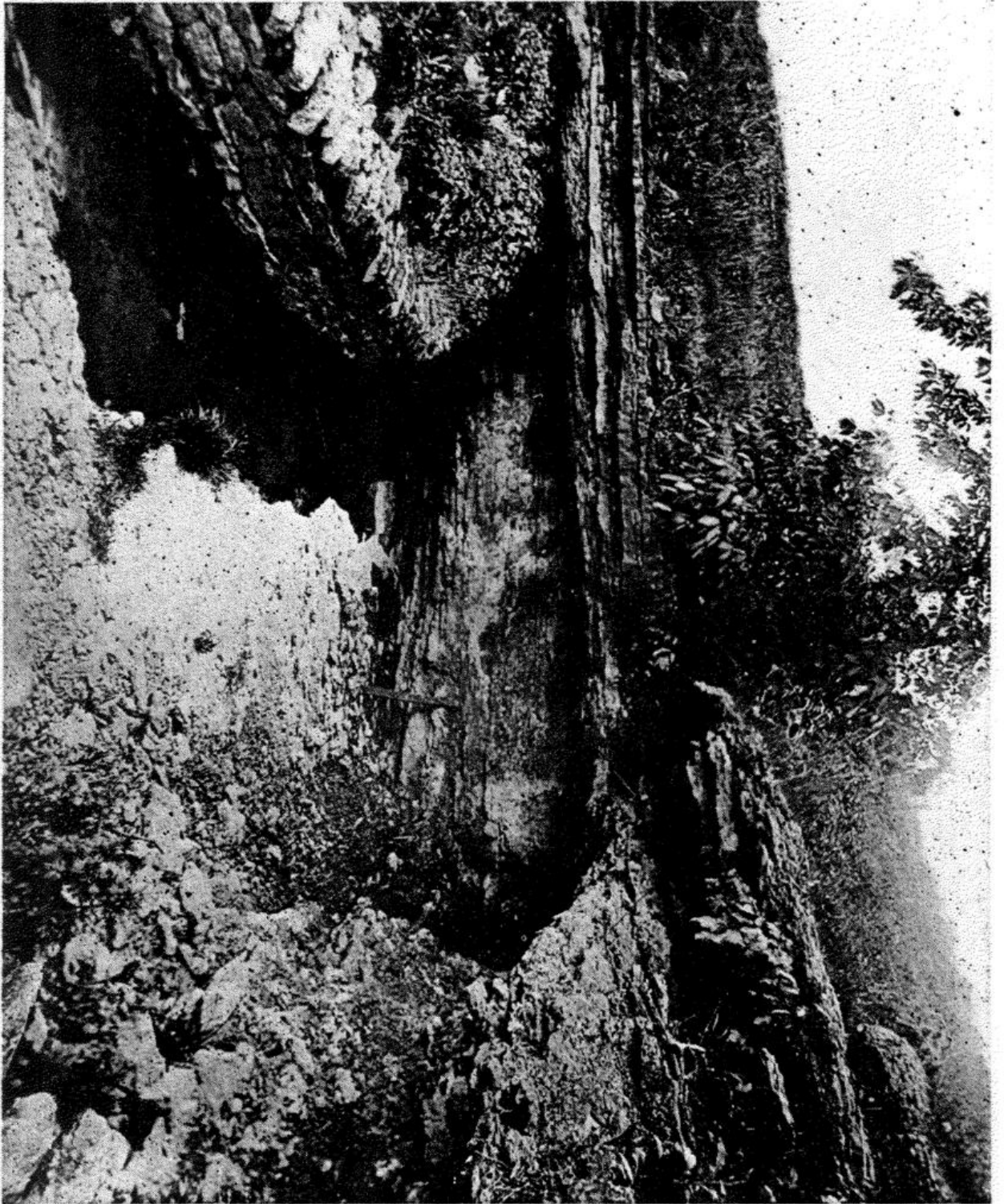
Fleming county is bounded by Mason, Lewis, Rowan, Bath, Nicholas and Robertson, and its area is about 350 square miles. It was much larger when first formed. In 1856 a portion of its territory was taken to aid in the formation of Rowan; and in 1867 another strip went to help make Robertson. The surface of Fleming is in some parts undulating, in others hilly, and the eastern portion is "knobby." The soil is as diversified as is the surface, but most of it is exceedingly productive. All kinds of grain and grass are grown in abundance; fine horses, cattle and sheep grow fat on bluegrass pastures, while hogs are up to their eyes in clover. Licking river forms much of the south-western boundary of the county, and its many tributaries, great and small, drain the lands and supply abundance of water for all purposes.

Fleming county has about 25 miles of railroad, more than 200 miles of free and well-kept turnpike road, and a complete network of telephones. She has 72 public schools, many churches, but not a single drinking saloon, barroom nor "blind tiger." Her people are industrious, law-abiding, social, charitable, intelligent and refined.

Flemingsburg, the county seat, is situated in the north-central portion of the county, on the Maysville and Mt. Sterling turnpike, and is surrounded by beautiful bluegrass farms. It is a neat, prosperous, up-to-date little city, containing all the necessary public buildings, a fine graded high school, three banks, two hotels, two printing offices, electric lights, steam fire departments, etc. There are 7 churches. The city contains a large roller flouring mill, electric light and ice plants.

Near the northern limit of Flemingsburg is the site of Stockton's Station, settled by Major George Stockton in 1787.

STOCKTON SPRING, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.



Nothing of the old station remains to mark the exact spot where it stood, but the spring from which the settlers obtained their water and the graveyard where they buried their dead are there to indicate that it was not far away. Major Stockton was a native of Virginia and in company with Colonel John Fleming, came down the Ohio river in a canoe to Limestone, (Maysville) settling his station soon after his arrival. From infancy to manhood he had been a captive among the Indians of New York, and when at length he returned to Virginia and civilization, he was not satisfied with the change in his mode of living, and he determined to seek a home in the wilderness of Kentucky.

One day a man by the name of Williams was working near the fort, when shot and killed by prowling Indians. These were frightened away by the loud blasts of a horn, blown by a negro woman to warn the settlers. The horn was heard at Fleming's Station, five miles away.

About the year 1789, two men, Beacham Rhodes and Robert Stockton, mounted and followed by two good dogs, set out for a few days' hunt on Fox creek, where game of all kinds was abundant. They established their camp on a tributary of Fox, a short distance east of what is now known as Bell Grove springs. One night, after an unusually successful day's hunt, when both men were asleep, two Indians stole upon their camp and shot them. Stockton was killed and his companion dangerously wounded. Rhodes crawled beyond the light of the fire, while the dogs fiercely assailed the Indians. These, instead of killing the wounded man and scalping the dead as was their custom, mounted the hunters' horses and fled, followed by one of the dogs.

Being wounded in the hip and unable to walk, Beacham, who possessed wonderful pluck, crawled into the creek, where he remained concealed in a pile of driftwood during the remainder of the night and the next day, and then he started homeward. After seven days he reached Fleming creek, (known as Weaver's Ford, and the exact place, under the railroad bridge of C. F. S. R. R., where the railroad wreck of May 10, 1908, occurred) having crawled the entire distance—four-

STOCKTON'S GRAVE, NEAR PLUMMER'S LANDING, FLEMING COUNTY, KY.



teen miles. Here he met another hunter from the station, who conveyed him to his home.

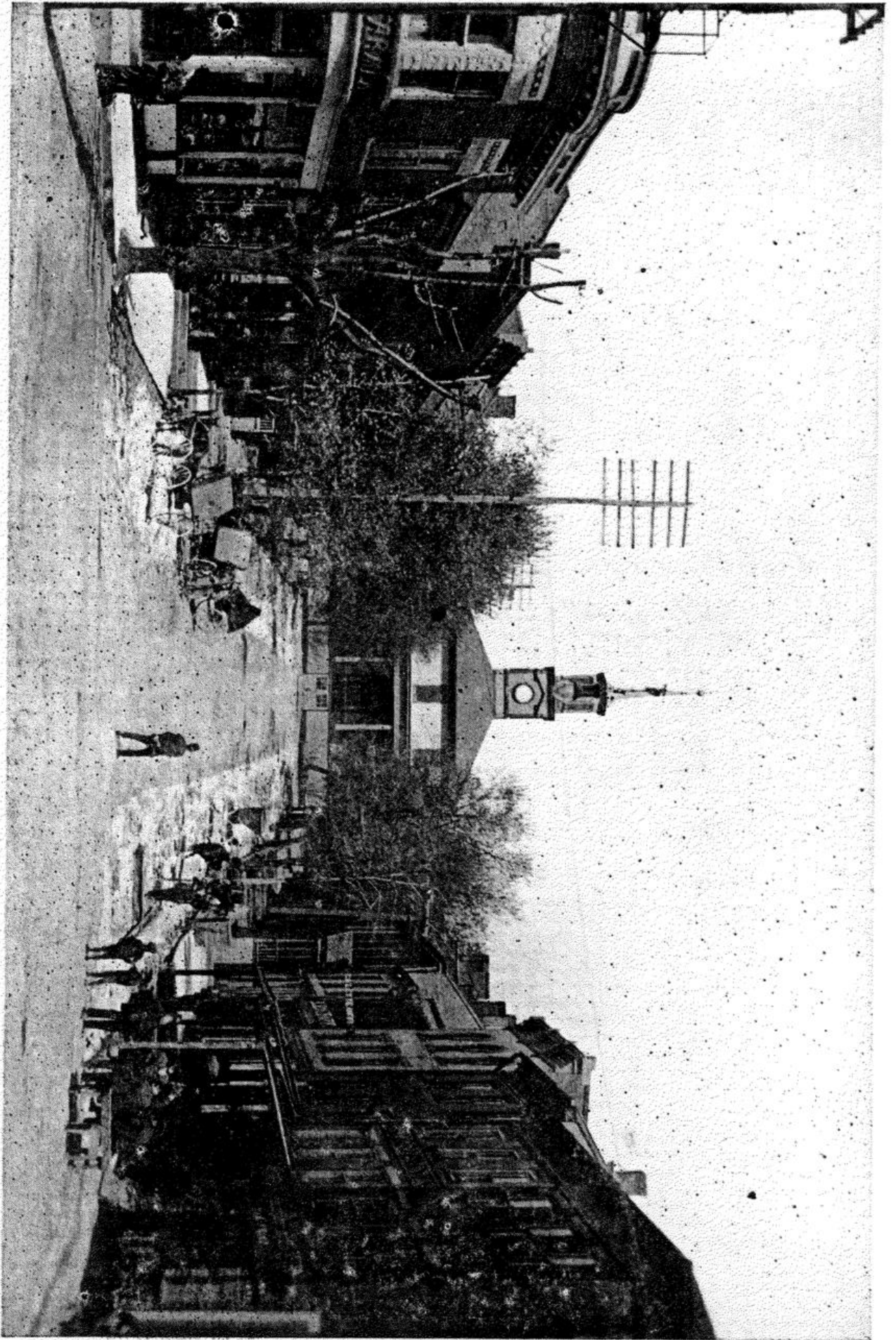
Very soon the friends of Stockton were on the way to Fox to care for his body, which they found guarded by his faithful dog. The smell of blood had attracted beasts of prey to the spot, but the brave dog kept them at bay and none had touched the body. The remains were buried where they lay. A large slab marks the spot, and this may yet be seen near the little creek, one mile from Bell Grove springs and two miles south-east of Plummer's Landing. The creek bears the name of him who died upon its banks—Stockton.

"His faithful dog, in life his firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart was still his master's own,
Who labor'd, fought, lived and breathed for him alone,"

was so weak from starvation that he could not walk, and he was carried back to the fort where, in a few weeks, he was joined by the other, that had followed the Indians and horses.

Speaking of the fidelity of dogs, Senator Vest, of Missouri, once said in a public speech: "A man's wife may desert him, his children may desert him, his kindred, his friends, and all mankind may desert him, but his dog never will."

Major Stockton was the owner of a negro man named Ben, who was quite a favorite with his master, as well as all the hunters in the fort. He frequently accompanied them on their hunting excursions and always made himself so useful and agreeable that they were glad to have him. He was a good shot and a successful hunter, and his hatred of Indians was unbounded. He had never killed one, but had boasted much of what he would do if given a chance. The chance came, and Ben shot a redskin. It happened in this way: Some Indians had stolen horses in Clark county and were hurrying to cross the Ohio river with them. The party in pursuit being weak, call was made at Stockton's for help. Several men volunteered, and Ben, with the consent of his master, accompanied the party. In Lewis county the Indians were overtaken, but their actions convinced the whites that they were being drawn into an ambuscade, and a halt was ordered. Only a few Indians



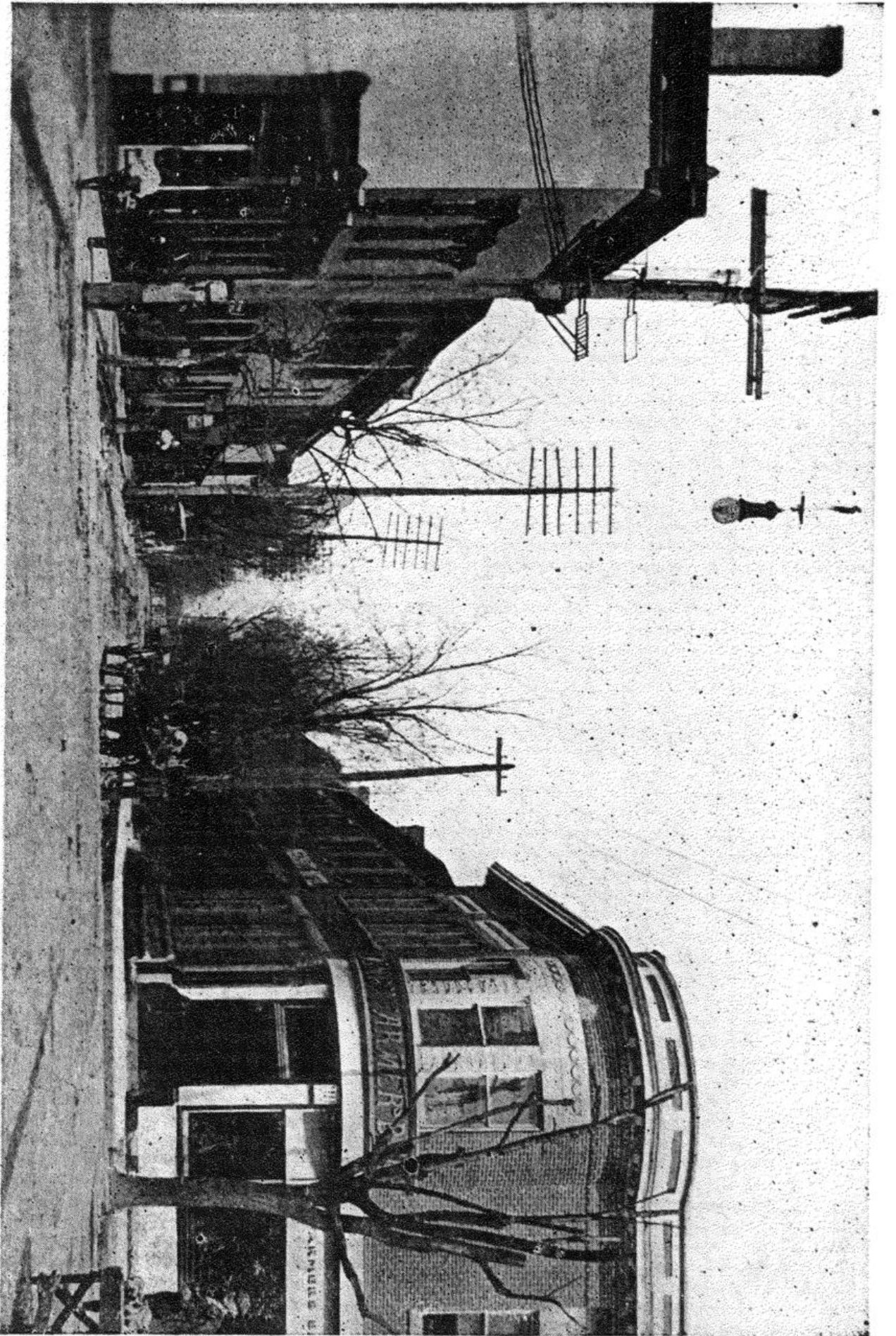
NORTH MAIN CROSS STREET, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

were to be seen, and these were retreating leisurely down the hill, on the summit of which the whites had halted, to a dense woods at the base, where the ambushade was supposed to be. Ben, who was somewhat in advance of the party, did not hear the order to halt, but continued on down the hill. Presently he was seen to raise his rifle to his shoulder, a sharp report followed, and an Indian, that had just climbed on a log to get a view of the whites, sprang high in the air and fell to the ground. As the savage fell, Ben yelled at the top of his voice: "Take dat, you red rascals, to 'member Ben, de black white man!"

During the time of trouble between the white settlers and Indians in "the dark and bloody ground," there were three stations, or forts, located within the present limits of Fleming county—Fleming's, Stockton's and Cassidy's—for defense against the savage. The three commanders were brave men, experienced hunters and were thoroughly skilled in Indian warfare. Farms were opened, crops grown and stock raised by settlers in the vicinities of these forts, while the garrison scouted, hunted and kept guard. The forts or stockades, were constructed of large, heavy posts, either round or split, twelve or fifteen feet in length, firmly planted in the ground, and inclosing sufficient territory for houses, stables and stock-pens. This afforded ample protection against rifles, but not against artillery.

Michael Cassidy, the most active and warlike of the three commanders, was a son of the Emerald Isle, diminutive in size, but with a big brave heart under his hunting-shirt. When quite young he came to America, and at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War he enlisted and served in the Continental army. The war over he came to Kentucky and for a time stopped at Strode's Station. Soon, however, he came and settled in what is now Fleming county, where the remainder of his life was spent—dying near his station in 1829. He was the first representative in the State Senate from his district, and he was several times elected to the other branch of the legislature.

Cassidy's Station was located about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Stockton's, and nearly the same distance from Fleming's, near the



WEST WATER STREET, FLEMINGSBURG, KY. THE SECOND HOUSE ON LEFT WAS BUILT IN 1803

source of Cassidy's creek, just north of the old Cassidy residence, which is on the dirt road leading from the Flemingsburg and Elizaville pike to the Blue Lick pike. In this house he lived, raised his family, and here he died an old man, leaving behind him an honored name.

Michael Casaidy was in many encounters with Indians; was once made prisoner by them, but escaped after a very brief captivity and a hot fight with a little redskin. This was the way of it: Cassidy and two companions were hunting some distance from the station. One night, after an unusually wearisome day's hunt, when they were camping and asleep in the woods, three Indians stole upon them, killed his two companions and captured Cassidy. The little Irishman was handed over to the smallest of the three savages to be dissected with a butcher knife, for the entertainment of the other Indians. But Cassidy, who objected to being made the subject of any such operation, watched his opportunity and as the Indian approached him, knife in hand, with his fist gave the savage a blow that sent him sprawling to the ground, and elicited loud and prolonged laughter from the others. At length after a stunning blow from the Irishman's fist that almost paralyzed his assailant, the other Indians interfered and with their war clubs knocked Cassidy down beside their prostrate comrade. But the active little white man was on his feet again in a moment, and, armed with the fallen Indian's knife, he assaulted his other two enemies so fiercely that they drew back, when instantly he sprang into the shelter of the woods and made his escape.

There was an understanding among the garrisons of three forts and the settlers living near that no one was to fire a gun near either fort except at an Indian. Late one evening a man named Stuart, one of the regular scouts, when near Cassidy's Station fired his gun at an owl. Thinking, of course, that Indians were coming, Cassidy seized his gun and started in the direction of the firing. Not far from the fort, in the dim twilight, he discovered a man in the garb of an Indian, carrying a gun, and he fired. The supposed savage fell. Going up to the fallen man, he found that he had killed his friend Stuart,



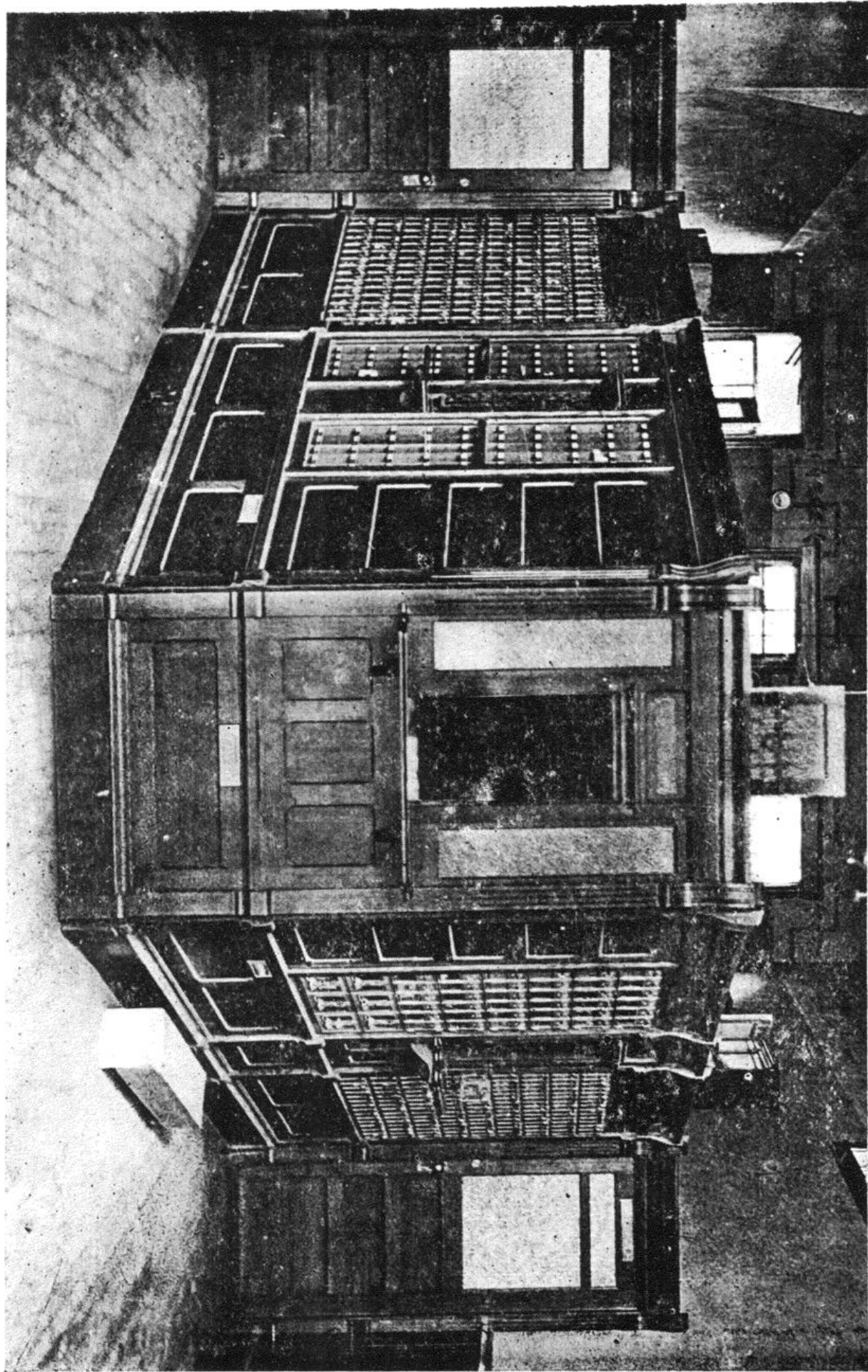
COURT HOUSE, FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

one of the most valuable men in the settlement, whose folly in firing the shot cost him his life.

On one occasion, while hunting on a creek that now bears his name, south of Licking river, he suddenly encountered an Indian. Each leveled his gun at the other, but, though they stood face to face in the open, neither fired. Cassidy could not shoot because his handkerchief was tied around the lock of his gun to protect it against a drizzling rain that was falling. Believing that something was wrong with his enemy's gun, too, he began to unwrap the handkerchief; perceiving which, the Indian "treed." Cassidy, having removed the handkerchief from his gun lock, waited till his enemy exposed enough of his body to afford a fair mark, when he fired and the savage fell. On approaching him the Indian extended his hand, saying, "Howdy do, brother!" But the Irishman would not recognize the relationship, and the desperate fight that followed resulted in the death of the already wounded savage. The little creek near which the encounter occurred is in Nicholas county, and a similar one in Fleming bears the name of the brave little Irish hunter.

Fleming county had yet another pioneer citizen that settled here in 1792, who is highly deserving of notice and commendation. William Kennan owned and occupied land on Fleming creek, known as the Clinkinbeard farm, but more recently the property of Marion Markwell. Here he raised the castor bean, built a mill and made castor oil. He was a Baptist minister and preached for a church near his home. One Saturday morning he sent his son James, the father of Mrs. Lawrence Howe, to Maysville to ascertain the price of castor oil. The son did not return till Sunday morning, after his father had gone to church. James got ready and went, too, to find the good man in his pulpit and preaching an excellent old-fashioned sermon to an attentive audience. Spying James coming into the house, the father halted in his sermon and inquired, "Jeems, my son, what is oil worth in Maysville?" and then resumed his discourse and still held the attention of his congregation. This is to illustrate the eccentric character of a pioneer preacher and a brave, generous man.

INTERIOR OF FLEMINGSBURG, KY., POSTOFFICE, IN ROOM NO. 3 IN FISCHER BUILDING

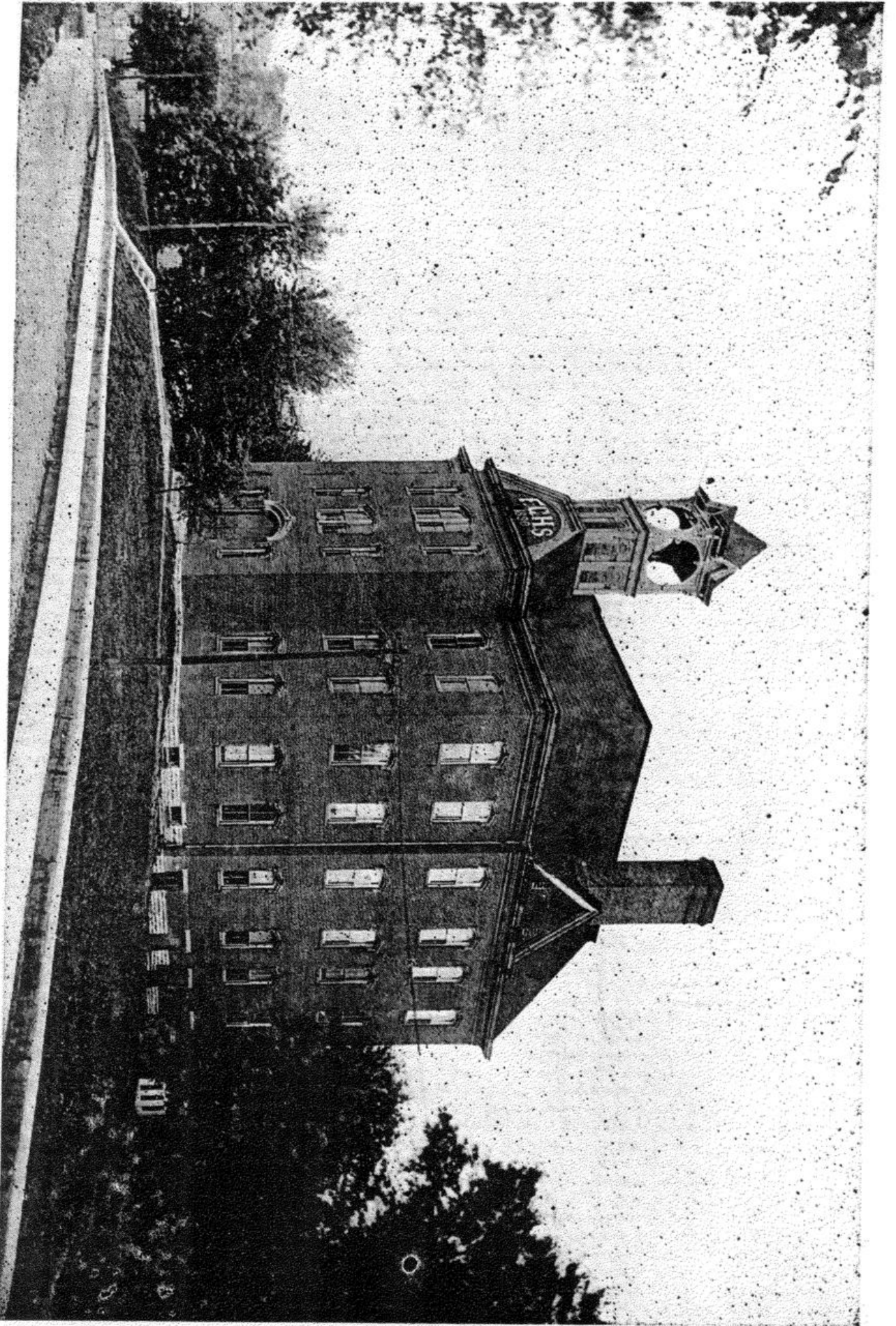


William Kennan was a man of extraordinary activity, as was shown by his "big jump" and his swift race just before and immediately after St. Clair's defeat by Little Turtle and his Indians November 4th, 1791. He was then but 18 years of age, but every inch a man.

At early dawn on the morning of the battle, Kennan, who with a few comrades was stationed in advance of the main force, discovered a small body of Indians cautiously moving toward them. After firing at the foremost savage, Kennan concealed himself in the long grass and proceeded to reload his rifle; but his comrades, seeing great numbers of their enemies rushing toward them, retreated in haste, calling to Kennan to run for his life. Springing to his feet the young man beheld Indians within a few yards of him, while his comrades were a dozen rods away. Here it was "devil take the hindmost," but Kennan did not purpose to be taken by the single red devil that pursued. It was "nip and tuck" between him and the young chief that was about twenty feet behind him—a distance that "Nip" could not increase nor "Tuck" diminish.

The Indian carried a tomahawk in his hand, while Kennan was without arms. Because of having to watch his pursuer, that he might dodge the weapon if thrown at him, Kennan suddenly found himself confronted by an immense fallen tree upon which brush was piled to the height of eight or ten feet. It could not be avoided; the young white man must go over it or be tomahawked. Now sure of his victim, the Indian uttered a yell of joy; but in a moment that was changed to one of disappointment, for Kennan, at a single bound, cleared all and alighted safe and sound upon the other side. "Uh! white man gone!" was that redskin's farewell to Kennan.

The surprise was complete, notwithstanding General Washington's parting advice to General St. Clair to "beware of surprise;" and after three hours of desperate fighting the army was defeated and in disorderly retreat, with a loss of about 1,000 men. William Kennan was among the last to leave the field, but his fleetness of foot enabled him to keep out of reach of the pursuing enemy, and to help some of his wounded comrades. One of these he carried upon his back until almost overtaken



FLEMINGSBURG GRADED HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

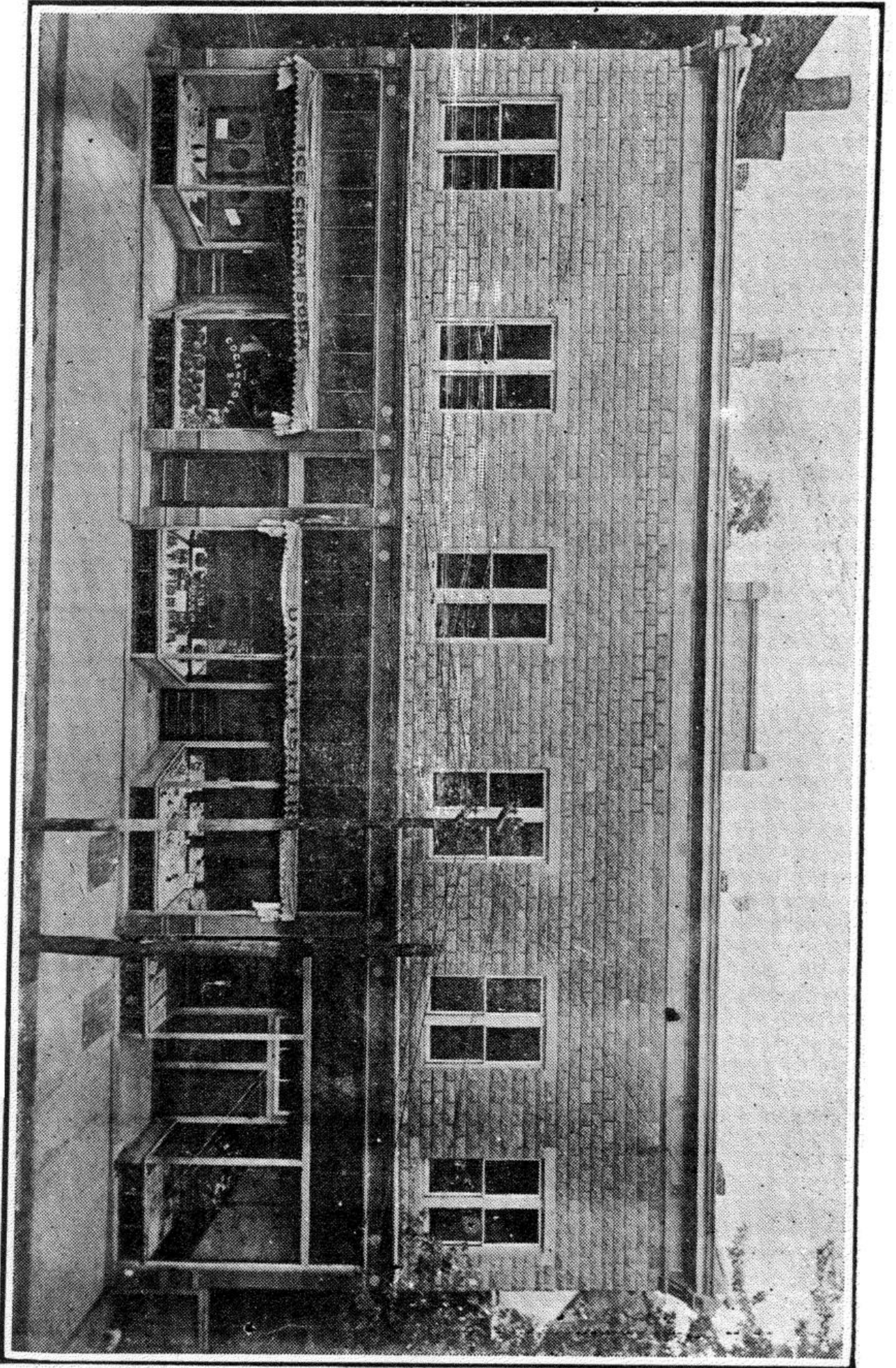
by the Indians. The poor fellow clung to Kennan, begging piteously to be saved from the tomahawks of the infuriated savages; and the brave boy continued to carry his wounded comrade till the red demons were within a few yards of them, when, to save his own life, he dropped his burden.

He next came up to Major Madison, afterward Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who, wounded and bleeding, was unable to go farther. He ran back a short distance where he had seen a horse that some soldier had abandoned because of its exhausted condition. This he caught and returned with it to Major Madison, assisted him to mount and continued by his side till the pursuit ceased.

These brave, noble deeds were performed by an eighteen-year-old boy, who soon after became a resident of Fleming county, or what subsequently became Fleming county, where the remainder of his life was spent. He represented the county in the first session of the State Legislature, in 1799, Michael Cassidy being Senator. Kennan died Feb. 4th, 1827.

In the eastern, or "knobby," portion of the county are a number of mineral springs, some of which possess fine medicinal qualities. The Fox springs, near the source of Fox creek, are the most noted. Here, many years ago, stood a large hotel, and during the summer season it was crowded with guests from far and near—seekers of health and pleasure. At that time there was plenty of game in the woods to tempt the hunter, and he came with his gun and hounds; professional and business men were there for rest and recreation; sporting men and men of leisure came to have a good time, the Kentucky colonel to talk politics, drink whiskey and play poker. Many of the men brought their wives and daughters, and pleasure reigned supreme. Outdoor sports were the order of the day; night brought music and dancing, and "bright the lamps shown o'er fair women and"—fast men.

Candidates for office always completed their canvass—usually on Saturday before the election on Monday—at Fox springs. Many voters were there to hear their candidate make his last speech, to eat and drink at his expense and to "borrow" a few dollars for a short time. It was Whig and Democrat



FISCHER BUILDING, EAST WATER STREET, FLEMINGSBURG, KY. HEATED BY STEAM

then, with but one voting place in the county, and that at Flemingsburg, where three days' election was held. The negro could not vote, but his master usually gave him one day to attend the election, and he enjoyed it thoroughly.

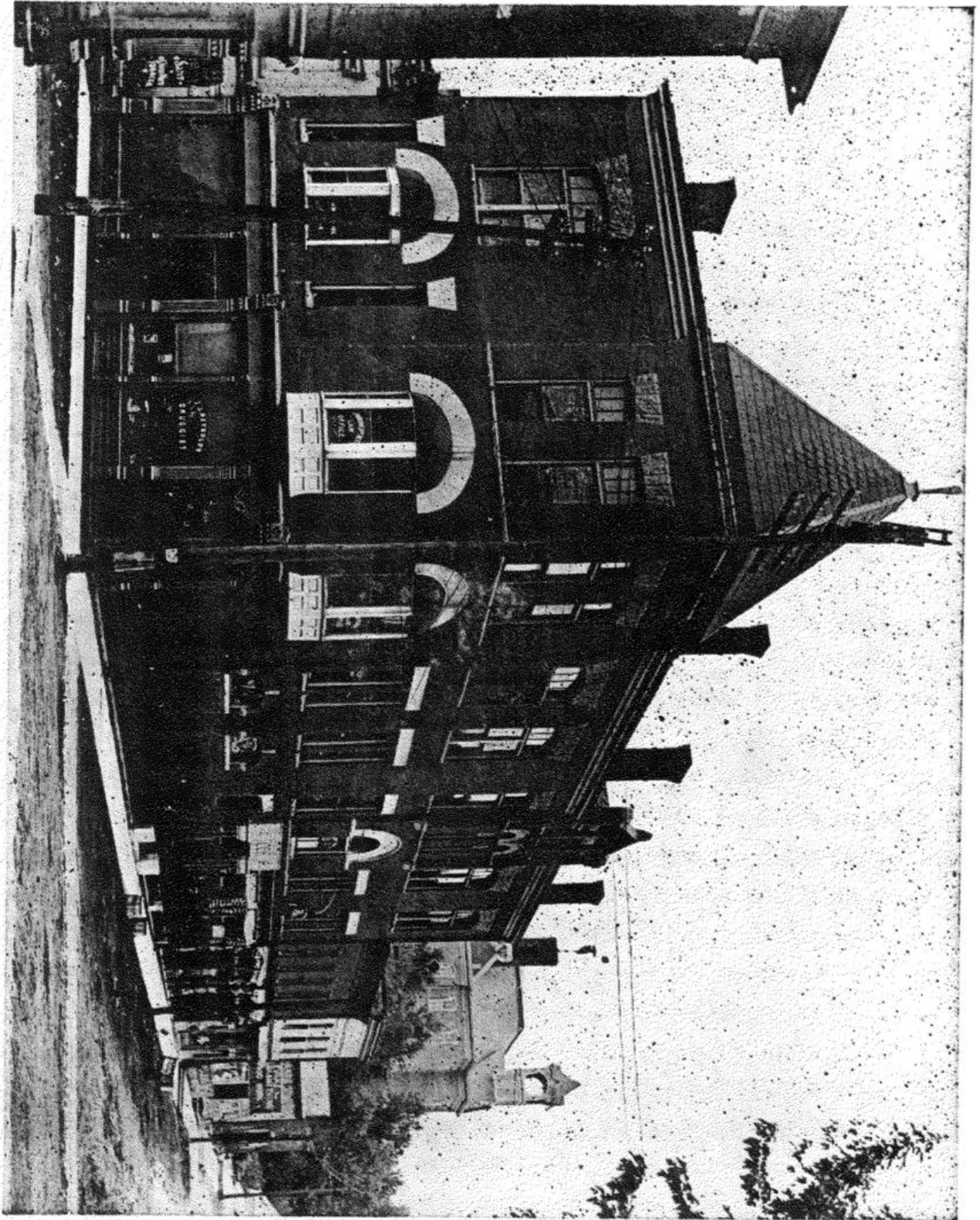
In time the game about Fox springs became scarce, men sought pleasure and recreation at more accessible places, and the big hotel ceased to be profitable. Years ago it was destroyed by fire, and only the springs remain to remind the "old settler" that this was once a popular resort for seekers of health and pleasure, and that there he spent his Saturday evenings drinking the pure, health-giving water and participating in games and other amusements.

In the valley, just below the spring, is Park lake, a beautiful body of water, covering about 20 acres. It is owned by a stock company and was made in 1906 by damming a small tributary of Fox creek. It is well stocked with the best of fish. Members of the company have their cottages, their boats and their fishing outfit, and there they can spend a few days or weeks away from busy care, fishing, boating, bathing and drinking the healthful water.

About seven miles below Fox springs, near Fox creek, are the Bell Grove springs, the waters of which are similar in quality to those of the former. Here, too, was once a hotel that accommodated a good many boarders during the summer season and hunters during the winter. Being immediately on the main road leading to Virginia, it was a convenient stopping place for drovers—men driving horses and hogs to the eastern market—for in those days there were no facilities for shipping. But in time, as was the case at Fox springs, game became scarce, boarders dropped off, and the hotel ceased to pay expenses. After changing hands a number of times it, too, burned.

On the turnpike leading from Flemingsburg to Bell Grove springs, and about five miles from the county seat, is a natural curiosity. It is a bowl-shaped depression in the earth, about 100 yards in diameter, through which the road passes. Its sides are composed of a blue substance, in some places piled to the height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and looking as though

ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, EAST WATER AND MAIN CROSS ST., FLEMINGSBURG, KY.



it might have been thrown up from the bowels of the earth by some internal force. In this strange-looking substance there is not a stone of any character, no sand, no soil, except where leaves and other substances have blown, found lodgment and decayed. In such places a bunch of coarse grass or a small bush may be seen. This place is known as Blue Bank.

Some years ago a traveler who had been in South Africa visited Blue Bank, and after a careful examination of the strange blue substance of which the bank surrounding the basin is formed, he pronounced it very much like that found in the diamond fields of the "dark continent." But as no "sparklers" have ever been found by any of the many thousand people that have visited Blue Bank during the last century, it is hardly probable that any exist there.

Six miles south of Blue Bank, on the same road, is Iron Mountain, so named because of the vast quantity of iron ore it is supposed to contain. Enough has been dug from its sides to justify the name, and geologists who have examined specimens pronounce it quite rich; but because of its location and the low price of iron there is little probability that mining will be done there very soon.

Though the upper Blue Lick is on the west side of Licking River, in Nicholas county, it is on a tract of land most of which lies in Fleming. This land was first owned by John Finley, who with three other men, discovered the lick and surveyed the tract in 1773. Soon after the Revolutionary war, in which he served as major of a Pennsylvania regiment, Finley came to Kentucky and settled soon on his land, on the Fleming county side, remaining there and owning the lick till his death. In 1800 he succeeded William Kennan as representative from Fleming county in the State Legislature. After his death the Blue Lick property fell to his son David D. Finley, the grandfather of David D. Sousley, who is now (1908) Judge of the Fleming county court.

On the farm of Wallace Peck, eleven miles south of Flemingsburg and one mile from Licking river, is an Indian burying-ground. Several of the graves have been opened and all found to contain human bones—those of adults—and in one was a stone pipe; in another a stone hatchet, and several contained small pieces of mica. From one was taken a dark-colored and highly-polished bit of stone about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches and about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. Through the center is a circular hole $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter and neatly drilled—possibly an ornament.

Each grave has an inside wall constructed of flat stones set on edge, and is covered with similar material. These stones must have been brought from a considerable distance, as none such are to be found in that locality.

History tells us that there were no resident Indians in Kentucky when white men first visited it; that the various tribes claiming it had a mutual agreement that it should be kept as a hunting ground for them to the exclusion of all others; that hostile tribes frequently invaded this territory, and that great battles were fought between them and the claimants. This being true, it is not improbable that many of the Indian burying-grounds found in Kentucky contain the bones and belongings of warriors slain in these deadly conflicts; and the fact that few bones of children are found in these graveyards strengthen this conclusion.

With very few exceptions the people of Fleming county are American born, but are of varied ancestry, and so mixed by intermarriage are some of them that they can scarcely trace their lineage; but these crosses have made and are making many good and useful citizens and able men, who are bringing their county to the front rank and classing her with the best in the State.

Fleming county has given six governors to other States.

Besides filling her own offices with good men Fleming county has furnished to other States and territories men of ability and capability who have occupied high places as legislative, executive and judicial officers. She gave to Cincinnati a mayor, to Ohio, Indiana and Missouri governors, and to Western territories a delegate in Congress and two high judicial officers. To the Southern Confederacy she gave a brigadier general, and three Congressmen; to Virginia a legislator, and a high sheriff to Richmond, on the James. She has furnished two State Grand Masters to the Masonic Order and one to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. She has given to other counties and to other States preachers and teachers, lawyers and doctors, husbands and wives, and the supply is by no means exhausted.

1—The first man born at what afterwards was called Fleming county, was at Stockton's Station in 1788, and his name was Lake Stockton.

2—The Battle of Blue Lick Springs Aug. 19th, 1782, was fought between the Indians and whites, the loss of whites being 65.

3—Flemingsburg was laid out as a town in 1796. There were two churches erected in 1799. The Methodist church was built near Stockton's Station and the Presbyterian church where our Fleming county cemetery is.

The stone house, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Flemingsburg on Mt. Sterling turnpike, was built in 1800 by Thos. Benton. The brick residence of the late Robt. Andrews, one mile west of Flemingsburg, on Elizaville pike, was built in 1803; also the two-

story brick building next to Exchange Bank building, on West Water street, was built in the same year by John Stockwell.

The first man hung in Fleming county was Dan McLoughlin in Sept., 1828.

Fleming county court house was built in 1829.

First turnpike in Fleming county was finished in 1836 from Flemingsburg to Maysville, Ky.

Cholera was in Fleming county in 1833 and 1855. The highest death-rate in 1833 was 65 and same in 1855. The highest death-rate in one day was same both times, 9 in one day.

In 1842 there was a wealthy slave owner named Thomas Wallace, who did not care to hold his slaves in bondage any longer, and in order to set them free he had to send them back to their native country, Liberia. Among them was one called Val Todd, who afterwards became governor of that country.

The first oil well dug in Flemingsburg was dug in 1865; at the depth of 995 feet, they found gas instead of oil. The first railroad in Fleming county was in the north-western part of the county 1869, and was called Kentucky Central (now L. & N.) R. R. The next railroad was Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap. The dirt was broken on this road Oct. 24th, 1876, by Mrs. Robert Samuels, who at present lives at Poplar Plains, Ky., making its first regular run in the spring of 1877. This road has changed hands and name several times and now is called Cincinnati, Flemingsburg and South-eastern R. R. We have only had one railroad wreck that has amounted to anything in Fleming county. It was on C. F. & S. R. R. May 10th, 1907, 1½ miles east of Flemingsburg near Weaver's Ford, where Rhodes crawled when wounded by the Indians, known in time of wreck as double deck trestle. The train of the C. F. & S. R. R. fell 38 feet, 20 persons being on the train at the time of the wreck, 3 were killed and with the exception of a 6-months old baby, there was not a one escaped without injuries. This railroad (C. F. S.) is narrow-gauge. In August, 1908, they began work to make a broad-gauge road; finished Dec. 21, 1908.

Sept. 1st, 1905, was the biggest fire in the history of Flemingsburg. Seven business houses completely destroyed and several other buildings were damaged. F. G. H. S. building was built in 1890. On May 20th, 1894, eight inches of snow fell, breaking down trees and blockading the roads. In 1854 was the greatest drouth ever experienced. Wm. Cord had to haul water from Garr Pond, a distance of six miles, to Flemingsburg to run his flour mill. The first store in Fleming county was at Flemingsburg, run by Thos. Wallace in 1804, and the first hotel was run by John Faris in same year (1804).

The old cedar church was built in 1816 and was torn down in 1882. The drouth of 1908 lasted from July till Christmas.