It is with great pride that the West Virginia Heritage Foundation presents this completion of articles and documents about West Virginia and by West Virginians. It is the first of, what the Foundation hopes will be, a long list of Volumes which will be published annually.

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The Salt Works of Kanawha County

By Anne Royall

The salt-works in this county are another natural curiosity; they abound on both sides of the river, for the distance of twelve miles. This is another evidence of the providential care of the Deity. Here is a spot, that, were it not for this article of commerce, and the facility with which it can be sent to the market, would be destitute of almost every comfort and convenience of life. Immense quantities of salt are made here annually; upon an average about one million of bushels, which employ one thousand hands. This salt is sent down the Kanawha river in boats to every part of the western country, and exchanged for articles of consumption. It appears, however, notwithstanding this great bounty of nature, that very few of the proprietors have realized any solid advantage from it; owing, perhaps, to want of capital in the commerçement, want of skill, or want of commercial integrity or perhaps to all three.

The salt water is obtained from the bottom of the river by means of a gum, which is from eighteen to twenty feet in length, and from four to five feet in length, and four to five feet wide; these gums are from the sycamore tree. They are prepared by making a crow at one end, and a head to fit it tight. This being done, about twenty hands repair to the place where it is to be sunk, which is at the edge of low water, on the river; not anywhere, for the salt water is only found within certain limits. But to return, all hands proceed with provisions, and plenty to drink, to the place. The gum is first placed in the water on one end, (the one with the crow) a man is then let down into it by a windlass, and digs around the edge with an instrument suited to the purpose; when he fills a bucket with the sand, gravel, or earth, which he meets in succession; the bucket is immediately drawn up, emptied, and let down again, and so on till the gum descends to a rock, which is uniformly at the same distance. As the man digs, the gum sinks; but no man can remain in it longer than twenty or thirty minutes, owing to the excessive cold that exists at the bottom; and another one is let down and so on in rotation, till their task is performed. In the meantime a pump is placed in the gum to pump out the water as the men work, which otherwise would not only hinder, but drown them.

This pump is kept continually at work; about eight or ten days and nights are consumed in this operation; the head is then put in, which effectually excludes the fresh water; and a man from a lofty scaffold commences boring through the rock, which takes some time, as the best hands will not bore more than two feet per day, and the depth is from one to two hundred and fifty, and in some instances three hundred feet, through a solid rock. The moment he is through, the salt water spouts up to a great height, and a stronger or weaker quality as it is near or remote from a certain point on the river, which is the place where salt water was first discovered, Their manner of boring is nothing more than an iron of great strength, and of considerable
length, made very sharp at one end, while the other end is fixed into a shaft of wood, and a heavy lever fixed to this; the performer stands still on the scaffold and continues to ply the auger (as it is called) in a perpendicular direction. This part of the business is not so laborious as the other; nor does the performer require that relief which is indispensable in sinking the gum; but he must have some dozens of augers continually going to and from the smith's shop.

I saw several of these at work, and likewise those at the gum; it is impossible for any one to guess what a wretched appearance these poor creatures make when they are drawn out of this gum. They are unable to stand, and shiver as if they would shake to pieces; it can hardly be told whether they are black or white, their blood being so completely chilled.

The trouble of making salt, after salt water is obtained, is trifling. When the man finishes boring, a tin tube is placed in the rock, and by means of a machine, which is worked by a horse, the water is thrown into cisterns, from which it is committed to the boilers. This water is so strong that they make it into salt twice in twenty-four hours. All their wood being consumed, they are now boiling with coal, which abounds in their mountains.

These salt-works have very recently been established. Some years since, in the latter part of a very dry summer, the river being lower than it was ever known since it was settled by white people, the top of an old gum was discovered at the edge of low water, and salt water issuing out of it.

In many places, where the fresh water had left it, it was encrusted into salt by the heat of the sun. It is supposed that the Indians, when they were in possession of the country, sank the gum, and perhaps made some attempts at making salt. Col. David Ruffner, a very enterprising man, was the first that established salt-works at Kanawha, at the place just mentioned; after him several others; but the old well, as it is called, that is, where the gum was discovered, is by far the strongest water, and it is weaker in proportion as it is distant from it, either up or down the river. Col. Ruffner invented a machine which forces the water up hill, to the distance of three miles, for which I understand he obtained a patent. The salt made here is not so fair as that at King's works in Washington County, but it is much stronger, and better for preserving meat. I saw this proved in Alabama; the meat (that is, bacon) that was cured with the salt from King's works, spoiled, while that which was salted with the Kanawha salt, did not. Great quantities of it are consumed in Alabama; they take it in boats down the Ohio and up the Tennessee River.

A great quantity is likewise taken up the Cumberland to Nashville. But what astonishes me is, that they have to bore double the depth now to what they did at first; even at the old well, the water sunk, and they were compelled to pursue it by boring; this is the case with all of them.

These salt-works are dismal looking places; the sameness of the long low sheds; smoking boilers; men, the roughest that can be seen, half naked; hundreds of boatmen; horses and oxen, ill-used and beat by their drivers; the mournful screaming of the machinery day and night; the bare, rugged, inhospitable looking moun-
tains, from which all the timber has been cut, give it a gloomy appearance. Add to this character of the inhabitants, who, from what I have seen myself, and heard from others, lack nothing to render them anything but a respectable people. Here have settled people from the north, the east, and the west of the United States, and some from the nether end of the world. — However refined, however upright, however enlightened, crafty and wicked they might have been previous to their emigration, they have become assimilated, and mutually stand by each other, no matter what the case is, and woe to the unwary stranger who happens to fall into their hands.

I never saw or heard of any people but these, who gloried in a total disregard of shame, honour and justice, and an open avowal of their superlative skill in petty fraud; and yet they are hospitable to a fault, and many of them are genteel. I see men here whose manners and abilities would do honour to any community, and whilst I admired, I was equally surprised that people of their appearance should be content to live in a place which has become a by-word. But their females in a great measure extenuate this hasty sketch.

As nature compensates us in many respects for those advantages she denies us in others, and in all her works has mingled good with evil, you have a striking instance of this in the female part of the society of this place. In no part of the United States, at least where I have visited, are to be found females who surpass them in those virtues that adorn the sex. They possess the domestic virtues in an exemplary degree; they are modest, discreet, industrious and benevolent, and with all, they are fair and beautiful; albeit, I would be sorry to see one of those amiable females become a widow in this iron country, in which, however, for the honour of human nature be it remembered, there are a few noble exceptions against the other sex, which may justly be compared to diamonds shining in the dark.

As this famous country is to be a link in the chain which is to connect that part of Virginia east of the mountains with the whole of the western country, I have been at some pains to pick up everything respecting it.

As curiosity leads one to trace things to their origin, such as the history of countries, and remarkable events, I have traced this part of Virginia as far back as the year seventeen hundred and seventy-four, to the memorable battle of the Point, fought between the whites and the Indians, at the mouth of this river.

I have seen several men who were in that bloody and hard fought battle, and have just returned from viewing the ground on which it was fought.

I have seen that part occupied by the "Augusta militia," commanded by Gen. Lewis, and that by the Indians. I have seen the bones of the latter sticking in the bank of the Ohio River; part of the bank having fallen in where the battle was fought discloses their bones sticking out in a horizontal position; the engagement lasted from sunrise till dark; the victory was claimed by the whites. From this bank, which is a hundred feet, or thereabouts, in height, I had a view of the beautiful river Ohio: at this place it is said to be five hundred yards wide.

This river, which is justly
celebrated for its beauty and utility, flows in a smooth current as silent as night; not the least noise can be heard from it; not the smallest ripple seen. This and its limpid appearance, the rich foliage which decorates its banks and looks as though it were growing in the water, by reason of its luxuriance, completely conceals the earth, and constitutes its beauty. If the reader can imagine a vast mirror of endless dimension, he will have an idea of this beautiful river. It is so transparent that you may see pebbles at the bottom; not a rock or stone of any size, has a place in the Ohio. Kanawha is a very handsome river, being generally as smooth as the Ohio, but by no means so limpid; it has a greenish appearance; you cannot see the bottom, except at the shoals.

And more than all this, I have seen the celebrated heroine, Ann Bailey, who richly deserves more of her country, than a name in its history.

The Deserted Isle

By
Margaret Agnew Blennerhassett

Like mournful echo, from the silent tomb,
That pine away upon the midnight air,
While the pale moon breaks out, with fitful gloom,
Fond memory turns, with sad but welcome care,
To scenes of desolation and despair,
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

To the fair isle, reverts the pleasing dream,
Again thou risest, in thy green attire,
Fresh, as at first, thy blooming graces seen;
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets respire;
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire.
O! why, dear Isle, art thou not still my own?
They charms could then for all my griefs atone.

The stranger that descends

Ohio's stream,
Charmed with the beauteous prospects that arise,
Marks the soft isles that, 'neath the glittering beam,
Dance with the wave and mingle with the skies,
Sees, also, one that now in ruin lies,
Which erst, like fairy queen, towered o'er the rest,
In every native charm, by culture, dress'd.

There rose the seat, where once, in pride of life,
My eye could mark the queenly river's flow,
In summer's calmness, or in winter's strife,
Swollen with rains, or battling with the snow.
Never, again, my heart such joy shall know.
Havoc, and ruin, rampant war, have pass'd.
Over that isle, with their destroying blast.

The black'ning fire has swept throughout her halls,
The winds fly whistling o'er them, and the wave.
No more, in spring-floods, o'er the sand-beach crawls,
But furious drowns in one o'erwhelming grave,
Thy hallowed haunts it watered as a slave.
Drive on, destructive flood! and ne'er again
On that devoted isle let man remain.

Too many blissful moments there I've known,
Too many hopes have there met their decay;
Too many feelings now forever gone,
To wish that thou couldst e'er again display
The joyful coloring of thy prime array;
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot.

And, oh! that I could wholly wipe away
The memory of the ills that worked thy fall;
The memory of that all-eventful day,
When I return'd, and found my own fair hall
Held by the infuriate populace in thrall,
My own fireside blockaded by a band
That once found food and shelter of my hand.
My children, oh! a mother's pangs forbear,

Nor strike again that arrow to my soul;
Clasping the ruffians in suppliant prayer,
To free their mother from unjust control,
While with false crimes and imprecations foul,
The wretched, vilest refuse of the earth,
Mock jurisdiction held around my hearth.

Sweet isle! methinks I see thy bosom torn;
Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,
That wrought destruction taste must ever mourn.
Alas! I see thee now, shall see thee long;
But ne'er shall bitter feelings urge the wrong,
That, to a mob, would give the censure, due
To those that arm'd the plunder-greedy crew.

Thy shores are warmed by bounteous suns in vain,
Columbia! — in spite and envy spring,
To blot the beauty of mild nature's reign,
The European stranger, who would fling,
O'er tangled woods, refinement's polishing,
May find, expended, every plan of taste,
His work by ruffins render'd doubly waste.

The Doomdorf Mystery
By Melville Davisson Post

The pioneer was not the first man in the great mountains behind Virginia. Strange aliens drift-ed in after the Colonial wars. All foreign armies are sprinkled with a cockle of adventures that take
root and remain. They were with Braddock and La Salle, and they rode north out of Mexico after her many empires went to pieces.

I think Doomdorf crossed the seas with Iturbe when that ill-starred adventurer returned to be shot against a wall; but there was no Southern blood in him. He came from some European race remote and barbaric. The evidences were all about him. He was a huge figure of a man, with a black spade beard, "broad, thick hands, and square, flat fingers.

He had found a wedge of land between the Crown's grant to Daniel Davison and a Washington survey. It was an uncovered triangle not worth the running of the lines; and so, no doubt, was left out, a sheer rock standing up out of the river for a base, and a peak of the mountain raising northward behind it for an apex.

Doomdorf squatted on the rock. He must have brought a belt of gold pieces when he took to his horse, for he hired old Robert Stewart's slave and built a stone house on the rock, and he brought the furnishings overland from a frigate in the Chesapeake; and then in the handfuls of earth, wherever a root would hold, he planted the mountain behind his house with peach trees. The gold gave out; but the devil is fertile in resources. Doomdorf built a log still and turned the first fruits of the garden into a hell-brew. The idle and the vicious came with their stone jugs, and violence and riot flowed out.

There came a day, then, when my Uncle Abner and Squire Randolph rode through the gap of the mountains to have the thing out with Doomdorf. The work of this brew, which had the odors of Eden and the impulses of the devil in it, could be borne no longer. The drunken negroes had shot old Duncan's cattle and burned his haystacks, and the land was on its feet.

They rode alone, but they were worth an army of little men, Randolph was vain and pompous and given over to extravagance of words, but he was a gentleman beneath it, and fear was an alien and a stranger to him. And Abner was the right hand of the land.

It was a day in early summer and the sun lay hot. They crossed through the broken spine of the mountains and trailed along the river in the shade of the great chestnut trees. The road was only a path and the horses went one before the other. It left the river when the rock began to rise and, making a detour through the grove of peach trees, reached the house on the mountain side. Randolph and Abner got down, unsaddled their horses and turned them out to graze, for their business with Doomdorf would not be over in an hour. Then they took a steep
path that brought them out on the mountain side of the house.

A man sat on a big red-roan horse in the paved court before the door. He was a gaunt old man. He sat bare-headed, the palms of his hands resting on the pommel of his saddle, his chin sunk in his black stock, his face in retrospection, the wind moving gently his great shock of voluminous white hair. Under him the huge red horse stood with his legs spread out like a horse of stone.

There was no sound. The door to the house was closed; insects moved in the sun; a shadow crept out from the motionless figure, and swarms of yellow butterflies maneuvered like an army.

Abner and Randolph stopped. They knew the tragic figure—a circuit rider of the hills who preached the invective of Isaiah as though he were the mouthpiece of a militant and avenging overlord; as though the government of Virginia were the awful theocracy of the Book of Kings. The horse was dripping with sweat and the man bore the dust and the evidences of a journey on him.

"Bronson," said Aber, "where is Doomdorf?"

The old man lifted his head and looked down at Abner over the pommel of the saddle.

"Surely," he said, "he covereth his feet in his summer chamber."

Abner went over and knocked on the closed door, and presently the white, frightened face of a woman looked out at him. She was a little, faded woman, with fair hair, a broad foreign face, but with the delicate evidences of gentle blood.

Abner repeated his question. "Where is Doomdorf?"

"Oh, sir," she answered with a queer lisping accent, "he went to lie down in his south room after his midday meal, as his custom is; and I went to the orchard to gather any fruit that might be ripened."

She hesitated and her voice lisped into a whisper: "He is not coming out and I cannot wake him."

The two men followed her through the hall and up the stairway to the door.

"It is always bolted," she said, she knocked feebly with the tips of her fingers.

There was no answer and Randolph rattled the doorknob.

"Come out, Doomdorf!" he called in his big, bellowing voice.

There was only silence and the echoes of the words among the rafters. Then Randolph set his shoulder to the door and burst it open.

They went in. The room was flooded with sun from the tall south windows. Doomdorf lay on a couch in a little offset of the room, a great scarlet patch on his bosom and a pool of scarlet on the floor.
The woman stood for a moment staring; then she cried out:

"At last I have killed him!"
And she ran like a frightened hare.

The two men closed the door and went over to the couch. Doomdorf had been shot to death. There was a great ragged hole in his waistcoat. They began to look about for the weapon with which the deed had been accomplished, and in a moment found it—a fowling piece lying in two dogwood forks against the wall. The gun had just been fired; there was a freshly exploded paper cap under the hammer.

There was little else in the room—a loom-woven rag carpet on the floor; wooden shutters flung back from the windows; a great oak table, and on it a big, round, glass water bottle, filled to its glass stopper with raw liquor from the still. The stuff was limpid and clear as spring water; and, but for its pungent odor, one would have taken it for God's brew instead of Doomdorf's. The sun lay on it and against the wall where hung the weapon that had ejected the dead man out of life.

"Abner," said Randolph, "this is murder! The woman took that gun down from the wall and shot Doomdorf while he slept."

Abner was standing by the table, his fingers round his chin.

"Randolph," he replied, "what brought Bronson here?"

"The same outrages that brought us," said Randolph, "The mad old circuit rider has been preaching a crusade against Doomdorf far and wide in the hills."

Abner answered, without taking his fingers from about his chin:

"You think this woman killed Doomdorf? Well, let us go and ask Bronson who killed him."

They closed the door, leaving the dead man on his couch, and went down into the court.

The old circuit rider had put away his horse and got an ax. He had taken off his coat and pushed his shirtsleeves up over his long elbows.

He was on his way to the still to destroy the barrels of liquor. He stopped when the two men came out, and Abner called to him.

"Bronson," he said, "who killed Doomdorf?"

"I killed him," replied the old man, and went on toward the still.

Randolph swore under his breath. "By the Almighty," he said, "everybody couldn't kill him!"

"Who can tell how many had a hand in it?" replied Abner.

"Two have confessed!" cried Randolph, "Was there perhaps a third? Did you kill him, Abner? And I too? Man, the thing is impossible!"

"The impossible," replied Abner, "looks here like the truth. Come with me, Randolph, and I will show you a thing more impossible than this."

They returned through the house and up the stairs to the room. Abner closed the door behind them,
"Look at this bolt," he said; "it is on the inside and not connected with the lock. How did the one who killed Doomdorf get into this room, since the door was bolted?"

"Through the windows," replied Randolph.

There were but two windows, facing the south, through which the sun entered. Abner led Randolph to them.

"Look at this bolt," he said. "The wall of the house is plumb with the sheer face of the rock. It is a hundred feet to the river and the rock is as smooth as a sheet of glass. But that is not all. Look at these window frames; they are cemented into their case ment with dust and they are bound along their edges with cobwebs. These windows have not been opened. How did the assassin enter?"

"The answer is evident," said Randolph. "The one who killed Doomdorf hid in the room until he was asleep; then he shot him and went out."

"The explanation is excellent but for one thing," replied Abner. "How did the assassin bolt the door behind him on the inside of this room after he had gone out?"

Randolph flung out his arms with a hopeless gesture.

"Who knows?" he cried. "Maybe Doomdorf killed himself."

Abner laughed.

"And after firing a handful of shot into his heart he got up and put the gun back carefully into the forks against the wall!"

"Well," cried Randolph, "there is one open road out of this mystery. Bronson and this woman say they killed Doomdorf, and if they killed him they surely know how they did it. Let us go down and ask them."

"In the law court," replied Abner, "that procedure would be considered sound sense: but we are in God's court and things are managed there in a somewhat stranger way. Before we go let us find out, if we can, at what hour it was that Doomdorf died."

He went over and took a big silver watch out of the dead man's pocket. It was broken by a shot and the hands lay at one hour after noon. He stood for a moment fingering his chin.

"At one o'clock," he said. "Bronson, I think, was on the road to this place, and the woman was on the mountain among the peach trees."

Randolph threw back his shoulders.

"Why waste time in a speculation about it, Abner?" he said.

"We know who did this thing. Let us go and get the story of it out of their own mouths. Doomdorf died by the hands of either Bronson or this woman."

"I could better believe it," replied Abner, "but for the running of a certain awful law."

"What law?" said Randolph. "Is it a statute of Virginia?"

"It is a statute," replied Abner, "of an authority somewhat higher. Mark the language of it: 'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.'"
He came over and took Randolph by the arm.

"Must! Randolph, did you mark particularly the word 'must'? It is a mandatory law. There is no room in it for the vicissitudes of chance or fortune. There is no way round that word. Thus, we reap what we sow and nothing else; thus, we receive what we give and nothing else. It is the weapon in our own hands that finally destroys us. You are looking at it now." And he turned him about so that the table and the weapon and the dead man were before him, "'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.' And now," he said, "let us go and try the method of the law courts. Your faith is in the wisdom of their ways."

They found the old circuit rider at work in the still, staving in Doomdorf's liquor casks, splitting the oak heads with his ax.

"Bronson," said Randolph, "how did you kill Doomdorf?"

The old man stopped and stood leaning on his ax.

"I killed him," replied the old man, "as Elijah killed the captains of Ahaziah and their fifties. But not by the hand of any man did I pray the Lord God to destroy Doomdorf, but with fire from heaven to destroy him."

He stood up and extended his arms.

"His hands were full of blood," he said, "With his abomination from these groves of Baal he stirred up the people to contention, to strife and murder. The widow and the orphan cried to heaven against him. I will surely hear their cry,' is the promise written in the Book. The land was weary of him; and I prayed the Lord God to destroy him with fire from heaven, as he destroyed the Princes of Gomorrah in their palaces!"

Randolph made a gesture as of one who dismisses the impossible, but Abner's face took on a deep, strange look.

"With fire from heaven!" he reported slowly to himself. Then he asked a question, "A little while ago," he said, "when we came, I asked you where Doomdorf was, and you answered me in the language of the third chapter of the Book of Judges. Why did you answer me like that, Bronson — 'Surely he covereth his feet in his summer chamber.'"

"The woman told me that he had not come down from the room where he had gone up to sleep," replied the old man, "and that the door was locked. And then I knew that he was dead in his summer chamber like Eglon, King of Moab."

He extended his arm toward the south.

"I came here from the Great Valley," he said, "to cut down these groves of Baal and to empty out this abomination; but I did not know that the Lord had heard my prayer and visited His wrath on Doomdorf until I was come up into these mountains to his door. When the woman spoke I knew it." And he went away to his horse, leaving the ax among the ruined barrels.

Randolph interrupted.

"Come, Abner," he said, "This is wasted time. Bronson did not kill Doomdorf."
Abner answered slowly in his deep, level voice:

"Do you realize, Randolph, how Doomdorf died?"

"Not by fire from heaven, at any rate," said Randolph.

"Randolph," replied Abner, "are you sure?"

"I am sure," cried Randolph "you are pleased to jest, but I am in deadly earnest. A crime has been done here against the state. I am an officer of justice and I propose to discover the assassin if I can."

He walked away toward the house and Abner followed, his hands behind him and his great shoulders thrown loosely forward, with a grim smile about his mouth.

"It is no use to talk with the mad old preacher," Randolph went on. "Let him empty out the liquor and ride away. I won't issue a warrant against him. Prayer may be a handy implement to do a murder with, Abner, but it is not a deadly weapon under the statutes of Virginia. Doomdorf was dead when old Bronson got here with his Scriptural jargon. This woman killed Doomdorf. I shall put her to an inquisition."

"As you like," replied Abner. "Your faith remains in the methods of the law courts."

"Do you know of any better methods?" said Randolph.

"Perhaps," replied Abner, "when you have finished."

Night had entered the valley. The two men went into the house and set about preparing the corpse for burial. They got candles, and made a coffin, and put Doomdorf in it, and straightened out his limbs, and folded his arms across his shot-out heart. Then they set the coffin on benches in the hall.

They kindled a fire in the dining room and sat down before it, with the door open and the red fire-light shining through on the dead man's narrow, everlasting house. The woman had put some cold meat, a golden cheese and a loaf on the table. They did not see her, but they heard her moving about the house; and finally, on the gravel court outside, her step and the whinny of a horse. Then she came in, dressed as for a journey. Randolph sprang up.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To the sea and a ship," replied the woman. Then she indicated the hall with a gesture. "He is dead and I am free."

There was a sudden illumination in her face. Randolph took a step toward her. His voice was big and harsh.

"Who killed Doomdorf?" he cried.

"I killed him," replied the woman. "It was fair!"

"Fair!" echoed the justice. "What do you mean by that?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders and put out her hands with a foreign gesture.

"I remember an old, old man sitting against a sunny wall, and a little girl, and one who came and talked a long time with the old man, while the little girl plucked yellow flowers out of the grass and put them into her hair. Then finally the stranger gave
the old man a gold chain and took the little girl away." She flung out her hands. "Oh, it was fair to kill him!" She looked up with a queer, pathetic smile.

"The old man will be gone by now," she said; "but I shall perhaps find the wall there, with the sun on it, and the yellow flowers in the grass. And now, may I go?"

It is a law of the storyteller's art that he does not tell a story. It is the listener who tells it. The storyteller does but provide him with the stimuli.

Randolph got up and walked about the floor. He was a justice of the peace in a day when that office was filled only by the landed gentry, after the English fashion; and the obligations of the law were strong on him. If he should take liberties with the letter of it, how could the weak and the evil be made to hold it in respect? Here was this woman before him, a confessed assassin. Could he let her go?

Abner sat unmoving by the hearth; his elbow on the arm of his chair, his palm propping up his jaw, his face clouded in deep lines. Randolph was consumed with vanity and the weakness of ostentation, but he shouldered his duties for himself. Presently he stopped and looked at the woman, wan, faded like some prisoner of legend escaped out of fabled dungeons into the sun.

The firelight flickered past her to the box on the benches in the hall, and the vast, inscrutable justice of heaven entered and overcame him.

"Yes," he said, "Go! There is no jury in Virginia that would hold a woman for shooting a beast like that," And he thrust out his arm, with the fingers extended toward the dead man.

The woman made a little awkward curtsy.

"I thank you, sir," Then she hesitated and lisped, "But I have not shoot him."

"Not shoot him!" cried Randolph. "Why, the man's heart is riddled!"

"Yes, sir," she said simply, like a child, "I kill him, but have not shoot him."

Randolph took two long strides toward the woman.

"Not shoot him!" he repeated, "How then, in the name of heaven, did you kill Doomdorf?" And his big voice filled the empty places of the room.

"I will show you, sir," she said.

She turned and went away into the house. Presently she returned with something folded up in a linen towel. She put it on the table between the loaf of bread and the yellow cheese.

Randolph stood over the table, and the woman's deft fingers undid the towel from round its deadly contents; and presently the thing lay there uncovered.

It was a little crude model of a human figure done in wax with a needle thrust through the bosom.

Randolph stood up with a great intake of the breath.

"Magic! By the eternal!"

"Yes, sir," the woman explain-
ed, in her voice and manner of a child. "I have try to kill him many times—oh, very many times— with witch words which I have remember; but always they fail. Then, at last, I make him in wax, and I put a needle through his heart; and I kill him very quickly."

It was as clear as daylight, even to Randolph, that the woman was innocent. Her little magic was the pathetic effort of a child to kill a dragon. He hesitated a moment before he spoke, and then he decided like the gentleman he was. If it helped the child to believe that her enchanted straw had slain the monster—well, he would let her believe it.

"And now, sir, may I go?"

Randolph looked at the woman in a sort of wonder.

"Are you not afraid," he said, "of the night and the mountains, and the long road."

"Oh, no, sir," she replied simply, "The good God will be everywhere now."

It was an awful commentary on the dead man—that this strange half-child believed that all the evil in the world had gone out with him; that now he was dead, the sunlight would fill every nook and corner.

It was not a faith that either of the two men wished to shatter, and they let her go. It would be daylight presently and the road through the mountains to the Chesapeake was open.

Randolph came back to the fireside after he had helped her into the saddle, and sat down. He tapped on the hearth for some time idly with the iron poker; and then finally he spoke.

"This is the strangest thing that ever happened," he said. "Here's a mad old preacher who thinks that he killed Doomdorf with fire from Heaven, like Elijah the Tishbite; and here is a simple child of a woman, who thinks she killed him with a piece of magic of the Middle Ages—each as innocent of his death as I am. And yet, by the eternal, the beast is dead!"

He drummed on the hearth with the poker, lifting it up and letting it drop through the hollow of his fingers.

"Somebody shot Doomdorf. But who? And how did he get into and out of that shut-up room? The assassin that killed Doomdorf must have gotten into the room to kill him. Now, how did he get in?" He spoke as to himself; but my uncle sitting across the hearth replied:

"Through the window."

"Through the window!" echoed Randolph. "Why, man, you yourself showed me that the window had not been opened, and the precipice below it a fly could hardly climb. Do you tell me that the window was opened?"

"No," said Abner, "it was never opened."

Randolph got to his feet.

"Abner," he cried, "are you saying that the one who killed Doomdorf climbed the sheer wall and got in through a closed window, without disturbing the dust or the cobwebs on the window frame?"

My uncle looked Randolph in
"The murderer of Doomdorf did even more," he said, "That assassin not only climbed the face of that precipice and got through the closed window, but he shot Doomdorf to death and got out again through the closed window without leaving a single track or trace behind, and without disturbing a grain of dust or a thread of a cobweb."

Randolph swore a great oath.

"The thing is impossible!" he cried. "Men are not killed today in Virginia by black art or a curse of God."

"By black art, no," replied Abner; "but by the curse of God, yes, I think they are."

Randolph drove his clenched right hand into the palm of his left.

"By the eternal!" he cried. "I would like to see the assassin who could do a murder like this, whether he be an imp from the pit or an angel of Heaven."

"Very well," replied Abner, undisturbed. "When he comes back tomorrow I will show you the assassin who killed Doomdorf."

When day broke they dug a grave and buried the dead man against the mountain among his peach trees. It was noon when that work was ended, Abner threw down his spade and looked up at the sun.

"Randolph," he said, "let us go and lay an ambush for this assassin. He is on the way here."

And it was a strange ambush that he laid. When they were come again into the chamber where Doomdorf died he bolted the door; then he loaded the fowling piece and put it carefully back on its rack against the wall.

After that he did another curious thing: He took the blood-stained coat, which they had stripped off the dead man when they had prepared his body for the earth, put a pillow in it and laid it on the couch precisely where Doomdorf had slept, And while he did these things Randolph stood in wonder and Abner talked:

"Look you, Randolph... We will trick the murderer... We will catch him in the act."

Then he went over and took the puzzled justice by the arm.

"Watch!" he said, "The assassin is coming along the wall!"

But Randolph heard nothing, saw nothing. Only the sun entered.

Abner's hand tightened on his arm.

"It is here! Look!" And he pointed to the wall.

Randolph, following the extended finger, saw a tiny brilliant disk of light moving slowly up the wall toward the lock of the fowling piece. Abner's hand became a vise and his voice rang as over metal.

"'He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword,' It is the water bottle, full of Doomdorf's liquor, focusing the sun... And look, Randolph, how Bronson's prayer was answered!"

The tiny disk of light traveled on the plate of the lock.

"It is fire from heaven!"
The words rang above the roar of the fowling piece, and Randolph saw the dead man's coat leap up on the couch, riddled by the shot. The gun, in its natural position on the rack, pointed to the couch standing in the end of the chamber, beyond the offset of the wall, and the focused sun had exploded the percussion cap.

Randolph made a great gesture with his arm extended.

"It is a world," replied Abner, "filled with the mysterious justice of God!"

The Death of Cornstalk And His Son

By Joseph Doddridge

This was one of the most atrocious murders committed by the whites during the whole course of the war.

In the summer of 1777, when the confederacy of the Indian nations, under the influence of the British government, was formed and began to commit hostilities along our frontier settlements, Cornstalk and a young chief of the name of Redhawk and another Indian made a visit to the garrison at the Point, commanded at that time by Captain Arbuckle. Cornstalk stated to the captain that, with the exception of himself and the tribe to which he belonged, all the nations had joined the English, and that, unless protected by the whites, "They would have to run with the stream," Capt. Arbuckle thought proper to detain Cornstalk chief and his two companions as hostages for the good conduct of the tribe to which they belonged. They had not long been in this situation before a son of Cornstalk's, concerned for the safety of his father, came to the opposite side of the river and hailed; his father, knowing his voice, answered him. He was brought over the river. The father and son mutually embraced each other with the greatest tenderness. On the day following, two Indians who had concealed themselves in the weeds on the bank of the Kanawha, opposite the fort, killed a man of the name Gilmore, as he was returning from hunting. As soon as the dead body was brought over the river there was a general cry among the men who were present:

"Let us kill the Indians in the fort."

They immediately ascended the bank of the river, with Capt. Hall at their head, to execute their hasty resolution. On their way, they were met by Capt. Stuart and Capt. Arbuckle, who endeavored to dissuade them from killing the Indian hostages, saying that they certainly had no concern in the murder of Gilmore; but remonstrance was in vain. Pale as death with rage, they cocked their guns and threatened the captains with instant death if they should attempt to hinder them from executing their purpose.

When the murderers arrived at the house where the hostages were confined, Cornstalk rose up to meet them at the door, but instantly received seven bullets through his body; his son and his
other two fellow hostages were instantly dispatched with bullets and tomahawks. Thus fell the Shawanee war chief, Cornstalk, who like Logan, his companion in arms, was conspicuous for intellectual talent, bravery and misfortune.

The biography of Cornstalk, as far as it is now known, goes to show that he was no way deficient in those mental endowments which constitute human greatness. On the evening preceding the battle of Point Pleasant, he proposed going over the river to the camp of Gen. Lewis for the purpose of making peace. The majority in the council of warriors voted against the measure.

"Well," said Cornstalk, "since you have resolved on fighting, you shall fight, although it is likely we shall have hard work tomorrow; but if any man shall attempt to run away from the battle, I will kill him with my own hands," and accordingly fulfilled his threat, with regard to one cowardly fellow.

After the Indians had returned from the battle, Cornstalk called a council at the Chillicothe town to consult what was to be done next. In this council, he reminded the war chiefs of their folly in preventing him from making peace before the fatal battle of Point Pleasant, and asked:

"What shall we do now? The long-knives are coming upon us by two routes. Shall we turn out and fight them?"

All were silent. He then asked:

"Shall we kill our squaws and children, and then fight until we shall be killed ourselves?"

To this no reply was made. He then rose up and struck his tomahawk in the war post in the middle of the council house, saying:

"Since you are not inclined to fight, I will go and make peace."

And accordingly did so. On the morning of the day of his death, a council was held in the fort at the Point in which he was present. During the sitting of the council, it is said that he seemed to have a presentment of his approaching fate. In one of his speeches, he remarked to the council:

"When I was young, every time I went to war I thought it likely that I might return no more; but I still lived, I am now in your hands, and you may kill me if you choose, I can die but once, and it is alike to me whether I die now or at another time."

When the men presented themselves before the door for the purpose of killing the Indians, Cornstalk's son manifested signs of fear, on observing which his father said:

"Don't be afraid, my son. The Great Spirit sent you here to die with me, and we must submit to his will. It is all for the best."

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Bandits and Such

By Mary Meek Atkinson

"Well, bandits are uncomfortable folks to meet up with, I'll admit, but then what's a fellow to expect when he knocks about on the corners of this angular
“Eight years is a long time, you know, and as I got to the Middle West I began to think about all the folks back home, and to wonder whether I'd know any of the youngsters who'd been growing up in the meantime. Every station we came to I stared the people almost out of countenance in my search for a familiar face. But I didn't see a sign of anybody until, after we had left K - a girl took the chair in front of me. She was a quiet looking little thing - deuced pretty, though - in a grayish sort of suit and a cobwebby hat with pink things on it — roses I reckon.” Harkness smiled knowingingly.

“Oh, you needn't grin,” said Carter, carefully shaking the ash from his cigar. “I guess I would have tumbled, all right, anyway, but the fact is I had noticed something familiar about her mouth. I saw the initials on her suitcase, too - J. E. D., I remember.

“I began thinking over the old names at home, having nothing better to do - middle western scenery is a beastly bore, anyway. And by the time we had reached L - I had figured out that she was - or at least she might be - a daughter of my old friend Judge Dailey of Cleveland. The judge, you remember, always had a funny little twist to his mouth and that was what struck me about the girl the first thing. Besides I had a vague memory of a name, Janet Dailey, but whether I had read it in a christening announcement or an obituary, I couldn't think for the life of me.

“Well, all the way to Redding Junction I tried to think of some way to speak to that girl, but, bless me, if I could think of a
thing. She sat there reading a magazine and I could just see the curve of her cheek and a little wisp of a curl on the back of her neck."

"You might have raised a window or picked up a handkerchief, I believe that is the usual mode," suggested Harkness smiling.

"I thought of that," said Carter, "but it was so cold nobody wanted a window open and she didn't drop any handkerchief and the porter carried her suitcase off at Redding Junction - so there I was.

"We had to wait an hour at the Junction for the Central train, but I met Dick Grimes, of the Varsity squad, you remember - only he is the Honorable Richard Grimes, chief attorney at Redding, now - and we talked things over just like old grads. The girl sat near us in the crowded little station, reading her magazine again, Well, of course I told Dick all about my good luck, 'Gee!' I said, slapping my pocket like a fool, 'You don't know how it feels to have fifty thousand plunks in your pocket after you've been down to fifty red coppers or less for eight years!' The girl heard me, it seems, for all her interest in her old magazine. And she noticed that a couple of crooks - professionals, no doubt - were interested too, and saw them conferring when Dick and I took a little turn outside to talk over some business matters. Dick was always full of big schemes for getting rich quick on investments, you remember? Well, when the train pulled in I told him goodbye and rushed back to carry the girl's suitcase, but didn't find her. So I joined the jostling crowd at the train steps, hoping to get a seat near her in the car. As I went up some fellow kept crowding me till I felt like braining him with my gripsack.

"I want to get down, I want to get down," he whined.

"Well, get down on the other side of the train," I snapped, for someone else was pushing me from

SLEEPY HOLLOW
By William Leighton

Though life be tranquil here, yet, after this,
Is there a life of more tranquility
Within each quiet grave's small boundary?
Can Death our hopes and passions then dismiss
With the cold touch of his dissolving kiss?
Ah! who may gauge this deepest mystery,
Momentous secret of the life to be? —
Eternal sleep or waking? - pain or bliss?
But restful seems the last abiding place
In Sleepy Hollow of the village dead.
Here lieth Emerson; the Alcotts here;
Hawthorne and Thoreau, Genius virtue, grace,
And reach of thought were in the lives they led;
But larger thought now theirs, and sight more clear.
behind. After so long a time I got in but didn't find the girl, so I sat down to watch for her. Pretty soon she came in hurriedly, her eyes looking scared. I saw that something was the matter. She looked at me, sank into the seat opposite, then looked back in a little flattery scared way. I wanted to butt in but didn't quite dare risk it — you see, by this time I had reached the stage where I wanted to hunt up a real introduction with papa and mamma and Aunt Jemima standing by, and all that. But she turned to me quickly.

"'Excuse me, sir,' she said, 'but I — I just saw a man take your pocketbook — as you came up the steps.' I put my hand to my pocket and, sure enough, my purse was gone! Evidently the crooks had got it as they pushed me in the crowd. I dare say I looked pretty blank. 'Hurry!' she cried, 'They went into the station, I think. Perhaps you can catch them yet.'

"Well, sir, if you believe me I considered. I wanted to give those crooks their just deserts, but then — there was the girl, you know. 'Are you a daughter of Judge Dailey of Cleveland?' I asked, fishing out a card, 'Why ye-es,' she admitted, looking at my name 'and I remember father's speaking of you — but — but the train is going!' 'I know it,' said I coolly taking the seat beside her. She gasped a little, but you know girls really fall for that high-handed kind of thing, when they're sure the fellow's all right, good family and all that. And — well — we talked, off and on, all the way to the home town.'

"Must have been a mighty pretty girl," remarked Harkness dryly.

"Oh, she was," said Carter enthusiastically, "but then — you can be the judge of that — she was here just a minute ago," and he glanced toward the kitchen where they could hear light footsteps going busily up and down: Harkness whistled softly.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars is a whole lot of money, you know."

"Oh, as to that," chuckled Carter as he dropped the stub of his cigar into the ash tray, "you see I didn't have the fifty thousand. Before we left the junction I had turned it over to Dick Grimes to invest in railroad bonds for me!"

Nicholas Cresswell's Ohio River Voyage

(From the Journal of Nicholas Cresswell 1774-1775)

Tuesday, May 2nd, 1775. Proceeded down the river. Our Canoes are so heavily loaded that we are in great danger of over-setting, the water is within three inches of the gunnel which adds to the exceeding crankness of our vessel and makes me uneasy. Called at Fort Pitt and bought some necessaries such as lead, flints and some silver trinkets to barter with the Indians. Dined at Mr. John Campbell's. After dinner proceeded down the Ohio River. Passed McKey's Island, it is about a mile long, and belongs to Captn. Alexander McKey, Superintendent of Indian affairs. Camped at the low-
er end of Monture’s Islands, three fine Islands belonging to John Monture, a half Indian. The land exceedingly rich.

Wednesday, May 3rd, 1775. This morning Mr. Robert Bell and one Harrison left us to go to their plantations in this neighborhood. They had come with us from Yaughagany River and have been very serviceable in instructing us how to navigate our little barks. Proceeded down the river, passed Logg’s Town (an old Indian town but now deserted). It is on the W. side, then Bigg Beaver Creek on the W., then Little Beaver Creek on the W., neither of them so large, but they may be foul in dry weather. A little before dark stopped at a farmer’s house to bake bread. Agreed to lash our vessels together and float all night. The river is very high and rapid, suppose we can float two miles in an hour.

Thursday, May 4th, 1775. In the morning we found ourselves opposite Yellow Creek on the W. Very heavy rain for several hours. Very few inhabitants, not a house to be seen in 40 miles, though the land is exceedingly rich, in general. The river is exceedingly crooked, full of small islands and rapid. If there is high land on one side there is always a rich level bottom on the opposite shore. Got to Wheeling Creek, Fort Fincastle on the East side of the river. This is a quadrangular picketed fort on a little hill beside the river, built last summer by Lord Dunmore, a small garrison in it. Here we took into our company Captn. George Clark. Lashed our canoes together and drifted all night. Stopped at Grave Creek about 2 in the morning.

Friday, May 5th, 1775. Got up very early and went to view the grave. It bears East of the river, about a mile from it and above the mouth of the Creek. The great Grave is a round hill something like a sugar loaf and about 300 feet in circumference at bottom, 100 feet high and about 60 feet diameter at top where it forms a sort of irregular basin. It has several large trees upon it, but I could not find any signs of brick or stone on it seems to have been a trench about it. There is two other hills about 50 yards from this, but not much larger than a Charcoal pit and much in that shape, with other antique vestiges. Some appear to have been works of defense but very irregular.

Friday, May 5th, 1775. All these hills appear to have been made by human art, but by whom, in what age, or for what use I leave it for more able antiquarians to determine. The Indians’ tradition is that there was a great Battle fought here and many great warriors killed. These mounds were raised to perpetuate their memory. The truth of this I will not pretend to assert. Proceeded down the river, entertained with a number of delightful prospects in their nature, wild yet truly beautiful. Passed several Creeks and small islands, few inhabitants but rich land. Got to the head of the long reach where we have a view of the river for 15 miles. Drifted all night, Saturday, May 6th, 1775. Found ourselves opposite Muddy Creek. The heavy rain obliged us to take shelter in a lone house and stay all night.

Sunday, May 7th, 1775. This morning Captn. Clark (who I find is an intelligent man) showed me a root that the Indians call pocoon, good for the bite of a rattlesnake. The root is to be mashed and applied to the wound, and a decoction
made of the leaves which the patients drink. The roots are exceedingly red, the Indians use it to paint themselves with sometimes. Left Muddy Creek, passed two small islands to the Big Tree Island, so called from the number of large trees upon it. Went ashore on the Big Tree Island and measured a large Sycamore tree. It was 51 feet 4 inches in circumference one foot from the ground, and 46 foot circumference five feet from the ground, and I suppose it would have measured that twenty feet high. There are several large trees, but I believe that these exceed the rest. One of the company caught a large catfish which made a most delicious pot of soup. Past the Muskingum River on the W, Fine land between that and the little Muskingum, Passed the little Kanawha River on the East. Barren land about the mouth of it. Stopped to cook our supper at Fort Gower, a little picketed Fort built last summer, but now deserted at the mouth of Hokkskin on the W. Drifted all night.

Monday, May 8th, 1775. Heavy rain this morning which obliged us to make a sort of awning with our tent, clothes and blankets. Got round the Horseshoe, a large curve of about 4 miles made by the river in the form of a horse-shoe from whence it takes its name. Here is excellent land. Passed a number of small islands. River continues rapid. Camped about 4 miles below the Horseshoe, where we met with some people who gave us very bad encouragement, say that the Indians are broke out again and killed four men on the Kentucky River. My courageous companions' spirits began to droop.

Tuesday, May 9th, 1775. Proceeded down the river. Passed four Islands. About noon got to the mouth of the Great Kanawhay or Conhahway River. Here is a large picketed fort called Fort Blair, built last summer by Colnl. Andrew Lewis, who entirely defeated the Shawanee Indians about a mile from it, in August 1774. It is now garrisoned with 100 men, under Captn. Russell, who invited us to dine with him, and treated us well as his situation would admit. Confirms the account we heard yesterday. My companions exceedingly fearful and I am far from being easy but am determined to proceed as far as anyone will keep me company. Drifted all night.

Wednesday, May 10th, 1775. Found ourselves opposite Guian-dot Creek on the east side of the river. Rowed hard and got to Sandy Creek to breakfast, where we found Captn. Charles Smith encamped with 22 men. He was taking up land as we are not out of the inhabitants, I intend to stay here for Captn. Lee.

Thursday, May 11th, 1775. Employed in washing our linen and mending our clothes.

Friday, May 12th, 1775. This day held a Council whether we should proceed or turn back. After much altercation our company determined to persevere, tho' I believe they are a set of damned cowards. With much persuasion prevailed upon them to let me endeavour to make our vessels more safe and commodious. This has been a most arduous task to effect, so difficult it is to get these people out of their own course when it is for their safety.

Saturday, May 13th, 1775. Camped at the mouth of Sandy Creek. Employed in fixing our Canoes together by two beams, one ath-
wart the heads, the other at the stern, setting the canoes about one foot apart. In the middle of the aftermost piece, I fixed a strong pin, on that hung the rudder, made something like an oar, but bent down towards the water

and projected about two feet astern of the Vessel, rigged her out with four oars and called her the Union. Some of our company laughs at it and declare she will not answer the helm. But it pleases me well and hope it will deceive them.

He Raised His Gun To Shoot

By Alexander Scott Withers
From Chronicles of Border Warfare

On the south fork of the South Branch of Potomac, in, what is now, the county of Pendleton, was the fort of Capt. Sivert. In this fort, the inhabitants of what was then called the "Upper Tract," all sought shelter from the tempest of savage ferocity; and at the same time the Indians appeared before it, there were contained within its walls between thirty and forty persons of both sexes and of different ages. Among them was Mr. Dyer, (the father of Col. Dyer now of Pendleton) and his family. On the morning of the fatal day, Col. Dyer and his sister left the fort for the accomplishment of some object and although no Indians has been seen there for some time, yet did they not proceed far, before they came in view of a party of forty or fifty Shawnees, going directly toward the fort. Alarmed for their own safety, as well as for the safety of their friends, the brother and sister endeavored by a hasty flight to reach the gate and gain admittance into the garrison; but before they could effect this, they were overtaken and made captives.

The Indians rushed immediately to the fort and commenced a furious assault on it, Capt. Sivert prevailed, (not without much opposition) on the besieged, to bear firing till he should endeavor to negotiate with, and buy off the enemy. With this view, and under the protection of a flag he went out, and soon succeeded in making the wished for arrangement. When he returned, the gates were thrown open, and the enemy admitted.

No sooner had the money and other articles, stipulated to be given, been handed over to the Indians, than a most bloody tragedy was begun to be acted, Arranging the inmates of the fort, in two rows, with a space of about ten feet between them, two Indians were selected; who taking each his station at the head of a row, with their tomahawks most cruelly murdered almost every white person in the fort; some few, whom caprice or some other cause, induced them to spare, were carried into captivity, — such articles as could be well carried away were taken off by the Indians; the remainder was consumed, with the fort, by fire.

The course pursued by Capt. Sivert has been supposed to have been dictated by timidity and an ill founded apprehension of danger from the attack. It is certain that strong opposition was made to it by many; and it has been said that his own son raised his rifle to shoot him, when he ordered the gates to be thrown open; and was only prevented from
executing his purpose, by the interference of some near to him. Capt. Sivert was also supported by many in the plan by which he proposed to rid the fort of its assailants: it was known to be weak, and incapable of withstanding a vigorous onset; and its garrison was ill supplied with the munitions of war. Experience might have taught them, however, the futility of any measure of security, founded in a reliance on Indian faith, in time of hostility; and in deep and bitter anguish, they were made to feel its realization in the present instance.

Russell Montague’s Golf Course

(From the Magazine “Golf,” Aug. 1913)

Back in the Allegheny Mountains, a couple of miles from the famous resort nearly three thousand feet above sea level, on Dry Creek, there nestles between two commanding ranges a valley that is more Scotch in the characteristics of its scenery than anything to be found in the South. Here at “Oakhurst,” the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell W. Montague, of Boston, was the first golf organization in the country. It was informal and there were half a dozen members only but regular medal plays were a feature and for six successive Christmases the players met in what might be termed the first series of annual tournaments in the United States.

In the ’60’s, ’70’s, and ’80’s, a small coterie of Scotchmen and Englishmen with varied interests settled in Greenbrier county. They were all gentle folks; one was a hardwood lumber exporter, another had vast fruit orchards, a third tarried and settled because the climate was ideal, the scenery grand and his neighbors congenial.

It was in the early days of the first Cleveland administration in 1884 that Lionel Terrin, a young Scotch tea planter, arrived from Ceylon, India, with several sets of clubs and a quantity of balls to visit his uncle, George Grant of London, whose place, Greycliffe, was one of the magnificent estates in Greenbrier county. In India, England and Scotland Torrin was noted as a crack golfer and when he wrote George Grant that he was coming for a visit to the States, the latter knew that time would hang heavily for his nephew if there were no links.

At an adjoining estate were Alexander and Roderick McIntosh, McLeod of Dalvey, near Forres, Morayshire, Scotland. When Grant suggested a golf links, the two McLeods were enthusiastic, as was Mr. Montague, a Harvard ’74 man, who had played at St. Andrews and a number of the other clubs in the old country.

They hadn’t thought of it before, but why not? The country was like a bit of the bonnie heather hills of Scotland set like a jewel in the heart of the Alleghanies.

Mr. Montague offered his place as the most convenient and centrally located for the proposed course. The two young Scotchmen from Dalvey were assisted by Grant and Montague. They all set
to work, and, with the assistance of their farm hands and Negroes, the course was ideally laid out. It stands today a monument worthy of the most famous and ambitious of professionals who have laid out and developed well-known courses throughout the world. The Montague place was admirable for golf links, and, the first in the States, was the sportiest to be had.

Conditions were entirely different then. The cups still in the ground are cumbersome, thick and heavier than those used today. Clubs, too, have changed somewhat when the latest are compared with those first used in the United States and still in Mr. Montague's possession. Solid brass was used in the construction of all the heads in the iron clubs and the wooden heads of the drivers and brassies were longer and narrower than those now used.

The balls brought over from Edinburg were gutty, larger and much heavier than ours and always sank in water. They had little or none of the bounce of the present-day ball. However, the Oakhurst players have always insisted that they never got much pleasure out of the game anywhere as at their own links with their old clubs and balls.

Many and amusing were their experiences. They were looked upon by their neighbors and friends as victims of an insane fad or hobby. They were the subjects of great curiosity. One afternoon a tally-ho party drove over the hotel to call on the Montague family. They alighted to find a game on. They watched the progress of the players over several holes without comment. Finally, one of the men expressed the disgust of the others when he remarked: "Well, I did play marbles when I was a kid, but by gad this is the first time I've seen men play! It may be a fine game for a canny Scotchman, but no American will ever play it, except Montague."

Rev. R. H. Mason, a well-known Virginia Clergyman of the time who had heard much of the odd game that was being played back in the mountains, went over one afternoon in time to see the golfers drive off from the first tee. As the last player Mr. Montague, in no uncertain terms expressed his disgust when he sliced a drive which took him into the ditch. Dr. Mason remarked that it was easy and insisted that any baby could play. Montague handed him his driver and told him to see what he could do. Mason missed and topped the ball several times before a sliced drive landed him in the ditch. After he had played over a hundred strokes he made the hole. He closed the incident by remarking that it was a "science" and not a game.

From time to time various members of the organization, which called itself from the beginning the "Oakland Medal," went abroad to their homes in the British Isles and brought back the latest in clubs and balls, as well as Scotch tweeds and other golfing clothes. The fact that the clubs and balls were passed by the Customs House at New York without any questions was extremely interesting in the light of an experience had several years later by George M. Donaldson, another Scotchman, who joined the Oakhurst coterie.

He arrived from his native heather, and after all his luggage had been stamped with the official seal passing them into this country, the inspector noticed his
bag of golf sticks.

"What's this you have here?" he asked.

"My golf sticks," laconically replied Donaldson.

"Your what?" demanded the man of Uncle Sam.

"My golf clubs, my sticks."

Then noting the blank amazement of the man, who by that time was deeply engrossed in a minute examination of one of the clubs he had taken from the bag, Donaldson asked:

"Surely, my man, you play golf?"

"Play what?"

"Golf," almost screamed the then irate Scotchman.

"You don't mean to tell me you play a game with this - this -," stammered the inspector. "Well, it may be a stick that you play a game with, but I don't pass these until I know more about them. I never saw anything like them before. I shall have to get an official ruling about them."

He called in another inspector. It was finally decided to hold the bag up, after Mr. Donaldson considered he had been grossly insulted by one of the inspectors remarking that "they were more like elongated blackjacks or implements of murder."

Three weeks later, after an official ruling had been sent on by the Treasury Department at Washington, the clubs were forwarded without further ado to Donaldson at Oakhurst.

Ten years or more ago the club disbanded. The coterie of golfers broke up with the departure for various parts of the world of the players.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague will spend the greater part of the year at their charming mountain estate, the scene of the original links in the United States. The same charming hospitable atmosphere, which prompted the offering years ago of the estate for the links, still pervades Oakhurst which from early May to November is kept as open house for all who tarry.

Young Torrin, the inspiration of the Oakhurst Medal, has interests in India, though, since his marriage several years ago, he makes his permanent home in England.

The McLeod brothers, dashing, handsome chaps, now live at their ancestral home at Dalvey, and George Grant, though he retains his interest in Greenbriar County, and owns thousands of acres, is living in London at present.

Grant was one of the most popular residents ever known in West Virginia country. He was a crack shot, had hunted big game in India and, among the best of hunters in the state, sustained a reputation made in England when he was a member of the Cambridge team that defeated Oxford in the first English inter-university shoot in the '60's.

George Donaldson lives at Woodman, W. Va., where he has big lumber interests that do not prevent him from playing the good old game at the Virginia Hot and White Sulphur Springs, and at various country clubs in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. He married 'Sallie Ould, daughter of Judge Ould of
Richmond, and step-sister of May Handy, the famous beauty, now Mrs. James Brown Potter, in the heyday of her fame as a toast and belle. — From the magazine “Golf,” August 1913.

Hire Yourself An Impoverished Lawyer

By H. B. Davenport
In “Tales of the Elk”

Wesley Mollohan, a great lawyer and one of the most agreeable men I ever knew, said to me one day during a recess in the trial of a law suit at Nicholas Court House:

“Davenport, if you ever have occasion to hire a lawyer, get the poorest one you can find. There is money in having a poor lawyer. Take the case of Mrs. Clark, for instance. She had married a no account Methodist preacher who eked out a miserable existence trying to shew his flock from the doors of Hades. His wife had inherited a tract of mountain land in McDowell County, on which she had kept the taxes paid up for number of years by practicing the strictest economy and self-denial. She had a cousin in McDowell County, a land shark by the name of Davey Jones. The pinch of poverty getting tighter all the time, she decided to write to Cousin David and ask him to sell her land for such a price as he could get.

“In answer to her letter David wrote her that the land was utterly worthless, but rather than see her suffer he would buy it himself for a dollar an acre. There was a thousand acres in the tract. She answered him and told him to send on the deed and she would execute it. Davey drew up a deed in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, and mailed it to her to execute.

“When the deed arrived her husband was holding ‘distracted’ meeting in another county, so she went and consulted her lawyer, who was probably the dumbest lawyer in the State. The lawyer advised her that as the land was hers all she had to do was to scratch out her husband’s name in the draft of the deed and execute it herself. This she did and mailed it to Cousin David. In the course of time she received the deed back with a letter from him in which he advised her that in West Virginia the husband must join with her in the deed to convey his wife’s land; and he enclosed a new draft of the deed.

“Again Mrs. Clark consulted her lawyer, and he told her that as she had already executed one deed, she could strike her name out of the second deed, and have her husband execute that one, and then mail both of them to Cousin David, which she did.

“In due course both deeds came back with a letter in which Cousin David advised her that husband and wife must join in the same deed, and he enclosed the draft of a new deed.

“Well,” said Mrs. Clark, “if Cousin David is so particular about getting a good deed, that land must be worth more than one dollar per acre, I am going to McDowell County to see about it.”
"So she went to McDowell County, and found that her tract of land was in the heart of the great Pocahontas coal field and she sold it to the United States Steel Corporation for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, thereby making one hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars by hiring a poor lawyer."

Journey Into The Land of Canaan

By David Hunter Strother
(Porte Crayon)
From The Virginia Canaan

In Randolph County, Virginia, there is a tract of country containing from seven to nine hundred square miles, entirely uninhabited, and so inaccessible that it has rarely been penetrated even by the most adventurous settlers on its borders speak of it with dread, an ill-omened region, filled with bears, panthers, impassable laurel-brakes, and dangerous precipices. Stories are told of hunters having ventured too far, becoming entangled, and perishing in its intricate labyrinths. The desire of daring the unknown dangers of this mysterious region stimulated a party of gentlemen, who were at Towers' Mountain House on a trouting excursion, to undertake its exploration in June, 1851. They did actually penetrate the country as far as the Falls of the Blackwater, and returned with marvelous accounts of the savage grandeur of its scenery, and the quantities of game and fish to be found there. One of the party wrote an entertaining narrative of their adventures and sufferings, filling a stout volume— which every body ought to read.

During the winter of 1852, several of the same party with other friends, planned a second trip, to be undertaken on the first of June following. At that date, so fully was the public mind occupied with filibustering and president-making, that the notes of preparation for this important expedition were scarcely heard beyond the corporate limits of the little town of M—, in the Valley of Virginia. Even in this contracted circle the excitement was principally confined to the planners themselves, while the public looked on with an apathy and unconcern altogether unaccountable. Indeed, some narrow minded persons went so far as to say that it was nothing but a scheme of idleness, and advised the young gentlemen to stick to their professions, and let the bears alone. But, as may be supposed, all such met the usual fate of gratuitous counselors who advise people against their inclinations.

In the daily meetings which were held five months previous to the date fixed for their departure, our friends discussed freely and at great length everything that appertained, or that could in any way appertain, to the subject in view, from the elevation of the mountains and the course of rivers, down to the quality of a percussion cap and the bend of a fish-hook. They became students of maps and geological reports; read Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" and "Le Guide et Hygiène des Chasseurs"; consulted Count Rumford and Doctor Kit-
chener, and experimented largely in the different kinds of ailments most proper for the sustenance of the human system. Mr. Penn, the author, copied at length a recipe for making cat-fish soup, assuring his friends that, when they were surfeited with venison and trout, this dish would afford them a delightful change. Mr. Porte Crayon, the artist, also furnished frequent designs for huntingcoats, caps, knapsacks, and leggins, modeled, for the most part, from those of the French army in Algiers. "For," said he, "the French are the most scientific people in the world; and as they have paid more attention to the equipment of their army than any other, every thing they adopt is presumed to be perfect of its kind."

The result of all this studying and talking was, that every one differed from his friend, and equipped himself after his own fashion. The commissary department suddenly concluded that biscuit and bacon were the most substantial, portable, and palatable articles of food known to the dwellers south of the Potomac, and accordingly made arrangements to have ample supplies of both ready for the occasion.

With the opening of spring the buds began to swell and the blue-birds to warble, and the zeal of our adventurers kept pace with the season, so that by the first of April all were ready, full equipped, "straining like greyhounds in the slip." The intolerable vacuum between this and the starting-day might be graphically illustrated by leaving half a dozen blank pages; but as such a procedure might be misunderstood, or characterized as clap-trap, it may be preferable to fill up the blank by introducing the dramatis personae who are to figure in the following narrative.

Mr. Penn, an author of some distinction, has already been mentioned. He is guant and tall, with distinguished air and manners, flowing and graceful gestures, prominent and expressive eye, indicating, according to phrenology, a great command of language. In this case, however, the science was at fault for when Penn got fairly started in discourse he had no command over his language at all. It poured forth in an irresistible torrent, carrying away the speaker himself, and overwhelming or putting to flight his audience.

Mr. Dindon, a fine, athletic sportsman, not a dandiacal popper at quails and hares, but a Nimrod, a slayer of wild turkeys and deer, to whom the excitement of the chase was as the breadth of his nostrils, and who sometimes forgot even that in his keen appreciation of the poetry of forest life. He was never known either to be wearied in a hunt or silenced in a debate.

Mr. Jones was somewhat inclined to be stout, not to say fat, Mr. J. was equally fond of rural sports and personal comforts. Ambitious of being considered a thoroughgoing sportsman, he kept the best dog and the most beautiful gun in the district. He frequently appeared covered with his hunting accouterments, followed by his dog and generally went out alone. Prying persons remarked that his game-bag was usually fuller when he went out than when he returned. Dindon, who was knowing in these matters, always said that J. was a humbug; that all this apparent fondness for the chase was a sham;
that Jones, as soon as he got out of sight of town, found some shady place, ate the dinner that stuffed the gamebag, and went to sleep; when he woke, would drag himself through a thicket hard by, muddy his boots in a swamp, and returned with the marks of severe fatigue and determined hunting upon him, and with whatever game he might be able to purchase from straggling urchins or old Negroes who had been lucky with the traps. For the rest, Jones had some rare companionable qualities. He could give a joke with enviable point and readiness, and take one with like grace and good humor.

The sprightly sketches which illuminate this unskilful narrative are the more appropriate and shall be the only introduction of our friend, Porte Crayon. He has rendered the subjects with great truthfulness, and has exhibited even some tenderness in the handling of them. If he has nothing extenuated, he has, at least, set down naught in malice. Porte, indeed, modestly remarks that his poor abilities were entirely inadequate to do justice either to the sublimity of the natural scenery or the preposterous absurdity of the human species on that memorable expedition.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman of imposing presence, a few words, but an ardent and determined sportsman, and a zealous promoter of the expedition, completes the catalogue.

Some time during the month of May, X.M.C. (for certain reason his initials only are used), an accomplished and talented gentleman residing at a distance from M——, received a letter which ran as follows:

"Dear X., — We have fixed up on the 1st of June to start for the Canaan country. Our party will consist of Dindon, Jones, Smith, your old friend Penn, and myself. Can you join us? If so give us immediate notice, and set about making your preparations without delay. I would recommend to you to procure the following equipments: a waterproof knapsack, fishing tackle and a gun; a belt with pistols — a revolver would be preferable, in case of a conflict with a panther; a hunting-knife for general purposes — a good ten-inch blade sharp and reliable; it will be useful for cleaning fish, dressing game, and may serve you in turn when a bear gets you down in a laurel-brake. Store your knapsack with an extra pair of shoes, a change of rainment, such as will resist water and dirt to the last extremity, a pair of leggings to guard against rattlesnakes, and the following eatables: one dozen biscuits, one pound of ham, one pound of ground coffee, salt, pepper, and condiments. This will be the private store of each person; the public supplies will be carried out on horses.

"The place of rendezvous is the Berkeley Springs; the day of the 31st of May.

Yours in haste, Porte Crayon,"

The corresponding committee had the gratification of receiving a favorable reply to the foregoing "X. will certainly come." All right; the party is made up. The last of May has come, Crayon, in full hunting costume, is standing on the portico of the great hotel at the Berkeley Springs, Messrs. Jones and Smith have arrived: their equipments have been examined and pronounced unexceptionable. Here comes X. What a pair of leggings! And there's
Penn with him, in a blue jacket
out at the elbow, with a rod like
Don Quixote's lance,
"Ah, gentlemen! well met!"
shouted Penn, as they approach-
ed, "You see before you a per-
sonification of Prince Hal, at a
time when he kept rather low com-

THE OLD MILL

By Thomas Dunn English

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves,
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.

I hear the clutter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall,
And the wheel goes slowly round,

I rode there often when I was young,
With the grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nellie, the Miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door,

And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand today,
And Nellie is wed and the Miller is dead,
And the Mill and I are gray.
But both, until we fall into ruin and wreck
To our fortune of toil are bound.
pany," Quoth Jones, "He looks more like Poins on a thieving expedition."

"Ah! my fat friend, are you there? Glad to see you. I have a rod here, gentlemen, that will make you envious. See how superbly balanced! What a spring it has! The very thing for brook-fishing, for whipping the smaller streams. And then see how easily carried," Suiting the action to the word, he unjointed it, and slipped it into a neat case, portable, light and elegant. "I procured one of the same sort for Smith when I was in New York. I will show you also a supply of artificial flies," continued Penn, drawing a leather case from his knapsack, "and a fine bug calculated for the largest sized trout."

Here he produced a bug, which renewed the astonishment and hilarity of the company.

"What is it for?" "What sort of creature is it?" "What does it represent?" shouted one and all.

"I have not dipped into entomology lately, but I have been assured that this bug is calculated to take none but the largest fish. No small fish will approach it, from personal apprehension; and no trout under two-and-twenty inches in length would venture to swallow it."

"If I were called upon to classify that bug," said Jones, "I would call it a chimera; in the vernacular, humbug!"

"Come to supper," said Porte. "We start at two o'clock tonight by the train."

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Stories By Riley Wilson

Forward by the author to "Reach Me the Tin"

It is with pleasing reminiscences of other days, past but not forgotten, and at the earnest solicitation of many friends and acquaintances, that I offer to the public this brief collection of anecdotes.

The selection of tales is based upon what I considered those that have been most popular with my audiences, whether on the stage, at banquets, in lodge halls, or the more restricted gatherings of intimate friends. It is but a slight garnering from an extensive store.

I have also been guided more or less by the thought that to eliminate the real names of some of my characters and localities would detract from the backgrounds of the stories. In no sense is any disparagement of persons, places or things intended. On the other hand, if my conception of the ethics of literature or friendship has led me into the bog of presumption, I shall have to ask you to bear with me for the moment.

To my friends who have aided me with their suggestions I extend my thanks.

In the words of Montaigne: "I have gathered me a posie of
other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."

Riley Wilson
Charleston, W. Va.
December 20, 1932

The Intricacies of the Law

This story is told of an old country lawyer back up in Logan county in the early days in that section.

This old fellow had never been to college or law school but had just appeared before the circuit Judge and been admitted to the bar. He then moved into the county seat, and, after being there three or four months, became disgusted with the way things were going, packed up his belongings, went back to the farm, hooked up his mules and went to ploughing.

One day while this erstwhile lawyer was a-ploughing his field a neighbor happened along and said, "Jesse, I thought you was a-practicin' law." The old fellow halted in his ploughing, turned to his neighbor and said, "Well, I was a-practicin' law but I've quit." The neighbor then asked him why he had quit and the old fellow said: "Well, I practiced two months and had only one client and he fetched me two cases. His wife had sued him for divorce on the grounds of impotency and the hired girl had sued him for bastardy. The two cases came up at the last term of the court and I lost them both, So, I decided to go back to ploughing. I KNOW what I'm doin' here."

A Present For 'Tavia

They struck oil on the farm of an old fellow over in Lincoln County and he sold the place for a considerable sum. He then decided that he ought to relax a little bit, so he and his son made a trip to Huntington. They took in the stores, went to shows, drank lots of "sodee" water, and had a big time in general for two or three days.

When they started for home the boy said to his dad, "Pappy, we H'ain't got nary a thing for 'Tavia (meaning his mother, Octavia)." "That's right, son," said his pappy, "We ought to git her a little bit o' somethin'. Here son, take this 75¢, go over to the hardware store and git 'Tavia a new axe."

Hit A-Rainin

Major Joe Chilton and another lawyer were riding circuit in the old days, and were caught in a heavy downpour one night up in the mountains of Raleigh County. They stopped at a cabin alongside of the road, and yelled:

"Hello the house!"

A little boy stuck his head outside the door and the Major said: "Son, can we spend the night here?" The boy replied:

"My God, mister, no - there ain't nary bit of meat in the house - pappy and mammy have gone to Raleigh Court House, sister's out there in the woods with a hentire stranger, and by God, hit a-rainin'."

He Was Death on Snakes

Old man Jim Comer Bias, from over on the mouth of Ugly, once made a trip to Charleston and Joe Chilton took him to see the Sells-Forepaugh Circus.

Now, it happens that this was the first time in his life that Jim had ever been to a circus. In one of the sideshows there was a
monster python. As soon as Jim saw the huge snake he went and got him an axe, came back and killed the reptile. Jim was arrested, taken to court, and when the judge asked Jim why he had killed the snake he said that "I kills 'em wherever I sees 'em!"

My America

By William Robinson Leigh

When I was a small child in West Virginia, we had a buffalo (bison) pelt in our house — as almost everybody did in those days. I wallowed and rolled on that soft robe that lay on the floor, but not without my imagination being stirred. In our Cassell's Popular Natural History there was a woodcut of bison; the sun was rising behind a big butte, and water was in the foreground. But the bison were rather small and inexact.

I knew the name of most of the animals of the world before I could read, and I listened to my mother breathlessly as she read the writings of Sir Samuel Baker, Livingston, Stanley; I cut out of paper stirring compositions, and drew dramatic animal scenes on my slate. On one of my cuttings — an elephant chasing a man on horseback — I won first prize at the Martinsburg County Fair one dollar. And then, one day my father read the account of the Custer Massacre from the newspaper. This was in 1876, when I was ten years old; it made a tremendous impression on me.

After three years at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, in 1883 I went to Munich to study in the Royal Academy. Professor Raupp, instructor in the antique class, when he saw my drawings submitted for the sake of gaining admission into his class, to my surprise and gratification, pronounced them the best he had seen that season.

During my twelve-year stay in Europe I became aware that the motives treated by painters there were such as interested me somewhat mildly; the fashionable Biblical subjects left me cold outside of their treatment. This was sometimes so brilliant that only a stone would remain unmoved; however, I felt that all European subjects had been painted pretty much to death. In America there was a vast field of untouched material — pictorial opportunities unsurpassed and brand new — as wonderful as any the world had ever seen!

I resolved to paint America.

Older men shrugged. America? I was advised again in the late eighteen nineties to stay in Europe. Conditions in America, I was told, were exceedingly unfavorable to artists; only pot-boiler painters could exist there.

When I got back to New York — selected as the most likely place in which to exchange my accomplishments for a subsistence — I had forty dollars upon which to begin life.

I went to see a man who by report had made a large fortune from the sale of American paintings — chiefly those of George Inness. I showed him photographs of pictures I had painted, one of which had received a silver medal in Munich, and an honorable mention in Paris.

I would turn over my entire output to him for one hundred dollars per month.
"What do you propose to paint?" he asked.

I wanted to go West — the Indian and cowboy country.

When I said "West" I noted a look of disapproval; my man shook his head in the negative. He was not interested, but he gave me the address of a man who he thought might be.

I found a huge, dingy brick building on West Broadway; a freight elevator landed me in a bare lobby where wooden boxes were piled to the ceiling on either side. A small boy handed me a small card; would I state my business on the card. I said, "Impossible!" Would he ask the boss to give me five minutes? He disappeared down a long dark aisle between boxes. A squat, broad man of sixty shuffled into view after twenty minutes.

"What do you want?"

In the briefest words possible, I explained my mission and showed my photographs; then I ventured with my proposition. The man had a dreary countenance, and a game eye; his look was baleful.

"What do you want to do in the West?"

"Paint."

"There's nothing to paint in the West."

"Indians," I suggested.

"Who wants pictures of dirty Indians?"

"Landscapes — canyons — mountains — plains."

"All stage scenery!"

"Animals — buffalo — horses — cattle —!"

"There's nothing in America to paint!"

Without another word he turned his back and shuffled away. I walked up Fifth Avenue. The best art dealers in America were showing nothing but European pictures. I met a painter I knew, and remarked upon this strange fact. He told me there was only one dealer in town who would handle pictures painted by Americans; he made it a rule to take the pictures of only one American at a time.

"How do American artists live, then?" I asked.

"They paint Barbizon pictures — peasant girls with wooden shoes, driving sheep, et cetera."

"How about Inness?"

"Oh! — he? When he already had one foot in the grave, Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant, the then distinguished French portrait painter, at a banquet given in his honor, told a banker who was lamenting the supposed fact that America had no artists, that he, Constant, had seen the work of a person unknown to him, named George Inness, who in his estimation was the best landscape painter in the world."

Over night Inness became famous, and a mad rush began to buy his pictures; he was soon a rich man.

It was imperative that I earn some money quickly. I went to Scribner's magazine, and the next day began illustrating for them.

Not until 1906 was I able to get to Laguna, New Mexico, on a study trip. Then I began to realize how right I had been all along in my desire to know and paint America.

I saw Acoma and the Grand Canyon; I knew that some of the most distinctive — characteristic — dramatic — poetic — unique motives in the world were here in this virgin country waiting an adequate hand to do them justice.
Thereafter, I was in the West as often as I could earn enough money to take me there.

What I painted was laughed at by my brother artists, who had not seen the West. According to them my color was ridiculously false, my pictures mere "illustrations." That last was the stock tag attached to all I did until I produced "The Poisoned Pool."

Two dealers in partnership, Snedecker and Babcock, who were just starting out in the "art game," included me among ten American painters whom they were going to try out with the intention of "pushing" one. I was the one selected. The business prospered. I earned enough to get by, and gave up illustrating. Scribner's used my painting, "The Beyond," in full color on the opening page of their Christmas issue. Mr. August Heckscher bought "The Boomerang Throwers," "The Stampede," "The Maya Historian," but the prices were so low that I could barely subsist. Mr. Snedecker died; Mr. Babcock grew pessimistic. I went to Wyoming and participated in hunting. My forty-six inch canvas of a bear hunt he said he sold for the ridiculously "adequate sum of four hundred dollars.

The first World War came on! I was reduced to working in a scenic studio. The union workers could not stand my competition and put me out.

Twenty years after I had been collecting studies in various parts of the West and producing more and better pictures than ever before, Babcock was selling less than ever.

Babcock walked up the street with me one day and told me he could have been worth a million dollars had he not wasted so much energy and time on me, but had devoted his time to selling Old Masters. I then told him I would no longer stand in the way of his making that million — I would send him no more pictures. My next picture, "The Happy Hunting Ground," was handled by Rinehart who sold it to Edward Doheny a few days after receiving it for much the biggest sum I had ever obtained. I had seen much of the western life by this time, and painted it the way I saw it, yet sales were few; many people said I painted things that did not exist, Boomerangs, for instance, were confined to Australia; nothing I could say to the contrary counted; they knew. Yet a lot of painters who had laughed at me were going to settle in Taos.

Among pictures of mine are "A Navajo Pony," owned by the Duke of Windsor, and a painting of the "Gorilla Sanctuary," owned by the King of Belgium. A painting of "The Grand Canyon" and other of my canvases have been acquired by various museums.

Finally I painted "Custer's Last Fight" and "The Lookout" and had a show at the Grand Central Galleries. Mr. Frank Phillips purchased the two last for his Woolaroc Museum in Oklahoma; later he acquired the "Navajo Fire Dance," the "Westward Ho!" the "Visions of Yesterday," and the "Pocahontas."

All these things did not transpire in an unbroken sequence; there were many interruptions — long gaps. I went to Africa twice for the American Museum of Natural History of New York, and was in charge of the painting for the habitat groups in the African Hall for three years. I did some
to Glacier Park, to Bryce Canyon, and so on.

The strange state of mind which led to so many Americans thinking—or at least saying—that there was nothing to paint in America, was one of the most fantastic anomalies I have ever encountered. For a long time it was inexplicable to me, but I have now my very definite convictions as to the cause. I will, however, not go into that here. Fortunately for America's history and its culture, a class of men has grown up in our western states who cannot be swayed by the sophistries and conventionalities that led to such thinking.

To these men American civilization will be indebted in the future for having appreciated, encouraged, and preserved for posterity records on canvas which will be priceless one day.

We must be glad because they have beheld with their own eyes—have experienced and felt—the mighty force of the vivid life which is fast vanishing—because of its uniqueness, its unexampled riot of all the elements which go to make a great national art tradition—because these things have stirred these men to the depths, and imbued their souls with emotions too profound to be quelled or deceived. All America will speak of them with admiration in the future, and all history will applaud their independence, and courage of conviction.

I am preparing a show for the Grand Central Galleries now; there are to be thirty-five to forty new pictures. Many of these are yet to be executed. Many of these are already finished, but many are yet to be executed. Yet the inspiration and enthusiasm never flag, and day in and day out the pictures develop, and the sunlight and thrill of the glorious West never want.

Capitol's Carved Heads Symbolism

By Cass Gilbert, Architect
(Building No. 2—Entrance)
HERA (Juno)

Wife and sister of Jupiter, queen of the gods. She was the only really married goddess among the Olympians—hence was called the goddess of marriage and birth of children. She was very jealous of the consorts of her husband, and the off-springs of such women suffered her displeasure. The calends (first) of the months were sacred to her as were the Ides to Jupiter. Every woman was supposed to have an individual Juno as was every man to have a genius.

PROMETHEUS

To him and his brother was committed the office of making man, and he is represented as a friend of mankind, who interposed when Jupiter was incensed against them, and who taught them civilization and the arts, and stole fire from Heaven and gave it to them, thus transgressing the will of Jupiter who had him chained to the rock where he was preyed on by a vulture. His suffering might have been brought to an end had he been willing to submit to his oppressor. Prometheus has become the world's symbol of suffering and strength of will resisting wrong.
writing. My wife, Ethel Traphagen, and I have traveled around the world to assemble information, costumes and their accessories, for the benefit of the students of the Traphagen School of Fashion. We assembled objects of art from almost every land for the instruction and inspiration that our pupils would derive from living among fine things.

And together we have been in many parts of the West, and each time with increased love of, and desire, on my part, to recreate as much on canvas as fate will permit, of the glorious land of romance, poetry, drama; of color, charm unique, and glamour unrivaled. On her part, inspiration, buoyancy of spirit, and a rare collection of costumes, rugs and Navajo and Zuni jewelry has resulted.

My hope is that I may live long enough to paint all the more important subjects which I have laid out to do, I still have not seen all I want to see of our western states, and often we discuss together trips; trips to Montana, to Death Valley, to Jackson’s Hole,

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The Soul of The Room

By Margaret Prescott Montague

Sweet room, dear loved or all my people, where
The bluetiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still kept the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry o. flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with the gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady’s hair.
Then, fitful, sweeps slow fingers here and there.
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world.
Here rests The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,

Hast thou no soul to guess time own sweet grace?
One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered and grew
Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou has a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife
Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life’s stage.
Then give thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy need
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need -
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

The Atlantic Monthly, 1913.
PERSEUS
Son of Jupiter and Danae. He slew Medusa; also the dragon and saved Andromeda, who became his wife. He turned all his enemies into stone when he exposed the head of Medusa for them to gaze upon. At his death Perseus and Andromeda joined the immortals among the stars in the constellation Cassiopeia.

(Fortuna — Entrance)
FORTUNA
An attendant upon Jupiter. She was believed to guide the destinies of man, prosperous or otherwise—is represented by holding a double rudder in her hand, one to steer the bark of the lucky, the other of the unlucky. She was sometimes represented with a ball on her head or a cornucopia in her hands.

JUPITER — OR JOVE (ZEUS)
The name developed from the word Djovis (to shine) — pater (father) contracted into Jupiter. The ancient god of the heavens—the divine — personification of the heaven itself; the “light bringer”; the “lightning hurler”; the “thunderer,” “the rain giver,” the guardian of political order and peace, the most prominent of all the Olympus deities, the king of gods and men. In later Greek thought, he was viewed as supreme deity—the beginning and the end of all things.

The thunder was his weapon and he bore a shield called Aegis, made for him by Vulcan. The eagle was his favorite bird, and bore his thunderbolts.

Juno (Hera) was his wife, also his sister.

HERCULES
Son of Jupiter and Alcmena
Juno, always hostile to her husband’s offsprings by mortal mothers, by her arts rendered Hercules subject to Eurystheus who enjoined upon him a succession of desperate adventures, which are called the twelve “Labors of Hercules.” Among them, were the slaughter of the Hydra, the fight with the Nemean lion, overcoming Antaeus, a mighty giant and wrestler, slaying Cacus a huge giant who plundered the country, etc. He was considered champion of the earth.

The secret of his power lay not altogether in his physical strength. When a young man, the two goddesses, Virtue and Pleasure, sought his favor; he preferred the former.

Only his mother’s share in him could perish; being the son of Jupiter, he was immortal. Jupiter enveloped him in a cloud and took him up to dwell among the stars.

(Main Building — East Entrance)
MINERVA (Pallas Athene)
Goddess of Wisdom, the daughter of Jupiter, and said to have leaped forth from his brain, mature and in complete armor. She presided over the useful and ornamental arts—agriculture and navigation of men, and spring, weaving, and needlework of woman. She was also a warlike divinity but patronized only a defensive war. She invented thunderbolts and taught Vulcan and his Cyclops to make them for Jupiter.

VULCAN (Hephaestus)
Son of Jupiter and Juno (Hera). The celestial artist. He was archi-
tect, smith, armorer, chariot-builder, and artist of all work in Olympus. He was able to bestow on his workmanship self-motion. Jupiter gave him Venus for his wife, in gratitude for service rendered in forging thunderbolts.

MERCURY (Hermes)
Messenger of Jupiter. He presided over commerce, wrestling and other gymnastic exercises, over other thieving — everything that required skill and dexterity. He carried in his hand the caduceus, a rod entwined with two serpents and wore a winged cap and winged shoes. He invented the lyre which he gave to Apollo in exchange for the caduceus.

NEPTUNE (Poseidon)
He reigned over the ocean and controlled the rivers. The symbol of his power was the trident, or 3-pointed spear, which he used to shatter rocks and to call forth or subdue storms, to shake the shores, etc. He created the horse and was patron of horse-races.

VESTA (Hestia)
She presided over public and private hearths, the guardian of family life. A sacred fire, tended by six virgin priestesses called Vestals, flamed in her temples. Its conservation protected the city and the virgins were punished if they allowed the fire to go out. It was rekindled from the rays of the sun. No enterprise was commenced without sacrifice and prayer to the altar.

Court Room Quote

Hon. W. T. Willey, United States Senator from West Virginia, commenced the practice of law before the County Court of M——-. He was retained by a prisoner to defend him at an Examining Court. The evidence closed, Young Willey watched the Court closely to ascertain if possible the feeling of the Justices toward his client! But no ray of light could he discover. After the Prosecuting Attorney had opened the argument Mr. Willey advocated the cause of his client. Suing the action to the word and the word to the action, he made a most eloquent appeal to the Court, and asked, "Can it be possible from the evidence that my client is guilty?" Old Squire K——-, a member of the Court, wiped a tear from his cheek, and, much to the young advocate's surprise, answered, promptly, "No, I'll be switched if it is!" Mr. Willey was sure of at least one member of the Court. His client was acquitted.

Harpers, Dec. 1865
Two Versions of "The West Virginia Hills"

By Daniel Boardman Purinton

Oh, the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
That 'round my childhood home forever stand;
How I love the lofty crags, the rocks and gentle rills,
That tell me of my native land.

Chorus—
Oh, the hills, beautiful hills,
Oh, the hills, beautiful hills,
That stand around my childhood home;
Oh! the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
I love them still where'er I roam.

Oh, the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
With wealth and beauty, truth and grandeur crowned,
Where the fruit of honest toil, the grateful garner fills,
And wisdom holds her seat profound.

Oh, the West Virginia hills, the West Virginia hills,
Tho other scenes and other joys may come,
I can ne'er forget the love that now my bosom thrills,
Within my humble mountain home.

By Amanda Ellen King

Oh! the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,

That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills?

Chorus—
O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
Where my girlhood's hours were passed;
Where I often wandered lonely,
And the future tried to cast;
Many are our visions bright
Which the future ne'er fulfills;
But how sunny were my day-dreams
On those West Virginia hills!

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How unchanged they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed skyward
To the Great Almighty's Land!
Many changes I can see,
Which my heart with sadness fills,
But no changes can be noticed in those West Virginia hills!

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
I must bid you now adieu;
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever dream of you;
In the evening time of life,
If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision of those West Virginia hills!
Mr. Chase to Rev. Mr. Sharp

DOMESTIC MISSION

Upper Falls of Coal River
12 Miles from Charleston, Kanawha Co. Va.

Dear Sir,

March 26, 1818

My letter to Dr. Baldwin has probably informed you of my hav­ing had my horse killed on the road. Upon landing in Marietta, a kind Providence led me to the door of a respectable gentleman, the cashier of the bank in that place. He received me with politeness, and soon welcomed me to the bosom of an affectionate family, requesting me to make his house my home as long as I pleased. Taking his pen, and remarking, I know not what others will do, but I know what I will, he headed a subscription to the following paper:

"Marietta, Feb. 12, 1818.

Wishing to encourage every effort to supply the destitute with the preaching of the gospel; and learning that the Rev. Ira Chase, in the service of the Bap. Miss. Society of Massachusetts, had his horse accidentally killed on the evening of the 11th inst, as he was crossing the mouth of Bull Creek, we the subscribers, cheerfully contribute the sums annexed to our names, in order that he may purchase a horse, as the property of the Society, and proceed in the beneficent labours for which that body has sent him forth."

In the evening another gentleman of no less benevolence, rais­ing his eye from the subscription paper, which he held in his hand, and looking around on a circle of Christian friends, who had just closed a meeting for social prayer, and had taken their seats to hear from their pastor the story of my loss, observed: "He need not take no further trouble himself, he shall have a horse, I'll be bound." Accordingly, he took charge of the business, and being informed that to raise thirty dollars would be sufficient, it was readily done by applying to individuals.

The pastor to whom I have alluded was the Rev. Mr. Robbins, of the Congregational church. There is scarcely a Baptist in the town. Mr. R. treated me very kindly. He was to be absent the next Sabbath, and he affectionately invited me to supply his pulpit. Besides doing that, I had opportunity in the course of the week which I continued in Marietta, to attend three meetings for religious conversation and prayer. Having then purchased a horse, I took my leave of a place which will long be associated in my mind with hospitality and Christian kindness.

I passed through Parkersburg, the shire town of Wood County. There I had the happiness of meeting with Brother Evans, and of forming an acquaintance with the pastor of the Baptist church recently constituted in that village. He has the care also of two other new churches in the vicinity, which he has been the instrument of gathering.

Arriving at Point Pleasant, and
finding it expedient on account of high water, to take the road, as I had intended, which leads directly up the great Kanawha to Charlestown, I crossed the mouth of this river, and passed through the wilderness into Taze’s valley. I have now been in the vicinity about a month. Here is an Association named after the valley. It contains thirteen churches, (one of which is in Kentucky, and two are in Ohio,) eight ordained ministers, and some licentiates. In the year 1816, the number of members was 345. Owing, no doubt to the state of the country, the churches have generally met only once a month, assembling on Saturday for church business, and having preaching on the Lord’s day following. But apprehensive that a neglect of public worship on the intervening Sabbaths must prove detrimental, I have thought it my duty to make some exertions to promote weekly meetings. For the satisfaction of the society relative to what I have done, perhaps I ought to draw off and annex a copy of a letter which I have just prepared for the Rev. John Lee, one of the earliest ministers in the Association, Pastor of several churches, and a father to them all.

In haste, yours respectfully,

Ira Chase

Rev. Daniel Sharp,
Secretary of the Bap. Miss.
Society of Massachusetts.

The Circus Clown and The Capital

By George W. Sumners

They were about to move the capital again.

And then the circus came along and settled all dispute as to where its future site should be.

For John Lowlow, the circus clown, took up the cause of Charleston and stood by boldly when the outlook was the darkest. With the help of John E. Kenna and Romeo H. Freer he saved the day. And without the work they did Charleston might not now have been the capital of West Virginia.

That a circus, seldom in a city but a day, should take interest in a local contest and aid in determining the location of the capital of a state may seem strange. But stranger still it would appear that the chief clown of the circus, thick-smeared with red and white grease paint, the bells on his fools-cap jingling as he amused the little folk with his antics, would have the power and care to use it so effectively as to determine the result of a state election. Yet that is what John Lowlow did. And that is what makes this a story.

The capital had been on wheels, as the people termed it —part of the time in Wheeling, the other part in Charleston. It was pretty generally believed that the mere designation as state capital would give prestige to a town and bring prosperity. So when it was enacted that a permanent site should be selected by the people of the state at a general election in 1877 there was a scramble among all the towns which regarded themselves as eligible — each ambitious to become a city and particularly the “capital city.”
Charleston did not want to cede the seat of government either to Clarksburg or Martinsburg, and promptly made it known. The little community had once been chosen as the capital of a new and small, but potentially rich and highly promising state and had lost it to Wheeling. Now it had been determined to move it from Wheeling. So Charleston organized its fight to obtain it again.

Then started a campaign, and never has another such been staged within the state. Political parties were not involved in any way. There were no lists of candidates with spread-winged eagles or crowing roosters at the top. It was not an economic contest; no principles or theories of government were at stake, the fight was made on local lines alone.

Proponents of the three aspiring towns went through the state, seeking to convince the voters of the superiority as a capital site of the communities they respectively represented.

Advertisement

Chronicles Of Border Warfare

Or
A History of the Settlements by the Whites of North-Western Virginia; and of the Indian Wars and Massacres, in That Section of the State, Etc.

The "Chronicles of Border Warfare" are now completed and presented to the public. Circumstances, over which the publisher had no control, have operated to delay their appearance; and an apprehension that such might be the case, induced him, when issuing proposals for their publication, not positively to name a time at which the work would be completed and ready for delivery.

This delay, although unavoidable, has been the source of regret to the publisher, and has added considerably to the expenditure otherwise necessarily made in attempting to rescue from oblivion the many interesting incidents, now for the first time recorded. To preserve them from falling into the gulf of forgetfulness, was the chief motive which the publisher had in view; and should the profits of the work be sufficient to defray the expenses actually incurred in its preparation and completion he will be abundantly satisfied that he will be thus far remunerated, is not for an instant doubted,—the subscription papers having attached to them, as many names as their copies published.

In regard to the manner of its execution, it does not perhaps become him to speak. He was attentive to his duties, and watched narrowly the press! And if typographical errors are to be found, it must be attributed to the great difficulty of preventing them, even when the author is at hand to correct each proof; they are however, certainly few, and such as would be likely to escape observation.

Joseph Israel
(Western Enquirer, Clarksburg, Va., Saturday, June 9, 1832.)
No other city in the southern portion of the state aspired to be the capital and Charleston felt reasonably assured of the entire vote in this southern section, without an effort, Charleston seemed not at all disturbed by the efforts of the other aspirants to acquire the capital from Wheeling. Sure of the south’s support, as many speakers as could be enlisted in the cause were sent to campaign for Charleston in the upper counties. But in that great tier of counties along and near the southern boundary it was deemed a waste of effort, time and talent to make a fight at all.

As weeks of the campaign passed, discouraging reports were heard in Charleston. Little help, it was asserted, could be expected from the north. Every voter there seemed to be working for either Clarksburg or Martinsburg, the city nearest his own home, and while the vote would be divided Charleston could not count on any of it. From the southern counties came reports of apathy and assertions that unless the voters could be aroused not enough of them would go to the polls to overcome the northern vote. They were not opposed to Charleston, If they voted at all it would be to put the capital there. But they were indifferent as to the contest; and it seemed that hardly enough of them would vote to pay for opening the polls.

It has been said that if one wants a man to fight he must make him mad or scare him. They did both to Charleston, and Charleston fought. And with such good effect was its fight made that, though it happened more than 50 years ago, the new gold-domed, ten million dollar state house, intended to serve the state as its official headquarters for at least a century, was built in Charleston.

When the call was made for speakers to go among the people and arouse their interest in Charleston’s candidacy, John E. Kenna and Romeo H. Freer responded. It mattered not that they were political opponents; that later each was to serve in Congress elected to opposing tickets! that Kenna was to be chosen senator and have a life-sized marble statue of himself placed by an appreciative state in the statuary hall of the national capital; or that Freer was destined to become attorney general of his state and to sit upon the bench.

They were young men and friends, both earnest advocates of Charleston for the capital city, and they had time to spare in its behalf. Each had been admitted to the bar but neither had yet found a lucrative clientele. They felt a patriotic sense of duty toward the town which they relied on for their practice, and they believed if they were to campaign for Charleston in a country already friendly it would give them prestige and enlarge their acquaintance among the people from whom they would have to draw their future clients.

So Romeo H. Freer and John E. Kenna went out together to speak for Charleston as the capital. They tried and the country schoolhouse first, and then the crossroads store. And if they came to a county seat they would speak like the sheriff conducting a sale, “at the front door of the courthouse.” But it was the same old story everywhere they went. The sun was hot; the speakers had not been preceded by a reputation or a press agent and the mountain people did not care a
rap where they might put or keep the capital. And while these future statesmen did their best to arouse the voters, the voters refused to be aroused. Other speakers were finding similar difficulties and the situation was growing desperate, so far as Charleston’s prospects were concerned.

“What are we going to do, Romeo?” asked Kenna, after they failed four times to get an audience.

“Blamed if I know, John,” was the reply.

Neither wanted to go back home and admit a failure, yet it seemed hopeless to go on. But they decided to try once more, and in a larger place, before acknowledging defeat.

Huntington was not then the thriving city of today. But if offered better opportunity for a campaign orator than did a district school, and was not unfriendly territory. So, with their carpetbags in hand, they went to Huntington, hoping to be able to collect a crowd there on the following day.

Fatigued and discouraged, they slept far into the next morning and were aroused at last by the shrill whistling of a steam calliope.

“In the name of the great jumping Jehosaphat,” said the first one out of bed. “Get out and see what we are up against.”

A circus parade was passing by in all its glory.

“And that’s our competition for today,” said one of the young men. “Nothing but a circus to speak against, with every person in a radius of 50 miles inside the tent. It’s a fine chance we have to get a crowd and a wonderful job we’re doing, saving the capital for Charleston. Suppose we go and get a drink.”

Discouraged and disheartened, they went. And while they drank, a courteous, friendly fellow stepped up to them, politely asked a few such questions as a stranger may, and then invited them to join him in a drink. Conversation worked its way around to the circus — the biggest thing in the little town that day — the stranger admitted his connection with it.

Overhearing this, a bright-eyed Negro boy, a porter in the place, politely asked the showman if it were true the circus he was associated with was the largest in the world.

“Certainly it is,” replied the man. “Don’t you see on every billboard and in every window the announcement of John Robinson’s circus — the greatest show on earth?”

“Yes, suh,” replied the boy, “but ebry one ob dem billboa’ds says John Robinson’s circus — greatest show on earth, Sept. 1, an’ I’se a-wonderin’ which dat ’ception is.”

“Well, Mr. Bartender, I guess that puts the drinks on me,” said the showman, “See that everybody’s served,” and he handed something to the boy besides a pair of circus tickets.

“Thank yuh, suh,” said the little fellow, “you suttingly is in mighty good company wid Mistah Kenna an’ Mistah Freeah from Charleston.”

“How do you come to know
these gentlemen?" asked the stranger, "and about Charleston; we show there tomorrow."

The boy explained that he had worked in Charleston before he had beat his way to Huntington and that "dese is might fine genmen up dere."

With such an introduction the three men spent more time together, Kenna and Freer telling the story of the hard luck which had followed them since they started into their campaign; the other listening sympathetically.

"Out in the mountains," the young men explained, "we can not coax the voters out to hear us; and here, where they gather by thousands, we can not get to them to urge them to turn out and vote for Charleston."

"There ought to be some way to help you fellows out," said the showman after a period of meditation. "Suppose you come to the entrance of the main show tent at 1 o'clock and say that you are the man John Lowlow wants to see, and I'll be waiting for you."

And so it was that the famous circus clown took up the task of helping Charleston out in its fight for the permanent location of the capital, just because he liked John Kenna and Romeo Freer.

And just because John Kenna and Romeo Freer liked John Lowlow and realized what he was doing for them and for Charleston, they, then and there took on new cheer and entered upon their short career as a part of "the greatest show on earth."

For Lowlow had arranged it with the management of the circus that they might have five minutes in each of their performances in West Virginia in which to urge support for Charleston in the capital fight.

"You fellows complained you couldn't get the crowds to talk to," said Lowlow, "Now I am getting you your crowd, but it will be up to you to do the rest. And you will have to talk fast, too, for we're only given you five minutes and I can't hold the clock back long for you."

For a week Kenna and Freer traveled through the very territory where they had failed before to get a crowd, speaking to audiences of from 5,000 to 10,000 persons, some of whom had driven 50 miles to see the circus. It was the very section they had wanted most to reach, and the part of the state where they had expected the strongest support — if they could only arouse the people to the importance of getting out and voting.

And they aroused the people; and they got out the vote. Charleston was chosen for the permanent site of the capital by an overwhelming vote. And it was mainly due to John Lowlow, who made it possible for Kenna and Freer to reach the vote that did the work and get it out the day that it was needed.

The circus went upon its way and into other states where there were no capital fights. And John Lowlow went on with it, passing with it also out of the minds of West Virginians, but for the few who were associated with, or knew about, his active part in the contest.

Kenna and Freer, considerably aided by their successful work in the capital campaign took up steadily increasing practices of law and entered politics, pitted always each against the other.
They ran always on opposing tickets, but never for the same office at the same time.

And the fact that neither of them ever was defeated in a race for public office is proof of the popularity of these young men who helped to make history in West Virginia.

Both were chosen at different times for the same county office. Both served in the house of repre-resentatives, Freer being elected from Ritchie County. Freer was elected attorney general of the state and later judge of the circuit court, while Kenna was twice a senator from his state.

It was while serving as a senator and had attained a high standing among his associates in the national capital that John Robinson's circus showed in Washington.

Kenna, recalling his old days of

Stage Coach Days in West Virginia

From "Historic Highways"
By Archer Butler Hulbert

The following advertisement of an opposition line, running in 1837, is an interesting suggestion of the intense spirit of rivalry while was felt as keenly, if not more so, as in our day of close competition:

OPPOSITION!
Defiance Fast Line Coaches Daily
From Wheeling, Va., to Cincinnati, O. via Zanesville, Columbus, Springfield and intermediate points.
Through in less time than any other line.
"By opposition the people are well served,"
The Defiance Fast Line connects at Wheeling, Va., with Re-side & Co.'s, Two Superior daily lines to Baltimore, McNair and Co.'s Mail Coach line, via Bed ford, Chambersburg and the Columbia and Harrisburg Rail Roads to Philadelphia, being the only direct line from Wheeling—with the only coach line from Wheeling to Pittsburgh, via Washington, Pa., and with numerous cross lines in Ohio.

The proprietors having been released on the 1st inst, from burthen of carrying the great mail, (which will retard any line) are now enabled to run through in a shorter time than any other line on the road, they flatter themselves they will be able to give general satisfaction; and believe the public are aware, from past experience, that a liberal patronage to the above line will prevent impositions in high rates of fare by any stage monopoly.

The proprietors of the Defiance Fast Line are making the necessary arrangements to stock the Sandusky and Cleveland Routes also from Springfield to Dayton—which will be done during the month of July.

All baggage and parcels only received at the risk of the owners thereof.

JNO. W. WEAVER & CO., GEO. W. MANYPENNY JNO. YONTZ,
From Wheeling to Columbus, Ohio JAMES H. BACON WILLIAM RIANHARD,
F. M. WRIGHT, WILLIAM H. FIFE,
From Columbus to Cincinnati.
campaign speaking under what the circus people call the "big top," organized a senatorial circus party and took them to the show.

He went to call on his friend Lowlow — still with the "greatest show on earth," but failed to find him. He left a card, saying he would call again after the afternoon performance was over and hoped to find his old friend in. And then he got his associates together to attend the circus.

Diplomats forget their duties, justices discarded dignity along with their black robes, heads of the different departments knew that business would go on just the same without their presence. They all went as Kenna's guests, with an entire section of the best seats reserved for them.

The President was on a fishing trip, or he probably would have been in the party, too, for Grover Cleveland and John Kenna were close friends.

Freer was out in West Virginia holding court, so he could not be with them. Kenna could scarcely have been said to be there, for his mind was wandering back to by-gone days in West Virginia, when he stood beneath the canvas "top," and made his campaign speech.

And then he was roused from his reverie. The white-faced, fools-capped clown was on the barrel-head, where he had stood himself, and was waving his arms for silence.

"Is there in the audience a man named Kenna?" called the voice of John Lowlow: "Senator John E. Kenna, from West Virginia,"

continued the clown, "He used to travel with this circus."

There was silence for a moment. Then a cabinet officer, seeing the senator confused, began to clap his hands. The others of the private party followed his example and Kenna was compelled to rise and bow his acknowledgment of this public tribute, while Lowlow scrambled up to Kenna's seat, and grasped his hand.

The crowd which filled the tent did not know what it was all about, but it joined in the applause until ten thousand persons were on their feet, yelling and clapping while white-faced clown and frock-coated senator their arms around each other said things the others did not hear.

John Lowlow was the guest of honor at an exclusive little party given by Kenna after the close of that night's performance at Chamberlin's the most exclusive restaurant of its day in Washington. Most of the distinguished government officials and other notables who had been at the circus party were present.

And there it was that Kenna told of the beginning of the friendship between the clown and himself, and of the part John Lowlow played in sending himself to the senate, Romeo Freer to the house and making Charleston the capital of West Virginia.

John Lowlow's gone, John Kenna's gone and Romeo Freer is gone. Their memories are all but gone. And few there are in the entire state today who know the part played by the circus and the clown in the making of its history.

Give me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of West Augusta and I will gather around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free.

— George Washington
It was in the early summer of this year (1829) that Cincinnati offered a spectacle unprecedented, I believe, in any age or country. Mr. Owen, of Lanark, of New Harmony, of Texas, well known to the world by all or either of these additions, had challenged the whole religious public of the United States to discuss with him publicly the truth or falsehood of all the religions that had ever been propagated on the face of the earth; stating further, that he undertook to prove that they were all equally false, and nearly equally mischievous. This most appalling challenge was conveyed to the world through the medium of New Orleans newspapers, and for some time it remained unanswered; at length the Reverend Alexander Campbell, from Bethany, (not of Judaea, but of Kentucky,) proclaimed, through the same medium, that he was ready to take up the gauntlet. The place fixed for this extraordinary discussion was Cincinnati; the time, the second Monday in May, 1829, being about a year from the time the challenge was accepted; thus giving the disputants time to prepare themselves.

Mr. Owen's preparation, however, could only have been such as those who run may read; for, during the interval, he traversed great part of North America, crossed the Atlantic twice, visited England, Scotland, Mexico, Texas, and I know not how many place besides.

Mr. Campbell, I was told, passed this period very differently, being engaged in reading, with great research and perseverance, all the theological works within his reach. But whatever confidence the learning and piety of Mr. Campbell might have inspired in his friends, or in the Cincinnati Christians in general, it was not, as it appeared, sufficient to induce Mr. Wilson, the Presbyterian minister of the largest church in the town, to permit the display of them within its walls. This refusal was greatly reprobated, and much regretted, as the curiosity to hear the discussion was very general, and no other edifice offered so much accommodation.

A Methodist meeting-house, large enough to contain a thousand persons, was at last chosen; a small stage was arranged round the pulpit, to accommodate the disputants and their stenographers; the pulpit itself was, throughout the whole time, occupied by the aged father of Mr. Campbell, whose flowing white hair, and venerable countenance, constantly expressive of the deepest attention, and the most profound interest, made him a very striking figure in the group. Another platform was raised in a conspicuous part of the building, on which were seated seven gentlemen of the city, selected as moderators.

The chapel was equally divided, one-half being appropriated to ladies, the other to gentlemen; and the door of entrance reserved for the ladies was carefully guarded by persons appointed to prevent any crowding or difficulty from impeding their approach. I suspect that the ladies were indebted to Mr. Owen for this
attention; the arrangements respecting them on this occasion were by no means American.

When Mr. Owen rose, the building was thronged in every part; the audience, or congregation, (I hardly know which to call them) were of the highest rank of citizens, and as large a proportion of best bonnets fluttered there, as the “two-norned church” itself could boast.

It was in the profoundest silence, and apparently with the deepest attention, that Mr. Owen’s opening address was received; and surely it was the most singular one that ever Christian men and women sat to listen to.

When I recollect its object, and

Ben Bolt

By Thomas Dunn English

Don’t you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt.
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we’ve lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton’s mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its mothley limbs
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don’t you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master’s grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months and twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.
the uncompromising manner in which the orator stated his mature conviction that the whole history of the Christian mission was a fraud, and its sacred origin a fable, I cannot but wonder that it was so listened to; yet at the time I felt no such wonder. Never did any one practise the suaviter in modo with more powerful effect than Mr. Owen. The gentle tone of his voice; his mild, sometimes playful, but never ironical manner; the absence of every vehement or harsh expression; the affectionate interest expressed for "the whole human family;" the air of candour with which he expressed his wish to be convinced he was wrong, if he indeed were so — his kind smile — the mild expression of his eyes — in short, his whole manner, disarmed zeal, and produced a degree of tolerance that those who did not hear him would hardly believe possible.

Half an hour was the time allotted for each haranguer; when this was expired, the moderators were seen to look at their watches. Mr. Owen, too, looked at his (without pausing), smiled, shook his head, and said in a parenthesis "a moment's patience," and continued for nearly another half hour.

Mr. Campbell then arose; his person, voice and manner all greatly in his favour. In his first attack he used the arms, which in general have been considered as belonging to the other side of the question. He quizzed Mr. Owen most unmercifully; pinched him here for his parallelograms; hit him there for his human perfectibility, and kept the whole audience in a roar of laughter. Mr. Owen joined in it most heartily himself, and listened to him throughout with the air of a man who is delighted at the good things he is hearing, and exactly in the cue to enjoy all the other good things that he is sure will follow. Mr. Campbell's watch was the only one which reminded us that we had listened to him for half an hour; and having continued speaking for a few minutes after he had looked at it, he sat down with, I should think, the universal admiration of his auditory.

Mr. Owen again addressed us; and his first five minutes were occupied in complimenting Mr. Campbell with all the strength his exceeding hearty laughter had left him. But then he changed his tone, and said the business was too serious to permit the next half hour to pass so lightly and so pleasantly as the last; and then he read us what he called his twelve fundamental laws of human nature. These twelve laws he has taken so much trouble to circulate to all the nations of the earth, that it must be quite unnecessary to repeat them here. To me they appear twelve truisms, that no man in his senses would ever think of contradicting; but how any one can have conceived that the explanation and defense of these laws could furnish forth occupation for his pen and voice, through whole years of unwearying declamation, or how he can have dreamed that they could be twisted into a refutation of the Christian religion, is a mystery which I never expect to understand.

From this time Mr. Owen entrenched himself behind his twelve laws, and Mr. Campbell, with equal gravity, confined himself to bringing forward the most elaborate theological authorities in evidence of the truth of revealed religion. Neither appeared to me to answer the other; but to confine themselves to the utterance of what they had uppermost in their own minds when the discussion began, I lamented this on the side of Mr. Campbell, as I am persuaded
he trusted more to himself and less to his books. Mr. Owen is an extraordinary man, and certainly possessed of talent, but he appears to me so utterly benighted in the mists of his own theories, that he has quite lost the power of looking through them, so as to get a peep at the world as it really exists around him.

At the conclusion of the debate (which lasted for fifteen sittings) Mr. Campbell desired the whole assembly to sit down. They obeyed. He then requested all who wished well to Christianity to rise, and a very large majority were in an instant on their legs. He again requested them to be seated, and then desired those who believed not in its doctrines to rise, and a few gentlemen and one lady obeyed. Mr. Owen protested against this manoeuvre, as he called it, and refused to believe that it afforded any proof of the state of men's minds, or of women's either; declaring, that not only was such a result to be expected, in the present state of things, but that it was the duty of every man who had children to feed, not to hazard the sale of his hogs, or his iron, by a declaration of opinions which might offend the majority of his customers. It was said, that at the end of the fifteen meetings the numerical amount of the Christians and the infidels of Cincinnati remained exactly what it was when they began,

This was a result that might have been perhaps anticipated; but what was much less to have been expected, neither of the disputants ever appeared to lose their temper. I was told they were much in each other's company, constantly dining together, and on all occasions expressed most cordially their mutual esteem.

All this I think could only have happened in America, I am not quite sure that it was very desirable it should have happened any where.

NOTE:—Mrs. Trollope erred in placing Bethany in Kentucky. It was then in Virginia, new West Virginia. Alexander Campbell was the son of Thomas Campbell, a Presbyterian clergyman who had joined the Baptists and left that denomination because its leaders would not listen to his plan for a union of all churches. He founded a new church at Brush Run, Pennsylvania, in 1811, with his son Alexander Campbell as the first preacher. Alexander Campbell moved the church to Bethany in 1827, and it was from this point that its doctrines spread throughout the country. Its followers were originally called Campbellites. President Johnson is a Disciple of Christ, of Campbellite.

More Stories of Riley Wilson

The following story was related to me by Ex-Governor Morrow of Kentucky:

*When I was quite a young man I was riding boundary for the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. It happened that one day, about sunset, I was riding down Little Laurel Creek, in Kentucky, I came across a cabin set in a clearing, reined in my mule and shouted, "Hello" to the cabin. In answer to my call a little old, grey-haired woman, with a black shawl...*
about her shoulders, fastened with a large brass safety-pin, appeared in the doorway. Dear old Aunt Molly Burns! I can see her, now. She called out to me, "Alright, stranger, feed and water and I'll take yer beast." I said, "Never mind, Aunt Molly, I'll put up the mule." "Well," she said, "you'll get your supper."

After I had looked after the mule I returned to the cabin, sat down to a plain but hearty supper, and, after Aunt Molly had cleared the table, we took seats in front of the fireplace. I asked Aunt Molly where her husband, Uncle Elihu, was. She answered, "Well, he went to the courthouse today; but he'll be along presently; you'll hear him a-singin' when he hits the top o' the hollow." It wasn't long until we heard the old fellow singing and we went to the door to greet him. He came along riding a mule, a great big, mountain man, his face disclosing the high prominent cheekbones and his long grey hair flying in the wind. He took his mule to the barn and Aunt Molly went to prepare supper for him.

After Uncle Elihu had finished his supper all three of us took seats before the fire. The room was just a general living room common to the mountain type of cabin in the section and it was very plainly but comfortably furnished. A rifle barrel protruded from the upper frame of the door and the reflection from the fire glistened on the shiny metal so that it appeared as though sparks were flying from it, scattering and scintillating to the far corners of the room.

It was not long before I noticed a somewhat quiet attitude on the part of the old couple, as though they didn't care to talk much in my presence. So, at a convenient moment, I made my apologies and went off to the bed that had been assigned to me. I got over in the darkest corner of the room, undressed and sunk out of sight in a big feather bed, I tried to sleep but for some reason or other I just could not do so.

I had been lying there for quite some time, wide awake, when I overheard Uncle Elihu say: "Molly, I never told you what I went to the courthouse for today." Aunt Molly answered and said: "No, Elihu, you didn't tell me; if you wanted me to know it, I guess you would have told me." "Well," said Uncle Elihu, "I do want you to know it, Molly. We been sued." "We been sued," said Aunt Molly, "What for, Elihu?" "Do you remember, Molly," Uncle Elihu began, somewhat timidly, "when Jess Burgess' boy came here last Fall and asked me to go security on a note for him for three hundred dollars?" "Yes, I remember it, Elihu," said Aunt Molly, "and I asked you not to do it," "I know you did, Molly," continued Uncle Elihu, picking up a little courage.

SAVE ME SOME O' DEM
"CHITTLIN'S"

There was an old darkey woman used to work for us. She was born in the family.

Well her daughter had married a man down to Lynchburg. One day she asked me to write a letter for her to this daughter. I said, "All right, mammy, what do you want me to say?" She said, "Baby, put in thar, I ain't a-goin' to be yer much longe; put in thar, I'm a-feelin' badly; put in thar, I don't 'spect I'se a-goin'tuh see yuh agin." I said, "Anything else, mammy?" and she replied, "Put in thar, save me some o' dem chittlins."
now that he had got started on his confession, "and I never aimed for to do it. But when I went out to the barn to feed, the boy followed me there and he says, 'Uncle Elihu, I'm a neighbor of your'n. My pappy and you came here together on this creek and now my pappy is gone. I aim to cut the timber up that off'n that holl'w in front of the old place and when the freshet comes in the spring I aim to float it out and sell it and get my money for it; but I got to have money to pay my hands who'll help me cut it,' and, Molly, my lawyer in town says I don't have to pay for it: That Kentucky people have exemptions under fourteen hundred dollars, that is, the furniture in the house and the implements and the beasts they make their living with; and everything we've got, Molly, ain't worth night unto fourteen hundred dollars. I told him I would have to see you first. What do you think about it, Molly?"

Old Aunt Molly reached over and placed an arm around Uncle Elihu and said, "Elihu, me and you came here on the Laurel together, I rid a mule that my pappy give me and you led a heifer your pappy give you; and we cleared this place here and helped us build this cabin; then the children came; Minnie, she's in Missouri, and Opal, she's a-lyin' up there on the p'int o' the hill—she's been there a long time, Elihu. Then the war broke out, You heard the drums and bugles and you took my two boys and went to war. You came back, Elihu, but you never fetched the boys back, and you're all I got. But there's six heifers in the field and there's four mules in the barn. We'll sell them, Elihu; we'll sell the implements, and we'll sell the place, and I'll take you by the hand, Elihu, and me and you will go off'n the Laurel, like we come on to it. We're mountain people, Elihu, and we can't owe no man a nickel."

The Woman Who Wrote Dime Novels

By Ethel Clark Lewis

"To Be Continued In Our Next" was the promise which kept Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller at the writing of serial stories for nearly thirty years. An exacting promise, but keeping it brought fame and fortune to this indefatigable woman. A daughter of our Mother State, she came as a bride to West Virginia, where she lived nearly forty of the busiest years of her life.

"I wrote romances," Mrs. Miller says, "that followed a straight course from my brain to the tip of my fountain pen." There is a glamour in make-believe stories that appeals to young and old, yet true life stories of those who have triumphed over obstacles inspire readers as no fiction can do. An autobiography recently completed by Mrs. Miller, with the help of her daughter, is absorbingly interesting.

She tells of the happy childhood in Old Virginia, before the war, of the little girl, Mittie Frances Clark Point, one of ten children born to her father, Charles J. Point, native Philadelphian of Quaker ancestry, and to her mother, Mary G. Crow, of Suffolk, Virginia, of naval and seafaring
ancestry. In addition, there were three daughters and a son by her father's previous marriage.

While yet a child, the war came on, and she recalls both sad and amusing incidents of those days. The family lived on a turnpike leading out of Richmond to camping grounds of Confederate troops, and their cook was instructed never to refuse food to soldiers. Many a time their dinner was thus given away, but the children were thankful for scanty substitutes.

Her father, with Quaker principles against war, was drafted into the Richmond Home Guard, and often was compelled to be away from his family at night, helping guard the city. Later, her beloved mother, worn out by vicissitudes of the time, died a few years after the close of the war.

Because she was so eager to learn, older members of the family taught Mittie at first, then she attended a school kept by her aunt Margaret Crow, who lived in Portsmouth. During the war she was taught at home, but at its close entered Richmond Female Institute—now Richmond Woman's College—and graduated at the age of nineteen. She was considered unusually talented in literary work at school. While still in her teens, she was a frequent contributor of verse and short stories to the Old Dominion, a Richmond magazine of merit, but which in those after-the-war years could not pay for contributions.

A few years after graduation, Miss Point married a young man of her own city—Thomas Jefferson Davis. At her husband's urging, she wrote her first novel, "Rosamond," which was bought by Street and Smith about a year later, for $100. Then they went to Washington, where Mr. Davis was employed in the Government Printing Office. There a daughter, Pearl was born to them. Mr. Davis then fell ill and two years after their marriage, died. A month later the baby died, and the sorely bereaved mother returned to her father's home. Now, fifty-some years later, Mrs. Miller thinks the poem, "Beside a Grave," written soon after the loss of her loved ones, the best she has ever produced, and she has been writing poetry since childhood.

Desiring to make her own way, Mrs. Davis went back to Washington, where she found work writing syndicated letters, which gave a weekly resume of the actions of Congress. Five dollars a week was not a living wage, however, and she tried other work. Among her interesting experiences of this period, the middle seventies, she recalls a visit to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth in her Georgetown home.

Most of this time she was writing, during hours that should have been spent in sleep, a novel, called by her "Clendenin's Love," later published as "The Senator's Bride." These combined efforts were too much for her then frail constitution and she became ill, returning home at her father's command.

Back in Richmond, she was prevailed upon to contribute a column a week to The Temperance Advocate for $10 a month. She wrote long and short stories, poems, editorials, filling several times the requested space without additional pay. The editor, Mr. Dill, then having to move to Norfolk, urged her to become editor of the Advocate, but she refused, having other plans. Unknowingly, she had reached a turning-point in her literary career.

It was in 1878 that Mittie Point Davis married Alex, McVeigh Miller and went to "the mountains," as people in Richmond spoke of West
Virginia. Their first home was a temporary one at Hawk's Nest. There followed an experiment at farming in Nicholas County, then they went to the home of Mr. Miller's father and his second wife, on a large farm near Alderson, in Greenbrier County. Here was a large family of young people, some being step brothers and sisters.

Here their first child—Irene—was born, and here they lived for nearly two years. Mr. Miller taught school and helped with the farm work. During this time, a little home was built on a 10-acre tract given Alex by his father. When finished, there was not enough money to finish paying the chief carpenter, a Mr. McVey, who had stopped to visit the Miller's on his way east. Nor was there money to buy furniture, so the young couple could not move.

"I was fairly and squarely up against the need for money," says Mrs. Miller, "So I put on my thinking cap with a sort of desperation, determined to pull myself out of this hole if it were humanly possible. I did pull myself out and the others, too. And I did it with 'The Bride of the Tomb!'"

"I had previously scorned writing for the sensational weekly story papers. I had aimed higher, but now I was ready to commit almost any literary heresy."

So she wrote to her half-sister, Sarah, in Richmond, asking that some copies of the story papers be sent her.

"I saturated myself in the style of these stories, and resolved that I would, if possible, out-do them all and write the most sensational story yet written. I wrote my story, which was a sort of composite of all the exciting and romantic stuff I had been reading, plus all my own imagination could add, and even included some suggestions of my husband's," Mrs. Miller says of this effort.

Not long did she have to wait for a reply from the editor to whom she sent the first chapters of her story. An immediate acceptance at twenty dollars an installment was received. How thrilled was the author and the whole family, when the registered letter containing the first twenty dollar bill came! And how soon the money was gone! For it was given to the carpenter, who accepted it as full payment of his account and departed.

"My daughter has recently read aloud to me 'The Bride of the Tomb,' that flamingly sensational and improbable story, and when she had finished, I exclaimed, 'Rotten!' Yet I realized that I had put together a tensely melodramatic story, which carried the reader breathlessly along. I did what teachers of writing now emphasize. I decided what periodicals I wanted to write for, I read their contents, I made a certain style of my own, and I succeeded!"

That serial is the most sensational of all Mrs. Miller's stories, she thinks, though none of them are lacking in dramatic interest. They were not "rotten" as so much popular fiction of today is, and one has much food for thought in comparing the beautiful heroines and their environment of the after-the-war period with the independent girls of our modern life.

Other serials followed, appearing in the Family Story Paper, which had published the Bride of the Tomb. The bulk of Mrs. Miller's serials were written under contract for three weekly papers, the New York Weekly, published by Street and Smith, the New York Family Story Paper, and the New York Fireside Companion. The second and third of
these were published by brothers, Norman and George Munro, who carried on a friendly rivalry. After the publication of the "Bride," the other story papers took her up, and for a time she wrote back and forth for them. Then she entered on her first contract with George Munro, of the Fireside Companion, receiving at first $1200 a story, later $2000 each. And the editor who paid her these prices first advertised for her address in the New York World. The ad was seen by a friend in Richmond, who at once wrote her. The rest followed.

She would have preferred writing poetry above all else, but soon discovered there was little money in it, tho' in after years her poems earned $500 for her.

Several short stories and poems of hers appeared in the Greenbrier Independent in the late seventies, including the poem, "Lines Written at the Top of Hawk's Nest Cliff." A novelette, "The Tory's Treasure," was published in the Wheeling Register about 1893. At a much latter date, she contributed three novels to the F. M. Lupton publications.

Mrs. Miller says that in looking back on these years, she seems to have been several persons in one. Soon after moving into their new home their son, McVeigh, was born, and 1883 Lawrence completed the family circle, until Father Point and Sarah came to live with them. With her good salary, the little house was enlarged into a beautiful twelve-room country home, which was named "The Cedars." It was a most popular place with relatives and friends from far and near, and many, many guests were hospitably entertained.

Despite all changes, Mrs. Miller continued her weekly installments, each one reaching a tense situation and ending with the exasperating words, "To Be Continued In Our Next," except when one story was concluded and another begun. An installment meant thirty pages of long hand writing on foolscap paper. Typewriting was then in its infancy and she wrote everything by hand—her left hand, by the way—tho' she used fountain pens from the time they were placed on the market.

Engrossed with the earning of money and many home responsibilities, Mrs. Miller had domestic help, and her husband assumed the investing of her money, not always advantageously for his wife, Mr. Miller became a state senator in the nineties and served in that capacity for sixteen years. His family often accompanied him to Charleston for the legislative sessions, but despite the pleasures of the capital, Mrs. Miller wrote regularly while there.

All three children were graduated from the State University in 1902, each being awarded some special honor. The following year, while serving as committee clerk in the legislature, McVeigh contracted typhoid fever, and, after a month's desperate illness in a Charleston hospital, died. This was a terrible shock to the family and Mrs. Miller, after completing a partly published story, gave up writing for years.

Other sorrows followed—Father Point had previously died—Irene and Lawrence married and left the home. Unhappiness, long brewing, culminated in the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Miller. There were financial losses. Except for summers spent at The Cedars, Mrs. Miller lived for a number of years with her daughter, Mrs. Chainey, in Boston. In 1920 The Cedars was sold and mother and daughter have since made their home in Washington. The son, Lawrence, now lives in a western state.
As a young girl, Mittie Point had joined famous old St. John's Episcopal Church in Richmond. About forty years ago she belonged to a newly-formed Writers' Club in Washington, which numbered among its members Edward Eggleston and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Altho' in recent years she and Mrs. Chainey have been affiliated with the League of American Penwomen, the Arts Club, and the West Virginia Society, in Washington, Mrs. Miller has never been a club woman in spirit. Tho' possessing the poise of a true southern gentlewoman, to which her success gave an added dignity, she never got over her girlish shyness enough to speak in public. She thoroughly enjoys floweres and music and her passion for poetry has never abated, Mrs. Chainey is now compiling a volume of her mother's poems.

Despite the fact that a serious eye trouble prevents her from reading and writing, Mrs. Miller goes out regularly and enjoys the city, tho' she says of the winters in the eighties which she and her husband and children spent there, "The Washington of those days is a dear and cherished memory." She tells engaging real stories of interesting people whom she has met in the four capitals—Richmond, Charleston (W. Va.), Washington, Boston; in her travels in her own country; in the West Indies, and in Europe; and of those who have written to her, and have come to her home to meet the

Quotes from Harpers

From Harpers, Dec., 1865
Hon. W. T. Willey, United States Senator from West Virginia, commenced the practice of law before the County Court of M——. He was retained by a prisoner to defend him at an Examining Court. The evidence closed, Young Willey watched the Court closely to ascertain if possible the feeling of the Justices toward his client; but no ray of light could he discover. After the Prosecuting Attorney had opened the argument Mr. Willey advocated the cause of his client. Suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, he made a most eloquent appeal to the Court, and asked, "Can it be possible from the evidence that my client is guilty?" He wiped a tear from his cheek, and, much to the young advocate's surprise, answered, promptly, "No, I'll be switched if it is!" Mr. Willey was sure of at least one member of the Court. His client was acquitted.

From Harpers, Feb., 1866
M. M. Bent, well known throughout West Virginia, began life as clerk in a country store at G——, at the age of fifteen, and was very small for his age (a difficulty, by-the-way, that he has never surmounted). One day a huge customer came into the store—a man who weighed three hundred pounds, and seemed quite puzzled as to how much he should buy. Young Bent spoke up: "How old is your boy, Sir?" "Fifteen," was the reply. "Just my age," said Bent; "is he as big as me?" "Big as you!" ejaculated the large customer, stepping back a pace and surveying the boy from head to foot with a look of the most unutterable contempt. "Big as you! He was as big as you when he was born!"
writer whose stories had given them pleasure.

In answer to my question as to what book made her one of the best paid women writers of the period in the United States, she unhesitatingly replied, "The Bride of the Tomb." Her most popular novel is probably "The Senator's Bride," altho' "Lancaster's Choice," "Laurel Vane," and others have been named for that honor, "The Senator's Bride" has been translated into Swedish, and many of her stories have been "pirated" by English publishers.

The number of Mrs. Miller's published works includes eighty novels, over one hundred poems, numerous short stories. Many of the novels are still being published in inexpensive editions.

With an undoubted gift for telling tales and the grit to make her own way, this writer, who earned nearly a hundred thousand dollars with her pen, speaks with authority when she says, "The most urgent of all incentives to a career is—poverty."

Editor's Note: This article first appeared in the West Virginia Review for April 1930, and was reprinted in "Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Round-Up," a publication devoted to the lore of that famous bit of Americana, in 1941.

Character and Mind of John W. Davis

(From "World's Work" September, 1924)

John W. Davis's now famous letter, declining to give up his law practice in New York in order to render himself more "acceptable" as a possible Democratic nominee for President, presents a picture of the man that deserves full emphasis. It reveals in him just the courageous independence of character that should be expected in the successor to the office chair occupied by Grover Cleveland between his two terms as President.

"You offer me a chance to be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency," he wrote, "which carries with it in this year of grace more than a fair prospect of becoming President of the United States. In exchange, I am to abandon forthwith and immediately a law practice which is both pleasant and, within modest bounds, profitable; to throw over honorable clients who offer me honest em-
At the time of John W. Davis's birth, his mother and his eldest sister had nearly finished reading aloud together Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Their reading was interrupted by the arrival on the scene of the future Democratic candidate for President of the United States. The sister swaddled the babe and bore him back to his mother, to whom she introduced him with the phrase, "It is a noble Roman!"

Years later, the exact hour of this event was the subject of humorous debate in the family. The sister (who is now Mrs. John A. Preston) declared that it had occurred shortly after midnight. The mother insisted that the hour was eleven forty-five in the evening. Mr. Davis himself sided with his mother in the argument, giving two reasons for accepting her version. His first was, that "she was there and so should know most about it." His second reason was, that he "had always intended to be born on Thomas Jefferson's birthday, as all good Democrats should"; and that, though he had arrived somewhat late in the day, he had made sure of getting into the world in time to gratify that intention.

In any event, the accepted date is April 13, 1973, or the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of Jefferson's birth. Oddly enough, Mr. Davis's Republican opponent this year, Mr. Coolidge, was born on the forty-sixth anniversary of Jefferson's death (July 4, 1872). The two candidates are thus of practically the same age.

Biologists claim that a good heredity makes the man, sociologists claim that good surroundings in youth do the trick. Either way, Mr. Davis was favored, for he had both. His ancestors on both sides were "real folks"—not aristocrats (his paternal grandfather was a carpenter), but the sturdy stock of intelligent, God-fearing pioneers, who were equally at home with a good kit of tools and a good shelf of books, and who took their rifles and their religion with equal seriousness. The family tree is fruited with many preachers, doctors, lawyers, small merchants, and farmers.

The home life in which Mr. Davis's youth was nurtured was all that one's heart could desire. His father was one of the two leading lawyers of the country town of Clarksburg, West Virginia, then a village of four thousand inhabitants in a mountainous farming community. The elder Davis was locally famous for his character and his talents—he was high-minded and high-spirited, generous and affectionate, and his gifts as orator, lawyer, and theologian were by all admired. Mrs. Davis was as gifted as her husband. She had had the advantages of a college education, including a most unusual distinction for her day, the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the Baltimore College for Women, granted in 1858. She read Latin and French with ease. All her life she was a student and a teacher. In her last years, she acquired a reading knowledge of Spanish, and, shortly before her death in 1917, a knowledge of Hebrew sufficient to read some of the Bible in the original.

The Davis home was what the foregoing facts imply. Children at table, in those days, were "seen, not heard," but the table talk to which the Davis children listened was of politics, literature, and religion. The family library was small, but it was of the best. The shelves carried complete sets of "The World's Great Classics," Prescott's and Bancroft's histories, the novels of Scott and Dickens and Victor Hugo, the plays of Shakespeare. The boyish John
had the run of these books and, being of a studious turn, he went through most of them. His earliest devotion was to James Fenimore Cooper's exciting romances of the American Indian.

The parents were devout Presbyterians, and their home was the resort of all the visiting clergymen of that denomination. Thus, John heard much of the sound doctrine of that faith; if it were not sound, his father was quite equal to putting the erring brother right, and failing him, his mother, who knew the New Testament by heart well into the Epistles, and all of the Bible by ready reference, was a power in herself in a theological discussion, which she thoroughly enjoyed. Her favorite part of the Book was the 139th Psalm, which so beautifully declares the omnipresence of God: “If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.” Her husband’s favorite was also a Psalm, the 91st, which describes “the happy state of the Godly” and begins: “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” The last words of that song might well have been the elder Davis's epitaph, “With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation,” for he survived to the age of eighty-one.

Politics was the other absorbing topic of family conversation. The elder Davis had begun the practice of law in Clarksburg at the age of twenty, and at twenty-six was elected to membership in the Virginia House of Delegates, in 1861. There he evinced at once the independence of mind that characterized him throughout life. He was a firm Unionist and refused to vote for the historic resolution that carried the old Dominion for secession and the Confederacy, instead, he joined the group that led the movement for division of the state, and was a delegate to the constitutional convention that erected the new State of West Virginia. In 1870, he was a member of the West Virginia Legislature, and from 1871 to 1875 was a member of Congress. It was during this latter period that John W. Davis was born. In his boyhood, the father was twice chosen a Presidential elector, once when McClellan ran and again when Cleveland was elected. Thus the political atmosphere was as native to the Davis home as the religious.

The independence of mind of the elder Davis was mentioned above. It was equally characteristic of his wife. The bond of affection between them was so strong that his death was the cause of hers, for she lost all interest in life when he quitted it, and died a year after. Nevertheless, each was too spirited to yield a conviction to the other, and their companionship was enlivened by a ceaseless battle of wits upon an elevated plane of discussion of serious subjects. Some months after her eldest daughter married, the mother journeyed to the new home to make a month’s visit. In two weeks she returned, declaring that it was too peaceful for her — the newlyweds were so fond that there were no arguments and no disputes, so she was coming home to remain the more stimulating life which her spirit required.

She left an indelible mark upon the character of her now distinguished son. His first schooling was at home, and one of his daily exercises was the writing of an English “composition.” His instinct was to pattern his style upon the somewhat florid Southern eloquence of his father. His mother would have none of it. Her censorious pencil mercilessly weeded
out the sounding phrases, leaving only the meat of the matter. Other members of the family protested, declaring that she would spoil his imagination. To which his mother's vehement reply was, "I want to make him positive and direct!"

How well her lesson was learned may be gathered from two facts: that during the six years he practised as Solicitor-General before the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Davis never once consumed the full time allotted him for oral argument, and that his printed briefs before the court are almost unique in being what the name implies — two facts that may have a bearing on the remark of the late Chief Justice White, that Mr. Davis was the best lawyer who had appeared before the Supreme Bench while he had sat upon it.

Another of her traits was impressed upon him by precept and example. When his sisters asked their mother the familiar question, "What dress do you think I ought to wear?" or when he asked a question involving personal choice and decision, her invariable reply was, "Decide for yourself; you are old enough to know your own mind."

The spirited independence of his parents — and of his sisters, too, for that matter: they still are embodiments of the trait — helps account for the same characteristic in John W. Davis. Talk with men who knew him as a boy, or with men who knew him as country lawyer or Solicitor-General or American Ambassador, and you get invariably the same information, namely, that nobody ever had any doubt about John Davis's position on any subject where an opinion made any difference. His opinions have been based upon study, reflection, and conscience. Once formed, they can be altered only by proof of better information or better reason.

Notwithstanding this forthright frankness, perhaps because of it, no one ever takes offense with him for expressing an opinion different with him for expressing an opinion different from his own. This fact reminds the biographer to remark of him, what might easily be overlooked because it is so natural and unaffected a part of the man — his perfect urbanity. From the King of Great Britain, who once said, "Mr. Davis is one of the most perfect gentlemen I have ever met," to the lifelong friends of his home town of Clarksburg, who say exactly the same thing, the report of this characteristic is unanimous. It is the manifestation of that innate good will which makes a true gentleman always mindful of the self-respect and feelings of every other man, without exception and without thought of his intellectual stature or of his financial or social position. The grace and charm that are everybody's impression of Mr. Davis, flow from a lifelong practice of this canon of good breeding.

If the intellectual and religious aspects of his boyhood life have been emphasized, it should not therefore be assumed that John Davis's early days were devoted wholly to these interests. His father owned a farm near town, and the boy had frequently to drive the cows to fodder and milk them, and to feed and care for the horses. He built and sailed his toy boats on the local puddles and shared all the sports of the boys of the neighborhood. Horseback riding was an especial pleasure in Virginia, where horseflesh has always been prized and where horses, in those days, were cheap. John Davis was then, and is now, a good rider and fond of the sport. Survivals of the skill acquired in "the old swimmin' hole" were recently observed, when Mr. Davis
competed this summer in the swimming events at the national gathering of the American Legion. How little was known of the more highly organized sports in his boyhood and in his particular locality may be surmised from the fact that when he went to college his father advised him to go in for football, but warned him against playing baseball because it was too dangerous! During his public career in Washington, gold had become a national craze; and some small part of his remarkable popularity in England during his embassage there is attributable to his excellent form in that game, acquired on the links of the national capital.

There was no public school at Clarksburg in the early 'eighties, so John's primary education was undertaken by his very competent mother. She wisely started teaching him Latin when he was eight years old, perhaps unaware of the fact which students of childhood have since observed, that this is an ideal age to learn languages, because it is an age at which children instinctively try to invent a language of their own. A good deal has been written to prove that he was a precocious child, but this is denied by both his sisters and by the men who went to school with him a few years later. He was advanced beyond his years in his studies, but no more than any intelligent child would be who was not hampered by the uniformity of pace observed in a public school and who learned, besides, much that is often got from books by listening constantly to the conversation of educated elders.

One of these later classmates, when approached recently for a characterization of John W. Davis, referred his questioner to a quotation from Matthew Arnold: "A great man is one who arouses in his fellows love, interest, and admiration"; adding, "If that is a correct definition, then John Davis is a great man. There never was any startling difference between him and the rest of us, except that he was always just a little better at doing everything with his brains than the rest of us. We've known him all our lives, and we've always admired him. And, you know, all of us just love John Davis."

A good deal of emphasis has here been laid upon his heredity and his boyhood, because, quite noticeably in his case, the child was father to the man. What he was in youth, that he has been ever since. Another quality remains to be noticed that was observed in those days and that still is characteristic. This is the constant bubbling of whimsical humor which his mind plays over every subject. One example of it is his reasoning about the hour of his birth, described above. To this day, it enlivens his conversation and his speeches. It is a sort of background of the possible "otherwise-ness" of everything, which helps him keep in true perspective the foreground of the facts at hand.

Mr. Davis was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-two years old. His decision to practice law was an early evidence of his independence of mind. He had taught law at Washington and Lee University for a year after his graduation from the same college, and he was three times urged to make teaching his profession, twice being offered increases in salary and the third time a full professorship as head of the law school. But his heart was set on being an attorney, and he resisted all the temptations.

He told his father of this decision, and asked his advice about putting a "professional card" in the local weekly paper. His father approved and said, "I will write
out the card for you." Going to the old Calligraph typewriter on which he picked out his briefs with two forefingers, he wrote off a slip of paper and handed it to John. On it was written, "Davis and Davis, Attorneys at Law" — and this undisputed slip of paper was the only contract of partnership they had for the twenty-one years they were associated in practice.

His first case involved a dispute over the ownership of gobbler and eighteen turkey heads. His fees for the first year amounted to $490. In those days, an office consultation was worth a dollar, and a good fee for seeing a case through court to a decision was from fifty to one hundred dollars. Much of the young attorney's work was writing deeds and taking depositions, for which work young Davis was popular, because they were then written by hand and he was a good scrivener. One of his early court cases was his suit for a writ of habeas corpus to gain the release of eight striking coal miners and labor leaders who had been arrested for marching peacefully down a lane near a colliery while an injunction was in force against picketing. Simultaneously, two other groups of labor men were arrested under similar circumstances, and their cases were in the same court for judgment. By stipulation, judgment in all three cases was joined in one decision, which was favorable to the laboring men largely as the result of a four-hundred-word brief prepared by young Davis. Among one of the other groups was Eugene V. Debs, so that while the familiar story that he was one of Mr. Davis's earliest clients is not literally true, it is true that Mr. Davis's efforts in behalf of others in the same peril incidently gained Mr. Debs his freedom.

From 1895 until 1910, Mr. Davis's career was that of a successful lawyer in his native town. He grew steadily in the esteem of his neighbors. The growth of Clarksburg added to the variety of his cases. Coal and oil and gas were discovered in the surrounding hills, and an industrial life was added to the earlier agricultural character of the community. Besides the familiar legal disputes over farm boundaries and contracts for the delivery of cattie, there grew up the work of incorporating companies to dig for coal or to manufacture glass with the new cheap fuel. Mr. Davis got his share of this business, and it was a valuable addition to his legal experience, for when he became Solicitor-General he was plunged into anti-trust cases, labor cases, and the like, which he had encountered on a smaller scale, though involving the same principles, in his own practice at the bar in West Virginia.

His passion for the law is a secure landmark for any one who wishes to survey the character of John Davis. Notwithstanding his consummate skill as a lawyer and wonderful success in practice, and despite his youth, he belongs to the older type of lawyer who adorned the bar before, as some wit observed, "the profession of the law was turned into the law business," Mr. Davis, in other words, is not of the now too common type of shrewd manipulator of legal technicalities. Quite to the contrary, he is a lawyer of the older school, versed in the historical evolution of the law as an instrument for preserving the benefits of human society by equalizing the injustices incident to continual orderly growth and for insuring to every individual the rights incident to the peaceful pursuit of his lawful occasions. Lawyers of this type regard their duty to be not chiefly
the winning of cases for impor­
tunate clients, but by their every appearance in a cause to illu­
minate the tradition of fundamental rights and to carry on the perpe­
tual process of adjusting the par­
ticular instance equitably to the immutable general principles.

Mr. Davis's practice has been based upon these historic founda­
tions of his profession. Except for the late John G. Johnson, of Phil­
adelphia, who argued seventy-one cases before the Supreme Court of the United States, no other lawyer in the history of the American bar every argued so many cases before that court as did Mr. Davis. In six years as Solicitor-General, he ar­
gued sixty-seven cases, and won a very high percentage of them. No one who has observed the Supreme Court in session needs be reminded of the significance of this record. These nine men, wise in the law and wise in the ways of lawyers, immune from fear of removal and concerned only to leave behind a record of an enriched legacy of justice, driven to the limits of their powers by the burden of work upon them, are not interested in clever rhetoric or the twistings of logic. What they want desper­
ately is light on the substance of justice as applied to the case be­
fore them. The quality of John Davis as a lawyer, therefore, can­
ot be better illustrated than by a humorously exaggerated re­
mark of the late Chief Justice White, who observed to a friend that "the Court thinks so much of John Davis's learning and charac­
ter that when he appears for the Government the other side really doesn't get the process of law."

It is well known in Washington that some years ago, when a vacancy on the Supreme Bench occurred, the Court unanimously sent word to the President that he could do nothing that would so much lighten the labors of the remaining Jus­
tices or add so much to the pres­
tige of the Court as to appoint Mr. Davis to the empty seat.

Mr. Davis's oral arguments be­
fore the Supreme Court are by lawyers regarded as models of clarity, brevity, and force.

The thoughtless characteriza­
tion of Mr. Davis as "a Wall Street lawyer" overlooks the facts and the common-sense meaning of the facts, Mr. Davis is fifty-one years old. Until he was thirty­seven years of age he was ac­
quiring education or was practi­
sing law in a country town. The

Wild Hogs

The Youth's Companion
August 31, 1916

An interesting bit of animal psy­
chology is revealed in a story that comes from Elkins, West Virginia, of how a baby's life was saved by the fear of wild hogs for their own likeness re­flected from a mirror.

Wild hogs that exist in the moun­tains of Randolph County came down into the foothills and charged into the home of Sanford Phillips, upsetting furniture and attacking Phillips's two-year-old son.

The animals had torn nearly all the clothing from the child when he ran into a corner where a big mirror hung. The hogs followed, but soon stopped when they beheld their likeness in the big glass. Only a second did they hesitate, however, then turned, plunging from the house back up the mountain side. The child was only slightly injured.
next four years he represented his neighbors in Congress. The next six years he practised law with only one client, and that client was the People of the United States, whose chief legal counsel he was, as Solicitor-General. The next three years he represented the American people as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Finally, for two and a half years, he practised law in New York. The formative years of his life were spent in a home conspicuous for the independence and integrity of its members, and in a law office with his father, who, like Mr. Davis himself, placed human rights above all things else, and who brooked no interference from anybody regarding his political, religious, or personal opinions. The idea of anybody in Wall Street controlling John Davis's already fixed political beliefs fills his lifelong neighbors at Clarksburg with amusement. They know better than that.

And More Stories from Riley Wilson

HERE'S TO WATER

This story is told of a man who was invariably called upon for a speech at the annual gathering of a certain organization. Our friend was a person of bibulous habits, and the toastmaster for the evening being well aware of this accomplishment on the part of the proposed speaker, jestingly requested that he respond with a toast to "water."

With the semblance of dignity he could command for the moment, the speaker arose and addressed the assembled guests as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:
I have been asked to respond with a toast to "water;" one of the purest and best things that the Almighty ever created, I have seen it, sir, on the sleeping lids of infancy. I have seen it trickle down the blushing cheeks of youth and rush in mad torrents down the wrinkled cheeks of age. I have seen it, sir, in dewdrops on blades of grass, on leaves of trees, shining like polished diamonds when the morning sun in resplendent glory burst over the eastern hills. I have seen it, sir, trickle down the mountainside in tiny rivulets, rushing over pebbly bottoms, purling about sharp stones with the music of liquid silver. I have seen it, sir, sweeping over precipitous falls on its mad rush to join the mighty Father of Waters, I have seen it go in a low and majestic sweep to the ocean, where it floats the battleships of all nations and the commerce of the world. But, Mr. Toastmaster, if I may be permitted, I want to say to you, in all earnestness and with all the vigor of manhood, that water, AS A BEVERAGE, IS A DAMN FAILURE.

SHORT OF HELP

A darkey called "Slappin" that I knew came up to me one day and after passing the time of day, said, "Mr. Riley, I ain't a-feelin' ve'y good o' late days." I asked him what seemed to be the trouble and he said: "Well, Mister Riley, Pse dreamed that I died. Instead o' going up yander I went down thar. Well, suh, I ain't been thar more'n t'ree or foah minutes when de telephone rang an I answered de telephone an' I says, who's dis a-speakin', an' he say, it's Willie. I say, Willie, where's you-all at, an'
he says, I'm up here in heav'n, that's where I'se at—how is it down thar where you-all's at; I says, 'tain't bad at all; all I got to do is shovel a little coal and toast mah feet; I on'y works 'bout two hours out of de twenty-foah; I says, how's de work up thar, Willie? He says, boy, it's a workshop, he says; I gets up ev'y mornin' at foah o'clock an' we takes de stars an moon, den we hangs out de sun an' pushes clouds 'round all day. I says, what in de world's de matter up thar, Willie, and he says, "Well, we're short o' help."

THE LURE OF THE MEMPHIS SIRENES

I came across a darkey acquaintance one day with his head buried in a newspaper and on investigation found that he was looking very intently at a picture of the battleship "New York," which was then on its way to Vera Cruz, Mexico, where the natives were indulging in the "old Spanish custom" of staging an uprising of some sort.

Now, this darkey just couldn't figure out the significance of this picture of the battleship "New York" and that she was on her way to Vera Cruz, Mexico. He said "Thar's fighting down thar," He then said, "Is dere any niggahs on her, Mister Riley?" and I told him there were two or three colored men aboard. He then said, "Well, suh, I'll bet they're off there by this time." I asked him how he figured they were going to get off the ship as she didn't stop until she got to Vera Cruz, and he promptly replied, "Look out, Mister Riley, how's dat boat agoin' to get by Memphis?"

The Story Behind "John Brown's Body"

"In the spring of 1861 the Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. Among the number were four sergeants, Eldredge, Edgerley, John Brown and J. H. Jenkins, who constituted a male quartette, especial attention being given to those patriotic airs which were then stirring the hearts of the boys in blue. Among the favorite airs which seemed to have the right swing was an old camp-meeting tune, to the words of 'Come brothers, will you meet us,' and to this tune we proposed to set martial words. The Virginia tragedy of John Brown was fresh in our minds, and was emphasized the more by the martial ardor of the little sergeant of the same name. He used to speak of 'marching on' in the spirit of his namesake, and so the first verse sprang into being spontaneously.

'John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, His soul goes marching on,'"

"The second verse applies entirely to Sergeant Brown. He was very short, and was the butt of many jokes from his comrades, when he appeared on parade with his knapsack strapped upon his back, overtopped by the neatly rolled regulation overcoat. He would answer back, 'Well, boys, I'll go marching on with the best of you,' So the second verse was added, 'John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, His soul goes marching on.'"

"The death of Col. Ellsworth at Alexandria gave rise to the third and fourth verses, his old Zouave company going under the sobriquet of 'The Pet Lambs,'"
while our abhorrence of the Rebellion found vent in our expressed desire to 'Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.'

"In this way the song with its five verses was put together, piecemeal, and when sung at night, in the barracks, became immensely popular.

"Every Saturday afternoon Gilmore's Band came down from the city to play for dress parade, accompanied by crowds of people in excursion steamers. One Saturday the quartette took P. S. Gilmore into one of the casemates, and sang the tune to him time and time again, while he played it on his cornet, and then noted the air in his band book. The next Saturday, when the regiment was at parade rest, the band started down the long front to the inspiring strains of 'John Brown,' then played by a band for the first time.

"When the regiment left Boston for Harper's Ferry, it stopped for dinner in City Hall Square, New York. After dinner the line was reformed for the march down Broadway to the Ferry. When the order 'Forward march' rang down the line, our band struck up our favorite tune, the regiment joined in the refrain, and their steady tramp was emphasized by the chorus from a thousand throats of 'Glory Hallelujah.' The song soon became a national one, while in the Army of the Potomac the 12th Mass., was known as the 'Hallelujah Regiment.' "

Note: It is generally known that Julia Ward Howe wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic to the measure of the John Brown song. She heard thousands of soldiers singing with great fervor their battle song and was profoundly impressed. At the suggestion of a friend that more appropriate words might be written for the music she composed her famous poem. The soldiers, however, to the end of the war clung to the words of the John Brown song.

Dates in the Life of Anne Bailey

By Virgil A. Lewis
In Ohio Archaelogical and Historical Publications, 1908

(Mr. Lewis is the State Historian of West Virginia, the author of "The History of West Virginia" and many valuable publications concerning the early historical events in the Ohio Valley.)

All that was earthly of Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley, that has not crumbled to dust, has been removed to Point Pleasant and re-interred in Tu-Endie-Wei Park. It is, therefore, now time to eliminate from the story of her wonderful career and life of adventure, as scout and messenger, everything of a mythical legendary, fabulous and fanciful character, and to learn and to know the real narrative—the truth—regarding that record female heroism which has no parallel in the annals of the Border Wars. The keeping of her grave is now in care of the Colonel Charles Lewis Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution and they must answer a thousand questions regarding her, whose bones they keep. Anne Bailey was herself a Daughter of the Revolution, a real one, who served her country faithfully and well when that struggle was in progress. Then this western border was the "Back Door of the Revolution," and the men and women who kept back from it the savage allies of Great Britain were the "Rear Guard
of the Revolution," Anne Bailey was one of these; and the schoolchildren should be able to tell to the thousands who will henceforth visit her tomb, the real story of her life.

The following facts obtained from Border Annals, from official records, and from persons who knew Anne Bailey, will help them to do this:

1742. Anne Bailey, whose maiden name was Hennis, was born in Liverpool, the western metropolis of England the home of her father, who, in early life, had been wounded at the battle of Blenheim, while serving under the Duke of Marlborough. She was named for Queen Anne.

1747. When five years of age her mother took her to London to visit relatives, and for the first time and probably the last, she saw the splendors of the British capital. While there she witnessed the execution, April 9th, of Lord Lovet on a charge of treason.

1748 to 1760. She resided in Liverpool and attended school in that city.

1761. Both parents were dead and she was alone in a great city. This year she crossed the Atlantic to join her relatives, the Bells who had emigrated to Virginia some years before. A journey over the Blue Ridge brought her to their home near Staunton in the Shenandoah Valley.

1765. She wedded Richard Trotter, who had been at Braddock's Defeat and was prominent in Border Wars, Representatives of his family still reside in the Shenandoah Valley.

1774. On the 10th day of October, her husband, Richard Trotter, was killed in the battle of Point Pleasant.

1774 to 1785. Eleven years of widowhood. When she heard of the death of her husband a strange wild dream seemed to possess her and she vowed revenge on the Indian race. Having matured her plans she submitted them to Mrs. Moses Mann then residing in Augusta, but afterward in Bath county. She approved them and gave a home to the orphan son. It was now that Anne Bailey abandoned that home life that had once been so dear to her and entered upon that military career which has made her name famous for all time. Clad in the male costume of the Border, with rifle in hand, she attended the militia musters and urged men to go to war against the Indians in defense of hopeless women and children; or to enlist in the continental army and fight the Briton from the sea. Then she became messenger and scout going from one frontier post to another, thus continuing that career of female heroism which made her name a familiar one to the pioneers.

1785. She was again united in marriage, this time to John Bailey, a distinguished border leader of southwest Virginia. He had assisted in carrying Col. Charles Lewis off the field when fatally wounded at the battle of Point Pleasant. Rev. John McCue was in the County Clerk's office at Lewisburg.

1788. She went with her husband to Fort Lee which was built by the Clendenins that year on the present site of the city of Charleston, the capital of West Virginia. The husband was a member of the Garrison and she served as messenger between Fort Lee and Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant.

1791. She made her famous ride from Fort Lee to Fort Savannah at Lewisburg to secure a supply
of powder for the Garrison of the former place when it was besieged by the Indians. Having obtained this she returned and thus saved the Garrison and other inmates from death at savage hands. The distance between the two forts was more than a hundred miles, the whole of it was a wilderness road.

1800. Her son William, grown to full manhood, took Mary Cooper, whose home was on the farm now owned by George Pullins, Esq., on the Kanawha river about nine miles above Point Pleasant in a canoe, to Gallipolis where they were united in marriage, the first Virginians married in the old French town. (See Records of Gallia county, Ohio.)

1802. Her husband, John Bailey, died and was buried on the Joseph Carroll farm, fifteen miles above Charleston, on an eminence overlooking the beautiful Kanawha and there he now reposes. A second time Anne Bailey was a widow and she went to live with her son William Trotter. She rode back and forth from Point Pleasant to Lewisburg and Staunton, acting in the capacity of letter carrier and express messenger, and thus she was employed for several years.

1817. She made her last visit to Charleston and there and in that vicinity spent the summer of that year.

1818. She removed with her son to Harrison township, Gallia county, Ohio, he having sold his farm on the Kanawha about three miles above Point Pleasant, the preceding year to William Sterrett, the consideration being fourteen hundred dollars, current money of Virginia, (See Records, Mason County Clerk's Office.)

1820. About this time she was a frequent visitor at Gallipolis where she was ever a welcome visitor in the homes of the old French settlers of that place. Her home was nine miles away and she was in the habit of walking the whole distance.

1825. November 22nd, Anne Bailey died suddenly at night, while sleeping with her two little grandchildren, one of whom, the aged Mrs. Willey, still lives at Gallipolis. For seventy-six years her remains reposed in the Trotter graveyard in the vicinity in which she lived, her grave being kept

From Harpers, June, 1872
Near P——, in West Virginia, is a local court presided over by an honest old farmer, who in earlier years was an attorney at law. The judge is a unique specimen—muscular, impatient, quick-tempered, but not ungenerous. Recently, while on the bench, he spied in the audience an old Negro whom he had employed to haul some timber from his saw-mill near by, but who had been induced to the same kind of labor for another person, to the neglect

Quote from Harpers
"You — old rascal! why didn't you haul timber for me, as you promised? I'll teach you a lesson!" Old Afric squared off, shucked his coat, spat on his hands, and replied:
"Come on, massa! come on! Dis ole chile used to spank you when you's a boy, and, by golly, he can jis do it agin!"

The judge's "motion" was overruled, and a nol. pros. entered.
green by her descendants.

1901. The members of the Point Pleasant Battle Monument Commission learned that the relatives of Anne Bailey were willing that her bones should be removed to Point Pleasant. On Saturday, October 5th, Hon. John P. Austin, accompanied by Mr. Norman Gibson, of Henderson, West Virginia, was dispatched to the graveyard in Gallia county, Ohio, where, on that day the remains were exhumed and the next day conveyed to Point Pleasant, where on the 10th of October they were reinterred in the Monument Park under the auspices of the Col. Charles Lewis Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, and here they will repose while thousands who hereafter visit the spot will learn the story of her strange and eventful life.

**Those Dirty Girtys**

(From "Biographical Sketches with other literary remains of the late John W. Campbell, Judge of the U. S. Court for the District of Ohio" By his widow, 1838)

Perhaps there was no part of America so highly prized by the aboriginals as Kentucky. To them its importance consisted not so much in the fertility of soil as in the abundance of game which it afforded. Indeed, by common consent, they abstained from occupying it with their families, reserving it exclusively for a great hunting ground: The interminable cane brakes and numerous licks, yielded subsistence to such vast herds of buffaloes and deer, as have never been seen elsewhere.

It is not at all astonishing that the Indians should have defended, with great obstinacy, a country so dear to them, against the incursions of the whites. That they were vigilant, active and cruel cannot be denied. They were provoked to a degree of phrenzy, which led to acts of daring and outrage, shocking humanity. In their atrocities they had the aid and countenance of the Girtys, of whom a brief account will be given.

Girty, the father, was an emigrant from Ireland, about eighty years ago, if report can be relied on. He settled in Pennsylvania, where that liberty, which he sought, degenerated in his possession, into the basest licentiousness. His hours were wasted in idleness and beastly intemperance. — Nothing ranked higher in his estimation, or so entirely commanded his regard, as a jug of whiskey. "Grog was his song, and grog would he have." His sottishness turned his wife's affection. Ready for seduction, she yielded her heart to a neighboring rustic, who to remove all obstacles to their wishes, knocked Girty on the head and bore off the trophy of his prowess.

He left four sons, Thomas, Simon, George and James. — The three latter, were taken prisoners by the Shawanoes, Delawares and Senecas, in that war which developed the military talents of General Washington. George was adopted by the Delawares, and continued with them until his death. He became a perfect savage — his manners being entirely Indian. To consummate cunning he added the most fearless intrepidity. He fought in the battles of Kenhawa, blue Licks and Sandusky, and gained himself much distinction for skill and bravery. In his latter years, like his father, he gave
himself up to intemperance, and died drunk, about twenty-five years ago, on the Miami of the Lake.

Simon was adopted by the Sene-

First Book on John Henry

(From Review of Reviews, January, 1930)

Whoever concerns himself at all with American folk song comes sooner or later to the amazing figure of John Henry. Perhaps one may begin, as the writer did, by observing similarities in the Negro work songs about this fabulous hammer man, and then one sees that the fragmentary work-gang chants are derived from a long ballad. Several versions of this long ballad are compared, and one sees that, as the ballad versions one collects become clearer and more coherent, the more insistent is the localization at a particular spot in West Virginia. One then excitedly tries to get evidence for a historic John Henry, and here one fails entirely. So one puts the John Henry dossier away in the drawer with one's perpetually unfinished business.

The John Henry ballad tells that when the Big Bend tunnel of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad was constructed near Hinton, West Virginia, in 1870-72, a great Negro hammer man named John Henry attempted to show that he could drill a deeper hole with a hammer and drill than a machine. In some of the versions he succeeds, in some he fails. In almost all he dies as a direct result of his exertions.

The theme of John Henry, man against machine, is a tremendous stimulating, challenging one, even though no evidence of the historicity of the episode is obtainable. The John Henry ballad exists in hundreds of versions throughout the United States, and is the father of hundreds of Negro work songs, and even of prose epics.

Professor Guy B. Johnson, of the sociology department of the University of North Carolina, has interested himself deeply in the John Henry songs and legends. He has just published an entire book on the subject, called "John Henry," and published by the University of North Carolina Press. It is, I believe, the first volume to be devoted entirely to the study of one American folk song. Professor Johnson gives many fascinating versions of the ballad and the work songs, and develops at great length and with much entertaining detail the historical background. Further, he shows how strongly the figure of John Henry still appeals to the southern Negro. If the book has any fault at all it lies in the over-insistence upon the Negroid character of John Henry.

The ballad is one of many which the whites have taken over from the colored race. Indeed, from one line of evidence it would appear that John Henry is at present more a white man's song than a Negro song. Over a dozen phonograph records of the ballad are at present on the market, and these are all sung by whites and listed in catalogs circulating among whites. In the catalogs of the so-called "race records," made for the Negro trade, John Henry does not appear at all,
name was associated everything cruel and fiend-like. To the women and children in particular, nothing was more terrifying than the name of Simon Girty. At that time, it was believed by many, that he had fled from justice and sought refuge among the Indians, determined to do his countrymen all the harm in his power. This impression was an erroneous one. It is true he joined the Indians in their wars with the whites and conformed to their usages. This was the education he had received, and those who were the foes of his red brethren were his foes. Although trained in all his pursuits as an Indian, it is said to be a fact, susceptible of proof, that through his importunities, many prisoners were saved from death. His influence was great, and when he chose to be merciful, it was generally in his power to protect the imploring captive.

His reputation was that of an honest man. In the payment of his debts he was scrupulously exact. Knowing and duly appreciating integrity, he fulfilled his engagements to the last cent. It is stated that on one occasion he sold his horse rather than incur the odium of violating his promise.

He was a great lover of rum. Nothing could afford him more joy than a keg of this beverage. When intoxicated, in abuse he was indiscriminate, sparing neither friends nor foes. Then it was, he had no compassion in his heart.

Although much disabled by the rheumatism for the last ten years of his life, he rode to his hunting grounds, in pursuit of game. Suffering the most excruciating pains, he often boasted of his warlike spirit. It was his constant wish that he might breathe his last in battle. So it happened. He was at Proctor's defeat on the river Thames, and was cut to pieces by Colonel Johnson's mounted men.

James Girty fell into the hands of the Shawanoes, who adopted him as a son. As he approached manhood he became dextrous in all the arts of savage life. To the most sanguinary spirit, he added all the vices of the depraved

Early West Virginia Inns

(From "Early American Inns and Taverns" by Elise Lathrop, 1926.)

The old Northwest Turnpike from Winchester, Virginia, to the Ohio at Parkersburg, was laid out by a company incorporated in 1827. Although as early as 1770 there was a settlement where Wheeling now stands, this was for many years frontier country.

White Sulphur Springs has, however, been a popular resort for more than a century, and its large hotels are successors of the original log cabins. Not far away, near Big Sewall Mountain, the old Star Tavern still stands; at Kanawha Falls the Stockton Tavern building remains; and in Lewisburg is Colonel Crow's. At Clarksburg, in 1798, Felix Renick describes in his "Journey Made by an American Pioneer," the landlord of one tavern as "an apparently good, honest, illiterate landlord, who had recently been appointed one of a commission to lay out the road between Cumberland and Marietta, Ohio." This worthy said that "by the straight line, the road was seventy miles long, but coming back, they found a shorter one."
frontiersmen with whom he frequently associated.

It is represented that he often visited Kentucky at the time of its first settlement, many of the inhabitants feeling the effects of his courage and cruelty. Neither age nor sex found mercy at his hand, His delight was in carnage. When unable to walk, in consequence of disease, he laid low, with his hatchet, captive women and children who came within his reach. Traders who were acquainted with him, say, so furious was he that he would not have turned on his heel to save a prisoner from the flames. His pleasure was to see new and refined tortures inflicted; and to perfect this gratification he frequently gave directions. To this barbarian are to be attributed many of the cruelties charged upon his brother Simon. Yet this monster was caressed by Elliott and Proctor.

Massacre of the Morris Children

(From History of Nicholas County by William Griffee Brown, 1954)

The exact date of the Morris Massacre is not known. The date fixed by Colonel Edward Campbell in his letters, is the spring of 1792. He stated, however, that he fixes the date by reference to the deed of Edward McClung to Edward Hughes and his father John Campbell, and that the massacre may have been earlier than 1792.

Henry Morris, a son of William Morris who had settled on the Kanawha in 1774 had doubtless visited the Peters Creek country several years before his settlement. According to the Morris family tradition, he had a hunting camp on the creek and his negro servant, Peter, had passed a winter there alone some time before the cabin was built and the family moved in. Morris had marked off and established a “tomahawk right” to a tract of 600 acres lying on Peters Creek at the mouth of Line Creek.

His cabin was built near the banks of the creek just below the Paul Summer’s residence. The spring that supplied the cabin was on the bank of the creek and the path down the bank may still be traced.

A path led from his cabin through the woods to the cabin of Conrad Young, about one mile up the creek.

At the time Henry Morris located on Peters Creek, Conrad Young built his cabin just above him on what was later the Samuel Neil farm; and Edward Hughes and family were living at the “Meadows,” now Cross Lanes, a distance of about eight miles from the Peters Creek settlement, Captain George Fitzwater who had not yet married and located his cabin, was surveying lands in the vicinity and hunting with Edward Hughes. It is not established whether the Simms and Johnson families had yet come to the mouth of Little Elk, as they are not mentioned as going to Hughes’s Fort. There were at least these three families named that we know were living in their cabins at the time of this Indian foray.

On a spring day in 1792, Henry Morris was out hunting on Line Creek. He killed a young bear and divided it among his team of dogs, and with his usual caution concealed himself in a thicket. Soon the dogs came to him “with their bristles up,” Morris, alarmed at this action of his dogs,
hurried home and told his wife that he suspected the dogs had scented Indians. It was late in the afternoon and soon would be "milking time." There were no fences, and his cows were separated from their calves by driving them some distance up the creek and the calves taken in opposite direction down the creek.

Morris believing that any Indians that might be skulking near would not show themselves in the day time laid aside his gun and started to the spring for water. His wife called and asked if he thought it safe for Betty and Peggy to go for the cows. He replied that he thought there was no danger. The children started for the cows, following the path to the Conrad Young cabin. Hardly had they disappeared from the cabin when the mother heard their screams and called to Morris, who was still at the spring, that the Indians were after the children; running to the cabin he seized his gun and rushed up the path the girls had taken. He found Peggy lying in the path almost in sight of the house tomahawked and scalped. As he stooped over her she gasped, "a yellow man killed me." Hurrying on to find Betty, he saw an Indian crossing the creek and attempted to shoot but his gun failed to fire. Seeing nothing of Betty, and believing she had been carried away, he carried Peggy to the cabin just as she expired. Conrad Young was notified; his son, Mathias, sent to warn Edward McClung; and Morris and Young stood guard until dawn. In the early morning Edward McClung and family and Captain George Firzwater came with Mathias Young. Further search discovered Betty's body that had been scalped and thrown into the underbrush. A crude coffin was shaped from slabs of wood, and the two little bodies were buried in one grave.

When the fugitives reached Fort Hughes a company from the fort set out to search for the Indians. They found that the murderers had been sitting at a "gnat smoke" beside the path connecting the Young and Morris cabins. The exact location is at the point where State Route 39 comes to Peters Creek about one-half mile east of Lockwood. The savages were in the little ravine at this point, still covered with undergrowth as it was on that fateful day. The party finding no other traces of the Indians went on to McClung's cabin and found that it had been entered, the bed tick emptied of contents and carried away, and three horses that were in pasture in the savanna had also been taken. The trail of the Indians was plain, but they had so much the start, pursuit was hopeless.

It appeared that Peggy had eluded the Indians at first and was running for the cabin, but when just in sight for home her foot was tripped by a vine and she was caught by her merciless pursuer, Henry Morris planted an apple tree where Peggy fell. Grafts from this tree in orchards of neighbors preserved the "Peggy Apple" for many years. A dogwood marked the burial place of the children and for nearly a century bloomed over their grave. It has been replaced by a marble headstone, which may be seen from the marker standing on State Route 39 near Fairview Baptist Church. This marker commemorates the tragedy, and a small concrete monument erected to their memory in 1916 stands on the Court House grounds in Summersville.

Henry Morris always maintained that the renegade, Simon Girty, had led the Indians in this raid. Soon after Morris had moved
his family to Peters Creek, a stranger had come to the cabin as a hunter, and had remained through the winter hunting with Morris. In the spring, Morris on a trip to Fort Clendennin mentioned this fact, and some one in the fort suggested that his visitor was perhaps Simon Girty and that Girty was identified by a scar covered by his forelock. On his return Morris confronted the stranger, pushed back the hair from his forehead, and saw a vivid scar. He angrily denounced him as the renegade Girty, and ordered him to leave at once on pain of death. Bitterly denying the charge the man left. Later when Morris was away he came back and attempted to take one

Mrs. Tackett, the Captive

The sufferings endured by the first emigrants to a new country, scarcely admit of description. These have always been greatly multiplied by an encroachment upon the rights and possessions of the aborigines. In reference to this country, where we have long been considered as unwelcome intruders, this has been peculiarly the case. The settlement of no part of the world has been more fruitful of incident that of our own. Although many pens have been employed from time to time, in detailing our wars with the Indians, still many interesting occurrences have escaped the historian's notice. Some of these have appeared in the form of newspaper paragraphs, while others of equal importance have escaped this ephemeral kind of repository.

The writer of this article has several times traveled the road which lies on the banks of the bear dogs, but the little girls held the dog and the man left cursing and threatening them. Some years later a drunken Indian at Fort Clendennin exhibited two red-haired scalps and boasted he had taken them. Morris then at the fort was told this, and it is reported that when the Indian left the fort Morris followed and killed him. Many different versions of the massacre have appeared by imaginative writers. The foregoing statement is the story handed down by the Morris family. Lineal descendants of Henry Morris still live on the original grant of 600 acres, and own the land where his cabin stood.

Kanawha, Although he found mountains whose tops pierced the clouds, and a beautiful river whose margins smoked with salt furnaces, to amuse him by day, his entertainment was not diminished by the approach of darkness. He has usually sought lodging with some of the more ancient inhabitants, many of whom accommodate their guests with great hospitality. Like the early adventurers to new settlements, they are social, and delight in the recital of their dangerous enterprises and hairbreadth escapes. Mr. M., at whose comfortable mansion it was the writer's good fortune to tarry one night, the last time he passed through Western Virginia, gave him the following narrative.

Just below the mouth of Cole River, on the farm owned by the heirs of Tays, to ensure safety the early settlers constructed a fortress. It was formed exclusively
of timber, without much labor, yet in such a manner as to be deemed adequate to their defense against Indian aggression. On the apprehension of danger, the gate was closed, and every one prepared for resistance. When the demand for food became imperious, a few of the most skillful hunters would leave this retreat before day, go a few miles distant, and return the succeeding night, loaded with game, unnoticed by the skulking savage. These measures of safety were at first considered indispensable. A few weeks of repose, however, seemed to render them inconvenient and unnecessary. Exemption from a morning attack was thought a sufficient pledge of peace through the day. Familiarity with danger, as it always does, relaxed their vigilance and diminished their promotion. Even the women and children, who at first had been frightened by the falling of a tree, or the hooting of an owl, lost their timidity. Indeed, the strife seemed to be, who should be boldest, and the least apprehensive of peril.

On a beautiful morning in the month of June, in the year 1778, as well as is recollected, the gate was thrown open. Confinement had become painful, may, insupportable. It was was considered rather as a voluntary punishment, than a con of minority. Three of the fearless inhabitants set out on a hunting expedition. Some sought amusement in shooting at a mark; the younger men engaged in playing ball, while the women and children were delighted spectators of the recreation. Scarcely had an hour elapsed in these cheerful relaxations, before some twenty or thirty Indians suddenly ascended the river bank which had concealed their approach, fired upon the whites, and instantly took possession of the fort. Amidst the consternation which ensued, the savages put to death every white man on whom they could lay hands, reserving the women and children for more trying occasions.

Mason County’s Mysterious Skeletons

From Niles Register
October 20, 1821

From the Kenhawa Spectator. A gentleman from Mason county, Va. has very obligingly furnished the following singular facts: On the 19th ult. four very large skeletons were found in a field which had for twenty-four years past been cultivated in corn. They were deposited in a mound apparently very ancient. The first was discovered by the owner of the field, having ploughed it up, which induced him to make a further examination, when three others were found. The bones are perfectly sound, and much larger than common, and more especially the skulls, which can be very easily slipped over the largest man’s head. The upper jaw bone has one row of double teeth all round, and the under jaw two teeth only on the left side, and no sockets whatever in the rest of the bone were provided by nature for more. Considerable quantities of broken crockery ware, with buck horns and bones, bear’s bones and muscle shells, &c. were found with the skeletons, and the whole buried in lime two feet deep.

It is hoped that the curiosity of the intelligent public may excite them to examine the skeletons, and furnish us with some interesting speculations on the subject.
Here it is proper to observe, a Mrs. W., who expected to lie in that day, had, at an early hour retired with her husband to a cabin, 100 yards from the fort. The attack was made about two hours after the birth of her infant. Those who were shooting for amusement, finding themselves unable to be of service to the Indians at the fort, fled to the cabin. Their retreat did not escape the observation of the Indians, who made a hasty and fierce assault, but were repulsed with some loss. During the contest, Mr. W., with his wife and child, left their retreat, passed down a ravine to the river, go into a canoe, and gained opposite shore before they were discovered by the enemy. Mr. W., ascended to the mouth of Elk, fifteen miles above, where Charleston now stands, without the least injury to his wife and child.

But to return to the disastrous spot. The wounded, who were unable to travel, without regard to age or sex, were butchered in the most shocking manner, of which description was James Tackett. The importunities and tears of his interesting wife were wholly unavailing. She was left with two fine boys, the one seven years old, and the other five. Apprehensive of pursuit by the white, the Indians, after the destruction of every article which they could not remove, betook themselves to flight. When a prisoner became too feeble, as was the case with several small children, all entreaties to avert the stroke of the tomahawk were fruitless. Although Mrs. Tackett afforded to her children all the aid which their situation and maternal tenderness could dictate, at the distance of about five miles the youngest became exhausted. Her extreme anxiety for his safety induced her to take him on her back; but alas, this act of kindness was but the signal for his dispatch! Two hours afterwards her only child began to fail. He grasped his mother's hand and said, "I must keep up with you or I'll be killed as poor James was." The exertions which she made for her child were beyond what she could sustain. For a time she inspired him with the hope of relief which the approaching night would bring. Nature, however, became overpowered, and a single blow sunk him to rest. The distracted parent would cheerfully have submitted to the same fate, but even this barbarous relief was denied her. About dark she lagged behind, regardless of consequences, in charge of a warrior who could speak a little English. He informed her that in the course of an hour they would reach a large encampment, where the prisoners must be divided; that sometimes quarrels ensued on such occasions, and the captives were put to death. He asked her if she could write. An affirmative answer seemed to please him much. He said he would take her to his own country in the South, to be his wife and to keep his accounts, as he was a trader.

This Indian was a Cherokee, and named Chickahoola; aged 35, and of good appearance. He soon took the first step necessary for carrying his designs into execution, by making diversion to the left. After traveling about two miles the darkness of the night and abruptness of the country forbade their advancing farther. A small fire was made to defend them against the gnats and mosquitoes. After eating a little jerk, Chickahoola told his captive to sleep; that he would watch lest they should be overtaken by pursuers. Early in the morning he directed his course.
towards the head of the Great Sandy and Kentucky Rivers. Until he crossed Guyandotte, Chickahoula was constantly on the lookout, as if he deemed himself exposed to the most imminent danger. After having traveled seven days, the warrior and the captive reached Powell’s Valley, in Tennessee. By this time they were out of provisions; and the Indian thinking it safer, while passing through settled district, to steal food than to depend upon his gun, determined to avail himself of the first opportunity of supplying his wants in this manner. It was but a little while till one presented itself. Following the meanderings of a small rivulet, he came suddenly upon a spring-house or dairy. This was several rods from the dwelling-house of the owner, and so situated that it could be approached unseen from thence. Well satisfied that it contained a rich store of milk, and thinking it probable that other provision was likewise deposited there, the warrior stationed his captive in a position to watch, while he went in to rifle the spring house. Mrs. Tackett readily and willingly undertook the duty of acting as sentinel; but no sooner was the Indian fairly within the springhouse, than she stole up the slope and then bounded towards the dwelling. This reached, she instantly gave the alarm; but the Indian escaped.

Mrs. Tackett tarried for some time with her new acquaintances, and spent several months in the different settlements of that section of the West. An opportunity then offering, she returned to Greenbrier. Her feelings on rejoining her friends and listening to the accounts of the massacre at the station and those of her relatives on again beholding one whom they considered, if not dead, in hopeless captivity, may be imagined; pen cannot describe them.

**The Music and Poetry of the Bible**

By Lily R. Stump

(From “The Idylls of the King and Other Club Papers,” a compilation of papers read before the Woman’s Literary Club of Parkersburg. Book is undated.)

The frequent reference to music in the Bible shows that it held an important place in the life of the Israelites and was used not only in worship, in which it had a prominent part, but in the fields and in the home and by all classes of people.

The earliest reference to it is found in Gen. 4, where we are told that Jubal, second son of Lamech, who was fifth in descent from Cain, was “the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.” Later, we find Laban reproaching Jacob because he had stolen away secretly and had not told him, “that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.” This would seem to indicate that on special occasions then, as now, music formed part of the entertainment. There are also references to vintage songs and to music performed at feasts and at processions. The music was frequently accompanied by dancing, as when Jepthah’s daughter came out to meet her father “with timbrels and with dances,” Moses and the children of Israel sang a song unto the
Lord on the banks of the Red Sea, celebrating their wonderful deliverance from the hosts of the Egyptians. In the same chapter we are told that "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." They too sang a song, which with the change of one word was a repetition of the first part of the song of Moses, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

Music had an important part in the service of the temple. It would seem, however, that there must have been a great number of musicians among the Levites before David made the arrangements for the great temple choir. In the procession of the Levites when they brought up the ark from the house of Obed-edom, we are told that Chenaniah was "master of the song" and that "all Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord with shouting and with sound of the comet and with trumpets and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and with harps." The narrative goes on to say that David appointed certain Levites, of whom Asaph was chief, "to minister before the ark of the Lord and to record and to thank and praise the Lord God of Israel." The same day he gave "unto the hand of Asaph and his brethren" a psalm of thanksgiving and praise to God for his wonderful dealings with the children of Israel. This psalm, which is nearly identical with Psalm 105 of the Psalter, was sung by the Levites before the army of Jehoshaphat when he went out against the children of Ammon and of Moab, and also at the laying of the foundations of the second temple. In 1 Chron. 25, we have an account of the arrangement for the service of music in the temple, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun (or Ethan) were appointed chief conductors. The whole number of singers and players was 4000, and these were divided into 24 courses, with 288 leaders. We can imagine how impressive must have been the service at the dedication of Solomon's temple, in which the whole number of musicians took part. In 2 Chron. 5, we read: "Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with then an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets."

During the reigns of the idolatrous kings, the service of the temple was neglected, but we are told that Hezekiah and Josiah made a point of restoring "the instruments and songs of David."

Among those who returned from Babylon and who took part in the consecrating of the walls of Jerusalem and of the foundations of the second temple were descendants of the Levitical choristers of David's day, and we are told that from that time service in the temple was regularly performed "according to the command of David and of Solomon his son."

We know nothing of the nature of the music performed by these singers and players. It was evidently of a strident and noisy character. The psalms must have been chanted, but it is not likely that the chants bore any resemblance to what we understand by the term. Most, if not all, of them were sung antiphonally - in some cases by two choirs, in others by a choir and the congregation, the part taken by the congregation being a simple, constantly recurring phrase or refrain.

We know that they had stringed, wind and percussion instruments,
but have no definite information as to their form or construction. The most important of the stringed instruments were the kinnor and nebel, usually translated harp and psaltery. It is now generally agreed that these were a species of the lute of lyre and the harp, but it is not clear which was which. They were, however, not identical and the names were not used indifferently to denote the same instrument. Of wind instruments they had the flute, horn, and trumpet, and the chief instruments of percussion were the tabret, a small hand drum, and cymbals. A few other instruments are mentioned concerning which nothing definite is known.

We come now to the poetry of the Bible. In the short time at my disposal, it would be folly to attempt any discussion of the many perplexing problems concerning date and authorship. I can only briefly consider some of the poems themselves, and point out some of the distinguishing characteristics of Hebrew poetry.

The poetry of the Bible is wanting in most of the characteristics which we have been accustomed to associate with poetry. It has neither rhyme nor metre, in the common sense of the terms. It does, however, have the one essential of all poetry, rhythm. The rhythm is not apparently of syllables and not very conspicuously of words, but rather of thoughts and things. This distinguishing characteristic of Hebrew poetry is called parallelism. It is produced by making the words of the second line, in some sense a repetition or reinforcement or supplement of the fundamental idea contained in the first line. As Nathaniel Schmidt says, "The sentiment does not flow onward like a stream but surges back and forth like the ebb and tide of the sea." For example:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein,
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods."}

Three varieties of parallelism are recognized; the synonymous, the antithetic and the synthetic. "When the second line repeats in varied form the first, the parallelism is called synonymous; when it brings in contrast, antithetic; and when it furnishes a supplement, synthetic. When the first line is incomplete and the second takes up words from it and completes it, the parallelism has sometimes been said to be climatic.

J. E. McFadyen, author of the Messages of the Psalmists in the series of volumes called Messages of the Bible, says:

"It is fortunate, or rather we may say providential, that the characteristics of Hebrew poetry are what they are. For, in the first place, the form being so elastic and so relatively little bound by verbal considerations, never fetters the thought: all that has to be said can be said with a powerful and unconstrained simplicity. And, again, such poetry suffers next to nothing from translation into the prose of other languages. Indeed, the prose translation is here the more natural and faithful. It has been said—and not without some truth—that the Psalter positively loses as much by being turned into verse as Homer does by being turned into prose. When we think how much would have been irretrievably lost in the best translation, had Hebrew poetry been characterized like the poetry of modern languages, by rhyme or exact rhythm, it is hardly too much to regard it as a provi-
vidence that the essence of that poet-
ry lies not primarily in verbal or
metrical considerations, but rather in the deeper response of thought to thought which can be
reproduced without loss in the
stately prose of another lan-
guage."

Hebrew poetry is mainly of two
kinds, lyrical and didactic. They
have no epic and, properly speak-
ing, no drama, although the book
of Job may be called a dramatic
dialogue, and the Song of Songs
has been regarded by some as a
kind of drama.

The Israelites were a music-
loving and poetical people, and
many of the shorter lyrics seem
the spontaneous outburst of feeling
occasioned by some unusual event.
The almost constant warfare waged
between them and the surrounding
nations furnished the occasion of
many stirring ballads, an example
of which may be found in the chant
of the women:

"Saul hath slain his thousands
And David his ten thousands."

Most of the poetry of the Bible
is religious. The Israelites were
God's chosen nation, and despite
their many turnings away from
Him, had a very deep and real
sense of His personal care and gui-
dance. It has been beautifully
said by Israel Zangwill, "The
Greeks worshipped the holiness of
beauty the Jews the beauty of
holiness." Even the war poetry
was most of it religious, for the
Hebrews looked upon God as their
leader in battle, to whose aid, rath-
er than to the skill or prowess of
any human leader, they attributed
the victory. "Thy, right had, O
Jehovah, is become glorious pow-
er; thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath
dashed in pieces the enemy."

There are, however, poems not
distinctively religious. The Song
of Songs is from beginning to end
a love poem, or as some maintain,
a collection of love poems, con-
cerning whose interpretation there
has been much dispute. Whether it
is to be interpreted literally or
figuratively, we must concede that
as a poem it deserves high rank,
containing passages of surpassing
beauty, not only in its description
of the love between man and woman,
but also in its portrayal of the
charms of nature. Where can we
find a more exquisite description
of the coming of spring than in the
lines:

"For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds
is come,
And the voice of the turtle is
heard in our land;
The fig tree ripeneth her
green figs,
And the vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance."

(R. V.)

One of the most beautiful of the
non-religious poems is David's
pathetic lament over Saul and
Jonathan. Not only is it beauti-
ful in itself, but it reveals the
nobility of David's character. That
he should deeply mourn the death
of his friend Jonathan was natural, but we must accord unstinted ad-
miration to the man generous and
great-hearted enough to put aside
the memory of Saul's treachery and
cruelty to himself and to recall
only the nobler traits of the dead
king.

The distinctly poetical books of
the Bible are Job, the Psalms,
Proverbs, the Song of Songs, and
Lamentations. The books of the
prophets are mingled prose and
poetry, and we find occasional
poetical passages in the historical
portions of the Old Testament.
Also, the concluding chapter in
Ecclesiastes is a beautiful poem
on Youth and Old Age. Poetry in
the New Testament is confined
chiefly to the song of Mary, commonly known as the Magnificat, and to some passages of Revelation. As it would be manifestly impossible in this paper to consider all these, however briefly, I shall only attempt a few words concerning the two which stand out pre-eminently as the greatest of the poetical books - Job and the Psalms.

The longest and greatest poem in the Bible is Job. It belongs to what is called the Wisdom Literature, a class which includes Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and some of the books of the Apocrypha. Despite great differences, all these have certain characteristics in common. Nothing is said of the contrast between Jehovah, God of the Israelites, and the gods of the surrounding nations, or of the special relations existing between the chosen people and their God. The interest is no longer centered in one nation but embraces all mankind, and the questions discussed are the fate of man, his duty and his destiny. The special problem of the book of Job is the cause of suffering. As a setting for the discussions, which are in the form of a dramatic dialogue, we have a prologue and an epilogue, giving in prose the story of the man Job.

Job was a man living in the land of Uz. He was so rich and prosperous that he was said to be "the greatest of all the men of the east." Also, he "was perfect evil." To him were born seven sons and three daughters. So great was his piety that when his sons and daughters feasted together, "Job sent and sanctified them and rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings for them all; for Job said, 'It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed (R. V. renounced) God in their hearts.' Thus did Job continually."

Satan also, To Jehovah's question whether Satan had observed his servant Job, the most righteous and God-fearing man in all the earth, Satan replied, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" He goes on to say that Job's righteousness was due to God's manifold blessings to him. "Put forth thine hand now and touch all that he hath and he will curse thee to thy face." God thereupon gives to Satan permission to take from Job all his possessions but not to touch his person. Then follows a series of unparalleled calamities. In one day Job is bereft of his children and all of his property. He bewails his misfortunes, but in pious submission says, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Again there is a council in heaven and God desires Satan to note that Job has maintained his integrity notwithstanding the evil that had befallen him. Satan replies that a man may be willing to give up all that he has so long as it does not affect his own body. God thereupon gives Satan permission to afflict Job with disease, but to spare his life. Satan brings upon Job a painful and loathsome disease, which from the description is by many supposed to have been leprosy in its worst form. His wife bids him curse God and die, but he answers, "What, shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil? In all this did not Job sin with his lips?"

Hearing what had befallen him, three friends come to visit Job, Eliphaz, the Temanite; Bildad, the Shuhite; and Zophar, the Naamathite. When they saw his pitiful condition, they showed their sympathy by rending their garments and sprinkling dust upon their heads. Then they sat down with him in silence for seven days and seven nights. This brings us to the conclusion of the prolo-
The book of Psalms consists of five collections of the hymns used in the worship of the sanctuary, made at different times in the order in which they stand in our Bible. The close of each collection is marked by a doxology, the final psalm being itself a doxology. While we do not know the compilers of these collections, nor can we assign to them definite dates, it seems reasonably certain that the first collection was made in the time of David and that the whole five were gathered together in one book after the return from the captivity, most probably in the time of Ezra.

Lyric verse has been said to be "the confidant of the soul in all its moods," and surely this is especially true of the book of Psalms. It would seem that there is no mood of the spirit or experience of the heart that does not there find a record.

This book might well be called the Hymn Book of the Ages. Its lofty chants of praise and adoration, its songs of thanksgiving, its humble confessions of sin and expressions of penitence are as appropriate to the modern Christian as to the ancient Hebrew. Not only are the Psalms themselves sung in churches throughout the world today, but they form a treasury of thought and expressions from which our hymn-writers have freely borrowed, so that many of our modern hymns are but echoes of the songs of Israel.

The marvellous hold which these songs have had upon the human heart throughout the centuries can be explained only by the fact that the psalmists wrote with a passionate sincerity from the depths of their own experience. Human nature is the same in all periods of the world's history and these heart cries of the singers of old Israel have voiced the feelings,
experiences and needs of other hearts from that day to this and will do so through all the ages to come.

The general subject of the Psalms may be said to be trouble and its relief. The psalmists were men who had drunk deep of the sorrows and tragedies of life. They are beset on all sides by enemies. They are “poor and needy.” Their days are “as a shadow that passeth away.” Tears are their “meat day and night” and they “go mourning all the day.” Yet in the midst of their deepest afflictions, we hear the exultant chant:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; For I shall yet praise Him Who is the health of my countenance And my God.”

No other book of the Bible gives us such a sense of the reality and personality of God. To the psalmist it was only the fool who “hath said in his heart, there is no God.” They knew that life held mysteries which with all their striving they could never hope to fathom, but they only said “Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised and his greatness is unsearchable.” They took sweet comfort in the thought that the mighty Creator of the universe was yet mindful of man.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, So the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.”

The psalmists not only voice for us the needs and aspirations of the human soul, but they take us out in the open air and bring to our attention God’s wondrous

A Mary Meek Atkeson Biography

ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS (1792-1865)

Alexander Scott Withers was descended from English ancestry. He was born at the Virginia homestead, “Green Meadows,” near Warrentown, Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 12th of October, 1792. His mother, Jannett Chinn Withers, was a cousin of Sir Walter Scott. He received his early education at home in private schools, then went to Washington College, and later was graduated from the law department of William and Mary.

In 1815 he married Miss Melinda Fisher, and about 1827 moved to western Virginia, settling near Clarksburg. At Clarksburg he met Joseph Israel, a publisher, and contracted to publish a work on early settlement of western Virginia. He traversed the territory getting his notes, visited many of the pioneers, and published the work in 1831. Later he moved to a farm near Weston, and engaged in agriculture. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jannett Trawenner, near Parkersburg, January 23, 1865. "Chronicles of Border Warfare, or a History of the Settlement by the Whites of North-western Virginia: and of the Indian Wars and Massacres, in that Section of the State: with Reflections, Anecdotes, etc.” Clarksburg, Va. 1831; reprint, edited and annotated by Reuben Gold Thwaites, with a Memoir of the Author by Lyman Copeland Drper, Cincinnati, 1895."
works in earth and sky and sea. The God who made the earth and
the heavens cares for the humblest
of his creatures. The birds of
the air, the beasts of the field,
even the fish of the sea—

"These wait all upon thee,
That thou mayest give them their
meat in due season."

We note also the emphasis laid
by the psalmists upon the moral
elements of religion. They believe
and rejoice in all the stately cere­
monial of the temple worship, they
recognize the obligation of sacri­
fice, but they repudiate the out­
ward rite when separated from
what it was designed to represent.
The sacrifice acceptable to God
is "a broken and contrite heart"
and the man who shall ascend
the holy hill is "he that hath
clean hands and a pure heart."

In conclusion let me quote again
from the author to whom I have
previously referred—J. E. Mc­
Fadyen in The Messages of the
Psalms:

"The psalms are great because
they have seized the eternal things.
Most of them spring from a definite
historical situation, yet in most
cases the traces of their origin
have utterly vanished, and they
articulate the pain of gladness
of the universal heart. Insensibly
does the psalmist pass from the
ruins of Jerusalem to the con­
templation of the ruins of the
universe. The experience
of humanity is concentrated in
the Psalter, which someone has
described as 'the whole music
of the human heart, swept by
the hand of its Maker,' That is
why age cannot wither its infinite
variety, and why on the praises
of Israel men will lift up their
hearts to God, while the world
stands."

The Last of the Blennerhasseits

(From "The Old Brewery, and
the New Mission House at the Five
Points" by "Ladies of the Mission,
Stringer & Townsend, New York,
1854)

The vicissitudes of fortune is a
subject of trite and common re­
mark, in every rank of life, through
all the grades of human society,
the changing wheel of fortune is
elevating and depressing families
and individuals; and no prophetic
eye can read the destiny of the
man, as it gazed upon the uncon­
scious infant, slumbering in the
cradle. The insignia of wealth may
be stamped upon everything which
greets that infant's waking, won­
dering glance — tones of love may
wake its young affections, and
cherish them into strong and hap­
py life; parental care may multi­
ply its fostering influences, and
centre all its ambition in schemes
for the elevation and aggrandize­
ment of that darling child, and yet
—and yet "A whirlwind from the
desert comes, and sweeps them in
the dust."

And many a cherished one of
earth lives to encounter its fierc­
est tempests, to feel its keenest
pangs, and to prove "how much
the human heart can bear," ere
it breaks, and bleeds, and dies.
We may read and hear and be­
lieve, but we do not realize the
force of facts like these, until
they are actually brought within
the sphere of our own vision; and
then, in our new and powerful
interest, we forget our past experience, and an almost irresistible influence impels us to narrate the story to others, in the hope of awakening a sympathetic feeling, and perhaps, receiving their practical aid. This is our apology for the following narrative, which is not as relevant to our Mission work proper, as are the former histories related in this little book; and yet it was in the prosecution of our Mission work, that this sad history was brought before our minds, and it was within the range of our Mission walks that the subject of our sketch was first found, and in the prosecution of its regular duties was he again providentially thrown upon our care.

Who has not heard or read of Blennerhassett, so famous in his connection with Aaron Burr, fifty years ago? Who has not dwelt with pleasure, on the picture, drawn by the eloquent pen of the celebrated Wirt, of the Eden, in the Ohio River, ere the tempter entered to betray and to destroy? And who has not burned with indignation or melted with sorrow, over the fearful desolation which swept that happy home, when the sad alliance with Aaron Burr was consummated, and the full result of treachery was felt by its innocent and unsuspecting inhabitants.

While all was bright and blooming in that happy isle, ere "coming events had cast their shadows before," to awaken the slightest apprehension, a proud father and a happy mother bent rejoicing over the couch of an infant boy who seemed destined to enjoy all that earth could promise of luxury and ease. Fond hopes and joyous anticipations were indulged, and through a bright vista of happy childhood, promising youth, and successful manhood, they saw in imagination all that the fondest parental hearts could picture or desire.

Alas for the reality! That boy is the subject of our simple narrative - and for the benefit of our youthful readers who may not be familiar with the previous history of this celebrated family, we subjoin a sketch, ere we proceed with the facts, which have been so strangely brought before our notice.

"Harman Blennerhassett, the father of the subject of our narrative, was the son of an Irish gentleman, but born in England during a temporary visit of his parents. If not of the Irish nobility they were at least of the superior gentry of their native land; and their son, educated at Westminster and Trinity College, graduated with honor, and entered upon the study of the Law at King's Inn - how successfully, is shown by the significant appendage of L. L. D., which occasionally accompanies his name. An Irishman, and an Irishman living during the excitement of the French Revolution, Blennerhassett could not but feel deeply the depressed state of his country, yet preferring the paths of literature, and the quiet of domestic life, to the turmoil of the political arena, he soon after his marriage with Miss Agnew (daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle-of-Man, and grand-daughter of the celebrated general of that name, who fell at the battle of Germantown,) left Europe for New York in 1797, determined to make this country the land of his adoption. After some inquiry, he purchased a beautiful island on the Ohio River, and there built a residence, in whose construction, economy and simplicity were unthought of. "The sum of sixty thousand dollars, it is said, was
expended by Blennerhassett, in fully establishing himself in his new abode. To the mind of the voyager descending the river, as the edifice rose majestically in the distance, spreading its wings to either shore, the effect was magical; and emotions were produced, not unlike those experienced in gazing on the Moorish palaces of Andalusia. There was a spell of enchantment around it, which would fain induce the credulous to believe that it had been created by magic, and consecrated to the gods. On a nearer approach was observed the beautifully graded lawn, decked with tasteful shrubbery, and interspersed with showy flowers; while a little in the distance the elm threw its dark branches over a carpet of the most beautiful greensward. Beyond these, the forest trees were intermingled with copse-wood, so closely as to exclude the noon-day sun; and in other places they formed those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacies of which the eye delights to lose itself; while the imagination conceives them as the paths of wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. The space immediately in the rear of the dwelling was assigned to fruits and flowers, of which the varieties were rare, excellent and beautiful; and the manner in which they were disposed over the surface, unique, elegant and tasteful. Espaliers of peach, apricot, quince and pear trees, extended along the exterior, confined to a picket fence; while, in the middle space, wound labyrinthine walks, skirted with flowering shrubs, and the eglantine and honey-suckle flung their melliferous blossoms over bowers of various forms. On the south was the vegetable garden; and, adjoining this, a thrifty young orchard, embracing many varieties of fruit, promising abundant supplies for future use, not entirely neglecting the useful for the ornamental. Blennerhassett had cleared a hundred acres below, and cultivated, in great perfection, the various crops adapted to the soil. The hall was a spacious room — its walls painted a sombre color, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with gilded moulding, running around the lofty ceiling, while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture in the drawing room was in strong contrast with that of the hall — light, airy and elegant; with splendid mirrors, gay-colored carpets, classical pictures, rich curtains, and ornaments to correspond, arranged by Mrs. Blennerhassett, with nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of silver-plate ornamented the side-boards and decorated the tables. The whole establishment was chastened by the purest taste, and without that glare of tinsel finery, too common among the wealthy."

This sounds like a fancy sketch, does it not, dear reader? Yet this Eden of beauty once existed, and here resided the parents of him whom we will soon introduce to you in scenes of startling contrast. In this favored spot the days of his infancy and childhood were spent; and here amid scenes of such unrivalled beauty, the artist-spirit awoke to life, and expanded, and received such strength, that all the miseries of his mature years have failed to extinguish, or even to weaken it.

It would be unnecessary, in a sketch like this, to enter into the controverted points relating to the celebrated conspiracy of Aaron Burr. After his unsuccessful nomination for the Presidency of the United States, disappointed in his
hopes of political preferment, deeply chagrined by the more peaceful measures of Jefferson, and probably wrung with remorse for the death of Hamilton, he determined to enter into schemes of conflict and aggrandizement so extensive, as would almost blot from his mind the memory of the past, and transmit his name to the future as a conqueror, the compeer of Pizarro, or as Charlemagne, the founder of a Western Empire. Whether treason to the United States was meditated, we will not now inquire; but in the prosecution of his design, it became necessary to secure the co-operation of the most influential men of the West, and Blennerhassett was too conspicuous to be overlooked. On Burr's first visit to the Island, Blennerhassett was absent, having gone to New-York, to meet and welcome to America, his former playmate and friend, the celebrated Emmet. But a second visit was more successful, and as this interview has been eloquently alluded to by the distinguished William Wirt, we give it as descriptive of the domestic situation of Blennerhassett, ere he was betrayed into those schemes which subsequently proved his ruin. "A shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied blooms around him; music which might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the mysteries and secrets of nature. Peace, tranquility, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely, even beyond her sex, has blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, this tranquility, the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell, yet, the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank he has lately held in his country, he soon finds way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor; the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is even simple and credulous—.

"Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The poisoner, (Burr) in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affections. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate taste for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustles, and hurricanes of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Caesar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte." Into Burr's ambitious plans, Blennerhassett freely entered, and soon they were matured and ready for execution. The result of Burr's expedition is matter of history. Rumors, which not only connected him with warlike designs against a nation with whom we were at peace, but which dared to affix treason to his name,
were rife in the land; and by orders from Washington, he was arrested, and carried there to stand his trial for the crime alleged. He was acquitted, but his country refused to believe him to be innocent, and after an unsuccessful struggle to retrieve his fallen name, he retired from political life, and died unhonored and unsung. Blennerhassett, as an accomplice of Burr, was also arrested and carried to Richmond, and there confined in the gloomy walls of a prison for some time; but as Burr was discharged on the indictment against him, those against Blennerhassett were not prosecuted. He was merely required to enter into bonds to appear upon requirement at Chillicothe to answer to a charge of misdemeanor, for preparing an armed force, whose destiny was the Spanish territory, of which, however, no notice was ever taken.

Thus ended the conspiracy of Burr. But, alas! not so ended the misfortunes of Blennerhassett. His pecuniary affairs had become embarrassed. His beautiful mansion had been regarded and used as public property. Almost bankrupt in purse, and with a family dependent on him, he knew not where to look for help in his fallen estate. He made an unsuccessful attempt on a cotton plantation in Mississippi; but ten years passed slowly away, and the prospect of regaining a fortune became less and less flattering. A temporary hope led him to dispose of his plantation, and remove to Canada, but, alas! the hope allured only to destroy. Leaving Canada, he returned to Ireland in 1822, there to prosecute a reversionary claim, which, in his more prosperous days, he had regarded with indifference. All his efforts were unsuccessful, and finally, he sunk to his last repose, in the island of Guernsey, attended by the faithful wife who had shared his every joy, and solaced (so far as devoted affection could do) his every sorrow. After his death, the heart of that stricken one yearned to embrace her child, and she returned to New York, and with a devoted slave, and an affectionate son, strove once again to create an atmosphere of love in a quiet, though humble home.

For a few years they struggled on; but who can portray the sufferings of that lovely and accomplished woman, as visions of the past rose before her mind? The lovely mansion, the devoted husband, the playful, happy children, the troops of servants, the crowd of friends, all, all would pass in sad review, making the dark present still darker by the contrast; while, as she gazed upon her feeble, suffering son, unfitted by his long privation for those arduous struggles by which alone he could have regained his father's lost property, and thus been reinstated in his former position in society, the future must have seemed shrouded in more than midnight darkness. Sad forebodings filled that mother's heart, and planted their thorn in her dying pillow. The saddest have all been realized by that idolized son, who cannot even now refer to that tender parent, without exhibiting the most intense emotion, which causes his delicate frame to shake as though the fiercest ague were expending its power upon his physical system.

We shall give but a simple outline of the dark picture which has been strangely and unexpectedly brought before our vision, and leave our readers to realize the contrast and deduce the moral.

One morning, Mr. E., one of the visitors of the Mission, invited a lady to accompany him on a visit to a most interesting old gentleman, whom he had found in the vicinity of the Mission. She immediately complied, and on the
way, was informed that his name was Blennerhassett.

They entered a forlorn and comfortless room, and found an interesting looking man, delicate and refined in appearance, even amid the utter poverty which surrounded him; and whose manner and language gave unequivocal evidence that he belonged to a different position in society from that which he then occupied. He was attended by a colored woman, whose every look and act betokened the most entire and devoted attachment to her master. Yet, no familiarity of word or manner intimated that she had ever forgotten the relative position which, from his birth, she had maintained towards him.

He received his visitors cordially, but with considerable emotion. He referred to his past history and his present circumstances; and he and the old colored woman wept together, as past scenes of happiness and of misery were described. He referred with much bitterness to those who had crowded around his father in the days of his wealth and prosperity, and who could forget his son amid adversity and sorrow.

"Do you see that black woman?" he exclaimed, as she was about leaving the room, "she has more heart than all the people I have known. She has clung to me amid all my poverty and sorrow, without the slightest prospect of remuneration or reward. My father was the friend of hundreds. He set up merchants and mechanics, he patronized literature and the arts, he was courted and flattered in his days of prosperity, and when splendid fetes were given to Aaron Burr and Blennerhassett, there were enough found to do him homage. But when the storm burst upon his devoted head, how few were found to rally around him, or to befriend his innocent and suffering family! I am poor I cannot work, I am too infirm; and this old woman (turning again to his devoted servant) has done for me what all the rest of the world have failed to do — given me a quiet home, and a grateful heart."

Yet, as he spoke, the look of interest was succeeded by one of sad and mournful import.

The visitors relieved his pressing wants, spoke kindly to his attached servant, and left to meet the other claims which were pressing them on every side.

Months rolled away, and the old man removed his residence far beyond the lady's walks. But he was not forgotten; and again and again he was referred to with interest, and commented on as one of the saddest instances of the reverses of human fortune. A record of this visit was preserved, when again in the most incidental manner, his residence was discovered. Two of the ladies immediately called. It was a decent-looking house, but the hall and stairs proved that it was only a tenement house, and with sad forebodings, we ascended to the upper story. We knocked at the door, and a faint voice said, "Come in." We entered. One glance at the desolate-looking room, uncarpeted and unwarmed, at the miserable bed, without a pillow or proper covering. One glance at the pallid face and shaking form of its invalid occupant, and we sat down, (accustomed as we were to scenes of misery) almost powerless to act or speak. Such a tale of want and woe, of physical and mental suffering, was revealed; such loneliness and seeming neglect; such a contrast with what we knew of the early years and prospects of the unfortunate man, that they heart would swell, and the tears would flow, though the trembling invalid had raised himself upon his arm nervously, yet
politely, enquiring who we were, and what we wanted.

"We are friends," said Mrs. D——, advancing towards the cot, "and we have called to see if we could not aid you; if we could not do something to make you more comfortable," He gazed at her earnestly, and said "I know your countenance, Who are you?" She mentioned her name, recalled the past to his mind, and then gradually led him to the recital of his own woes and wants.

Many questions were asked and answered, and much information elicited, but in a broken and sometimes incoherent manner on his part; and we could not describe the interview and give it the interest it possessed for those who saw and listened to the mournful tale in that cold and dreary room. We promised him permanent relief, and assured him that so far as our means and our influence could prevail, he should never again know the destitution from which he had so deeply suffered. We told him God had sent us, and we hoped to benefit his soul and body. We left, and immediately sent him sufficient bedding and clothing to make him perfectly comfortable. In a subsequent interview, many facts were related. For though weak in body, and occasionally confused in expression, his memory seemed unimpaired, and he gave a continuous account of his past life. To our utter surprise, we found he was but fifty years of age, though we had judged him much older from his appearance.

We sketch his history as narrated by himself, "I was the second son of Harman Blennerhassett, bearing my father's name; and was born on the Island in the days of my father's greatest prosperity. My infancy and childhood were guarded by the love of a most devoted mother, and my education during my youth was mostly superintended by my father at home. I afterwards went to school in Canada, and finished my education. Then having a predilection for the law, I entered the office of David Codwise, in New York, and studied three years for that profession. Not being particularly successful, I found my early taste for painting, reviving in all its strength, and resolved to yield to the visions which were forever floating through my brain, banishing all legal details, and unfitting me for the prosecution of that arduous profession. I placed myself under the instruction of Henry Inman, and soon became proficient in the art, and supported myself comfortably by my labors. During this time, my parents were in Canada and Europe. But in 1831, my father died, and my mother returned to this country. We took a house in Greenwich street, (that colored woman accompanied her) and although straitened in our means, did not suffer from actual poverty. My mother's health and heart were broken, and she rapidly declined. Watched by that faithful servant and myself, she sank peacefully away, and was interred in Robert Emmet's vault, by a few faithful and sympathizing friends. It is false," he exclaimed, with the utmost indignation, "it is false, that her last days were spent with an Irish nurse. It is false, that sisters of charity followed her to the grave. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was buried according to their form, in Mr. Emmet's vault; and the man who wrote that life, knows nothing of my father's history. For all the authentic documents are in that trunk," pointing with his finger, "and I only can supply them. I aided Wallace to write his sketch. I lent the papers to Matthew L. Davis, when he wrote the life of Aaron Burr, and I alone can give
the proper information for my father's biography. Why did they not apply to me?

"After my mother's death, I moved to —— street, where you first found me; and since then, I have lived here. An old friend pays my rent, and a kind Irish woman assists me in my room, &c.; but I am feeble and suffering. I am dreading paralysis, and, ladies, I need attention, and such as you only can give." And as he spoke, his frame shook with a strong nervous agitation, and he turned imploringly from one to the other, and was only soothed by the promise that they would do what they could to make his declining years comfortable and happy. May there be "light in the evening time!"

The Fall and Rise of a Bank

By William S. John

(From Review of Reviews, January, 1932)

"Here is ten thousand dollars." A depositor is speaking to his banker.

"Thank you. What do you want us to do with it? When will you call for it?"

"That is your business. I don't know when I shall come again, I may want the money on a moment's notice, and I shall expect the bank to have it ready. If you don't have it when I ask for it I may announce to any man on the street your inability or refusal to pay on demand."

"But how can we pay expenses, or cash checks, finance homes and businesses, or serve the community, unless you give us the express right to put this money out at interest?"

The depositor ends the conversation: "The responsibility is yours. All the rights of the game are on my side. And if I hear a rumor about the bank I may join in a run without apprising you of the cause of my fear."

This dialogue is in effect repeated daily in thousands of banks. The banker, without protection of law or contract, must trust to the even flow of the financial current, well knowing that the freezes and thaws of nature are beyond his control. In the ordinary commercial bank the investment and loan branch of the business has little protection against the arbitrary right of depositors to withdraw money suddenly.

The principle of personal relationship between bank and depositor originated long ago, when the tribesman intrusted his possessions to his caveman banker. After returning from the hunt the banker was compelled instantly to pay the debt over the counter, as a personal obligation involving no rights of the tribe as a whole. When the first lawbook was written the same rule was laid down that the banker is a debtor and the depositor is his instant and relentless creditor.

But in the complications of this age, banks no longer represent the mere transaction of barter or exchange or safekeeping. They have become the financial arteries through which flow the daily economic activities of communities and the nation. The root of our present-day banking troubles lines in the inadequacy of that original rule, fixing an obligation between two men, to cover the interests and the rights of thousands of grouped depositors. The powers of
banks have not been enlarged by law or by contract so as to afford equal and mutual protection to their patrons, depositors and borrowers alike. There has been little separation of the exchange function of the bank from the permanent and diversified investments and loans which constitute the major part of the banking structure and lie at the foundation of home-owning and business operations.

A banking institution is created by the people of a community. The very act of establishing such a community structure, by the mutual pooling of resources, involves a public trust and a public duty. But unfortunately there is no authority or machinery by which a bank can discharge that trust and duty when withdrawals come in unexpected volume. The bank must stand fire as long as possible, granting preference to those who demand unfair advantage. It is trustee and guardian of the interests of all alike, yet it cannot stay the hands of its nervous patrons to protect its trusting patrons. When a body of people have united their resources with the prime object of exchange, or safety, or earning, and thus made a bank the common denominator of their interests, their mutual union should entitle them to impartial and equal protection.

Perhaps there is no other enterprise in which some partners may rush in and seize the cash reserve as their share of the enterprise. Under present practice a bank is not authorized to protect either itself or its depositors against the hysteria of any number or group of depositors who choose to "run the bank"—really to run against one another. In effect, those who participate in a run suddenly call for repayment of the investments and loans which the bank has made in the interest of depositors and of the community in general. Suspicion and haste cannot instantly convert those investments and home loans into cash, in order that it may be drawn out and hidden.

After a bank has closed the law requires equal distribution. Then the depositors become partners instead of creditors. They can no longer demand interest or full settlement; nor can they take preference or advantage over one another. They participate equally in the division of assets, while the helpless borrowers can only hope that sane liquidation will minimize their losses.

Many solvent banks have voluntarily closed their doors to protect their patrons from the dire effects of mass fear. What causes fearful groups to start or join in a run on a bank, and what is the remedy? What factor or element of confidence is lacking?

It has been believed, generally, that once a banking institution closes there can be no revival of its functions. Its legal reserve may have been depleted by unexpected or unwarranted withdrawals, and voluntary suspension may have become necessary without fault on the part of the bank's management. In other affairs of men, activities may cease for a time; industries may close for repairs, for lack of a market, or for a multitude of reasons. Catastrophe, pestilence, or war may interrupt private or governmental service; yet the public remains confident that after adjustment the service can and will be resumed. But on some illogical theory it is assumed that a bank cannot be revived. The communities where closing disasters occur sit dazed and helpless, in the accepted belief that they can do nothing about it.
The laws of the nation and of the states have provided for examinations and for supervision of banks; and for their liquidation there has been created the most costly and destructive type of machinery known to the courts — receivership and forced sales. The rights and powers of banks and of state banking departments have not been enlarged so as to provide, in times of stress, mutual and equal protection to the patrons—to depositors and borrowers alike.

And when the national or state government intrenches its appointees in the winding up of a bank's affairs, a halo of secrecy is spread over the affair. The public has little knowledge of the proceedings, nor control over the costs and methods, nor voice in determining whether the collateral and properties of borrowers shall be summarily sacrificed or installment payments permitted according to contract or expectation.

When any sudden disaster befalls humanity, relief must be afforded. At such time stilted customs and laws may appear inadequate, and new rules must be found and applied. Regardless of whether prosperity or depression prevails, solvent banks should be saved from closing, or later restored. Insolvent banks should be liquidated, not by political machinery but by co-operation of their real owners in the interest of continued business and the preservation of rights and values.

A plan involving novel features reopened the Bank of Morgantown, in November, and resulted in the deposit of more than $400,000 in checking accounts in the first three days of resumed business. Morgantown, in West Virginia, is the seat of the State University and a coal-producing center. Merger and suspension had closed seven other institutions, and the county became bankless when the Bank of Morgantown closed with substantial cash in hand and assets in excess of deposits.

The notice posted at the front door of the bank did not astound the community with the usual fatal words: "Closed for liquidation"; there was rather the hopeful assurance that the bank was closed "in the interest of its stockholders, depositors, and the community."

Within ten days a plan was announced which gave the depositors themselves the opportunity to re-establish the bank which so largely belonged to them. At its outset this plan recognized the right of the whole community to save business from stagnation and property from depreciation. The public character of banking and the need for a new principle of mutual protection were emphasized in the first point of the plan:

"1. Plan and Purpose. That the Bank of Morgantown be reopened by the people of the community on a plan authorizing equal protection of deposits against improper withdrawals, and enabling the bank to preserve its lawful cash reserve and at the same time utilize its resources safely in the interests of the county; for the purpose of establishing mutual confidence, courage, and good-will in helping to restore the business stability of the county."

In recent years the good-will policy of industrial plants sharing profits with employees has become common. As an innovation in banking, the stockholders of this bank stepped aside in favor of the depositors, agreeing:

"That the net earnings for each six months shall not be applied as dividends on stock, but shall be paid as interest not exceeding the rate of 3 per cent, per annum on ... deposits for such six-months period, subject to the right of
the bank to release such deposits for checking."

Depositors were given opportunity to pledge their accounts for twelve months, payable thereafter in installments of 20 per cent, every three months, with the option to the bank to shorten that period or extend it another twelve months. Service charges were added to augment earnings.

Thus the deposits in the bank at its closing were to be revived into interest-bearing time deposits. The spirit of the plan forbade the use of the term "frozen deposits"; instead they were called "protected deposits." The new mutual contract plan instantly became popular because of its distinguishing "principle of mutual protection" to the depositors, individually and as a group.

The working machinery was simple indeed. The cashier and his banking force were designated as the Protective Committee, and the doors of the bank were opened. The whole agreement was stated on a deposit slip of the usual size and appearance, which depositors were asked to sign. On the first day 992 accounts were pledged. In three days the total reached 2237. In twenty days almost 100 per cent, of the 9000 old accounts, excepting small items, were pledged.

A great majority of the depositors came to the bank in person. After a few days the business men of the community gave unstinted service in explaining the plan to depositors at their homes and places of business. The two newspapers gave strong editorial support, besides donating a full page each day for the presentation of facts about the bank and for the publication of subscribers names.

In its full-page publicity matter the bank presented to the community its belief that depositors wanted to create an obligation among themselves by giving to the bank power to protect them equally and alike. It stated the essentials of the plan in this fashion:

"The bank will reopen if its depositors will agree among themselves and with the bank to leave their money on deposit in the bank for a period that will permit this community to regain its equilibrium and poise. They will sacrifice no right they now possess and will forego no advantage they now hold.

"The bank on its part will agree to pay interest on these protected deposits out of its earnings, the stockholders waiving their right to dividends to make this payment possible. The bank will also maintain itself in liquid position and keep its loans conservatively and safely placed.

"The only alternative that the depositors have to an acceptance of this plan is to leave the bank closed and see it go through the long and expensive process of liquidation. They will receive no interest on their deposits, they will force the bank to liquidate its assets at a substantial loss and with a heavy overhead expense, and they will, by this course, weaken public confidence in all banks and financial institutions.

"Even if this bank should operate for a year and then be forced to close again, the depositors would be better off than they are now. They would have received interest on their deposits, they would have permitted the bank to strengthen its loans, and they would have given the bank an opportunity to avoid the sale of its securities in a depressed market at a heavy loss."

Another printed discussion ended with a story told by Abraham Lincoln of a man who had bor-
rowed a wheelbarrow from his neighbor, and had sent it back with this note:

"Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow, I've broken it, usin' on it. I wish you would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this afternoon."

The bank had been broken by "usin' on it." It was a good bank, and the neighbors who had used it were invited to join in its mending.

So it came to pass that the depositors of one bank found a way to reopen its doors. As a sequence the files of the Morgantown newspapers containing the plan and the campaign story have been exhausted by calls from national and state banks in other localities of West Virginia and in neighboring states.

Who's Who In West Virginia Prior to 1857

NOTE: "American Biographical Dictionary: Containing an Account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings, of the Most Eminent Persons Deceased in North America from Its First Settlement," by William Allen, D.D., has been combed for "lives" of persons having near or remote West Virginia connections. The reader is informed that the author predicated a subject's value upon his or her religious depth, and that such personages as Lewis Wetzal, Gen. Adam Stephens, Morgan ap Morgan, and many other persons who made their mark beyond the mountains, were evidently not known to him.

Andre Michaux

MICHVAUX: ANDRE, a botanist, died in 1802, He was born in France in 1746, He married in 1769 Cecilia Claye; but she died in 1770. After extending his botanical excursions to Spain, and spending two years in Persia, he came to America in October, 1785. During about nine years he travelled over the middle, southern, and western States, and proceeded to the north to the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay, procuring trees and shrubs for the establishment at Rambouillet. For the preservation of his plants he established botanical gardens at New York and near Charleston. On his return to Europe in 1796 he was shipwrecked, but saved most of his collections. He had sent sixty thousand stocks to Rambouillet, of which but few had escaped the ravages of the Revolution. His salary for seven years he could not obtain, nor any employment from government. In 1800, however, he was sent out on an expedition to New Holland. He died of a fever at Madagascar. He published histoire des chenes de Amerique septentrionale, folio, Paris, thirty six plates, 1801; flora boreali — Americans, 2 vols. 8vo., Paris 1803, fifty one plates.

John Lederer

LEDERER: JOHN, an early explorer to the west of Virginia, published his discoveries in three numbers in 1669 and 1670, translated from the Latin in 1672.

Simon Kenton

KENTON: SIMON, general, died in Logan county, Ohio, April 29, 1836, aged 82. He was a companion of Col. Boone, in exploring the western country and commencing new settlements. Many were his hard-
ships. Once he was tied to a stake by the Indians to be burned, but was rescued by a friend.

**Peter Jefferson**

JEFFERSON: Peter, father of Thomas Jefferson, died Aug. 17, 1757, aged 49. He was born at Osborne's in Chesterfield, Va., in 1708, and married in 1739 Jane Randolph, daughter of Isham Randolph of Goochland. He was chosen, with Prof. Fry of William and Mary College, to continue the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina. He was employed by Mr. Fry to make the first map of Virginia. About the year 1737, he settled at Shadwell, near Monticello, being the third or fourth settler in that part of Virginia. His wife, who lived till 1776, survived him, with six daughters and two sons. To his eldest son, Thomas, he left an estate at Monticello. The ancestor came from Wales, near the mountain of Snowden.

**Francois Andre Michaux**

MICHAUX: FRANCOIS ANDRE, son of Andre Michaux, was born in 1770. He published the beautiful work, entitled the North American sylva, 5 vols., 8vo., Philadelphia, 1817, 150 colored engravings; and voyage a l'ouest de monts, etc., 1804; the same, translated, entitled, travels in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee: London, 1805.

**William Walker Hening**

HENING: William Walker, clerk of the chancery court for the Richmond district, Va., died March 31, 1828. With great industry and research he collected the statutes of Virginia down to 1792. He published the New Virginia justice, called Hening's justice, 3d ed., 1820; statutes at large, being a collection of all the laws of Virginia from the first session in 1619, 13 vols., 8vo., 1823; and with Wm. Munford, reports in the supreme court of appeals, 4 vols., 1809-1811. He was also editor of Francis's maxims of equity.

**Horatio Gates**

GATES: Horatio, a major-general in the army of the United States, died April 10, 1806, aged 77. After the peace he retired to his farm in Berkeley county, Va., where he remained until the year 1790, when he went to reside in New York, having first emancipated his slaves, and made a pecuniary provision for such as were not able to provide for themselves. Some of them would not leave him, but continued in his family. On his arrival at New York the freedom of the city was presented to him. In 1800 he accepted a seat in the legislature, but he retained it no longer than he conceived his services might be useful to the cause of liberty, which he never abandoned.

**S. C. S. Rafinesque**

RAFINESQUE: S.C.S., Professor, died at Philadelphia in 1840, aged 56. His father was a Levant merchant of Versailles. He was born at Galata, a suburb of Constantinople. At the age of 16 he was sent to Philadelphia with his brother: he cultivated a taste for botany and natural history. From 1805 with his collections, the result of many years' labor he was wrecked on Long Island, and lost all his treasures, books, manuscripts and drawings. Dr. Mitchell befriended him. He made a
scientific tour to the West, and was appointed professor of botany at Lexington University. He again travelled, lectured, and settled at Philadelphia. He published in Italy various works in 1810 and 1814; also address on botany and zoology, 1816; florula Lydoviciana from the French, 1817; ichthyologia Ohioensis; annals of Kentucky, 1824; Atlantic journal, begun in Philadelphia in 1832; life and travels, 1836.

Charles Lee

LEE: CHARLES, a major-general in the army of the United States, died Oct. 2, 1782. He was born in Wales, and was the son of John Lee, a colonel in the British service. He entered the army at a very early age; but, though he possessed a military spirit, he was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge. He acquired a competent skill in Greek and Latin, while his fondness for travelling made him acquainted with the Italian, Spanish, German, and French languages. In 1765 he came to America, and was engaged in the attack on Ticonderoga in July, 1758, when Abercrombie was defeated. In 1762 he bore a colonel's commission, and served under Burgoyne in Portugal, where he much distinguished himself. Not long afterwards he entered into the Polish service. Though he was absent when the stamp act passed, he yet by his letters zealously supported the cause of America. In the years 1771, 1772 and 1773 he rambled over all Europe. During this excursion he was engaged with an officer in Italy in an affair of honor, and he murdered his antagonist, escaping himself with the loss of two fingers. Having lost the favor of the ministry and the hopes of promotion in consequence of his political sentiments, he came to America in Nov., 1773. He travelled through the country, animating the colonies to resistance. In 1774 he was induced, by the persuasion of his friend, General Gates, to purchase a valuable tract of land of two or three thousand acres in Berkeley county, Va. Here he resided till the following year when he resigned a commission which he held in the British service, and accepted a commission from congress, appointing him major-general. He accompanied Washington to the camp at Cambridge, where he arrived July 2, 1775, and was received with every mark of respect. In the beginning of the following year he was dispatched to New York to prevent the British from obtaining possession of the city and the Hudson. This trust he executed with great wisdom and energy. He disarmed all suspicious persons on Long Island, and drew up a test to be offered to everyone whose attachment to the American cause was doubted. His bold measures carried terror wherever he appeared. He seems to have been very fond of this application of a test; for, in a letter to the president of congress, he informs him that he had taken the liberty at Newport to administer to a number of the tories a very strong oath, one article of which was, that they should take arms in defence of their country, if called upon by congress; and he recommends that this measure should be adopted in reference to all the tories in America. Those fanatics who might refuse to take it, he thought, should be carried into the interior. Being sent into the southern colonies, as commander of all the forces which should there be raised, he diffused an ardor among the soldiers which was attended by the most salutary consequences. In October, by the direction of Con-
gress, he repaired to the northern army. As he was marching from the Hudson through New Jersey, to form a junction with Washington in Pennsylvania, he quitted his camp in Morris county to reconnoitre. In this employment he went to the distance of 3 miles from the camp, and entered house for breakfast. A British colonel became acquainted with his situation by intercepting a countryman charged with a letter from him and was enabled to take him prisoner. He was instantly mounted on a horse, without his cloak and hat, and carried safely to New York. He was detained till April or May, 1778, when he was exchanged for General Prescott, taken at Newport. He was very soon engaged in the battle of Monmouth. Being detached by the commander-in-chief to make an attack upon the rear of the enemy, Washington was pressing forward to support him, June 28th, when, to his astonishment, he found him retreating without having made a single effort to maintain his ground. Meeting him in these circumstances, without any previous notice of his plans, Washington addressed him in terms of some warmth. Lee, being ordered to check the enemy, conducted himself with his usual bravery, and, when forced from the ground, on which he had been placed, brought off his troops in good order. But his haughty temper could not brook the indignity which he believed to have been offered him on the field of battle, and he addressed a letter to Washington, requiring reparation for the injury. He was on the 30th arrested for disobedience of orders, for misconduct before the enemy, and for disrespect to the commander-in-chief. Of these charges he was found guilty by a court martial, at which Lord Stirling presided, and he was sentenced to be suspended for one year. He defended himself with his accustomed ability, and his retreat seems to be justified from the circumstances of his having advanced upon an enemy whose strength was much greater that he apprehended and from his being in a situation, with a morass in his rear, which would preclude him from a retreat, if the British should have proved victorious. But his disrespectful letters to the commander-in-chief it is not easy to justify. His suspension gave general satisfaction to the army, for he was suspected of aiming himself at the supreme command. After the result of his trial was confirmed by Congress, in Jan., 1780, he retired to his estate in Berkeley county, where he lived in a style peculiar to himself. Glass windows and plaster would have been extravagances in his house. Though he had for his companions a few select authors and his dogs, yet, as he found his situation too solitary and irksome, he sold his farm in the fall of 1782, that in a different abode he might enjoy the conversation of mankind. He went to Philadelphia and took lodgings in an inn. After being three or four days in the city he was seized with a fever, which terminated his life. The last words which he uttered were: "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers."

In his person Gen. Lee was rather above the middle size, and his remarkable aquiline nose rendered his face somewhat disagreeable. He was master of a most genteel address, but was rude in his manners and excessively negligent in his appearance and behavior. His appetite was so whimsical, that he was everywhere a most troublesome guest. Two or three dogs usually followed him wherever he went. As an officer he was brave and able, and did much towards dis-
ciplining the American army. With vigorous powers of mind and a brilliant fancy, he was a correct and elegant classical scholar, and he both wrote and spoke his native language with propriety, force, and beauty. His temper was severe. The history of his life is little else than the history of disputes, quarrels, and duels in every part of the world. He was vindictive, avaricious, immoral, impious, and profane. His principles, as would be expected from his character, were most abandoned, and he ridiculed every tenent of religion. He published about the year 1760 a pamphlet on the importance of retaining Canada. After his death, memoirs of his life, with his essays and letters, were published.

**Harman Blennerhassett**

BLENNERHASSETT: Harman, died on the island of Guernsey, in 1831, aged 63. His widow, Margaret, died in New York in utter poverty in 1842. He was an Englishman of wealth and well educated, who came to Marietta in 1797. He bought a plantation of one hundred and seventy acres on a beautiful island in the Ohio, fourteen miles below the Muskingum, in Virginia, now known by his name. His mansion and improvements cost 40,000 dollars. He was a man of science and taste, and his wife was most beautiful and accomplished, skilled in French and Italian. His home was a scene of enchantment. But now, in 1806, came the destroyer, Aaron Burr, and persuaded him to engage in his projects. In consequence he fled from the island; was tried for treason; and had heavy debts to pay, contracted for Burr. He next lived ten years in Mississippi and thence removed to Montreal and England. Dr. Hildreth has published the Deserted Isle, being verses written by his wife. He thinks the unhappy man was an infidel, and "lacked one thing, without which no man can be happy: a firm belief in the overruling providence of God."

**William Wirt**

WIRT: WILLIAM, LL D., died at Washington Feb. 11, 1835, aged 62. Born at Bladensburg, Nov. 8, 1772, his father was a Swiss, his mother a German, both dying before he was eight years old. By an uncle he was educated till he was fifteen, but he never was at college. In 1792, he commenced the practice of law in Virginia. Marrying the daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, he lived with him near Charlottesville, and here he was introduced to the acquaintance of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. It is said he was reclaimed from dissipation by a sermon of James Waddell. In 1802 he was appointed chancellor and lived at Williamsburg; his second wife was a daughter of Col. Gamble. He removed to Norfolk in 1803; to Richmond in 1806. As a lawyer he was distinguished at the trial of Burr. In 1817 he was attorney-general of the U. S. In 1830 he removed to Baltimore. As a Christian he was exemplary and held in respect. About 1802 he wrote the British spy in which he spoke of the blind preacher Waddell; it passed through ten editions. His old bachelor was written in 1812; his life of Patrick Henry in 1817.

**James Rumsey**

RUMSEY: James, resided in Berkeley county, Va., and died in Phila. In 1782 he invented a method of employing steam in navigation, for which he obtained a patent in Virginia in 1787. In 1784 he published a treatise on the subject,
in controversy with J. Fitch, who claimed a similar invention. His method did not succeed in experiments made in this country and in England. He died while employed in describing his invention.

**Anne Royall**

*ROYALL: Anne, a notorious woman for some years, died in 1854. Born in Virginia, she was kidnapped by the Indians and detained fifteen years; she then married Capt. R., and lived in Alabama. She established papers in Washington, Paul Pry and the Huntsress. From simple men she extorted money by her personalities or threats. She published sketches, 1826; the Tennessean, 1827; the black book, 1828.*

**Daniel Morgan**

*MORGAN: Daniel, Brigadier-General, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, died July 6, 1802, aged 65. He was born in the state of New Jersey, in 1737. At the age of eighteen he emigrated to Virginia, in 1755, and being without property, dependent on his daily labor, he obtained employment from farmer Roberts of Berkeley Co., now Jefferson. Afterwards he was engaged to drive a wagon for J. Ashley, who lived on Shenandoah River, in Frederick county. At last he became the owner of a wagon and horses, and was employed by J. Ballantine on Occoquan creek. A British writer mentioned it as a matter of reproach, that Gen. Morgan was once a wagoner. He shared in the perils of Braddock's expedition against the Indians, probably as a wagoner, and was wounded by a bullet through his neck and cheek. It is said, also, that in this campaign he was unjustly punished on the charge of contumely to an officer, and received five hundred lashes. From the age of twenty to that of thirty he was dissipated, a frequenter of tippling and gambling houses, and often engaged in publitical combats, at Berrystown, a small village in Frederic county. From this degradation he rose to usefulness and honor as a soldier. In civil life he might also have been distinguished, had he sought to educate himself. The profits of his business as a wagoner enabled him to buy a tract of land in Frederic, on which he built a house, and where he lived at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Soon after the battle of Lexington he was appointed a captain by Congress, June 22, 1775, and directed to raise a company of riflemen and march to Boston. Recruiting very soon ninety-six men, he arrived at Boston after a march of twenty-one days. In Sept., he was detached in the expedition against Quebec, and marched with Arnold through the wilderness of Maine. In the attack on the city of Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, he was with the party which attacked on the northerly side, along the St. Charles. Arnold being wounded, Morgan and his riflemen assaulted the battery of two guns at the west angle of the town, in a street called, not Saint des Matelots, as Marshall says, but Sault au Matelot, or sailor's leap; and, firing into the embrasures, and mounting the barricade by ladders, soon carried the battery, Col. Green, who commanded, marched about daylight to attack the second barrier, which was just around the angle of the town. But this attack was ineffectual, as the enemy fired from the stone houses on each side of the street as well as from the port-holes, besides pouring over grape-shot from a cannon on a high platform within the barrier. In the rear also there
was a strong force to prevent the retreat. Morgan and the survivors were taken prisoners. After his exchange he rejoined the army, and was appointed to the command of a regiment. Being sent to the assistance of Gen. Gates, he contributed to the capture of Burgoyne, though Gates neglected to speak of his merit. He afterwards served under Gates and Greene in the campaign at the south. With admirable skill and bravery he defeated Tarleton in the battle of the Cowpens, Jan 17, 1781, taking upwards of five hundred prisoners. For this action Congress voted him a golden medal. Soon afterwards he retired from the army, and returned to his farm. In the whiskey insurrection in 1794, Washington summoned him to command the militia of Virginia. He afterwards was elected a member of Congress. In July, 1799, he published an address to his constituents, vindicating the administration of Mr. Adams. His health declining, he removed from his residence, called Saratoga, to a farm near Berryville, and after a few years, to Winchester. Gen. Lee says, that no man better loved this world, and no man more reluctantly quitted it. In his last years he manifested great penitence for the follies of his early life, and became a member of the Presbyterian church of Winchester. He died after a long and distressing sickness, His son was a captain in the northern army in 1812. — He was stout and active, six feet in height, fitted for the toils of war. In his military command he was indulgent, His manners were plain, and his conversation grave and sententious. Reflecting deeply, his judgment was solid, and what he undertook, he executed with unshaken courage and perseverance. J. Graham's life of Morgan was published in 1856.

Dr. Joseph Doddridge was admitted to the order of deacon in the Episcopal Church, and in 1800 ordained as a priest. In the meantime, 1796, he had moved the family to Wellsburg, Brooke County, Va., and was at once given work in this western territory. It is said that he had three parishes in Virginia: viz; West Liberty in Ohio County, St. John's and St. Paul's in Brooke County, besides holding occasional services in many other towns in the state. Being disappointed in his efforts to interest the Virginia church in missionary work in these lands west of the mountains, he extended his labors across the Ohio, hoping to build up an episcopate in that state. He succeeded in this undertaking, and in 1818 Rev. Philander Chase was appointed bishop of the new diocese.

Soon after being ordained as a minister he had prepared for the practice of medicine under Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, and became a very popular physician. In 1783 he was married to Jemima Bukey of Short Creek,
Ohio county. He died on the ninth of November, 1826, at his home in Wellsburg, Brooke county, Va.

Dr. Doddridge's published writings, other than those mentioned below, include various sermons on special subjects and orations delivered at Masonic festivals and other occasions. "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from 1763 to 1783, inclusive, together with a Review of the State of Society and Manners of the First Settlers of the Western Country," Wheeling, 1824; reprint, Albany, 1876; reprint "With a Memoir of the Author by his Daughter, Narcissa Doddridge," by John S. Rit- inour and William T. Lindsey, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1912.

St. George Tucker

TUCKER: ST. GEORGE, Judge, died in Nelson county, Virginia, in Nov., 1827, aged 75. Born in Bermuda, he was educated at William and Mary college. He had been a judge of the State court, and was appointed in 1813 judge of the district court of the United States, in the place of Tyler, deceased. In 1778, he married the mother of John Randolph. He succeeded E. Pendleton as judge of the court of appeals in 1803. He wrote poetry. A piece of three stanzas is admired, the two first relating to his "youth." The last stanza is the following:

"Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;

"Pains of my age, yet a while ye can last;
J"oys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God."

He was a patriot of the Revolution, a man of taste and of an amiable character. He published an examination of the question, how far the common law of England is the law of the United States; a treatise on slavery, 1796; letter on the alien and sedition laws, 1799; commentaries on Blackstone.

John Floyd

FLOYD: John, governor, died at Sweet Springs, Va., Aug 15, 1837. He was a member of congress from 1817 to 1829, and governor of Va. from 1829 to 1834.

Alexander Campbell, D.D.

CAMPBELL: Alexander, D. D., died at New Orleans May 6, 1855, aged 63. He was a reformer among the Baptists, abjuring religious creeds, and forming a new sect, which prevailed in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. In a debate with Dr. Rice, he boasted of having two hundred thousand followers, not all in this country. He published the Millennial Harbinger, a monthly work.

THREE BIOGRAPHIES

By Marh Meek Atkeson

JOHN STUART, (1748 - ?)
John Stuart was born in Scotland, of Scotch-Irish parents, in 1748. His father was a friend of Robert Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, and moved to Virginia with him, bringing his family, in 1752. The subject of this sketch, when little more than a boy, gained the rank of colonel in the border
When the English Came to Randolph


The community of "Mingo Flats" was mildly excited when two young Englishmen bought the farm and home of Mr. Amos Hevenor in 1883 and started housekeeping. R. B. Cholmondeley and C. H. R. Bruce with their cook, W. P. Loyd were the first of quite a little colony which collected there. Other young men came and lived with Cholmondeley and Bruce. Quite a good many later bought farms, making homes for themselves, bringing wives and servants from their home country.

These people lived, labored, traded, and played here, introducing their ways and customs as well as joining in our business and social life. Their upright honesty and unfailing courtesy were an influence for good upon the young people of that day. They were always ready with help for the needy, and sympathy for the suffering.

The English brought with them their natural love for sports. They introduced the hammerless gun, and fly rod to this section of the country, and some of them were wonderfully proficient with them.

But of more interest were the group sports. Soccer football took well and became one of the weekly events through the fall and winter months, and many match games of
great interest were played. Football was started as early as 1892 and is still the delight of the boys and men of Randolph and Pocahontas Counties.

Most of the other sports dwindled away with the want of the colony but have left their mark for good rather than for bad. About 1892 a race track was built and used for both horse and foot races, semi-annual meets were regularly held, the keen, clean competition drew the crowds and taught its lesson. No gate money was charged, no purse offered; hurdle race, half mile, mile, or two mile races were ridden, the prize being perhaps a cup (five cent tin cup) with as much zeal as the Derby. It was the same with the foot races; no purse was offered but the competition was as keen as though hundreds of dollars were at stake. Even a long distance race of 22 miles was run on the same plan of no purse.

Possibly the events of most interest were the steeplechases, ridden over about a five mile course. Thousands of people would gather to witness these events, though there was but the one for the afternoon, and would go home feeling that they had been well paid for their trip.

Polo was also tried, but the hunter type of horse did not prove very satisfactory and the game did not last but a few seasons. Paper chases, both horse back and on foot, and the cross country drag chase afforded a lot of sport in which the ladies of the colony proved their ability to handle the horse, and to stick to the pig skin.

As more ladies arrived, and bachelor quarters were turned into homes, tennis courts and golf links were built. These afforded opportunity for many social gatherings with clean, health giving sport through the summer months.

Hockey was also listed among the sports from 1901 till the colony became too small to afford players enough.

They came — they went — but their influence to play the game clean, for the love of the game is still with us, and may it ever remain.

The names listed here will recall many pleasant memories in the hearts and minds of those who knew them.

R. B. Cholmondeley - - - - - - 1883
C. H., R. Bruce - - - - - - 1883
Mrs. Bruce, two children and three maid servants - - - - 1883
W. P. Loyd (cook) - - - - - - 1883
Herbert Carter - - - - - - 1885
H. E. Meek - - - - - - 1885
Herbert Beauchlerk - - - - - - 1886
J. D. Langworthy - - - - - - 1892
W. T. Langworthy - - - - - - 1892
James McKenzie - - - - - - 1892
Mr. Freeman - - - - - - 1892
C. M. Burden, Mrs. Burden - - - - - - 1893
M. L. Bowen - - - - - - 1893
C. H. Finnell - - - - - - 1893
E. S. L. Grews, is buried in Mingo cemetery - - - - - 1893
George Tompkins - - - - - - 1893
R. C. Hales - - - - - - 1893
Pat Montgomery - - - - - - 1893
P. C. Puckle - - - - - - 1893
Ruben Vint - - - - - - 1893
Hubert Earnshaw and mother - - - - - - 1893
Burt Earnshaw, Mrs. Earnshaw - - - - - - 1893
E. K. Bruce - - - - - - 1894
James Dunk - - - - - - 1894
Ernest Hebden, Mrs. Hebden - - - - - - 1894
When Is a Drunk a Drunk?

(From the Bar, Dec. 1901)

It has become a somewhat mixed question in Boston whether a man can get drunk enough to render himself amenable to the law. In a recent case in one of the courts of that city, it appeared that the defendant on the night of his arrest, had smelled strongly of liquor; had staggered; had interfered with the proceedings of a political caucus at which he was present by using profane and abusive language and by roughly elbowing other attendants at the meeting; had called policemen "lobsters" and had generally conducted himself improperly. In disposing of the case Judge Dewey said:

"I have never been called upon to make a ruling upon such a case. This is the proposition before me, leaving out the matter of aggravation. The only material testimony upon the part of the government as tending to show the defendant guilty of the crime of drunkenness was that he staggered and that his breath smelled of liquor; that he appeared excited, used indecent and profane language and that his face was flushed. Leaving out the part relating to the flushed face and the profane and indecent language, the case in the rough brings up the proposition of his breath smelling of liquor and that he staggered! Now, whether that is sufficient evidence to constitute the crime of drunkenness, only one State in the Union, Alabama, has attempted to decide.

The Century Dictionary defines the word — leaving out the synonyms — inebriated, overcome or frenzied by alcoholic liquor. The Law Dictionary gives it as being affected by strong drink. I think that when the law makes it a criminal offense for a man to be in a state of drunkenness it means more than that which is found in the Law Dictionary. Most any man's mind is affected by a single drink, a single glass of liquor. It is preposterous to hold that the Legislature intended it in that sense. In my practice in the courts I have used the definition found in the Century Dictionary — overcome, stupefied or frenzied by alcoholic liquor. There is a great difference in men when they have used such liquor. One man's mind will be clear and his legs unmanageable. Another man's mind will be stupefied and he will be able to walk at any time. The definition in the Century Dictionary, in my opinion, is a good, fair meaning of drunk under the law. I shall apply it to this case, and probably continue to do so until I get a
better one. In the testimony of this case I am unable to find that the defendant was either overcome, stupefied or frenzied by having drunk alcoholic liquor. I order him discharged."

But a more matter of fact judge, who probably knew how it was himself, refused to follow the decision, and defined the situation thus:

"I have been asked if I would follow the recent decision in this court by one of my associates as to the crime of drunkenness, and I replied that I cannot. I find it just as easy to determine the question, 'Is a person drunk?' as it is to determine the question, 'Is he overcome?' The Century Dictionary gives me no aid or comfort. But giving full weight to the definition of 'drunk' as given in the Century Dictionary, that is, to 'overcome,' 'frenzied' I think a reasonable interpretation of this is that he is 'overcome' who has surrendered the use or control of any of his faculties. If, therefore, a man is found staggering upon the street and incoherent of speech by the voluntary use of intoxicating liquors, I should be required, as I view the law, to hold him as 'drunk,' unless these conditions were explained away."

Some Remarkable Women of West Virginia

(From the Charleston Gazette, Centennial Edition)

It happened a long time ago in two heroic deeds about nine years apart when Indians attacked at what are now Charleston and Wheeling.

Two hardy pioneer women saved many lives and made names for themselves by carrying gunpowder.

"Mad" Anne Bailey prevented the fall of Ft. Lee in Charleston by riding horseback to Lewisburg and returning with a large quantity of gunpowder.

Betty Zane saved Ft. Henry at Wheeling by going to a nearby house and returning with an amount of the black, explosive material that had been poured into a tablecloth.

The two deeds are in practically every West Virginia history book. However, modern historians are inclined to take some of the color out of the descriptions. It is hinted or stated outright that parts of the stories may be legendary, especially the high points of the Bailey account.

The round trip to Lewisburg is the chief claim to fame for the Bailey woman, although she earlier established quite a reputation as the "White Squaw of the Kanawha," Indian scout and message carrier.

She was born Anne Hennis in Liverpool, England, about 1742 and came to Staunton, Va., in 1761. Four years later, at the age of 23, she married young frontiersman Richard Trotter, who was killed in the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774.

Thus widowed at 32, the then Mrs. Trotter engaged in a campaign to recruit soldiers to fight Indians.

At the age of 43, she was married to John Bailey at Lewisburg. He was known as a good border soldier and scout.

Bailey and his wife stayed at Ft. Lee, a blockhouse built by
Col. George Clendenin at Charleston.

While they were there, in 1791, when Anne was 49, word was received that Indians were approaching. Gunpowder was desperately needed. There was a call for a volunteer to make the dangerous trip to Lewisburg.

Even as the men in the fort looked at each other in silence and dismay, Anne Bailey declared: "I will go."

According to the story, it was a wild and desperate ride on a black horse. Early historians made the most of it.

Seventy years after the event, Union soldier Charles Robb wrote a poem entitled "Anne Bailey's Ride - A Legend of the Kanawha." In the poem, he said:

"She heeded not the danger rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day."

Another verse:
"Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest giddy heights,
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beasts or savage men."

Anne Bailey didn't always ride a horse to reach her destination. She reportedly walked from Charleston to Point Pleasant when she was 75 years old;

She died Nov. 22, 1825, at the age of 83.

The gunpowder-carrying feat by Betty Zane took place on Sept. 10, 1782, while Indians had Fort Henry under siege.

Betty, the sister of Co. Ebenezer Zane, founder of Wheeling, volunteered to go get the powder urgently needed in the fort.

The Indians were amazed when she emerged from the fort to make the run of about 60 yards to the house where the powder was stored. They didn't shoot at her.

Col. Zane, caught in the house when the fighting started, had elected to stay there. When Betty arrived, he tied a tablecloth around her waist and poured powder into it.

She ran back to the fort, with the Indians firing at her, She was unhurt, and the fort was saved.

There were many other pioneer women who attained the stature of heroines in western Virginia. Among them were Mrs. John Paulley of Greenbrier County and Mrs. Mary Ingles, who lived at what is now Blacksburg, Va. Both were captured by Indians for long periods.

The capture of Mrs. Paulley occurred in September, 1779. She lived unmolested in the family of Chief White Bark for five years and then was ransomed and returned to her home.

Mrs. Ingles was captured by Indians on July 8, 1755, and was compelled to march with them through the southern part of what is now West Virginia and eventually to the Kanawha River.

At the mouth of Campbells Creek, where animals came to lick salt, the Indians stopped and feasted on game that they easily killed. Mrs. Ingles helped gather a supply of salt.

On the third day after she was captured, she gave birth to a baby girl, and then was forced to continue traveling with the child in her arms. She rode on horseback.

She traveled with the Indians down the Kanawha Valley to the Ohio River and then to Portsmouth. The whole trip took about
a month. Later at Big Bone Lick in present Boone County, Kentucky, she decided to escape from the Indians. She succeeded, although she was compelled to leave the baby with the Indians, and eventually found her way back through the wilderness to her home and was reunited with her husband.

How Beverley Became the County Seat

By George Randscrift in Parkersburg News (undated)

In the town of Beverly, Randolph County, is a vacant lot on which no house ever stood and on which no house ever will stand, if events do not change their course. It is not of the lot that I wish to speak, but of a certain depression in one end of the lot. But, by the way, I shall say few words concerning that piece of ground which belongs to no man; no man can ever buy it; no man can ever sell it, and all men of earth can use it if they take their turns and use it properly.

During the Civil War I was a soldier in Yourrt's brigade, which was stationed at Beverly about three months during the fall of 1864. That was a small village then, and was held by the Federals as an outpost to guard the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. Within two or three days after I arrived at Beverly I noticed a group of soldiers pitching horseshoe, and from day to day I went down to watch them and finally I took part in the game myself. It was the only pastime we had.

One day I remarked to an old man standing near, Peter Buckey, I think his name was, that the size of the hole worn in the ground by pitching horseshoes in the same place, indicated that the citizens must have done it before the war, and soldiers had not done it all. The old man heaved a sigh full of memory of other days as he replied; "Yes, my young man, I am nigh unto seventy years old and I was not born when the first horseshoe was pitched into that hole," "Is that so?" said I.

"So it is, or old Peter Buckey would be clear of saying it. For three score years to my certain knowledge, the men and boys of this town have pitched horseshoes. But the thing started long before my time. Did you ever hear how it came to start?"

I assured him that I knew not. With a far away expression on his face, as if looking to ancient times, the old patriarch of Beverly began:

"The first county seat of Randolph County was four miles from here at old Colonel Ben Wilson's house. Here, at Beverly, old Jake Westfall lived. One day old Colonel Ben came riding down the path past old Jake's house, and saw the old man in the yard pitching horseshoes with himself to keep himself company.

"Having a good game?" asked Colonel Ben.

"Good enough," replied old Jake.

"I'll bet I can beat you," said the Colonel.

"I'll take the bet" replied Jake. "How much?" asked the Colonel. "Whoever beats, gets the county seat," said old Jake.

"It's a bargain," replied the Colonel, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain. But he
was a great old codger to take chances.

"At it they went and pitched horseshoes until dark, and old Jake flaxed the Colonel on every proposition, and won the bet. The next day Colonel Wilson sent the county seat up, with the books and papers, and it was left at Beverly. But the Colonel was so put out he sold his farm and moved to Harrison County. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

"Before Colonel Wilson went home on the day he lost the county seat, he made old Jake deed a quarter of an acre of land right where they pitched the horseshoes. It was deeded to the public for ever, and was to provide a place where any man or boy could pitch horseshoes as much as he pleased, and here they will be pitched until the judgment day."

I don't know how much of Peter Buckey's story was true, but part of it was, for the lot is there yet, free to all. I am told that it is the only piece of real estate in the world that has such a title. When they were building the new court house in Beverly the court undertook to sell the lot.

It has lain vacant a hundred years, and it was generally said that it belonged to the county, and it was taken for granted that the county could sell it, but when the matter was investigated it was found that it was not county property, but belonged to the public and the public included everybody.

The sale was not made, it can not be sold. It lies there vacant, a monument to the love of simple sport. From two to two dozen men and boys may be seen there nearly any time the weather will permit, A hundred years have seen generation after generation on that spot. The most expert quoits pitchers in West Virginia have been educated there. The ground has worn away until a large cavity marks the spot where many million of horseshoes have torn the soil during a hundred and twenty years.

The Butterfly Man Dies

(From - "Entomological News," Vol. XV, No. 5, May, 1909.)

This distinguished naturalist died at his home in Coalburgh, West Virginia, on April 4th in his 88th year. He was born in Hunter, Greene County, New York, on March 15, 1822, and was the son of William W. and Helen Ann Mann Edwards. Having been graduated from Williams' College in the Class of 1842, he was admitted to the New York Bar in 1847. One year previous to this he made a voyage up the Amazon River to collect objects of natural history. In 1851 he married Catherine Colt Tappan. He was the author of "A Voyage up the Amazon" (1847); Shakspere not Shakespeare (1900) and compiled a genealogy of the Edwards' family in 1903. His home was at Coalburgh, West Virginia.

The monument to Wm. H. Edwards will be the three volumes he published "The Butterflies of North America," Commenced in 1868 and completed in 1897. This work is one of the greatest ever published on the subject, and it has been the source of authoritative information on American diurnal Lepidoptera as a whole for nearly half a century. The author's contributions to our knowledge of life histories marks an epoch in Lepidoptera, and are of very great
importance from a scientific standpoint.

Mr. Edwards says in the first volume: "It is a matter of regret that, in so few instances, I shall be able to say anything of the larvae. Even among our old and common species, the larvae are but little more known than in the days of Abbot, seventy years ago." In the preface to the second volume, dated 1884, he says: "All this is changed, and today it can be said that the preparatory stages of North American butterflies as a whole are better known than are those of Europe." This was made possible by an important fact made known by Mr. Edwards. He further says: "In 1870 I discovered an infallible way to obtain eggs from the female of any species of butterfly, namely, by confining her with the growing food-plant. If the eggs mature they will be laid."

He was a careful and painstaking naturalist and his descriptions of species are admirable, and he described many new and interesting one in addition to making known so many life histories. These books are also mines of information on the habits of these insects, as observations on such matters were sent to the author from every part of the United States and Canada. The illustrations were drawn on stone by Mrs. Mary Peart who had no superior in this line of work. His other contributions nearly all appeared in the Proceedings and Transactions American Entomological Society, Canadian Entomologist, or in Papilio, and were always replete with new facts and information.

By far the greater part, if not all, of the species described by Mr. Edwards will stand. He has been criticised for describing too many species of Argynnis, but in view of the fact of the great difficulties presented by these butterflies he was probably justified in so doing. He contended that after he described a species its true status would eventually be made out, Mr. Edwards was unquestionably the greatest Lepidopterist this country has produced, and his great work on American butterflies is and always will be a classic one. His work on life histories has never been surpassed, and when we think that all these valuable contributions to science were carried out during the spare time of an otherwise busy man, they are all the more admirable. He published in all about two hundred papers.

Origin of Place Names in West Virginia

(From the Centennial edition of the Charleston Gazette-Mail)

In West Virginia, Amigo, we may find a Cicerone to guide us, by a Nicut, if Wewanta, all over Hell's Half Acre, across Mad Tom Mountain and down Mad Sheep Ridge, through Dog Hollow, and hurrying a bit, up Dead Man's Hollow and down Slippery Gut Branch to Big Ugly Creek.

Touching Salt Rock lightly, as it seems to go well with Cucumber, we dip into Bergoo (a kind of stew), and wind up with Pie (in Mingo County). After such a whirlwind trip, we might find ourselves beneath Sod, especially if we passed too close to Marsh Fork and Still Run.

In the preceding two paragraphs are 18 actual West Virginia place
names, although a few of them may have been usurped by later appellations, such as Hell's Half Acre, which was the Civil War name of Glen Dale, in Marshall County, then a secessionist stronghold, and Wewanta, until recent years a Lincoln-County tribute to Mountaineer perseverance (residents yelled "Wewanta post office!" for so long they finally got one of that name), is no longer listed in the postal guide. Once located near the mouth of Big Ugly Creek, the hamlet has lost its identity.

In common with the place names of all other states, those of the Mountain State are sometimes of obvious origin, sometimes seem obvious and turn out otherwise, and sometimes have origins lost in the mists of history and folk etymology. The town of Cicerone, on the Pocatalico River in Roane County, has a name which means "one who guides tourists," and is a standard English word, although not too much heard today, perhaps as in former years.

Amigo, in Raleigh County, has the same form as the Spanish word for "friend," but was apparently named, about 1910, for the Amigo Coal Co. Nicut, in Calhoun County, is a hamlet near Nicut Run, and the name comes from the archaic, dialectal usage "nigh," meaning "near," as in "mighty nigh, but not plumb." You would probably say, if you're under 40 and an urban dweller, "shortcut," instead of "nicut," and mean the same thing.

The "gut" in Slippery Gut Branch, by the way, is not what Victorian ladies, and some men, considered a vulgarism. The New English Dictionary, that most comprehensive of all word banks, defines the word as meaning "a channel or run of water." As many West Virginia pioneers used archaic words, some of which yet linger in the hills, they thought it fitting to call small streams by such names as Slippery Gut Branch and Deep Gut Run. There once was a Mud Gut School in the Mountain State, but it may have succumbed to progress.

As for "Salt Rock," the origin is obvious, but "Cucumber" may not be what you think. Located in McDowell County, the town name comes not from the elongated green vegetable, but from the fragrant cucumber magnolia common in the area.

It is not absolutely certain that "Bergoo," the name of the Webster County mining village and former lumber town, is derived from "burgoo," a thick stew which lumberjacks once ate, but that is one explanation. A coal operator named Berwind, an enormously rich man, once bought much land in West Virginia, and possibly the name could be traced to him, but for the moment the gustatory theory prevails.

As for Pie, a Mingo County hamlet, the story goes that a Leander Blankenship, who lived there, liked pie so well that the word was submitted to the Post Office Department as a possible name for the town, and was selected in preference to several others, the P. O. D. liking them short and sweet.

The post office at Sod, in Lincoln County, is still in existence, but the reference is not to turf. The name was derived from the initials of a resident of the area, one S. O. Dunlap, and it is well that his name was not Blizzard.

Before preceding further, it should be explained that the writer of this article has drawn most of his material from a bulky, scholarly tome completed in 1945 by Hamill Kenny, then of Piedmont, W. Va., an exhaustive volume titled "West Virginia Place Names." This book yet remains the most complete, authoritative
treatment of its subject, although there no doubt have been smaller contributions to this specialized study which have escaped the writer's attention.

At present, Kenny is a professor of English at the University of Maryland who lives at nearby Mt. Rainier. In 1961, he completed, for the Waverly Press at Baltimore, a book on the Indian place names of Maryland. While there is little doubt that Kenny's West Virginia book could now use thorough revision and updating, it has since its publication been in constant demand and use by both layman and scholar.

The study of place names is not of interest merely to antiquarians, but can be most revealing of the history of a region and the way in which people lived. If a pioneer in what is now West Virginia wanted a stream, village or mountain named for him, he had a head start on his neighbors if from that head the scalp had been removed.

Such post-mortem barbering, for instance, appears to have helped Robert Files and John Hacker to append their names to Files Creek and Hackers Creek.

Stephen Sewell got himself tomahawked on New River in 1751, and today we have Sewell Creek and Sewell Mountain. In 1790, Indians drastically raised the hairline of Jacob Parchment, and Jacob gave his name to Parchment Valley and Parchment Creek. Similar tragic fates befell the Thomas Decker and Adam Stroud families, as well as Walter Kelly, the Bridger brothers, Squire Staten and James Hale; and, inevitably, we have Deckers Creek, Strouds Creek, Kellys Creek, Bridger Mountain, Statens Run, and Hales Branch.

This bloody, headlong path to geographic immortality often led to success, although candidates for such immortality, in the sense of volunteers were probably few. But the scalpings which took place quite without the cooperation of the victims were no doubt numerous enough to furnish many names, as witness part of the record just quoted. Not a few scalping victims were anonymous, which may account for at least nine tall peaks in West Virginia being named Bald Knob, but this is obviously pure speculation.

Sometimes the shorn head was on the other foot, so to speak, and the Indian died and left his name behind. This was true of Logan the Cayuga, and the Delaware chief, Captain Bull. Logan, of course, has a West Virginia town and county named for him, and Bulltown, on the Little Kanawha River near Falls Mill, is the site of the village where Captain Bull was massacred by Jesse Hughes and John Hacker.

Indian names are as common in West Virginia as elsewhere in the United States, reminders to whites of tender conscience, and there are a few, that a great deal of ruthless killing preceded the introduction of the culture of the kindly, Christian Europeans and Anglo Saxons to the American continent.

Not so obvious in this regard is the name "Oldfields" or "Old Town," either standing alone or in combination with other names. Almost invariably, these names indicate the site of an Indian clearing or settlement which was there when the white man arrived.

Paint Creek, a tributary of the Great Kanawha River, was so named at least as early as 1774, according to archeologist Sigfus Olafson, because Indians had painted trees near Long Branch and the mouth of Willis Branch, and farther up Paint Creek in Raleigh County, near Sand Fork. These painted trees apparently
marked the sites of war dances, as Paint Creek was part of an Indian trail used by the Shawnee and other tribes in their attacks on New River settlers.

Indian names were written down as they sounded to the pioneer, a procedure which guaranteed diversity of spelling and confusion to historians. As salient physiographic features, rivers especially have retained, in some form, their Indian names. The Kanawha is named for the Conois, aboriginal dwellers on its banks, Potomac is from the Potomac tribe of the eastern Sioux, and the Guyandotte is from the Wyandots, while Monongahela is from a Delaware Indian word or words meaning "river of crumbling banks."

"Ohio," may not obviously be of Indian origin, but it is nevertheless so derived, and appears to be a contraction of a much longer word. It should be emphasized here that translations of such Indian words are too often guesswork, but "Ohio" probably means "river of white caps," although it could also mean, as Kenny suggests, "river of blood."

The Pocatalico River, usually shortened to "Poca," is from the Indian, meaning "river of fat doe," while Tuckahoe Run, in Greenbrier County, is of Algonquian origin, describing "the place where deer are shy." BothPowhatan, of the tribe of the same name, and his daughter Pocahontas or Matoaka, are commemorated in West Virginia names.

The Allegheny Mountains were named for the Allegheny Indians, who were Cherokees, and the word may mean "place of the footprint," because a footprint in the snow remained for months in the cold heights. But it is possible that "Allegheny" is from the Delaware language, meaning "He is leaving and may never return." This latter interpretation, suggesting a vast and dangerous area for travelers, ties in with the name of the Appalachian Mountains of which the Alleghenies are a part, supposed to be from the Spanish name for the Indian tribe at the southernmost end of the mountain chain. "Appalachian" may mean "the endless mountains."

There are no less than three theories as to how the Cheat River got its name. Some researchers think it is of Indian origin, but others say it comes from "cheat," a kind of wild grass which grows profusely on its watershed, and still others insist that the name was given because the waters cheat the senses of the observer, being much deeper than they appear; a variant on the latter theory is that the name is based on the uneven volume of the stream, which sometimes cheats expectations by its excessive or meager supply.

Wheeling was so named because a white man was killed by Indians and his head cut off and impaled on a pole at the mouth of Wheeling Creek, possibly about 1750. Delf Norona of Moundsville, who has done most intensive research on the subject, says that "Wheeling" is derived from a Delaware word meaning "the place of the head."

Some names appear to be of Indian origin, but are not. What names, for instance, look more Indian than Cabwaylingo and Kumbrabow, two West Virginia state forests? Actually, "Cabwaylingo" was coined by combining parts of the names of Cabell, Wayne, Lincoln, and Mingo counties, while "Kumbrabow" is derived from the names of those renowned Elkins chiefs, H. G. Kump, A. S. Brady, and E. A. Bowers.

West Virginia place names came from the nationalities of the early settlers (French Creek, Gauley River, England Run, Irish Moun-
tain, Germany Valley, Helvetia; from their religion (Dunkards Creek, Canaan Valley, Purgatory Knob, Devil Creek); their difficulties (Troublesome Valley, Hungry Creek, Poverty Hollow); their activities (Skin Creek, for a trapping area, Snow Hill, for its white salt deposits, as well as Meathouse Run, Slaughterhouse Hollow, and Still Run, which are self-explanatory); and, as before noted, from their violent and tragic deaths.

Many Place Names came after the turn of the century, or only shortly before, as a result of the development of the coal industry. Stotesbury, Pratt, Edwight, Thurmond, McAlpin, and Tams are only a few of these, and they, as a group, are unimaginative, most of them merely being the surnames of coal operators or landowners grafted to the region by the operators or landowners themselves.

Sometimes, however, the land developers or exploiters invented a name which at least gave rise to a legend, even though no cleverness on their part was involved. One such was Erbacon, a Webster County village, where the story arose that lumberjacks were once offered the choice of a steady diet of "beans 'er bacon," and christened the town in memory of their protesting stomachs. The prosaic truth, however, is that the hamlet was named for E. R. Bacon, a Baltimore and Ohio Railway official.

It is perhaps to be deplored that in modern times you can get a town in West Virginia named after you by simply building it (Gary), or being the wife of a president of the United States (Eleanor), or an admiral (Nimitz). The pioneers did it the hard way. Take William Strange, for instance, who gave Strange Creek, in Braxton County, its name.

In 1795, Bill Strange became separated from a surveying party up Elk River and his companions never found him. Years afterward, his bones were found on the stream that bears his name, Leaning against a big beech tree nearby was his rifle, and carved in the thick bark of the beech were these words:

"Strange is my name and I'm on strange ground, and strange it is I can't be found."

Skeptics might think it even stranger that he took to writing verse at a time like that. You think it Odd (Raleigh County), Bud (Wyoming)? Maybe he had

William Henry Foote

William Henry Foote was born at Colchester, Connecticut, December 20, 1794, and, after attending Bacon Academy in that town, entered Yale College in 1814 and was graduated two years later. He went to Fredericksburg, Virginia, and united with the Presbyterian Church in 1817, then studies theology for a time at Princeton. He began his pastoral work at Woodstock, Virginia. He became pastor of the church at Romney, Hampshire county, western Virginia, then known as Mount Bethel Church, in 1824. From 1835 to 1845 he was in Philadelphia as agent for the Central Board of Foreign Missions, but at the expiration of that time, again took up his work at Romney, continuing until his death in 1869. "Sketches of Virginia, Historical and Biographical," Philadelphia, 1850.
just wandered through Whitman's (Logan), or perhaps Poe (Nicholas). Anyway, his verse had its points (Hampshire), or would certainly do in a Pinch (Kanawha). But it didn't do poor William Strange any good. His name was Mud (Lincoln).

The English Settlement in Randolph

Randolph County Historical Society — Magazine of History — Biography, Fifth Annual 1928

By C. W. Maxwell

Many years ago the English were making settlements in different parts of the world for the training and education of the gentleman class, as farmers. One of these was at Mingo, W. Va, and was started about 1883 and continued for about twenty-five years.

The plan was rather an unusual one and was very common in the English colonies but only a few were ever made in the United States.

The first of the English were Bruce and Cholmondeley. They had come to the states by way of visiting at Nimrod Hall near Millboro, Va., where there was an English settlement. This is a very beautiful country and well adapted to the cattle and sheep industry. While here these young men made trips, buying sheep, and finally visited at McLaughlins, who lived at the present site of the town of Marlinton. They became interested with McLaughlin, his farming, and finally visited the upper end of the Elk and Tygart Valley River, at what is now known as Mingo. This was a very unusually good grass section, and sheep from this community were of extra fine grade. The general landscape and temperature were very much like parts of England, where these men had lived, and they conceived the idea of making a colony and getting young men to come from England and learn how to live the life of a country gentleman. At this time they came from the C. & O. R. R. at a point near Clifton Forge and traveled by horse to Mingo Flats, a distance of about seventy-five miles.

The two men above named came and bought large tracts of land, and brought over from England a number of friends. They charged for teaching the men how to be country gentlemen, and built houses, planted trees, etc., as was done in the old country. They also handled sheep on a large scale and the two pioneers were very successful. The colony was very prosperous and all seemed to get along well and contented until Cholmondeley went back to England; and from that time on, the young men quit coming over and the older ones left.

The idea of living in a far away place in imitation of the English country gentleman of the last century lost its glamour, and finally all of the men who made the settlement left, and the country where these men had planned to keep and maintain a seventeenth century country life, disappeared.

It is doubtful if it would have been possible with the invention of the hard road and the other fast methods of travel if this idea could have been maintained. There was no longer a need of teaching young men to be country gentlemen of the past century. This explains their selling out and the lands going back to the original native people.

The English settlement was a
very colorful one and the importa-
tion of new ideas, unusual clothes
and strange ways of living was
very interesting, but it would be
hard to find, where any change was
made in the native people from
contact with the gentleman Eng-
lish, who lived among the hills of
Randolph County. The Englishman
is generally a permanent coloniz-
er, but the idea of this settlement
was more for pleasure and the
 carrying out of an ideal of long
ago than for profit. Not being for
profit, it soon failed.

Randolph County has had many
settlements. There was the Eng-
lish settlement at Mingo that has
already passed into memory. The
Swiss settlements at Helvetia and
Alpena. Both prosperous and
growing better because there was
no money to get back home. They
had to work and have built up fine
communities of strong men and
women who are happy and con-
tented.

There was a large Irish settle-
ment in Roaring Creek district,
made up largely of men who had
come to the states to work on the
B. & O. R. R. and who bought
lands and sent for their families.
There was a large settlement once
and while the older ones are gone,
there are hundreds of men and
women in this section, and all over
the country who think of the
"old home" place in Roaring
Creek district as fondly as did
their fathers of "old Ireland."

There were two Welsh settle-
ments, one very early in the cen-
tury near Harman, and the other
near Pickens. There are many
families living today in the county
who are descended from these
hardy people. They are a strong,
hard working people and as citi-
zens do all that can be asked.

The settlements have all pros-
pered but the English, and this
failed because it was made by
men who were able to go back to
Old England when they wished.
And then the idea upon which it
was founded was wrong. There is
only one ideal that succeeds with
pioneering. That is to work and
"grow up with the country."

The Strange Story of Selim the Algerine

(From "Old Churches, Ministers
and Families of Virginia"
By Bishop Meade, 1861)

The following article was writ-
ten by the Rev. Benjamin H. Rice.
The addition is from a descendant
of Mr. Page, of Rosewell--

The following narrative was com-
mited to writing by an aged cler-
gyman in Virginia, and is com-
municated for publication by a
missionary of known character.
Its authenticity may be relied on.
It is introduced by the writer
with the following paragraph--

I have long been of opinion that
even the short account I am able
to give of Selim, the Algerine, is
worth preserving, and suppose that
no person now living is able to
give so full an account of him as
myself, not having the same means
of information.

Had Selim ever recovered his
reason so far as to be able to
write his own history and give an account of all the tender and interesting circumstances of his story, it would undoubtedly have been one of the most moving narratives to be met with. All I can write is the substance of the story as related to me, most of it many years ago. I have been careful to relate every particular circumstance I could recollect worthy of notice, and make no additions and very few reflections of my own. I publish these narratives at this time for the sake of a few observations which they naturally suggest, and which I think seasonable at the present day.

About the close of the war between France and England in Virginia, commonly called Braddock's War, a certain man, whose name, as I have been informed, was Samuel Givins, then an inhabitant of Augusta county, in Virginia, went into the woods back of the settlements to hunt wild meat for the support of his family, a practice which necessity renders customary for the settlers of a new country. He took more than one horse with him, that it might be in his power to bring home his meat and skins. As he was one day ranging the woods in quest of game, he cast his eyes into the top of a large fallen tree, where he saw a living creature move. Supposing it to be some kind of a wild beast, he made ready to shoot it, but had no sooner obtained a distinct view than he discovered a human shape, which prevented the fatal discharge. Going to the place, he found a man in a most wretched and pitiable condition, his person entirely naked (except a few rags tied about his feet) and almost covered over with scabs, quite emaciated and nearly famished to death. The man was unacquainted with the English language, and Givins knew no other. No information, therefore, could be obtained who he was, whence he came, or how he was brought into a state so truly distressing. Givins, however, with the kindness of the good Samaritan, took a tender care of him, and supplied his emaciated body with the best nourishment his present circumstances would afford. He prudently gave him but little at a time, and increased the quantity as his strength and the power of digestion increased. In a few days the man recovered such a degree of strength as to be able to ride on horseback. Givins furnished him with one of those he had taken with him to carry home his meat, and conducted him to Captain (afterward Colonel) Dickerson's, who then lived near the Windy Cave. Dickerson supplied his wants, and entertained him for some months with a generosity that is more common with rough backwoodsmen, who are acquainted with the hardships of life, than among the opulent sons of luxury and ease.

The poor man considered that he had no way to make himself and his complicated distresses known, without the help of language; he therefore resolved to make himself acquainted with the English tongue as soon as possible. In this his progress was surprising: he procured pen, ink, and paper, and spent much of his time in writing down remarkable and important words, pronouncing them, and getting whoever was present to correct his pronunciation, and the kind assistance of Colonel Dickerson's family, he in a few months was so far master of English as to speak it with considerable propriety. When he found himself sufficiently qualified for communicating his ideas, he gave
the colonel and others a most moving narrative of his various unparalleled misfortunes. He said his name was Selim; that he was born of wealthy and respectable parents in Algiers; that when a small boy his parents sent him to Constantinople, with a view to have him liberally educated there; and that after he had spent several years in that city, in pursuit of learning, he returned to Africa to see his parents, with a view to return to Constantinople to finish his education. The ship in which he embarked was taken by a Spanish man-of-war or privateer, and Selim thus became a prisoner of war. The Spaniards were at this time in alliance with France against England. Falling in with a French ship bound to New Orleans, they put him on board this vessel, which carried him to the place of its destination. After living some time among the French at New Orleans, they sent him up the rivers Mississippi and Ohio to the Shawnee towns, and left him a prisoner of war with the Indians, who at that time lived near the Ohio. There was at the same time a white woman, who had been taken from the frontiers of Virginia, a prisoner with the same tribe of Indians, Selim inquired of her, by signs, whence she came. The woman answered by pointing directly toward the sunrising. He was so far acquainted with the geography of America as to know that there were English settlements on the eastern shore of this continent; and he rightly supposed the woman had been taken prisoner from some of them. Having received this imperfect information, he resolved to attempt an escape from the Indians to some of these settlements. This was a daring attempt, for he was an entire stranger to the distance he would have to travel and the dangers which lay in his way; he had no pilot but the sun, nor any provisions for his journey,—nor gun, ammunition, or other means of obtaining them. Being thus badly provided for, and under all these discouraging circumstances, he set out on his arduous journey through an unknown mountainous wilderness of several hundred miles. Not knowing the extent of the settlements he aimed at, he apprehended danger of missing them should he turn much to the north or south, and therefore resolved to keep as directly to the sunrising as he possibly could, whatever rivers or mountains might obstruct his path. Through all these difficulties Selim traveled on until the few clothes he had were torn to pieces by bushes, thorns, and briars. These, when thus torn and fit for no other service, he wrapped and tied about his feet to defend them from injuries. Thus he travelled naked, until his skin was torn to pieces with briars and thorns, his body emaciated, his strength exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and his spirits sunk under discouragements. All he had to strengthen and cheer him was a few nuts and berries he gathered by the way, and the distant prospect of once more seeing his native land. But this pleasing prospect could animate him no longer, nor could these scanty provisions support him. His strength failed, and he sank into despair of every thing but ending a miserable life in a howling wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts! Finding he could travel no farther, he fixed upon the top of the tree where Givins found him, as the spot where his sorrows and his life must together. But God, whose providence is over all his creatures, had other views. While Selim was dying this lingering, painful death, and was scarce able to move his feeble limbs, relief was sent him by the
beneficent hand of Givins: he is again restored to life, and hope once more revives and animates his sinking heart. No doubt Colonel Dickerson was sensibly touched with this moving tale of woe, and the generous feelings of his humanity greatly increased, I infer it from his conduct; for he furnished Selim with a horse to ride, treated him as a companion, and took him to visit the neighbors and see the country. He accompanied the colonel to Staunton, where the court of Augusta county sat, and where the inhabitants of the county were assembled, it being court-day. Among the rest was the Rev. John Craig, a Presbyterian minister of the Gospel, who resided a few miles from town. When Selim saw Mr. Craig he was struck with his appearance, turned his particular attention to him, and after some time came and spoke to him, and intimated a desire to go home with him. Mr. Craig welcomed him to his house, and then, or afterward, asked him why he desired to go home with him in particular, being an entire stranger, whom he had never seen before. Selim replied:—

"When I was in my distress, I once in my sleep dreamed that I was in my own country, and saw in my dream the largest assembly of men my eyes had ever beheld, collected in a wide plain, all dressed in uniform and drawn up in military order. At the farther side of the plain, and almost at an immense distance, I saw a person whom I understood to be one of great distinction; but, by reason of the vast distance he was from me, I could not discern what sort of a person he was. I only knew him to be a person of great eminence. I saw every now and then one or two of this large assembly attempting to go across the plain to this distinguished personage; but when they had got about half-way over, they suddenly dropped into a hole in the earth, and I saw them no more. I also imagined that I saw an old man standing by himself, at a distance from this large assembly, and one or two of the multitude applied to him for direction how to cross the plain in safety; and all who received and followed it got safe across. As soon as I saw you," added Selim, "I knew you to be the man who gave these directions; and this has convinced me that it is the mind of God that I should apply to you for instructions in religion. It is for this reason I desire to go home with you. When I was among the French, they endeavoured to prevail on me to embrace the Christian religion. But, as I observed they made use of images in their religious worship, I looked on Christianity with abhorrence; such worship being, in my opinion, idolatrous."

Mr. Craig cheerfully undertook the agreeable work he seemed called to by an extraordinary Providence. He soon found that Selim understood the Greek language, which greatly facilitated the business. He furnished a Greek Testament; Selim spent his time cheerfully in reading it, and Mr. Craig his leisure hours in explaining to him the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the space of about two weeks he obtained what Mr. Craig esteemed a competent knowledge of the Christian religion. He went to Mr. Craig's house of worship, made a public profession of Christianity, and was baptized in the name of the adorable Trinity. Some time after this, Selim informed Mr. Craig that he was desirous to return to his native country and once more see his parents and friends. Mr. Craig reminded him that his friends and countrymen, being Mohammedans, entertained strong prejudices against the
Christian religion, and that, as he now professed to be a Christian, he would probably be used ill on that account, and that here in America he might enjoy his religion without disturbance. To which Selim replied, that his father was a man of good estate, and he was his heir; that he had never been brought up to labour, and knew no possible way in which he could obtain a subsistence; that he could not bear the thought of living a life of dependence upon strangers and being a burden to them; that he was sensible of the strong prejudices of his friends against Christianity, yet could not think that, after all the calamities he had undergone, his father's religious prejudices would so far get the better of his humanity as to cause him to use his son ill on that account; and that, at all events, he desired to make the experiment. Mr. Craig urged that the favourable regards of his friends and a good estate on the one hand, and a life of poverty and distress on the other, might prove a too powerful temptation to renounce that religion he now professed to believe true, and to return again to Madammedanism. Selim said, whatever the event might be, he was resolved never to deny Jesus.

When Mr. Craig found that he was fully resolved, he applied to some of his neighbours, and, with their assistance, furnished Selim with as much money as they supposed sufficient to degray his expenses to England, from whence he said he could easily get a passage to Africa. He furnished him, also, with a letter to the Hon. Robert Carter, who then lived in Williamsburg and was noted for his beneficence to the poor and afflicted, requesting him to procure for the bearer an agreeable passage in some ship bound to England. Mr. Carter did more than was requested of him: he furnished Selim plentifully with sea-stores. Being thus provided for, he set sail for England, with the flattering prospect before him of being once more happy in his own country and in the arms of his affectionate parents. For many months no more is heard of him by his American acquaintance.

How long after this I do not recollect,—perhaps some years,—the poor unfortunate Selim returned again to Virginia in a state of insanity. He came to Williamsburg, and to the house of his old benefactor, Mr. Carter. His constant complaint was, that he had no friend, and where should he find a friend? From which complaint the cause of his present very pitiable situation was easily conjectured: his father was not his friend. Notwithstanding the derangement of his mental powers, he had certain lucid intervals, in which he so far enjoyed his reason as to be able to give a pretty distinct account of his adventures after he left Virginia. He said he had a speedy and safe passage to England, and from thence to Africa; and that, on his arrival, he found his parents still alive, but that it was not in his power long to conceal it from them that he had renounced Mohammedanism and embraced the Christian religion, and that his father no sooner found this to be the case than he disowned him as a child and turned him out of his house. Affection for his parents, grief for their religious prejudices and his own temporal ruin, tormented his tender heart. He was now turned out into the world, without money, without a friend, without any art by which he could obtain a subsistence. He left his own country, the estate on which he expected to spend his life, and all his natural connections, without the most distant prospect of ever seeing or enjoying them more.
He went to England, in hopes of there finding some way to live, where he could enjoy his religion when every other source of comfort was dried up. But, having no friend to introduce him to the pious and benevolent, he found no way to subsist in that country; on which he resolved to return to America, it being a new country, where the poor could more easily find the means of support. In his passage to Virginia—while he had probably no pious friend to console him in his distresses nor to encourage and support him under them, and while he had little to do but pore over his wretched situation — he sunk, under the weight of his complicated calamities, into a state of insanity.

Though Selim's great distress was that he had no friend and he was constantly roving about in quest of one, yet of friendship he was incapable of enjoying the advantages. In pursuit of his object he went up to Colonel Dickerson's but to no purpose. From thence he wandered away to the Warm Springs, where was at that time a young clergyman of the name of Templeton, who, having understood something of his history, entered into conversation with him. He asked him, among other things, whether he was acquainted with the Greek language; to which he modestly replies that he understood a little of it. Mr. Templeton put a Greek Testament into his hand, and asked him to read and construe some of it. He took the book and opened it, and, when he saw what it was, in a transport of joy he pressed it to his heart, and then complied with Mr. Templeton's request. By these actions he showed his great veneration for the Sacred Scriptures, and how long he had retained the knowledge of the Greek in circumstances the most unfavourable. From the Warm Springs he went down to Mr. Carter's, (who, by this time, had removed from Williamsburg to his seat in Westmoreland county,) in hopes that gentleman would act the part of a friend, as he had formerly done; but still, poor man, he was incapable of enjoying what he greatly needed and most desired. He soon wandered away from Mr. Carter's, was taken, and carried to the madhouse in Williamsburg.

The above account I received from Mr. Craig, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Templeton; and it is the substance of all I knew of Selim before I came to reside in this State. Since my arrival here I have seen several men who were personally acquainted with him while in a state of derangement. They say he was commonly inoffensive in his behaviour, grateful for favours received, manifested a veneration for religion, was frequently engaged in prayer, — that his prayers were commonly, though not always, pretty sensible and tolerably well connected, — and that he appeared to have the temper and behaviour of a gentleman, though he was in ruins; that he went roving from place to place, sometimes almost naked for want of sense to keep on the clothes that he had received from the hand of charity, until he was taken with the sickness which put an end to his sorrows; that when he was taken sick his reason was restored and continued to his last moments; that the family where he lay sick and died treated him with great tenderness, for which he expressed the utmost gratitude, and that, at his request and importunity, no persons sat up with him on the night in which he died. It appears, however, that he died with great composure; for he placed himself, his hands, his feet, and his whole body, in a proper posture to be laid in his coffin, and so expired.
The following is added by a descendant of Mr. Page:

"Among the pictures that made the deepest impression on me at Rosewell, and which decorated the old hall, was that of Selim. He was painted Indian fashion, with a blanket round his shoulders, a straw hat on his head, tied on with a check handkerchief. This portrait Governor Page had taken in Philadelphia, by Peale; and, when the box arrived at Rosewell, the family and servants were all assembled in the hall to see it opened. Great was their astonishment and disappointment to find, instead of a portrait of their father and master, Selim's picture, which was greeted instantly with his usual salutation, 'God save ye.' He was a constant visitor at Rosewell, and was always kindly received by servants and children, who respected him for his gentleness, piety, and learning. One of his fancies was never to sleep in a house, and, unless he could be furnished with regimentals, disdained all other clothing. One of his greatest pleasures, when in Williamsburg, was to read Greek with Professor Small and President Horrocks, of William and Mary, and at Rosewell, with Mr. Page, and his youngest son, who read Greek and Hebrew at a very early period; but it was always out of doors.

"When in Yorktown, the old windmill (which was blown down by a late tornado, and was long a relic of olden times, and which ground nearly all the bread used in York) was his resting-place. The only time he was ever in the York House he was coaxed by General Nelson's oldest daughter and niece to take his seat in Lady Mary Meek Alkeson on Patrick Gass

Patrick Gass was born in 1771 at Falling Spring, Cumberland County, Pa., but his parents moved to Maryland in 1775. The family moved again in 1784 and settled near Uniontown, Pa., moved again to Catfish Camp, and many times thereafter.

In 1792 Patrick Gass was stationed under Captain Cotton at Yellow Creek to help guard the frontiers, but in 1794 withdrew from the service and was bound as an apprentice to a carpenter. He soon tired of this life, however, and enlisted in the Tenth regiment of the American Army, under command of General Hamilton, in 1799 for the French War which was soon over. Again he enlisted under Major Cass with General Wilkinson and descended the Ohio in 1800. He was in Kaskaskia, Ill., when the call came for volunteers for the government expedition under Lewis and Clark — an exploring expedition over the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River. He immediately volunteered and accompanied the expedition.

After the trip he returned to Wellsburg, Va., but, soon tiring of a civilian life, went back to military duty at Kaskaskia. He enlisted for the war of 1812 under General Gaines and served throughout the war. When peace was declared he again returned to Wellsburg, in 1831 married Maia Hamilton of Brooke County, Va., and spent the remainder of his life on a farm in Brooke County. He died at his home, April 2, 1870. He was the last survivor of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, "Journal of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition," Pittsburgh, 1807.
Nelson’s sedan-chair. As they bore him in and rested in the passage, he rose up, and sang melodiously one of Dr. Watts’s hymns for children,—  

‘How glorious is our heavenly King!’

The first time it was ever heard in Yorktown. Where he learned it was never known, but we suppose it must have been from his Presbyterian friends in Prince Edward. He had a trick of constantly passing his hands over his face, and, when questioned about it, would say, ‘It is the blow—that disgrace to a gentleman—given me by that Louisiana planter; but—thank God! thank God! but for the Saviour I could not bear it.’

‘I have always understood he went to South Carolina from Philadelphia with a gentleman who took a fancy to him and got him off with the promise of a full suit of regiments, and there we lose sight of him.’

The picture of Selim may still be seen in the library of Mr. Robert Saunders, of Williamsburg. Mr. Saunders married a daughter of Governor Page, and thus inherited it. Selim, out of his attachment to Mr. Page, either followed or went with him to Philadelphia, where the American Congress was sitting, of which Mr. Page was a member, Mr. Peale was then a most eminent painter.

Through The Sinks of Gandy

(From “LAND OF CANAAN” by Jack Preble.)

In the early summer of the year 1872 a cavalcade of lively Virginians gentlemen cantered into the little settlement that had grown up at the mouth of Seneca Creek consisting of half a dozen families, Adamson’s store, a post office, school house, blacksmith’s shop, a meeting house and an applejack distillery.

This settlement marked the junction of the North Fork Turnpike and the old Packhorse Road that wound, like a thin ribbon, across the Alleghenies from Mouth of Seneca to Beverly, formerly the county seat of West Virginia’s Randolph County.

Making their way to Adamson’s store, the horsemen dismounted and introduced themselves to the startled natives congregated there as “Porto Crayon” the leader of the expedition, “Major Martial” his second in command and a veteran of the Mexican War; the third celebrity was introduced as a dry goods clerk from New York City bitten with the desire to experience some wild mountain escapade and who was dubbed by his companions “Augustus Cockney.” Last, but not least, was handsome young “Richard Rattlebrain” bubbling over with the glorious wisdom of youth.

This quasi-military and social expedition, all bearing nom-de-plumes strikingly descriptive of their occupation, station in life or mental behavior, and dressed in odds and ends of military raiment strangely reminiscent of the late unpleasantness between the States, explained to the wondering natives the exact status of their peaceful mission. It was to be one pleasure and exploration into the unknown in quest of the famous
fighting brook trout that were presumed to frequent their part of the mountains. Suitsing their intentions to action, they promptly proceeded up stream a short distance where they soon succeeded in hooking a fine catch of speckled scrappers.

The Virginia travelers observed with great interest the queer sort of people gathered at the store, some who came over the moun-tains on foot, others by sled, most by horseback and a very few in wheeled vehicles. All brought something to trade. Sam Bonner was there with a load of bear skins. Others brought ginseng, venison hams, yarn stockings, maple sugar, home made cloth, grain, butter and eggs to exchange for dry goods, crockery, tin and hardware, gunpowder, tiny packages of coffee and fat jugs of whiskey.

Among the barefooted young ladies they met in the store were Mahala Armentrout, Susie Mullinanx and a little snub-nosed lady named Peg Teter who was later to play an important part in the lives of these cavaliers—especially that of young Richard Rattlebrain.

Early next morning they mounted their horses and threaded their way up the narrowing gorge of Seneca Creek over a straight and stoney road, over-arched with the primeval forest and indented with the hoof marks of horses and cattle. No traces were observed of wheeled vehicles.

The Packhorse Road followed along the stream for a distance of ten or twelve miles until it came abruptly up against the face of the mountain where Seneca Creek appeared to issue from a rock-bound gulch and no longer afforded room for a roadway.

At this point the cavalcade turned aside and ascended the ridge by a winding, narrow, but well-graded road where the summit was soon reached. Crossing the rolling open plain dotted with well cultivated fields, pleasant green pastures and thrifty-looking settlements, they soon descended the western slope where the road tunneled through a forest of lofty firs, dense undergrowth of laurel and metallic-leaved rhododendron with its superb clusters of pure white and delicate pink blossoms.

Anon they struck a stream of clear amber-tinted water running through green meadows and a valley of considerable width. This was Gandy Creek, the first trans-Allegheny stream they had encountered and one of the feeders of the Cheat River.

The Gandy proved too great a temptation to overcome, with its sparkling waters teeming with large trout. In a very short time they had hooked thirty or forty large and handsome beauties, some weighing two and one half pounds, which were cleaned, cooked and eaten. Their meal was interrupted by the appearance of a native of Dry Fork by the name of Roy who lived at the mouth of Red Creek, and by the ominous gathering of a storm.

Hastily packing up and mounting, they rode to the cabin home of Aaron Armentrout at the junction of the Gandy and Dry Fork where they took shelter from the storm. After the downpour the cavaliers rode up the fork for two miles to the home of the Hatterick family. Here, Porte Crayon had visited five years before. Here they spent the night.

The condensed story of the expedition follows, just as it was printed in Harpers New Monthly, Volume 45, 1872, and just as it came from Porte Crayon’s picturing pen:

Next morning (writes Porte Crayon) was bright, and feeling
restless and full of meat, we mounted and started up Dry Fork Valley to visit the place where Gandy Creek makes its remark-
able subterranean passage under a spur of the Alleghenies.

Five miles up we leave the fork, and crossing the dividing ridge by low gap, we reached the Teter's settlement on Gandy, The road we traveled was not more than a cattle path, through tangled hem-
lock and laurel roots, treacherous beds of moss and black mud in which the horses frequently sunk to the saddle girths, and at every step ran imminent risks of breaking their own legs and their rider's necks.

Our party was fortunate enough to get through with only the loss of several horse shoes, bursted girths, and skinned shins. Out-
side of Teter's mansion were sev-
eral tame deer, who leaped and pranced around us, staring with their glorious brown eyes, sug-
gesting all that is lovely and grace-
ful in mountain life. The men were away from home; and when their astonishment at the sight of the strangers had subsided sufficient-
ly to permit them to speak, the women civilly enough showed us the road to the underground tun-

About half a mile from the house we found where the stream issued from the mountain, by three arched passages side by side in the face of a perpendicular cliff. The view here is so obscured by trees and a dense undergrowth that we concluded to ride around to the entrance, about two miles distant.

From Tales of the Elk By Col. H. B. Davenport

In the Sycamore Section of Clay County there lived some years ago a harum scarum young rascally buny by the name of Winfield. He had a buddy by the name of Clayburn, These boys, while not crim-
inals, were always up to some devilment. On one occasion the Holy Rollers, a religious sect at that time recently imported into the county, were holding an "Ex-
perience" meeting. The meeting was almost over, each member having given his or her spiritual and religious experiences, when in walked the two buddies and took seats in the back of the school house where the meeting was being held. The boys had just come from a moonshine still and had tanked up on hot liquor, and were hardly in a condition to enjoy a religious meeting. The preacher, after hav-
ing made a spirited exhortation on the evils of intermixture, and pictured in glowing words the final fate of the unrepentant sinner, looked steadily at the two boys,
and asked them if they desired to abandon the evil life they had been leading. At this, Clayburn pulled himself to his feet with the aid of the back of the seat in front of him and delivered himself as follows: "Friends, I know I have been leading a wicked life, and I feel that I need your pray-
ers. I hope you will also pray for Brother Winfield, he is a very wicked boy."

Thereupon he took his seat. The eyes of the congregation then fo-
cused on Winfield, who feeling that he must say something, struggled thusly: "Brethren, I have been traveling a very bad and crooked road, I have been following in the footsteps of Brother Clayburn here, who has been leading me down to perdition. Tonight I am going to forsake him and his com-
pany, and I am going with you God fearing people. I don't know where in hell you are going, but I am going along with you."
As we advanced the forests became taller and darker, and the paths more and more obscure. After wandering for five or six miles in narrow cattle paths, all traces of man and beast disappeared, and we found ourselves at the Ultima Thule of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Riders and horses were both fatigued, and we were vexed at the idea of missing the object of our expedition.

Before us was a brook. Of course it flowed into Gandy Creek, and it was suggested that we might find the tunnel by following down the stream. A glance was sufficient to show that this was not practical on horseback, and I therefore proposed that the party should dismount and rest while I made an exploration on foot. If successful, I would inform them, and in any case would not be absent more than an hour.

I started alone, and was soon lost out of sight and out of hearing of any kind. As I progressed the lofty forest and the tangled undergrowth closed over the stream so densely that all direct light from the sky was shut out, and the brook held its rugged way through a tunnel of verdure, a twilight shade, not pleasant and freshening as one exposed to the July sun on city pavements might imagine, but dismal, dank and cavernous, where one might see ghosts in broad daylight.

Was that a shadow of a human form I saw moving through an opening in the trees? I actually began to feel nervous, and looked instinctively at the cappings of my rifle and my knife in its sheath; then laughed at my folly and pushed on my way. Again I stopped short. My heart thumped like a pheasant drumming for I certainly did see the shade of a human form moving with a creeping, stealthy step away off in the silent woods. Again I smiled at my absurd tremor; might it not be a hunter stealing upon his game? These mountaineers don't regard game laws, but shoot when they see fit.

So I again went forward cautiously, with rifle advanced, and looking out for the shadow. There! It stands like a stump looking at me. It sees me. "Halloo!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and at the same time cocked my rifle unconsciously. The sharp click rang through the silence of the forest, apparently louder and clearer than my shout, and came echoing back with a distinctness that thrilled me. Or was it another rifle that clicked? The shadow had disappeared.

Come, this won't do. Alone in the wild forest, beyond the reach of law and civilization, a man is the best friend or the most fearful enemy one can meet. I remembered having heard some uncanny stories about this region in former times, and our reception at the Teter's settlement had left rather an unpleasant impression.

The mountaineers meeting a stranger in the woods makes his greeting prompt and friendly. He does not dog his footsteps like a prowling wolf. While summing up these reflections I had instinctively begun retrograding, making my way through the darkened thickets which skirted the stream. In my excitement I threaded them with a facility which surprised me. I turned barricades of rocks and fallen trees by dashing into the water over boot tops. It seemed that the faster I walked the more frightened I became, when my course was suddenly arrested by a challenge.

"Halloo! Is that you?"

I squatted behind a log, drew my rifle, and reconnoitering in the direction of the voice, presently espied the Major leaning against a tree.

"What's the matter?" he asked,
"Have you seen a bear?"

"No, I've seen nothing; but thought my hour was up, and feared you might be uneasy."

"That was very considerate in you," he replied laughing, "for you were moving like a whirlwind, and from the noise I expected to see a whole herd of deer bursting through the laurel."

The presence of a friendly figure so entirely restored my equilibrium that I became heartily ashamed of my panic, and determined not to make any further allusion to it. I merely reported that the road was impracticable to horses, and there was no prospect of finding the tunnel in that direction within any reasonable distance.

Nevertheless, the recollection of the adventure haunted me for days thereafter, without my being able to obtain by covert questioning or ingenious theories of my own any plausible explanation of it.

Mounting our horses, we retraced our road, carefully looking for a side path which might lead to the object of our search. After three miles ride we found it, and descending by an easy slope, entered a glen of singular beauty.

Hemmed in between a steep and rugged hillside and a savage forest of dark-browed hemlocks, it lies soft and smiling as the ornamental grounds around some sweet cottage home; the turf, green and smooth as a velvet carpet, dotted over with groups of blossoming thorn; while through the midst winds the sparkling amber-tinted stream of Gandy.

Looking up from the glen, the vista is bright as fairyland, ending with a distinct glimpse of blue hills. Turning down the stream, a grim, menacing cliff rises square athwart the glen, closing it suddenly and shocking you with its unexpected propinquity.

At its base is an arched opening fifty feet wide by about twenty in height - a gaping mouth which swallows the little river at a gulp. There is no gurgling nor choking, but the stream glides in gently and lovingly, like a young snake running down its mother's throat to sleep - or simplehearted Goody Two Shoes entering her grandmother's chamber. Altogether the scene is peculiar and impressive.

Since the Gandy left her mother fountain, her course has been exceptionally bright and beautiful. Unshadowed by gloomy forests, unvexed by ugly driftwood, the gay brunette has leaped and danced through sunlit glades, just teased enough by moss-clad rocks and picturesque roots to make her laugh and show her dimples to advantage.

In the midst of her joyous life suddenly the dark cavern yawns before the jaws of death. Without a doubt or shudder, like an unconscious child she enters smiling upon the untried mysteries of the hidden world.

Wading in some forty or fifty yards, we find the subterranean stream still smooth and practicable, without any roaring or other indication of an interruption in its current. But its winding course soon shuts out the light of day, and as we have no torches, no attempt was made to push our exploration further.

It is said that persons have made their way through this tunnel, and the estimated distance from entrance to exit is a mile and a quarter. The distance around by the road is about two miles. The information on the subject was both vague and meager, as the mountaineers are usually totally indifferent in regard to these natural curiosities or superstitiously
timid about undertaking an exploration.

In fact, no one cared to talk about the tunnel of Gandy, and the idea haunted me that there was some mystery connected with the place which made the mountaineers rather avoid the subject.

(Having partially satisfied their curiosity concerning the Sinks of Gandy Creek, yet determined to return in a day or so for further exploration, the balance of the day was spent in fishing. In a short time the green turf was gay with their spoils. The next day, and the next, was spent at Soldier White’s and the Hetterick’s. Young Jess Hetterick spent some time instructing Porte Crayon in the correct way to sight and discharge a rifle, in which pastime he became so proficient that he challenged Hunter Tom Mullenax to a shooting match, and won from Tom a large bear skin. Tom Mullenax is described as a dour, mysterious old mountaineer who looked with dislike and distaste upon the gentlemen from Virginia with their inquisitive manners and latest percussion rifles. At Soldier White’s, or Squire White’s— as he was the Justice of the Peace in that part of Randolph County—the travelers were warmly received. Here, they were joined by another party of travelers from Virginia, ladies and gentlemen and close friends, who arrived for a few days outing. At a dance held one night at Soldier White’s they again met Peggy Teter, Martha White—who instructed them in the art of noosing trout—and Dilly Wyatt. “She’s our brag girl over here, Dilly is,” said Soldier White, “and strangers like to hear about her.” A few days later the next expedition to the tunnel of Gandy was guided by Peg Teter.

Although she was questioned closely by Porte Crayon about the tunnel, and although talkative on other subjects, she avoided all talk about the subterranean river in such a manner as to convince him she knew more than she was willing to discuss. At the entrance to the tunnel, Richard Rattlebrain proposed to explore the place again light or no light. When none of the party offered any objection to his proposal he gave it up. He then conceived the idea of walking over the top of the tunnel and coming to the lower exit. Again no objection was made and he rushed up the mountainside and was soon lost to sight in the tangled greenbrier and laurel. The others in the party rode to the lower exit by the path, there to await his appearance. Dick failed to appear after several hours. Greatly worried, Porte Crayon decided to make a search for him.

Again we quote from Porte Crayon’s narrative:

I started up the side of the hill to reconnoiter the country in the direction from which I thought he must approach. The spurs and wrinkles of the mountain were on so grand a scale, so broken with ravines and rocky precipices, and barred with fallen timbers and tangled undergrowth, that a skilled woodsman might readily lose the direction to a given point, and wear out his strength in aimless wanderings within a very limited space. I succeeded in winding upward until I stood over the cliff from whence issued the stream, and then pushed forward across the spur in what I supposed to be the direction of the entrance. The way was overshadowed by a pall of hemlocks, with a dense undergrowth of laurel which found rooting and nourishment amidst a mass of rugged boulders covered with damp and spongy moss. At every
step there was a risk of falling into a crevice of appalling depth, sometimes visible, often concealed like pitfalls with deceitful coverings of moss and leaves.

From time to time I could hear strange sounds coming up from the cavernous earth, the winds and waters which moaned and jabbered articulately like human voices, reawakening the half-superstitions terrors which had formerly seized me in this desolate forest.

Once I fancied that a current of heated air rushed up across my damp face with a distinct odor of burning wood. Then I tripped and fell athwart an opening — God knows how deep! Caught on a low network of slimy roots, the jar made me fancy I saw sparks away down in the darkness. But, No. On rising I perceived it must have been only the reflection from the flash of sunlight which at the moment lit up the bare, grinning precipice on my left. It was cheering to catch even a momentary glimpse of the clear blue sky and the laurel-draped cliff with the last rays of the setting sun.

(A few minutes later Porte crayon is startled by the appearance of a wolf several yards ahead of him which he shot and scalped as a trophy of his encounter.)

As I was about to resume my march (he continues) I fancied I heard a distant rustling of the bushes, with the measured tread of a human foot, and my heart bounded at the thought of meeting my comrade at this triumphant moment. I was already elated with the hope of rejoining our friends at Soldier White's before bedtime.

I had not advanced many paces ere, through a vista in the darkling wood, I saw again that moving shadow of a man, and with the sight came that curdling of the blood and sinking of the heart which I could neither control nor explain. And I knew it was not my lost comrade, but unmistakably that same weird, inexplicable presence.

But I was in better nerve now; my hunter's blood was up, and I thought to send a bullet to test its humanity; but ere the mad purpose was accomplished my enemy had disappeared.

Darkness was already closing around, and, with every faculty strained to the utmost, I made my way back to where I had left the horses, without detour or false step. Their nickering welcome was a most cheerful and companionable sound. Mounting my own mare, and leading the other, I presented myself at the Teters mansion just as the full moon rose above the tree tops.

I was invited to join with the Teters in their supper although with no great show of welcome.

During the meal I took occasion to narrate the circumstances connected with Rattlebrain's disappearance, and asked some sharp questions concerning the character of the country through which he had undertaken to penetrate. The old man and the boy went on eating in silence. The women looked at each other, and then the eldest answered, vaguely, that they "knowed nothin' about it. Generally, it was resky fer strangers to git lost in these mount'ins, as they might break their necks over the high rocks." Hoping to get something more satisfactory by catechizing Peggy, I found that she had disappeared, and I saw no more of her that night.

Being intensely wearied, I at length gave up and went to bed, resolving that if Dick had not reported by morning I would engage Tom Mullinax, or some active woodman acquainted with the country, to assist me in the search for him.
After a sound and refreshing sleep I awoke at the dawn and on going out saw Peggy romping over the green with the pet deer.

She approached me smiling, but with a somewhat furtive air, "I reckon, mister, ye’ll be a-huntin’ after yer friend this mornin’, ye will, ah?"

Of course I would persevere until I found him, dead or alive; and then I commenced explaining to her my proposed plan of action. Ignoring my speech, she whispered, earnestly, "Ye’d better look down the stream for him — mind ye, down the stream," and then whisked off to continue her romp with the deer.

I saddled the horses and rode off. On reaching the main horse-path I hesitated whether to turn to the right or left, and involuntarily looking back to the house, observed Peggy standing there watching me earnestly. As soon as she saw me looking up she waved her hand thrice downstream, and then ran into the house.

I could not suppose that she had any knowledge of the wanderer’s whereabouts; yet to a mind in doubt a feather is sufficient to turn the balance. Accordingly, I took the left hand road, leading down stream.

After proceeding three or four miles, Dick’s horse, which was following, suddenly checked up, and turning into the thicket, neighed like a clarion. The call was answered by a human voice which I joyfully recognized. The next moment a haggard figure came staggering out of the woods. Hatless, clothes torn in shreds and soaked with water, disheveled, pale and bleeding from various scrapes and abrasions, there was the gallant Richard Rattlebrain, quenched and subdued to a point that I had never seen him before.

"Great thunder! I wouldn’t have missed you for ten thousand dollars."

Seeing him safe and comparatively sound, all other feelings were swallowed up in indignation. "You graceless puppy! You deserve worse than you have got for the trouble and anxiety you have occasioned, I’ve a mind to dismount and club you."

"Very well," said Dick meekly; "now’s your chance to do it with impunity; but in the name of charity, have you anything to eat or drink with you?"

I had had no breakfast myself, but on raking my pockets and saddle bags I found about a pint of crackers and cheese crumbs, which he devoured with famishing eagerness. Then scrambling into the mare’s saddle he said, "Let’s hurry on to White’s and get something to eat, and then—."

"And then," said I, with a severe air, "you’ll be in a condition to give some reasonable account of your conduct since yesterday."

"Thunder!" said he; "if I dared—But let us get out of this country first, and then I’ll tell you a story that will make a good chapter in your next novel."

Riding rapidly as the road would permit, Rattlebrain and myself arrived at Soldier White’s about midday. Dick’s material wants had to be satisfied before he could take time to indulge in any sentimental luxuries, so he consumed an enormous meal and went to sleep.

By supper time Dick was afoot again, complaining of pains and bruises and stiffness in his limbs, and desiring something more to eat. He got it, and seemed to enjoy it as much as he did his dinner.

Then we lit our pipes, and I formally demanded of Mr. Rattlebrain that he should give a detailed account of his adventures, and a sufficient reason for his absence the previous night.

Dick started, "Gentlemen, you may be disposed to treat this as
a joke, and possibly discredit what I have to say; but, what I am going to tell you you must swear never to reveal."

"Give us your story. And as to secrecy, we'll all swear like the army in Flanders," said the Mayor.

"Well," began Dick, "going up the top of the tunnel and through tangled laurel I found no child's play, I was heartily tired of it, I assure you, before I got quite out of hearing. And then as I got through the worst of the laurel, and the ground, or rather the rocks, lay more on the level, I began to feel awfully lonesome. I don't know what came over me, but if I hadn't been ashamed I'd have turned back. And then I thought I had better push on, and I would probably meet you all sooner by so doing.

As I wandered on, the woods grew more and more lonesome, and I finally began to imagine I heard voices, I couldn't tell where. Sitting down on a rock to listen, I thought it might be the sound of water deep down underground—a strange sort of moaning and whispering. While sitting there, about half scared, I heard the crack of a rifle, it may be half a mile off, and that rather encouraged me; so I started toward the sound."

"It was my shot when I killed the wolf," said I.

"Well, I thought it might be one of our party, and hurried up; but presently saw the figure of a man moving like a shadow through the woods."

I started and turned pale, "Describe it, Dick; describe it!"

"I can't," said he, "It was so vague, but it certainly was not one of our party, for I hailed it, and it disappeared. It may have been one of these mountaineers, as it seemed to be carrying a gun on its shoulders; but I assure you the sight affected me strangely. However, I pushed on, thinking the fellow, whoever he was, had missed his shot, and was too sulky to answer.

"Anon I thought I heard voices again, and smelled smoke, as if someone had built a fire in the woods; but the smoke seemed to come up from the ground, between the crevices of the rocks.

"I still hurried on, in considerable trepidation, not thinking of steps, when suddenly I fell into an opening so deep down that I was stunned, with only consciousness enough left to understand that I was hurt and in utter darkness. As I recovered somewhat, and began to feel about me, I perceived I was lying on a bed of boulders, damp and slimy, and above I could see a dim greenish spot, which was doubtless the opening through which I fell. As far as I could judge, it would have been about as easy to reach the moon as that opening to the upper earth. Below all seemed black and cavernous, I could now distinctly hear the gurgling of water, but how deep down it was impossible to calculate. Gentlemen, it was about the lonesomest fix I was ever in.

"As I lay there thinking, it seemed hours and hours, so full was my mind of awful thoughts. After a while there appeared to be other sounds coming up from below besides that of running water, and I fancied I heard an oath, which had a comfortable and encouraging effect—sociable like, you see, for it suggested the neighborhood of friends."

"One of your most intimate friends, perhaps," said the Major.

"Gentlemen," said Dick, in a resentful tone, "it was no joke to me."

"Well, in a short time it seemed as if the blackness below began to grow redder and redder, until,
to my great joy, I distinctly saw fire-light, and felt the warm current of air rising around me, I could hear several voices in conversation, but the words were lost in the hollow, rumbling reverberations of that extensive cavern.

"By the light, dim as it was, I picked my way downward from rock to rock until I could see a group of human figures around a heap of blazing driftwood, Several were costumed like our ordinary mountaineer, and armed with rifles and knives, but the chief spokesman had more the air of a lowland cattle dealer. They were talking earnestly, and from their gestures and movements I imagined they were dividing money, or something of the sort.

"I had at first hailed the presence of my fellow-beings joyfully as a means of deliverance, but now began to doubt whether I might not be on the point of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Yet, the worst that could befall me at the hands of the ruffians was preferable to a slow death in that damp, lonesome, shuddering hole. So I made up my mind at once to descend and take the chance. My purpose was arrested by the entrance of another figure on the scene, which, as it emerged from the darkness, reminded me of that same weird shadow I had seen in the woods.

"He struck me as having some resemblance to that fellow Mullinax, that we called to see, you remember. His clothes were dripping as if he had recently waded through water, and I then felt assured we were in the tunnel of Gandy, and that these fellows were the counterfeiters and robbers we had rumors of. Inow, more than ever, hesitated about trusting myself among them; but while stretching forward to catch a view of the newcomer's face, an accident decided the question for me, for I slipped from my perch and fell heavily, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, to the floor of the cavern.

"Fortunately I was not hurt, for the spot where I lighted was a soft mud, in which I was nearly imbedded. At the noise of my fall the voices suddenly ceased, the group scattered, and the supposed leader, taking up a flaming brand, approached the spot where I lay. Nothing now remained to me but to put the best face on matters; so struggling out of my pasty bed, I advanced to meet the torch bearer, and saluting him cheerily, expressed profound pleasure at meeting with companionship and assistance in this frightful subterranean nightmare.

"A volley of blasphemies and a handling of arms were the response to my civil address. Back in the shadows I heard the click of a gun lock and a voice exclaiming, 'Hit's one of them dummed fools that killed my wolf, hit is!'

"'Hol None of that, man, Stop him!' cried several voices and the rifleman, with scowling eyes was thrust back into the darkness.

"The torch-bearer collared me and led me, bedraggled and shivering, into the midst of the group around the fire, most of whom pulled down their flapping beavers or turned their faces from the light. The chief spokesman, in a rough and menacing tone, then demanded an explanation of my appearance among them, I responded meekly, and with as much coolness as I could assume, assuring him that I had not intruded upon them voluntarily, giving him a brief sketch of my attempt to cross the ridge, and my fall into the opening which led to the cavern.
"He replied, savagely, that my folly would bring me to grief, as I deserved; and then, taking a deerskin thong from one of his fellows, proceeded to tie my hands behind me. This done, I was ordered to seat myself quietly by the fire, while the company retired some distance toward the water and consulted together in an undertone. Twice during the time the leader returned and cross-questioned me closely on the character and motives of our party in seeking the Dry Fork Valley, and especially why we hung around there so persistently, with nothing better to do than hook and eat a few dozen silly trout.

"Mere sport! That didn't sound reasonable; but we had ladies with us—yes, that looked peaceful enough.

"At length he departed with his gang, I heard their retreating footsteps, first crunching over loose gravel, then splashing into the water, half-dreading and half-hoping that I had been left alone. In a few minutes, however, a brawny, six-foot ruffian returned into the circle of light, who, after parading the pistols in his belt, lit his pipe, and seating himself opposite me, proceeded to comfort himself therewith. The fellow's nonchalant attitude and occupation had likewise a soothing effect on my nerves, and I was emboldened to request a bite of something to eat, and a whiff or so from his pipe when he got through. The only answer I got was in a rather impressive pantomime; raising his bronzed and sinewy fore-finger, he first tapped his compressed lips, then the butt of his pistol, and thirdly his forehead. The triple hint was conclusive, and I hazarded no more remarks; but feeling exhausted and dizzy, I tried the next best thing I could think of, and composed myself to sleep. The fire was comfortable, for I remembered nothing until I was aroused by a shake, and on opening my eyes saw a woman bending over me.

"Her face was partially hid by a veil of matted hair and the flap of a bedraggled head-handkerchief; at the same time the fire was burning so low that I had no opportunity of recognizing her, if perchance I had ever seen her before. She smelled confoundly of apple brandy, however, and was also intent on silence and mystery. Ere I could utter an exclamation she stopped my mouth with one hand and pointed significantly with the other toward the spot where I had last seen the sentinel.

"Then for further explanation my dumb angel exhibited a quart bottle nearly emptied. The situation was transparent enough, and I made abortive effort to snatch the bottle from her hand. This drew her attention to my bonds, which were speedily unloosened, and then I rubbed my wrists with the brandy I didn't swallow. Oh, friends, you can't imagine the good it did me!

"From that moment I felt free as air and brave as a lion, ready to cut the ruffian sentinel's throat, and marry my savior on the spot."

"Wasn't the girl Peg Teter?" I inquired, with earnest curiosity.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Dick. "She was no more like that little freckled, frizzled hussy than I am like the Major there."

"Go on," said the veteran, gruffly. "You are not yet saved, and I hope the girl will have a chance to do better."

"Well," continued Dick, "the situation being explained in dumb show as described, my girl took me by the hand and moved stealthily in the direction of the stream."
Her hand wasn't soft, mind you, like those of our ladies, but the touch of any woman's hand is warm and persuasive; so I followed like a lamb, without a word, but secretly agitated with hope and wonder.

"We picked our way quietly among the damp stones, the light growing less and less, until we reached the margin of a considerable pool of water, which seemed to fill the vaulted passage from wall to wall, and as far as the eye could see.

"In she went without hesitation, deeper and deeper, darker and darker, I following as resolutely, until the water reached nearly to guide's shoulders, and we could see our passage barred by a wall of massive rock. Then she paused and cast a cautious glance back through the long black archway to where the distant glimmer of the fire was still visible. All was satisfactory in that direction.

"Then, looking forward at the rocky curtain, she made a sweeping motion with her raised hand, first downward and then upward, which I understood to signify a deep dive under something, to come up again somewhere, but where that was to be I could not imagine; and even now the applejack began to grow chilly within me; but you know, boys, with a woman to lead, I couldn't back down.

"So down she ducked, and I after her with a will. My head presently struck a rock, which stunned me and broke our handhold; but with a wild clutch I caught one of her legs, which answered better, and she dragged me so rapidly through a rugged passage against a strong, fresh current, butting and scraping like a Dutchman undergoing a keelhauling. Nearly suffocated, I gripped like a drowning man, and must certainly have left blue marks on the girl's ankle. Just as I felt my consciousness departing we bobbed up into fresh air. Oh! Blessed Heaven! I never knew the value of air before I got that gulp. Into the air, indeed, but in darkness so dense that for a moment respiration seemed to be the only living sense.

"But touch and hearing were quickly awakened, as I felt a firm, warm grasp of the hand, and a voice half whispering, 'Now, my boy, ye're safe; so just push forward boldly, minding always to feel the current agin yer legs, and to hold out a hand to guard yer face agin the rocks.'

"Bless you, my angel!' I exclaimed, 'you have saved my life,' and in my enthusiastic gratitude I believe I tried to kiss my heroic guide. I only got my mouth full of wet hair and a smart snob on my nose, as she said, 'Don't be a durned fool now, but do as I bid ye, and try to git out of this.' This wasn't angelic language, indeed, but she was certainly a noble-spirited girl, and I felt that I owed her my life.

"But to hasten the conclusion of a long story, we waded on together, grooping, stumbling, and butting heads, until I was ready to faint from exhaustion. My guide halted occasionally to feel for the current, which was our sole reliance to indicate direction, and this sometimes was so slow and uncertain that we unconsciously doubled, and on reaching a ripple were shocked to find ourselves traveling down stream. But, with the perseverance and the guide's fine instinct, we retrieved all errors, and at length I shivered with a whiff of chilling air.

"There it is,' she whispered joyfully; 'we're wellnigh out.'

"A short time after, we emerged beneath the rocky archway into the
hawthorne glade of the upper entrance of Gandy. Heavens! How bright and glorious the stars looked, and how free, tired and hungry I felt!"

"And how grateful to your friend Peggy for her devotion," malevolently added the Major.

"It was not worth while to repeat that," replied Dick, "for I'm willing to swear it was not her; nor does it seem likely that my curiosity on that head will ever be gratified, for no sooner had we struck the trail that leads out of the upper glade than I turned to express my obligations in form, and determined at the same time to learn her name.

Elluding my grasp, she whispered, 'Now, mister, this is no time fer foolin'; there's the trail that leads to Soldier White's, and if ye've got sense enough to foller it ye're all safe and I advise ye hereafter to stick close to yer company.' So saying, she vanished among the laurel.

"I followed the road, staggering from exhaustion, until daylight, when I hid in a thicket and tried to sleep. I was too much fevered with fatigue to sleep, but lay there resting until I heard your horse's hoofs, and recognized the salutations of my faithful steed. You know the rest."

Thus ends Porte Crayon's account of Rattlebrain's adventure in the Sinks of Gandy Creek.

(Editor's Note: "Porte Crayon" was the pen name assumed by General David Hunter Strother of Martinsburg, West Va., who wrote many stories and articles of adventure and exploration in the mountains of West Virginia.)

Mountain Stage Coaches; Devil's Own Instrument

(From the Western Virginia and Kanawha Gazette for August I, 1827)

A man can go but a little way through life before he finds himself elbowed by one, crowded by another, and snarled at by a third especially if it is his signal good fortune to ride frequently in a stagecoach along with an importation of calico, bottles, and umbrellas, nursing children, and old maids, sailors, and dandies, green peas, fresh sannon (or sannon) and Frenchmen. Most of the miseries of human life (and that there are enough one knows, whoever was jammed into a stage with twenty passengers, calling himself nothing) - I say most of the miseries of human life admit of some moderation because we generally estimate at once the amount of what we have to do and to suffer when calamity strikes us on the shoulder, and accordingly we set our teeth together with the more firmness; but in a stagecoach there is no guessing what a day will bring forth.

After scaling the shoulders of some dozen passengers and if by a miracle having escaped a dislocation of your ankle and after many ineffectual attempts wedging yourself at last into a seat your principal duty is there to endeavor to lessen the horrors of this "Curance vile." You begin first by moving your foot, then your head, and afterwards, if possible, your shoulders: you then labor to get off your hat, and presently you will make many unlucky efforts for your handkerchief - for now, "vials full of odours sweet" salute your nasal sensibilities with
the united fragrance of musk, rose water, lozenges, and peppermint. By and by you are addressed by one of the passengers, a companion in adversity — “Will you have the goodness to pass your snuff-box, sir?” “My dear, sir, it would be the greatest happiness imaginable for me to be able to confer such a favor, but at present having had the misfortune of losing the use of my arms.” “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” now coughs a good old woman from the very bottom of her lungs. “Yah! Yah!” goes the lap-dog — “You’ll spoil my Leghorn”, exclaims a distressed young lady, planted in the back seat between a large old man and a very large old woman. “Poor Poll — pretty Poll”, screams the parrot.

“Be good enough, sir, to take the point of your cane off my gouty toe, and place it on another,” says an irritable old gentleman to an alarmed dandy, To which my little dandy fiercely replies, “Do you know, sir, do you know you are speaking to a gentleman?” “No, I do not, upon my word,” says my crusty old fellow.

“Huh, Helas! pardonnez moi, monsieur,” vociferates the Frenchman (speaking as it were by ventriloquism from under the load of poultry and bandboxes which hitherto had concealed him)

“hoh! monsieur, — je vous prie take your von, pied f-oo-t from my neck, I be, vat you call? etouffe, hanging, strangling — de breath be walking from my — vat you call? — my — les poumons — my-by bod — my sto-mach! — bah; pestel take off your von, two, three foot,”

“I say, messmate,” cries a sailor, “less of your blarney if you like — square yourself, you outlandish landlubber, and bring up your stern athwart this cap-stan, and we’ll bouse you up —.”

“Oh, Diable!”

You, then, after the coachy answers the hundred questions which all who live on the road think themselves bound to ask — and after he has made the two hundred answers which he supposes himself bound to give, are unloaded enmasse at a tavern.

Then woe be to the man who fares sumptuously every (other) day; and woe be to him who has so little sense as not to eat for his life, or so much delicacy as to think of the wants of others, while his own stomach will take no apology. Just at the moment you hook your chicken — just as the Frenchman makes himself understood well enough to get possession of his soup and crust — the little dandy having caught his little bit of ham — the old lady her plate full of the boiled and the crusty old gentleman beginning to survey with delighted eyes his sample moiety of the roasted, and the stewed, and the broiled; of all that walks, flies, or swims — then, precisely at that moment you hear a trumpet shaking the archy value, and the terrible words reverberated: “Stage is ready — ye, who have plates to eat prepare to leave them now!” Every starving sojourner from the table, casts a longing, lingering look behind.

Your next business is to get your old seat in the carriage or else a better one. In the last case, “Sir, is not that my seat?”

“Twas yours — ’tis mone’ —

Then comes up to the door a new passenger being number twenty-one. He looks with a terrified eye upon the mass of morality heaped in the carriage and seems to be almost as much frightened as Macbeth when he saw the ghost of Banquo and exclaimed “The table’s full!”

You proceed —, the carriage breaks down; the little dandy spoils his hat; the old lady loses her bot-
of rosewater, and the crusty old gentleman loses his temper; the sailor is capsized; the young lady ruins her Leghorn, and the lapdog breaks his neck; and you, after a pleasant walk of ten miles arrive at another tavern.

The Dunmore War

By Phil Conley

One of the most important struggles engaged in this country, Dunmore’s War, lasted six months, April 1774 to Oct. 10, 1774. It occurred almost wholly within the borders of what is now West Virginia. Gen. Andrew Lewis headed an army of about 1,200 men and took them from Lewisburg to Point Pleasant. He arrived on Oct. 6.

The battle of Point Pleasant, which terminated this brief war, was one of the most decisive battles ever fought on the North American continent. It ended hostilities between the colonists and the Northwest Indians and resulted in a peace treaty that prevented a general Indian uprising.

Before daylight on Monday morning, Oct. 10, 1774, two men left the camp to hunt deer. They proceeded up the Ohio River about two miles where they came upon a large body of Indians. One of the men was killed, and the other ran back to camp where he reported that he had seen a body of Indians that covered “four acres of ground.”

Only a few minutes elapsed before the battle began. The attack was first on the division headed by Col. Charles Lewis. This brave Indian fighter, who had won many skirmishes with the forest foes, failed to get behind a tree, and almost immediately was mortally wounded. He formed his line of defense, gave his last command to go forward, handed his gun to a soldier, and returned to camp where he died in about two hours.

When Gen. Andrew Lewis heard the battle begin with such a fusillade, he decided the Indians had more than a mere scouting party. Then he sent Col. John Field to the front with 200 men. Soon after Col. Field arrived at the front, he was killed. Col. Fleming was wounded and returned to camp. Capt. Evan Shelby took command of the troops and put his son Issac in charge of his company. This son served later as the first governor of Kentucky, 1792-1796.

The Shawnee chief, Cornstalk, an intelligent and courageous man, personally directed the fighting of the Indians. Above the din of the battle could be heard his powerful voice uttering his oft-repeated phrase, “Be strong! Be strong!”

About half an hour before sunset, Lewis sent four captains – Matthews, Shelby, Arbuckle, and Stuart—with a strong detachment up Crooked Creek with a view of securing a ridge to the rear of the Indians. This, while not intended for the purpose, was thought by Cornstalk to be the remainder of the troops which he knew were being brought down the Kanawha Valley by Col. William Christian. The Indian chief, thinking the battle was lost, hurriedly began a retreat across the Ohio.

Two days later Dunmore while at Ft. Gower at the mouth of the Hocking River, received a message from Cornstalk in which...
he asked for peace.

On the day following the battle, Col. Christian went over the ground and found 33 dead Indians. It is known that some of the bodies were thrown into the river and many of the wounded taken away during the night. The Virginians lost 81 killed and 140 wounded. Lewis remained at Point Pleasant seven days burying the dead, caring for the wounded, building pens for his stock, and erecting a small fort.

When the peace negotiations were concluded at Camp Charlotte between Dunmore and Cornstalk, it was agreed that all hostilities cease and that a meeting be called for the next year at Ft. Pitt to complete a treaty. To bind the agreement, Lord Dunmore took several Indian chiefs as hostages to Williamsburg.

A Narrow Escape from Death

By Col. Henry B. Davenport in "Tales of the Elk."

I arrived in Clay, the County seat of Clay County in June, 1894, having recently graduated with a law degree from the University of West Virginia. I hung out my shingle and commenced the practice of the law.

At the September term of the Circuit Court one Ward Hanshaw was tried for the murder of Columbus Steele. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and was given a sentence of five years in the State penitentiary. Shortly after his conviction he broke jail and at this time (1942) is still at large.

Hanshaw was a large handsome man with heavy mustache, one who once seen would always be remembered. I saw him often during the trial which I attended. In the spring of 1886 one Levi Steele came into my office and said that the Stalnakers had been cutting his timber and were building a fence on his land, and wanted me to go out and run the line between his farm and Stalnaker's Farm, and bring suit against them for damages. At the appointed time I took a compass and got on my horse and rode the fifteen miles to his place. We went back on the mountain, and I surveyed the line, finding the corner tree and line trees plainly marked. After we concluded the surveying Steele and I sat down on a large chestnut tree that had fallen across a ravine. I then told him that the fence was on the line except in one or two places where it was a few feet over on his side, and in a few other places it was on Stalnaker's side; that they had given him as much, or more, land than they had taken, and I said to him, "Steele, you should make friends with those people and quit feuding. Your son, Columbus, was killed, you shot Dave Stalnaker in the back, and tried to kill old man Hanshaw, Ward's father, and you yourself were shot in the hip. If this keeps up you will be killed. I am told that you are a refugee from Kentucky and had to leave the state for fear of your life. Now, my advice to you is to send the Hanshaws and Stalnakers word that you are willing to bury the hatchet." He agreed that my advice was good, and said that so far as he was concerned, he was willing to quit the feud.

In the fall of that year William Jennings Bryan spoke at Charleston in his first campaign for the presidency. An excursion train
was run from Clay Court House to Charleston to carry people going to hear Mr. Bryan. I was on that train, and when it reached Dull's Creek, 18 miles below Clay, a number of people boarded the train. One of them took a seat by me. He looked at me and said, "I believe you are Davenport, I saw you at my trial." Recognizing him, and returned to jail?" "No," he said, "these are all democrats, they won't bother me."

He further said, "Don't you know you came very nearly being killed last spring?" I asked him who was going to kill me, and he said, "I heard that Steele was going to survey the line between him and Stanton, and I decided to get him. He had tried to kill my old father, and I knew that if I got him out in the woods I could easily shoot him. I was under that big chestnut log you and Steele were sitting on, with my Winchester rifle, and I heard you conversation, and after I heard you give him the advice you did, I said to myself that you were too good a man to kill, so I did not shoot Steele, as I would have had to shoot you also to keep you from testifying against me."

**The Lady, or The Tiger?**

By Frank Stockton

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon any thing, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance
to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high upon his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epitaphalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgements of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial
days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after-years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an aesthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors — those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king; but he did
not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king’s arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done - she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady.

Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman’s will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her.

Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: “Which?” It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

His right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a
slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but

Why Gid Left Town

From: "Tales of the Elk"
By N. B. Davenport

Sixty years ago there lived in Charles Town a veteran of the Civil War. He was Post Master, and also hotel proprietor. In the rear of his hotel he had a livery stable, and kept horses, buggies, carriages and wagons for hire. He had a son named Gid, a wide awake, active lovable boy of fifteen years. Now, in those days the fire department consisted of a volunteer organization of citizens. The only fire extinguisher they had was an old fashioned hand pump. On each side of the wagon on which the pump was mounted was a long handle or rod, two inches in diameter and some ten or twelve feet long. When a fire occurred the pump was brought into action by eight or ten men taking hold of each handle, and raising and lowering it as fast as it would go. The result was that the pump threw a very respectable stream of water when the handles were fully manned. It was a great fun to have a fire, as it gave the town boys a chance to help operate the pump.

The Town Council decided to buy a new steam pump, and sent a committee to Baltimore to make the purchase. When this news became public, it created intense excitement among the town boys, including Gid, who, anxious to see the new pump work, having been told it would extinguish a burning straw stack in the twinkling of an eye, decided to give it a quick workout as soon as it arrived. The pump finally arrived, and was unloaded from the car by and with aid of Gid and all the other town boys who were able to be on hand. The pump was put in working order and with steam up proceeded on a tour of the town. It was late in the evening and Gid thought that the time was opportune for his experiment. Thereupon, he entered the livery stable, struck a match, ignited the hay in the hay mow, and commenced to yell fire! fire! fire! as loud as he could. The engine got there, but too late, the stable, hay, horses, buggies, carriages and wagons were entirely and completely destroyed; and it was with difficulty that the remainder of the town was saved from the conflagration.

Before the sun arose next morning Gid had left for parts unknown.
upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity? And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood?

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right. The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady, or the tiger?

Frank Stockton purchased Claymont, Court, Charles Town, Jefferson County, in 1899, and there wrote most of his short stories. His thousands of letters, in answer to the "Lady, or the Tiger?" were written here. Next week the Heritage Page will give you the story behind this story, and the wrought upon America when published.
The Lady, The Tiger and the Author


The Lady, or the Tiger? First appeared in the pages of the Century Magazine for November, 1882, the author receiving a check for fifty dollars. He was desperately underpaid, but for Frank R. Stockton it was the last time that the remuneration was to be small. This was the start of a landslide, for the popularity of the little tale was instantaneous.

On December 5, 1886, Stockton wrote to Clarence Clough Buel, one of the editors of the Century:

Do you, or does anybody in the office, know of Sydney Rosenfeld, who writes librettos for comic operas, and, for aught I know, the music besides? If you can give me any information regarding this individual you will greatly oblige me.

The information must have been forthcoming, for early in 1888 Colonel John A. McCaull announced for his summer season, to open May 28th, the comic operetta "The Lady or the Tiger?" by Sydney Rosenfeld, "utilizing the incident contained in Mr. Frank R. Stockton's sketch of the same name, by contract with the author." The score was written by Julius J. Lyons and Adolph Nowak.

The interest which had been aroused by the story was capitalized both by Colonel McCaull and by the press. The elaborate preparations for the operetta were followed with great interest by the public and to whet their appetite the Colonel announced that it was the best new work that he had been privileged to see in all his years in the business. Suspense as a device for drawing public attention succeeded far beyond the proprietor's fondest expectations.

Indeed, said Sydney Rosenfeld, so keenly alive to the solution of that problem were the spectators on that night that nothing short of a live tiger devouring the unfortunate tenor before their very eyes would have satisfied them. Of course I couldn't sacrifice a tenor on the altar of art at every performance, and the audience had to go home disappointed. Business actually suffered for several days because of this failure to meet absurd expectations.

But this failure to meet expectations was only temporary, for Colonel McCaull found that his receipts were the largest he had ever had for an opening week. The operetta ran for the better part of the summer, its audiences rocking with laughter as they listened to DeWolf Hopper as he sang "You're on Very Good Terms with Yourself" and other hits. In October, the operetta went on tour to Philadelphia, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Baltimore, and Washington and was everywhere well received.

Moreover, Mrs. Stockton noted in one of her scrap-books, although Mr. Rosenfeld added necessarily a great deal, he used all the material of the story as far as it went, even to the extent of an attempt to reproduce its fine character studies. Moreover, again, the money value of the story for a drama lay largely in its popularity and the widespread knowledge of it. It has been talked of and written about to a marvelous extent, translated into various languages, occupied debating societies, may almost be said to have passed into common speech.
Frank Stockton, whose popularity had been won already in his line of fairy tales and children's stories, and who had three years previously earned the respect of more mature readers by his Rudder Grange (1879), was brought into the center of a national spotlight by the question of “which came out of the opened door,—the lady, or the tiger?” Popular demand insisted on knowing not only the ending of the story, but how it had come to be written, and in November, 1893, The Ladies' Home Journal printed the author's answer to the second question in an article entitled “How I wrote 'The Lady or the Tiger?' and What Came of the Writing of it.” For this article the magazine paid five hundred dollars, and it was worth it. Because no one knows better than the author himself how the story came into being, it will be interesting to quote a few sentences from the opening of the article to show the anguish the story caused Frank Stockton before it was finally put on paper.

When I first planned the sketch of The Lady, or the Tiger? I did not purpose making a fictional problem of it, in fact I did not intend to write it or publish it. Its origin was due to the request of a friend in Nutley, New Jersey, who, a dozen years or more ago, gave an evening entertainment, some of the features of which were literary. As one of the guests asked to assist in the performances of the evening, I was requested to tell a story. I therefore set about composing one, and The Lady, or the Tiger? was the ultimate result. I did not, however, tell the story at that party. When the appointed evening arrived it was not finished, and so far as I am concerned, it is in that condition now....

The question, however, interested me very much, and for a year or two after the subject had come into my mind I thought about and planned various arrangements and endings....I found however, that it was not an easy sketch to write, for before I felt satisfied that I had put the question properly I had constructed it five several times.

In Stockton's manuscript book—a book in which he kept the titles of all his stories, the date he started writing each, the date on which each tale was finished, to whom it was sold, and the price received—appears the following entry: The Lady or the Tiger? Began July 10, 1882. Finished July 15, 1882. *Century* Paid $50.

This July composition was the last of the five revisions—the one that was finally sent to the Century Company for publication. The author then left for Europe. When the story reached the editorial rooms of the Century it bore the prosaic title of The King's Arena, but fortunately the sketch came to the desk of William Carey of the Century staff, considered one of the leading wits of his day, and a very astute editor. Death cut short Carey's career at an early age, but we are eternally grateful to him for changing the title of Stockton's masterpiece from the dull name with which the author christened it to the catchiness of The Lady, or the Tiger? A great deal of the popularity of the story hinged on the title, and no one recognized this more quickly than did Frank Stockton, for when the proposed change was cabled to him in Europe (at 34 cents a word) his assent was prompt and enthusiastic. It was a change the author never was to regret. Thus, complete in its final form, The Lady, or the Tiger? appeared that November in 1882 on the tables of thousands of readers.

The story immediately produced a reaction with two distinct phases; first, a loud clamor for the author's solution, and secondly, honest attempts by many people to think the problem through and de-
termine, by various chains of reasoning, just what the answer should be. When Stockton originally sat down to write the story, he no doubt felt that he would write a complete tale, and be able to point out logically the solution. His inability to solve the problem left him in a quandary for many months, and he finally decided to publish the story minus a conclusive ending, and without any leanings either toward the lady or the tiger. He left the solution of the problem to those who wished to commit themselves and to those who wished to come to a decision with the facts before them and their own train of logical sequence of thought as a guide.

The publication of the story brought Stockton a tremendous flow of letters insisting that the author reply at once and answer the question he had propounded.

This result could not fail to be discouraging to me, wrote Stockton ten years later. The response for which I had hoped had not been made, and I was asked to do something which my inability to do had been the occasion of my publishing the sketch.

Stockton answered the letters as they arrived, saying that he could not tell what he did not know himself. In return for this candor, the author was made the subject of many attacks based largely on the grounds that it was unfair to arouse the curiosity of the reader and then leave him dangling in mid air.

No notice being taken of my request for co-operation and assistance from those who might be better able than I to determine the action of my heroine, it was as if a searcher for the north pole, having failed to reach his objective point, has requested of other explorers some information based upon their exploration, and had received in return nothing but abuse for not being able to tell them how to reach the pole.

After a few months the first phase in the reaction came to an end and the second phase began. The solutions ranged from bare statements of the supposed answer to lengthy continuations of the story and ingenious methods of solution. Some answers appeared in verse. Some responses favored the lady, some the tiger, while many sought to avoid the direct issue by various compromises, circumlocutions, and happy endings. Thousands of answers poured in, with the majority of the women favoring the tiger, and the majority of the men voting for the lady. To many the appeal of a final happy wedding in the arena between the hero and the princess proved irresistible.

Answers and solutions were sent not only to the author but to magazines and newspaper offices as well. L. Frank Tooker tells in The Joys and Tribulations of an Editor of his experiences with the story while he was connected with the Century staff:

"...But when, nearly three years later (1885), the task of reading nearly all the manuscripts that came to the office fell to me, sequels to the story were still coming in droves....Nor were the writers of sequels moved by Mr. Stockton's publicly expressed belief that no man could decide whether the lady or the tiger came out of the door, and any attempt would do no more than show what manner of man he himself was. Fully five years must have passed before such sequels finally ceased to appear upon my desk.

Although the stream of solutions that reached the Century may have slackened by 1890, letters continued to arrive intermittently upon the author's desk throughout the twenty years that Stockton lived after the publication of the story.
The St. Louis Republic of July 21, 1895, commented:

Frank R. Stockton, author of The Lady, or the Tiger?, remarked recently that almost every fortnight brought him some solution of the problem couched in his famous story.

To this clipping Mrs. Stockton has added a note in her own hand:

This remark was made during one of the "Revivals" as we called them. Every once in a while—from 2 to 4 years—there would be an outburst of interest in this story—we never knew why—and there would be letters to us and newspaper squibs, and then it would die away for 2 or 3 more years again.

Of all the tales about The Lady, or the Tiger? one seems to have been perpetually popular, recurring time and again in newspapers, magazines, and books. This is the story of the hostess who had her ice cream molded into small forms of ladies and tigers at a banquet given in the author's honor. Setting the platter before him, she demanded in a loud voice of Mr. Stockton which he would prefer—one of the ladies or one of the tigers. The guests waited with bated breath to hear the riddle finally solved. Mr. Stockton was variously reported as having answered, "One of each, please," and "Neither."

One of the standard jokes centered around the actress Sarah Bernhardt, who was travelling around the country with a pet tiger. In the Omaha Herald, under the caption, The Only Man Who Knows, appeared one of the joke's many printings:

Nervous Waiter (at a hotel)—Did you go up to Sarah Bernhardt's room?

Hall Boy—Yes; she's got her pet tiger with her again.

So I heard, Did you knock at her door?

Yes.

Which came out of the door—the lady or the tiger?

And in 1899 W. S. Hopson of San Francisco wrote:

When my wife flies into a passion,
And her anger waxes wroth,
I think of the Lady and Tiger
And sigh that I chose them both.

These sentiments had to some extent been anticipated by the Salt Lake City Herald in 1897 when it printed its solution of the problem under the title of "Reflections of a Bachelor": Probably the real fact is that the lady ate the tiger.

Manufacturers did not lose sight of the fact that The Lady, or the Tiger? had great value as advertising copy, and the wide popularity of both the story and its title lent itself readily to cartoons and political allegory. In New York, inevitably, the Tiger stood as the symbol of Tammany Hall, and in the Press of Columbus, Ohio, for November 13, 1897, we find:

In the contest between The Lady, and the Tiger, judging by the recent election in New York City, the tiger came out ahead.

The Utica Observer, a loyal Democratic newspaper said in 1886:

Governor Hill is in a sad dilemma and the problem by which he is confronted is almost as interesting to the public as Stockton's story of The Lady, or the Tiger? If we remember aright, Stockton's hero was sure of death whichever choice he made. Is that the predicament in which we think the Governor has found himself? It looks wonderfully like it. If he resigns the governorship, he loses his grip upon the party machine, and if he tries to hold two offices at the same time, he weakens his grip upon the presidential nomination.

One of the best political cartoons based upon The Lady, or the Tiger? appeared in the Philadelphia Press for Sunday, November 4, 1888, just before the presidential election of that year. This cartoon is repro-
duced with the article, with notes in Mrs. Stockton’s hand. The popularity of the story as a subject for political cartoons has continued unabated ever since the story was published. As recently as in the New York Herald Tribune for October 23rd displayed two closed doors sheltering respectively the Tammany Tiger and the Lady as the Recovery Party. A bedraggled voter is seen disappearing over the wall of the arena on a ladder marked Fusion Ticket. “Neither for me,” he says.

From time to time some prominent author has attempted a solution of the problem. In a large social gathering in London the question of “which came to the door” was thoroughly discussed, and a prominent English authoress submitted the problem to Robert Browning. She received shortly after the following letter:

According to your desire I read the story in question last evening, and have no hesitation in supposing that such a princess, under such circumstances, would direct her lover to the tiger’s door; mind I emphasize such and so circumstanced a person.

Yours affectionately,
Robert Browning

William Lyon Phelps sees in this letter a parallel to Browning’s ideas as he expressed them in “In a Balcony.” With his concept we certainly cannot take exception, but one would think, also, that if a parallel can be drawn between this letter of Browning and his ideas as expressed in his poetry that parallel will be more clearly shown in “The Glove.” It must surely have occurred to the poet, as he read Stockton’s story, that a barbaric princess would certainly prefer to see her lover eaten up and thus eventually become dim in her memory than to see him go on living—obstensibly happy—with another woman, for, when the heart suffers a blow, Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?

Certainly the conclusion to be drawn from “The Glove” is that a sudden shock would be far better than a lingering throb, and it follows directly that Browning believed that a person “such and so circumstanced” would send her lover to the tiger’s door. In “The Glove” the woman wanted to prove to herself that her lover would die for her rather than live for some other woman just for the sake of living. Browning interpreter Stockton’s tale, one can be sure, as showing that the princess again could not conceive of her lover as wanting to live as the husband of another lady.

The San Francisco Wave of May 9, 1896, tells of Rudyard Kipling’s plot to solve the interesting puzzle of The Lady, or the Tiger?.

Stockton and Kipling met at an author’s reception, and, after some preliminary talk, the former remarked: “By the way, Kipling, I’m thinking of going over to India some day myself.” “Do so, my dear fellow,” replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. “Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we’ll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we’ll lay you on your back and have one of our very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly on your head. Then I’ll say in my most insinuating tones, ‘Come now, Stockton, which was it—The Lady or the Tiger? What would you do then?’” “Oh, well, that’s easy enough, I should tell you a lie,” “Thanks, awfully! that’s just as good as the truth, now that you’ve told me that it’s to be a lie. If you say ‘the
Tiger! I'll know it was the Lady; and if your say 'the Lady,' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!

That India was interested in Stockton's tale is evidence by a note which Mrs. Stockton made in her scrap-book:

Miss Evans, our niece, wrote to us that a missionary who was visiting her mission station among the Karens, told her she had just come from a distant wild tribe of Karens occasionally visited by missionaries and to her surprise was immediately asked by them if she knew who came out of the door, The Lady or the Tiger? Her explanation of it was that some former visitor had read to them this story as suited to their fancy; and as she had just come from the outside world they supposed she could tell the end of it.

When Robert Bridges brought out, in 1894, his book Overheard in Arcady (a collection of papers which he had originally written for Life under the pen-name of Droch), it contained a chapter on an interview between The Lady and the Tiger. Bridges suggests that the tiger eat the lady, and then send word to the princess that that cage is empty. The lady rejects this idea hastily. On the half title to this section, Stockton has penned a note (in my copy of the book):

Why does not someone ask Droch which it was? He knows.

Frank R. Stockton

Toward the end of 1901, Stockton wrote to Edward Bok, editor of The Ladies' Home Journal:

... Last August you wrote me informing me that next year The Lady, or the Tiger? would be twenty years old, and kindly asking me if I could consider a sketch, upon the same subject, for some other point of view. This I believe to be impossible for me to do...

A few months later, on April 20, 1902, Frank R. Stockton died, carrying the fate of the Lady and the Tiger into eternity with him.

1930 Aviation's Best Year

By C. B. Allen

America's aviation industry is passing through its best and its worst year in 1930. The people who make airplanes and operate them are having the toughest going of their careers; but there are brighter days ahead, and what is happening just now is for their own best interests.

These somewhat paradoxical views were expressed by no less a personage in the flying world than Colonel Clarence M. Young, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, at the close of the 1930 National Air Races in Chicago recently. This affair not only is the point for the industry and a proving ground for new and radical designs. Flyers and manufacturers alike assemble here on a competitive basis, and to take stock of progress that has been made since their last big gathering.

"There is no doubt that it has been a tough year for the industry," Colonel Young said. "Worse, probably, than the general run of business, which has been bad enough. But aviation is back down on the concrete where it belongs—he gestured eloquently at the solid and expansive concrete apron in front of the big hangar on the Curtiss-Reynolds Airport where he was standing. "It is in the firmest position now that it ever has en-
joyed and I think we can look for some real progress.

"The aviation industry has gotten rid of its gold tinsel and gaudy ribbons and is down to brass tacks at last. For that we can all be thankful. It has been up in the air long enough."

At the height of the aviation boom following the epic flights of 1927 there were 240 so-called aircraft manufacturers in the United States. This, of course, included everything from long-established concerns to mushroom organizations and individuals who had launched into the plane-building field on a shoestring. During the first half of the present year, the records of the Department of Commerce show that America's aviation industry comprises but 41 companies. It is of further interest that, while roseate prophecy in the latter part of 1928 set the number of airplanes to be built the following year at 10,000 and half this number actually were turned out, 1700 planes (including 350 built for the Army and Navy) were produced in the initial six months of 1930, with an indicated total production for the year of some 3500 ships.

The over-production of 1929, which existed even after the original estimates had been cut in half, resulted during the last year in a drastic price-cutting campaign within the aviation industry that has wiped out many companies, brought heavy losses to many others—and placed airplanes within the range of many persons who heretofore could not consider aviation seriously.

This seems to be proving of great benefit to the industry, not only in increased patronage on a bargain-day basis, but because it has belatedly wakened the industry itself to a realization that a lot of folk will fly once wings are brought within their reach. An immediate outcome of this discovery is a definite trend toward production of planes whose initial cost will continue to be low, which can be flown with a minimum of instruction and a maximum of safety, and whose maintenance and operating cost make them economical machines to own.

Of course, in the throes of all this readjustment, scores of aircraft concerns which started up on prospects and never got much farther, have been "folded up" with consequent losses to themselves and to the public that invested in them. Others have been absorbed in mergers. Within the big groups themselves, formed for the most part by the amalgamation of these smaller units, drastic economies have been put into effect; heads have been cut off right and left, and the "front" that the American aircraft industry seemed to think it had to put up has collapsed rather tragically. The business of building airplanes has gone back to the fundamentals of production and sales, and admitted that it was all wrong in attempting to duplicate the methods of the automotive industry.

Colonel Young points out that the shake-down suffered in that aviation industry inevitably makes for a better product in that it means the survival of the most competent designers and engineers, and their concentration in a relatively small number of factories. This will tend to improve both design and construction, and to give airplanes that are increasingly efficient and safe to that portion of the public which wants to fly.

"The market now left to the aircraft industry," said Colonel Young to the writer, "is more intelligent and discriminating than the one which existed at the height of the aviation boom when everyone apparently wanted an airplane,
and almost anything that could get by found a ready buyer. This means that the industry will be forced to pay more attention to improving its product or a competitor will get the business. The public, generally, is far better educated than it was about airplanes, and is going to demand real value for its money."

While the production end of the aviation industry was in the process of pulling in its over-optimistic horns, the operating end continued to show steady increases. At present, statistics from the Department of Commerce show the transport lines of the United States to be flying a daily total of 100,000 miles with planes that carry mail, passengers, and express. In addition, American companies operating in foreign countries, such as Mexico, the West Indies, Central and South America, are flying 17,000 miles a day and steadily increasing both the length and the frequency of their operations. This, in contrast to some 65,000 miles of flying every day two years ago in the United States, and an almost negligible amount over foreign territory.

"It is hard to say whether our domestic lines will continue to maintain their daily total of 100,000 miles," Colonel Young said. "But the decrease, if any, will not be great and will disappear within a short time. Several lines, no doubt, have been hanging on to the operation of air routes that do not pay, in the hope that they will obtain mail contracts under the recently enacted Watres bill which provides that the Postmaster General allocate the air mail to companies which are operating air passenger lines. Some are going to be disappointed, but the legislation is sound and will put the whole business on a sensible premise."

The air line operators of the country showed themselves a smart lot, when they reduced their fares to the level of rail and Pullman transportation or slightly above, Colonel Young believes. Not only did the bargain rates vastly increase the volume of passenger traffic to a point where operation became more economical than it had been under the higher schedules "for the men who can afford to fly"; but it has created a demand that will continue even if it proves necessary to raise rates again somewhat, as some air lines already have done. Primarily, the low rate experiment established that the general public will fly if flying is brought within its means. The immediate result of this was that those who tried out the new method of travel, perhaps skeptically, perhaps for the thrill, were almost immediately "sold" on aviation and have continued to use it as an everyday adjunct to their business.

Business men who have discovered that they can do in twelve hours by airplane what has previously required forty-eight by train have rearranged all their schedules accordingly. Time means money to them, and if they can save time by flying, they are inevitably saving money too, even if they have to pay more for air transportation.

Another economy that low rates has effected for air line operators is in increased activity for both personnel and planes. Where one plane formerly went out daily over many air lines with its seats half-filled, three sections now take off with each plane frequently crowded to capacity. Schedules have been doubled and even tripled, with the result that planes fly more hours a day, pilots are not kept hanging around waiting for something to do, and overhead has been cut to an appreciable degree. There is room for still further progress along
these lines, according to Colonel Young, and he looks for still greater cuts in operating costs through keeping men and machines busy. There are, of course, definite limits here, but they are far from having been reached and the airplane is expected to approach the motor bus in number of hours service a day as aircraft motors are improved, maintenance and inspection methods are simplified, and the durability of planes increased.

During the year, the airplane speed record across the continent from New York to California has been lowered and lowered again, until Frank M. Hawks practically turned the trip into an overnight affair. Colonel Young feels that these flights will have a definite effect on transport aviation as a whole through improved design, so that within the next two years, passengers and mail will be flying, as a matter of course, at 150 miles an hour or more. Colonel Lindbergh, after the one-stop flight that preceded Hawks' achievement, told Colonel Young that, by making another stop or two, he could have carried 1000 pounds of mail or express; and Colonel Young believed that anyone who would establish a fifteen, eighteen, or twenty-hour courier service across the continent—the possibility of which has been demonstrated by Lindbergh and Hawks—would quickly find it remunerative.

As to public patronage of the nation's air lines, 150,000 passengers were carried in 1929, and present figures indicate at least 200,000 will be this year's total. "Accident rates are steadily decreasing on the lines offering regularly scheduled service," he observes, "it is true, and I think the public is coming to realize, that most of the crashes occur in an entirely different branch of aviation among irresponsible pilots, in stunt flying, and with machines that have not been inspected and approved. Accidents are no more peculiar to aviation that to other forms of travel; they are inevitable now and then in any form of the volume, having anything to do with steamboating, and these deal only with the boats of the Chesapeake Bay country and in the streets and stores of its towns, and still another gives an intimate sketch of the old time Negro. All are done with a touch and a familiarity that comes from intimate contacts. All are sketches or amplifications of sketches originally published in the Baltimore Sunday Sun and are well written. The volume adds for good measure the "Hammond Lot," a cleverly conceived romance of the Chesapeake country. —C.H.A.

Note: Initials are those of Charles H. Ambler.
transportation, it is highly encouraging that, in our particular type, the average is steadily on the down grade."

The flight of the British dirigible, officially known as His Majesty's Airship R-100, from England to Canada and return this summer, supplies at last a rival for the German Graf Zeppelin. In spite of the mishaps she suffered this giant of the skies made an impressive showing for herself and strengthened considerably the case of those who champion the dirigible as the logical air vehicle for long distance over-water voyages. Additional impetus thus was given to plans for both transatlantic and transpacific airship services now being worked out in this country and Germany, while Great Britain goes ahead with her own schemes for a dirigible link with her possessions.

Hardly was the R-100 home from Montreal when the German von Gronau flew, slowly but with relative ease, from the fatherland to New York via Iceland and Greenland. And hardly had the cheers for von Gronau and his companions died away before the Frenchmen, Coste and Bellonte, reversed Lindbergh's historic route. With sureness and dispatch they flew westward over the grim Atlantic in which those who had flown before them had vanished, to make the first non-stop flight from Paris to New York. In so doing they put a fitting period, if only a temporary one, to a year of achievement in the air.

The Mystery of Melville Davison Post

By Blanche Coalton Williams

Our Short Story Writers (1925)

Of all American Writers who have converted to fictive purposes the science of logic, two are preeminent. They grew up, some fifty years apart, in the same section of the United States, and by a pun the surname of one is the superlative of the other. They are Edgar Allan Poe and Melville Davison Post.

The first of these formulated the laws of the short story. He originated the detective story, his model for which served writers half a century. That model is well known: a crime has been committed, or is about to be committed, and the agent of the law bends his efforts to apprehending the criminal or to preventing the crime. It was left for the second to invent a new type of detective tale.

As Mr. Post has himself remarked, the flood of detective stories succeeding Poe's poured forth "until the stomach of the reader failed." He, a lawyer of parts, who has pleaded before the bar of the Supreme Court of West Virginia, the United Circuit of Appeals, and the Supreme Court of the United States, recognized that, notwithstanding stories of crime, "the high ground of the fields of crime has not been explored; it has not even been entered." The book stalls have been filled to weariness with tales based upon plans whereby the detective or ferreting power of the State might be baffled. But, prodigious marvel! no writer has attempted to construct tales based upon plans whereby the punishing power of the State might be baffled.
Deductive from the preceding paragraph is the originality of Mr. Post's inventions. And by inference emerges the truth that only a lawyer or student of criminology has the precise knowledge adequate to the task. To write a series of detective stories wherein the criminal must go unpunished presupposes ability to differentiate between crime in the sense of social wrong and crime punishable by law. For law is not reason: not all wrongs, great though they may be, are crimes.

Here, at once, enters a new need. Poe had required an acute and subtle intellect, a highly trained ratiocinative mind, for his detective. These he incorporated in Monsieur Dupin. Mr. Post required, first of all, an immoral intelligence, preferable that of a skilled unscrupulous lawyer who would instruct men how to evade the law. Hence, arose the figure of Randolph Mason.

Of the stories in The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason (1896) The Corpus Delicti, reprinted by The Review of Reviews as a masterpiece of mystery fiction, is the most gruesome and the most powerful. But if it brings a shock to the layman, it conveys only a striking instance of legal lore to the lawyer, Samuel Walcott, in danger from Nina St. Croix, goes in his distress to Mason. Mason gives directions that must be faithfully followed. The reader is then treated open to the performance of a diabolically contrived crime. In the guise of a sailor, Walcott enters Nina's home, stabs her to death, dismembers her body, destroys it by means of decomposing agents and through the bath tub drain removes all traces of his ghastly work. He is arrested, however, as he leaves the house and is brought to trial. To the astonishment of the Court, the defendant Mason moves that the Judge direct the jury to find the prisoner not guilty. In the bout that follows between himself and the prosecuting attorney, Mason observes: "This is a matter of law, plain, clear, and so well settled in the State of New York that even the counsel for the people should know it...If the corpus delicti, the body of the crime had been proven, as required by the laws of the commonwealth, then this case should go to the jury. If not, then it is the duty of the Court to direct the jury to find the prisoner not guilty." The Judge so directs, and the undeniably criminal Walcott walks out, a free man.

Now, had Poe or Conan Doyle told this story, he would have bent the energies of the detective to discovering what had become of the body (the reader would have learned only when Dupin or Sherlock Holmes saw fit to spring his discovery), and would have hailed the criminal before a bar at which he would be convicted. Mr. Post frankly gives away the murder, and shifts his emphasis to showing how the State was baffled.

Of other stories in the same volume, The Sheriff of Gullmore and Woodford's Partner are, perhaps, the most satisfactory. In the latter Mason finds a criminal way, not, however, a crime before the law, to protect an honest young man from whom has been stolen twenty thousand dollars entrusted to him. An extreme application of the sophism that the means justifies the end, it draws to some extent upon the reader's sympathy. In the former, a sheriff who has defaulted, and whose bondsmen may be called to cover his defalcation, shifts the responsibility to his successor as he goes out of office. If here, as in succeeding stories, Mr. Post has seemed to show the villain how to circumvent the consequences of his villainy, he has also, as he maintains, warned his friends of law and order.

Mr. George Randolph Chester,
whose Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories resemble in certain respects those of Mr. Post, was once asked whether sharpers had not received pointers from Blackie and Wallingford. "They have," he replied with something like enthusiasm, "but they are now behind prison bars!" One does not like to read with the feeling that some criminal may profit by the plan unfolded; it is more pleasant to harbor the thought that the law will take note, as well as the lawless... In any event, Randolph Mason has the fascination, and the repulsion, of the serpent.

The succeeding volume, The Man of Last Resort (1897), informing by its sub-title that the stories deal with the clients of Mason, has been praised as a strong plea for moral responsibility made in vivid and earnest style. The author observes in the Preface that a few critics contended the first volume was dangerous because it explained with detail how one could murder or steal and escape punishment. He answers them by the fact that law-making ultimately lies with the citizens, and changes in the law must come about through public sentiment. "If men about their affairs were passing to and fro across a great bridge and one should discover that certain planks in its flooring were defective would he do ill if he pointed them out to his fellows?" Perhaps the close of the volume further enforces the cause of righteousness: Mason is in a bad case of acute mania, raving like a drunken sailor: "The man of last resort was probably gone. There was now no resort but to the steel thing on the table."

One more volume, however, appeared with this trickster for central character: The Corrector of Destinies (1908). An element of novelty enters in the fact that Randolph Mason's secretary, Court-landt Parks, heretofore spoken of in the third person, becomes the narrator.

A strong appeal Mason has for the reader is the eagerness with which he welcomes a struggle against Fate or Destiny. It appears as a determinant of his acts throughout. With Chance, of Fate, or Destiny, Robert W. Chambers evolves a light or pleasing love story; with the same forces Melville Post effects a revision of the Greek concept. "Fate is supreme," says Sophocles through the Epidus trilogy. "Perhaps," says Post through the triptych of Mason volumes, "but probably not, Fate may be averted." He admits, through his dramas, that sometimes there is the inevitable "come-back," as in Mrs. Van Bartan (in The Man of Last Resort).

Mr. Post recognizes that in a story, the story's the thing, that no degree of literary excellence can atone for lack of plot. He addresses himself at once to the popular and the critical reader. If there lives a writer of stories who is the "critic's writer," he is the man. He expressed himself unmistakably in The Blight: "The primary object of all fiction is to entertain the reader. If, while it entertains, it also ennobles him this fiction becomes a work of art; but its primary business must be to entertain and not to educate or to instruct him." In answering the question, "What sort of fiction has the most nearly universal appeal?" he holds that the human mind is engaged almost exclusively with problems, and that "the writer who presents a problem to be solved or a mystery to be untangled will be offering those qualities in his fiction which are of the most nearly universal appeal." Men of education and culture - but never critics of stories! - have taken the position that literature of this
character is not of the highest order. He cites Aristotle's Poetics: "Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action of life... the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy." The plot is first; character is second, The Greeks would have been astounded at the idea common to our age that "the highest form of literary structure may omit the framework of the plot." The short story is to our age what the drama was to the Greeks. Poe knew this. And he is the one literary genius America has produced.

Yet Mr. Post's ideal of plot is no mere mechanical contrivance. He once expressed his pleasure to the present writer that "there are people who see that a story should be clean cut and with a single dominating germinal incident upon which it turns as a door upon a hinge, and not built upon a scaffolding of criss-cross stuff." In all these underlying principles of his work, principles stated with the frankness of Poe, Melville Post strikes an answering chord in the critic who finds in his stories the perfect application of the theories he champions.

Mr. Post also holds a brief for his large employment of tragic incident: "Under the scheme of the universe it is the tragic things that seem the most real." He pleases the popular audience because he writes of crime. He knows, as Anna Katharine Green knows, its universal appeal. Mrs. Green once wrote: "Crime must touch our imagination by showing people, like ourselves, but incredibly transformed by some overwhelming motive." Further, we are interested because what most interests us in human beings is their hidden emotions; crime in normal people must be the result of tremendous emotion. We like to read detective stories of crime because we like to figure on the solution of the mystery. Motive and mystery, in short, are the sources of entertainment, rather than the crime itself. But murder is interesting because of its finality; it is the supreme crime, because it is irreparable.

Mrs. Green thinks that nine times out of ten the crime is selfishness, which has many forms. If one form of selfishness is the desire to be freed from some obligation or duty, Mr. Post uses it as a motive in The Corpus Delicti. Walcott murdered Nina because he desired liberty and because she was about to disclose the secret that would have disgraced him and cost him his life. But he also employs unselfishness as a motive. In Woodford's Partner, William Harris commits crime to save his younger brother from disgrace. Camden Gerard, of The Error of William Van Broom, becomes a thief unpunishable by law, that he may pay the school bills of his sister.

Uncle Abner (1919) is proof that Mr. Post had by no means exhausted his fecundity in creating the un­moral Mason. His sense of justice and his sense of balance have produced a hero the antithesis of his hero-villain. Whereas Mason delighted in struggling against pagan Fate, Uncle Abner finds joy in furthering the beneficent operations of Providence. These two men express, respectively, the heathen and the Christian ideal; and they are as complementary as Jekyll and Hyde. This is the significant accomplishment of Mr. Post. He has demonstrated that wrong may triumph over man-made laws, which are imperfect after all the centuries; but that right must win under the timeless Providence of God. Uncle Abner as described by his nephew, Martin, who recounts most of the exploits, is an austere, deeply religious man, with a big
iron frame, a grizzled beard and features forged by a smith. His gift for ferreting out crime, which is as great as that of Sherlock Holmes and, in accordance with the author’s purpose, requires not nearly so long to arrive at conclusions, works to throw down the last barrier behind which the criminal is entrenched. Small space is required to mete out justice. Take The Concealed Path, for example: after four thousand words or so ending in the revelation of the murderer, Abner’s pronouncement of doom is swift...

“He raised his great arm, the clenched bronze fingers big like the coupling pins of a cart.
“I would have stopped it with my own hand,” he said; “but I wanted the men of the hills to hang you, ... And they are here.”
“There was a great sound of trampling feet in the hall outside, “And while the men entered, big, grim, determined men, Abner called out their names:

“Arnold, Randolph, Stuart, Elkanathan, Stone, and my brother, Rufus!”

The death of a criminal may be the subject of investigation, as in The Doomdorf Mystery. The flawlessness of this story was appreciated by every critic who read it on its appearance in The Saturday Evening Post, July 18, 1914. For unity, strength, and integration of detail no better story has been written. Abner and Randolph arrive at the house of Doomdorf, meaning to remonstrate with him over his big roan horse in the paved courtyard. They knock and are admitted by a little, faded woman. They continue to Doomdorf’s door, which, finding bolted, they burst open. Doomdorf is lying on his couch, shot through the heart. The mystery lies in the manner of the murder: the locked door and the barred windows seem to preclude human agency; suicide is eliminated inasmuch as the gun rests on its rack. The mystery is not lessened when the circuit rider declares he is responsible and when, later, the woman declares, “I killed him!” In the dramatic revelation, the reader is held breathless. The bottle is distillate on the table catches the sunbeam and focusing it upon the lock of the gun on the wall ignites the percussion cap. The symmetry of the story is perfected through the preacher’s prayer that the Lord would destroy Doomdorf with fire from heaven, and through the woman’s practice of magic which urged her to create a wax image and to thrust a needle through its heart. Doomed had died by immutable and natural laws working through his own hell-brew to poetic justice; or in answer to prayer, as the circuit rider believed; or through her sorcery, as the woman believed; or by the mysterious justice of God, as Abner saw it.


A difficult task lay, one might think, in convincing the reader of the murder in The Adopted Daughter. Suppose you are told that a crack shot has put a bullet through a man’s eyeball so as to leave no mark of death. Impossible, you say; the bullet must come out somewhere. But the author allows his murder to use a light charge of powder that lodges the bullet into the brain. Well, you counter, why wouldn’t the shrunk eyelid betray the death-wound? That is the center about which the author has woven the web of his story. You may also reflect that expert marksmanship is required. Mr. Post treats you to a dramatic instance or so of impromptu efficiency that requires more skill.
than is needed to shoot a man through the eyeball. He knows the value of the a fortiori argument.

To the critical eye the weakness of most of these takes is apparent; but they are not obstrusive to a reader who seeks entertainment. For example, in The Adopted Daughter, Sheppard Flornoy's eye has been shot out by his brother Vespasian. The latter saws off the head of an ivory pawn and forces it into the bullet hole to round out the damaged eyeball. No criminal would be likely to keep the pawn after sawing off the head. Yet it is this tell-tale object which, joined to suspected motivation for the fratricide, excites Abner's suspicion.

The scenes of these adventures are in Virginia in the days before the carving out of West Virginia. Although the stories more nearly approach the Poe type than do the Mason group, yet novelty is secured through shift of emphasis and through the setting. Dupin recalls to us the crime of the city; Sherlock Holmes lives in London. Abner is a man of the hills, whose detective work leads him among the hill people.

In the Mystery of the Blue Villa (1920) the author reveals knowledge of settings into which, in real life, his travels have led him. Port Said figures in the titular story—a story which lacks the freshness of Mr. Post's plots in that it is a variant of an old one.

It has found subsequent treatment by Albert Payson Terhune in A Catch in It Somewhere. But it is only fair to note that the fine hand of coincidence may have directed both Mr. Post and Mr. Terhune. Paris, Nice, Cairo, Ostend, and London, with Washington and New York thrown in for home flavor, make up the settings of these tales. In this volume, as in the first, the reader thrills to a series of climaxes in plots so logically built as to seem a natural growth of events leading to or away from the dominant incident. They add nothing, perhaps, to the writer's fame, save in their indication of his broadening interests and in their suggestion of the Great War as an occasional background. The Miller of Ostend, indeed, is a superb example of war horror. The Witch of Lecca points to study of witchcraft and the Black Art, and develops with amazing resourcefulness a single incident. The author's manner is everywhere derived from the American plus the French; he combines the ratiocinative processes of Poe with the dramatic presentation of Daudet and Maupassant.

Among Mr. Post's most absorbing interests and pastimes, if one may judge by his articles in current magazines, are codes and ciphers. Readers of Everybody's will recall a cover picturing a code letter such as was discovered in the days of the War, and illustrating a factual story by Mr. Post. He has used a similar code letter in The Pacifist (in The Mystery of the Blue Villa). His constant curiosity about the ways men seek to outwit their fellow creatures promises further entertainment to his large class of readers. But it is to be remembered that before the age of fifty he had established himself in narrative one of the immorals.

Mr. Post has written not only the type of story with which he has scored so successfully again and again. Besides The Gilded Chair (1910), a novel of love and adventure, he published in 1901—between the second and third Randolph Mason books—Dwellers in the Hills. It is impossible to read this work, which as to plot is a short story, and in deliberate use or irrelevant but enriching detail a novel, without the certainty that it is from Mr. Post's own experiences, and that he is limned in
the narrator, Quiller. For the alien to read it is to acquaint himself with life in the hills of West Virginia some two score years ago. For the rural Southerner of Mr. Post's generation to read it is to ride in memory a gallant steed—like Quiller's El Mahdi—along a country road bordered by sedge and ragweed; to note the hickories trembling in their yellow leaves; to hear the partridge's "bob white" call, the woodpecker's tap, and the "golden belted bee booming past"; to cross the stream fringed with bulrushes; to hear men's voices "reaching half a mile to the grazing steers on the sodded knobs"; to meet a neighbor's boy astride a bag of corn, on his way to the grist-mill to stop at the blacksmith's there to watch the forging of a horse-shoe; or at the wagoner's, to assist in the making of a wheel; to taste the sweet corn pone and the striped bacon, and to roast potatoes in the ashes to re-live a sort of natural "mission furniture" period of existence.

To read the book is also to construct the boy that was Melville Davison Post, a process more compelling because of the half-hidden, half-expressed relationships. If you know, for instance, from Who's Who or other source, that his father was Ira Carper Post, you will notice that "Carper" creeps out in this book (as it does in the Randolph Mason books for other characters), and you find yourself wondering just the kinship between fictive heroine and actual human being. His use of family and State names is constant throughout his volumes: Randolph, Davison, Blennerhassett and Evelyn Byrd are a few that set ringing the bells of history, conveying a mood that holds long after the peals have died away....

Mr. Post was born April 19, 1871, and grew up you are sure, to appreciate the art of riding (which consists in becoming part of your horse) no less than his lessons in the classics. From his fiction you are so sure of these truths that you hardly need for confirmation his factual articles testifying to the value of Aristotle, nor a published photograph that portrays him in riding togs with a noble dog at his side. Through the drama he presents, you somehow have borne in upon you that he is a community man and a statesman, one ready to take his part in all that affects the good of neighborhood or nation. You turn to the record and find your established facts. He has not all these years devoted himself wholly to writing nor yet to the law. He has been interested in railroads and coal, in education and in politics. His art of story-telling has been strengthened by his legal training and—what does not always follow from mere recognition of critical canons—by application of scientific standards to his own operation. He learned before he was thirty that the mastery of an art depends only upon the comprehension of its basic law; that the short story, "like any work of art, is produced only by painstaking labor and according to certain structural rules." He is convinced that "the more certain or established than those that apply to the construction of the short-story." In this enthusiasm for economy, he would brand into the hand of everybody the rule of Walter Pater: "All art does but consist in the removal of surplusage."

Mr. Post's books of stories:
The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason, 1896.
The Man of Last Resort, 1897.
Dwellers in the Hills, 1901.
The Corrector of Destinies, 1908.
Uncle Abner, 1919.
The Mystery at the Blue Villa, 1920.
West Virginia Goes Down to the Sea in Ships

By Louis A. Childress

The first USS West Virginia was an armored cruiser, authorized by an act of congress March 3, 1899, her keel was laid September 16, 1901, at the yard of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Newport News, Virginia. Theodore Roosevelt, who, as assistant Secretary of the Navy, a few years before, and had pushed so hard for the building of the new class of ships, of which she was about the first, had been president only two days when her keel was laid, succeeding the assassinated McKinley.

She was launched April 18th, 1903, sponsored by Miss Katharine V. White, daughter of the Honorable Albert B. White, Governor of West Virginia. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway ran a special train from Huntington to Newport News carrying hundreds of West Virginians to witness the christening and launching, an impressive ceremony.

For that day and time the West Virginia was a big, powerful, fast fighting ship, able to hold her own with anything afloat in the world.

The State of West Virginia contracted with the Gorham Silver Company to create a handsome bronze tablet containing the coat of arms of the state to be worn by the new cruiser. The Gorham Company commissioned noted sculptor Massey Rhind to design a suitable bas relief, which was accepted, and resulted in a bronze tablet, over six feet long, semi circular, with the coat of arms of the state in the center, the figure of a sailor on one end, and a soldier on the other. This was mounted on the ships main mast during construction, and after the ships commissioning was presented with appropriate ceremony in September 1905.

Her dimensions were, Length 503' - 1"; Beam 69' - 7"; Displacement 13,400 Tons; Draft 24' - 1"; Complement 47 officers, 782 enlisted men; Speed 22 Knots.

Her original armament, 4-8 inch 45 caliber rifles; 14-6 inch 50 caliber rifles; 18-3 inch 50 caliber rifles; 12-3 pounders; 2-1 pounders; 6-30 caliber guns; 2-18 inch torpedo tubes submerged; maximum armor thickness 9 inches.

The West Virginia was placed in commission February 23, 1905 under command of Captain C. H. Arnold USN. After a shakedown, and cruise with the New York naval militia, on September 2, 1906 she steamed to Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, the home of President Theodore Roosevelt, for a Presidential Review before departing for a long absence in Asiatic waters.

On September 4th, 1906 she bade the President adieu, and after coaling at Bradford, R. I., she departed from Newport, R. I. September 8th for the Asiatic Station at Manila, P. I. On September 18th the West Virginia was at Gibraltar 2990 miles on her way. She called at Naples, Italy, September 27; Piraeus, Greece Oct. 2; Port Said, to transit the Suez Canal October 8th; October 24th she arrived Bombay, India, 2,941 miles from Port Tewfik, Egypt. November 9th at Singapore Straits Settlements, 2,435 miles from Bombay. On November 18th, 1906
she arrived at Manila, her station, 12,119 miles from Rhode Island in 73 days time.

On January 3, 1907 the West Virginia was a member of the First Squadron, Asiatic Fleet, and at that time or shortly thereafter, was designated Flag Ship of the Squadron, with Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson commanding the Squadron aboard her. Admiral Brownson’s name is preserved for posterity in a peculiar second-hand way. In later years a Destroyer was named for him, and that ship found the deepest place in the Atlantic Ocean, just north of Puerto Rico, so as the “Brownson Deep” his name will be on the charts of the Atlantic Ocean forever.

Our photograph shows the West Virginia as a Flag Ship, which she was several times, with a Rear Admiral’s blue two starred flag flying at the top of her rear mast. The large heavy canvas covered steam or naptha launch carried amidship may be the “Admiral’s Barge” in which he could make comparatively long trips in large harbors or bays to visit other ships, or officials on shore. A smaller craft called the “Captain’s Gig” would perform the same function for the ship’s captain. The large sign above the enclosed pilot house would be illuminated at night so the location of the Admiral’s headquarters might always be known. The four smokestacks, called “funnels,” were the height of fashion at the time. When this ship was being built the first of the modern “ocean greyhound” passenger ships were being also launched, and any one that was thought worth considering had four funnels. When the West Virginia was commissioned she could run with, or out run any of the so called fast liners. Under water her prow which extends forward in the picture, kept on curving forward into what was called a “ram prow,” shaped not unlike the end of a football, composed of armor plate, filled with reinforced concrete, the idea being if you got a chance, to ram your adversary at twenty five miles an hour he would most-surely be crushed like an egg.

In December 1906 and January 1907 she worked on target practice to keep up to the universally acknowledged high standard of the American Navy. She spent Christmas and New Years holidays that year in Hong Kong, and we can imagine to the great delight of the crew. She then returned to Manila Bay, her station, with more target practice and tactical maneuvering around Corregidor. On March 13, 1907, she arrived at Nanking, China for a ceremonial visit to the Viceroy of that Province. On March 18th she coaled at Woosung, China, and continued to Kobe, Japan, arriving March 25th. On April 1st, 1907, the West Virginia departed on the 1,680 mile run to Olongapo, Subic Bay, Philippine Islands for dry docking.

The month of May found her back in Japan, and June in China.

After two years on the Asiatic Station the West Virginia returned to the United States and was overhauled at the Mare Island Navy Yard, and then assigned to the Pacific Fleet.

On September 20, 1916, the West Virginia sailed for Mexico to protect Americans there during one of the uprisings of that period. While engaged in this work, on November 11, 1916 she was renamed Huntington, since she was an armored cruiser, and the Navy had decided to name all cruisers for cities, and battleships for states, and her old name of West Virginia was needed for a new super battleship then in the planning stage. On February 8, 1917
the Huntington arrived at Mare Island Navy Yard for repairs, and a new catapultic device for launching sea planes was installed on her quarter-deck, while other machinery to accommodate sea planes was installed on her boat ways. She could carry four planes, two on each side, high up by the bottom of her funnels. Ordered to the Naval Aeronautic Station at Pensacola, Florida, she took on coal stores and provisions at San Francisco and arrived at Balboa C. Z. May 22, 1917, where she was detached from the Pacific Fleet. The ship transited the Panama Canal, which had not been built when she entered the Pacific Ocean eleven years before, and arrived at Pensacola May 29, 1917, and for all practical purposes had circumnavigated the globe, which she had missed doing with "the great white fleet" in 1908, because at the time the fleet set out, the West Virginia was already on the other side of the globe on regular assignment.

Now began a most interesting chapter of the ship's history. In 1917 no one knew what direction the future of air power would take in a choice between balloons, which were already 150 years old, or aeroplanes, as the spelling then was, which were only 14 years old. The Navy decided to try both together, so experiments were made by the ship with both balloons and seaplanes launched from the ship's deck with the catapult already installed.

Some men to become famous later were engaged on the ship in these experiments, namely, Lieutenant Mark Mitscher, famed combat commander of Carrier Task Forces in the Pacific in World War II, later Commander-in-Chief U. S. Atlantic Fleet. Also Lieut (jg) Emory Rosendahl who became Vice Admiral Chief Naval Air Training and experimentation, working with the last dirigibles operated by the U. S. Navy. On August 1, 1917, the ship departed for New York, arriving August 6, 1917, at the point from which she had departed August 23, 1906, eleven years before, when there was no Panama Canal.

She became the flagship of Rear Admiral Gleaves, and departed New York, Sept. 8th, as flagship of Convoy Group Number 7, en route to St. Nazaire, France, escorting six troopships. En route several observations were made by balloon ascents. On September 17th, at 9:15 a.m., the balloon was forced down by a violent squall, which entangled the balloonist, in the rigging in the water dragging him under. Patrick McGinigal, Ships Fitter, dived overboard and at great risk rescued the balloonist, Lieut. (jg) Henry W. Hoyt who was hanging head down under water in the tangled basket. For this heroic action McGinigal was awarded the first Congressional Medal of Honor of World War I.

In October 1917 at the New York Navy Yard, the balloons, seaplanes and all related equipment were removed from the ship, and we must conclude it had been decided the seaplanes and balloons at this stage of development and technique, were more of a hazard to our own men than to the enemy. History would now prove the hoped for favorable auguries under which the ship had been launched 14 years before, were in full effect. As far as the records show no enemy steel knocked a flake of paint off her, though for the duration of the war she ran convoy and special missions through the submarine zones with the regularity of a liner in peace time. She carried, and had on board the top councilors of the United States and Great Britain at various times. On October 27, 1917 she departed New York ostensibly to search for a German raider, but turned up next day,
October 28th, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where a secretly assembled list of high officials boarded her for transit to Europe. They included, Colonel E. M. House, Special Envoy for the President; Admiral William S. Benson, Chief Naval Operations; General Tasker H. Bliss, Chief of Staff U. S. Army; Officials of the War Trade Board; and others. They put to sea the evening of October 28, 1917, and on November 7th arrived at Devonport, England. The group was met on board the ship by Admiral William S. Simms, Commander U. S. Naval Forces Europe, and Admiral John Jellicoe, R. N., First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. A special train pulled onto the pier alongside the ship, and the entire party entrained for London.

By December 1, 1917 the ship was back in New York, whence she continued convoy duty between New York, Hampton Roads and Europe for the rest of the war, and at its conclusion entered Brooklyn Navy Yard to be fitted out for transport duty. She arrived

**Alias Porte Crayon**

(From Centennial issue Charlestown Gazette.)

David Hunter Strother, a Martinsburg native who was better known under his pen name of "Porte Crayon," attained fame as an illustrator for Harper's magazine during the Civil War.

Assigned to the staff of at least four Union generals at different times, he was in 30 battles and was frequently promoted until he resigned in September, 1864. After the war, he was breveted as a brigadier general.

In addition to his striking ability to draw on-the-scene sketches of the war, Strother did very well with words.

He had a slow-moving picturesque way of writing, best described as the Irving tradition.

Not many people had heard of David Hunter Strother, much less Porte Crayon, before the war. A series of stories he wrote for publication in the Martinsburg Gazette in 1841-43 didn't attract much attention. At that time he was 25 to 27 years old. His fame was to come 18 or more years later.

Cecil D. Eby, writing in the West Virginia History magazine, says that the most dramatic word sketch among the early writings of Strother was his account of the funeral of Napoleon I.

The French emperor died in 1821, but his remains were brought from St. Helena to Paris for reburial in 1840. There was a procession of 120,000 soldiers in brilliant attire, and the roar of a cannon announced that the body was being brought into the city. Strother wrote:

"The dust of him whose name once shook the world was now before me. I did not breathe: the pageantry waxed dim before my eyes. I saw nothing but the coffin of Napoleon.

Several persons addressed remarks to me at the time, but the words made no impression. I was lost - absorbed in the feeling for which there is no language. . . . The last act of the tremendous drama was closed, and the curtain has drawn forever."

Strother was consul-general at Mexico City from 1879 to 1888. He died in Charles Town in 1888 at the age of 72.
ed Brest, France, December 29, 1918, and started ferrying troops homeward. After transporting to the U.S. 11,913 troops and passengers the ship was detached from transport duty July 8, 1919, and became flagship of Rear Admiral Newton A. McCully, Commander Flying Squadron One, Cruiser Force, Atlantic Fleet.

On September 1, 1920 the Huntington was placed out of commission in the Portsmouth Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her name was stricken from Navy List on March 12, 1930, in accordance with the London Treaty limiting naval armaments. She was sold August 30, 1930.

### The Second U.S. West Virginia

The Battleship West Virginia was the second naval ship to bear the state’s name, and like the first, which was an armored cruiser of 1905 vintage, was the first of a new series embodying the latest advancements based on recent naval combat. The USS WEST VIRGINIA was the first battleship laid down after the World War I battle of Jutland, which was the first fought by dreadnought class ships, and had the advantage of the lessons learned in that battle.

Authorized by act of Congress August 29, 1916, she was built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Virginia, the builders of her predecessor in name. She was launched November 19th, 1921, sponsored by Miss Alice Mann, daughter of Honorable Issac T. Mann of Bramwell, West Virginia, who was named by Governor E.F. Morgan for that honor. There was some question in the press some time ago as to what the USS WEST VIRGINIA was christened with, since at the time of launching national prohibition was in effect. It would seem from all evidence now available the liquid used was champagne. The ship was the latest super-dreadnought and last of the fleet of similar vessels, eleven of which, in process of building, were surrendered to destruction at the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, “that was the priceless sacrifice our country made in the hope of international peace,” so wrote Edwin Denby, then Secretary of the Navy, and a fruitless sacrifice it proved to be.

The ship’s vital statistics were:
- Displacement weight 32,600 tons
- Length 624 feet
- Breadth 97 feet
- Draft 31 ft., 6 in.

The ship’s armament was imposing:
- 8-16 in. 45 caliber rifles;
- 16-5 in. 38 caliber rifles;
- forty 40 millimeter anti-aircraft guns;
- 64 20 millimeter anti-aircraft guns.

Sixteen gun directors guided these batteries, plus 13 installations of radar fire control gear. Certification that the ship was sufficiently equipped with boats to serve as a flag ship was made by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Like the old WEST VIRGINIA, the new battleship served as a large part of her active life as an Admiral’s flag ship.

Now ensued a period of 18 years and six days of peace time idium for the great ship, in which she won pennants, citations, and a cup, for efficiency of performances and marksmanship, keeping honed to a keen edge against that time when her strength and skill would be needed in defense of her country.

So it was until Sunday morning.
December 7th, 1941, when she was sitting with her sister battleships in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

The Senior Surviving Officer of the WEST VIRGINIA was the Executive Officer of the ship at the time, and we have this report before us, now declassified, and as it is the clearest description of the battle we have yet seen, he will be liberally quoted, and we start with the opening paragraph of his four page report.

"I was in my cabin just commencing to dress, when at 0755 the word was passed 'Away Fire and Rescue Party.' This was followed about thirty seconds later by 'General Quarters'; At the same time, 0755, the marine orderly rushed into the cabin and announced, "The Japanese are attacking us." Also, just at this time two heavy shocks on the hull of the WEST VIRGINIA were felt. It seemed as if "these shocks were forward on the port side of the ship." Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter, then Executive Officer of the WEST VIRGINIA survived the battle, and went on to a distinguished career, and as a Vice Admiral retired in 1957. The Executive, learning the Captain had gone to the bridge, busied himself with the crew fighting a huge fire which broke out amidship following a bomb hit there. He was knocked to the deck more than once and received a wound which did not incapacitate him at that time.

The Captain was wounded seriously but refused to leave the bridge, his entire thoughts being centered on fighting the ship, and removing the crew to safety if the fires got beyond control. The ship's own batteries were roaring with such intensity the Executive could not hear the detonation of enemy bombs and torpedoes, only feel the concussion when they hit the ship. The Japanese attacked in waves, and each wave seemed to get a hit on the WEST VIRGINIA on its exposed port side. The ship developed a list of about 25 degrees, and the Executive phoned an order for counterflood¬ing to ballast the ship back to an even keel. He did not know whether the order was received or not, but the ballasting was done, and the ship did correct her list.

The intense fire amidships had isolated the stern from the bow of the ship, and an order from central control came over the speaker to "abandon ship." The order was obeyed in part, but those who did go ashore soon returned to join the crew battling the huge fire which was fed by leaked oil. Now the heroic Captain of the WEST VIRGINIA, Mervyn S. Bennion, died on his own deck, like Lord Nelson, in the hour of his greatest battle. The surviving officers and crew were absorbed in but one effort, extinguish the fires and prevent the ship from capsizing, in which event salvage might prove impossible. Counter¬flooding was carefully done with the result the ship settled on the harbor bottom in fifty feet of water with only a slight list. The crew doggedly battled the fires in relays for thirty hours, and the next afternoon they were out. Captain Bennion was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor post¬thumously for "bravery beyond the call of duty," and here apparently was another parallel with the ship's name predecessor, as the Armored Cruiser WEST VIRGINIA had a man who earned the first medal of honor in World War I. A destroyer under construction in Boston was named the BENNION, and would have a peculiarly successful association later with the WEST VIRGINIA in the hour of her greatest triumph.

As a result of the Japanese sneak attack without declaration
of war, the WEST VIRGINIA lost her Captain and 104 men, and sustained serious damage.

To the end she might be raised and repaired, a Salvage Officer was appointed, whose declassified report we use as historical documentation.

Divers reported extensive damage on the port side which took most of the enemy hits, except one which had struck the stern damaging the steering machinery, and blowing off the rudder post.

An immense "coffer dam" patch 61 by 97 feet was applied amidships, and a smaller one forward on the port side, the stern closed off by water tight doors, and the water inside the ship attacked with nine ten-inch deep well pumps. As the ship became buoyant the great danger of capsizing returned, and she was lightened in every way possible. The crew salvaged 800,000 gallons of fuel oil and stored it in a fuel barge. Sixty-six bodies were recovered mostly in the area of their battle emergency stations. Some caught in water tight compartments lived some days and died for lack of oxygen. Emergency stores at these stations had been consumed. Three men in a store room adjacent to fresh water tanks had removed the man hole cover from the water tanks, eaten the emergency rations in the room, and marked a calendar with an X on each day from December 7, 1941 to December 23, inclusive.

Temporary quarters for the crew were built on Ford Island adjacent to the ship, and a walkway on floats greatly expedited the salvage work. As soon as the ship had risen in the water sufficiently to expose the uppermost kitchen it was cleaned and the crew established a mess on their own ship once more, April 27, 1942. The ship floated again May 17, 1942, five months and ten days after she touched bottom. The ship was moved into a dry dock in Pearl Harbor and repaired sufficiently to run under her own power to Bremerton, Washington, though no more weird looking vessels ever took the sea with her grotesque patches covering most of the port side. She spent about a year undergoing a thorough rebuilding, and having the latest armament installed.

The ship was streamlined in appearance, though her beam had been increased to 144 feet by the addition of "torpedo blisters." Comparison of her before and after photographs look like two different ships. She had a re-birth July 4th, 1944 when she left the ways of the shipyard to be soon fitted out and ready for combat again.

She started her campaign of vengeance in the Philippines and before the war was over her fire had become so galling and damaging to the Japanese, that Radio Tokyo made a special broadcast to her saying that a class of Japan's best pilots were attending their own funeral services in advance, in a mass ceremony, before taking off for the sole mission of destroying the WEST VIRGINIA, and many died in the attempt, but never again did they sneak up on the ship in a peace-time berth.

The WEST VIRGINIA met with other battleships and destroyers to bombard Japanese shore installations on the Leyte Island in the Philippines, to assist the U.S. Army in landing forces to defeat the Japanese occupying the islands. In the destroyer group was the BENNION, named for the deceased heroic captain of the WEST VIRGINIA. The troops landed successfully, and quickly had an air strip in operation. The Japanese decided to destroy the American
forces while in the vulnerable position of unloading supplies and equipment in San Pedro Bay, off Leyte Gulf, with a great concentration of unarmed supply and transport ships that would fall like lambs before wolves, if the Jap fleet could get in range of them. The Japanese committed a powerful fleet to this objective, which split into two elements to attack from both north and south. American scout plans warned of the Jap concentration and the strong U.S. Carrier force went north to meet the enemy without knowing the Jap fleet had split, and found the Japs fleeing in front of them. Behind guarding Leyte and its vulnerable fleet of freighters were the "old" battleships and a squadron of destroyers, unknown to the Japs. The southern Japanese fleet had to approach Leyte Gulf through Sutigao Straight, which winds its way across the middle of the Philippine archipelago, affording one of two sea routes east and west across the Philippines, with Leyte Gulf its eastern portal. The Japanese plan was to transit the strait at night, exiting in Leyte Gulf at daybreak, amidst the fleet of freighters and transports destroying everything in sight. The hostile fleet consisted of two battleships, one of which was the YAMASHIRO, six cruisers, and ten destroyers, all of which had been seen by our air scouts as they coursed for Sutigao Strait the evening of October 24, 1944.

The six "old" battleships we had on duty formed a line of battle in Leyte Gulf to meet the Japs as they debouched from Sutigao Strait, with the destroyers organized in attacking sections of two or three, and sent to picket stations about 12 miles south of the battle line. The WEST VIRGINIA, flying the same flag she wore at Pearl Harbor, had the proud honor of leading the battle line, Destroyer BENNION and two others comprised an attacking force operating on the West side of Sutigao Strait. From reports of PT scouts down the strait the Americans knew the Japs were coming.

The WEST VIRGINIA was now over 22 years old, her companions were all "old" too, and several like her had come back from grave damage. The Japs would have all new ships, and should have the latest equipment, and on paper would be a superior force, especially in view of their modern cruisers.

Our attack destroyers were ordered to attack at 3:37 a.m.; "get the big boys," and the battle was on. The U.S. Battle line moved forward, the "open fire" order was given, and the WEST VIRGINIA was the first battleship to open up. She poured 93 one-ton armor piercing shells into the Japanese formation with the BENNION now between her and the enemy to spot hits. The little destroyer stood back from the Japanese line just far enough for six, eight, fourteen, and sixteen inch shells to arch over her, and her hawk eyed spotters reported back that the shells from our line were hitting. The WEST VIRGINIA caught the big YAMASHIRO in her range finders and never let her go. To quote the official report it is highly likely that the BENNION's torpedoes hit the YAMASHIRO also. This big Japanese ship went down a little later obscured by smoke near Hibushon Island. The waters of Leyte Gulf were thick with Japanese swimmers and debris from sunken smaller ships, the Jap naval elements crept away in the dark, and the Leyte area saw no more of the Japanese navy. The WEST VIRGINIA is given credit for sinking the YAMASHIRO. Leyte was "in the bag." The big island half way from Leyte to Manila was Mindoro.
and a line was drawn under its name on the map. In December its number came up, and the WEST VIRGINIA with two other battle­ships, a division of cruisers, six escort carriers, and a dozen de­stroyers, entered the Sulu Sea and weathered fierce air attacks as they moved up to bombardment position at the southern end of Min­doro. The Japanese lost numerous planes trying vainly to prevent the Mindoro landing, but did not ven­ture a naval challenge. Standing on Mindoro looking North, the beau­tiful mountain, plain and water­scape before you, only a few miles away is Luzon, the heart and key of the Philippines.

The island just to the south a­cross Tablas Strait has a name that will ring a bell if you are old enough, Panay, pronounced pun­EYE. It was the little U.S. Gun­boat Panay that the Japanese caught in the Yangtze River, China and made a sneak peace time attack on in 1937, that started this whole holocaust of war.

With General MacArthur on Mindoro in sight of Luzon, the WEST VIRGINIA was given a brief respite, and she departed for a rear area base where she spent Christmas day peacefully. Next day, December 26, 1944, she departed for a rendezvous at sea with the forces bound for the invasion of Luzon. Early in January the many elements of the Luzon invasion fleet were approaching Lingayen Gulf, the inner shores of which are 100 air line miles from Manila, the Capitol of the Philippines, and the key to the Orient. The fleet was under continous attack by the Jap air force for nearly a week, especially the WEST VIRGINIA, which was in bombardment position ahead of the invasion force, and steadily pounded shore instal­lations. At dawn January 6, 1945 friendly Filipinos watching from

the mountains surrounding Linga­yen Gulf saw what they had long hoped for, an immense fleet of friendly ships standing in to shore to land a liberating army. Iron­cally the beach was still strewn with remnants of the Japanese landing barges used by their in­vasion four years before, Little BENNION fought like a tiger on this move, taking on a much larger Jap destroyer, hitting her at 14,000 yards and running her off the vul­nerable mine sweepers in BEN­NION's charge, while protecting herself from persistent Kamikaze attack. The army went ashore with such little opposition that the towns of Lingayen and Dagupan on the southern shores of the gulf where our army landed, were not destroyed in any way, and were the only ones of scores of Philip­ino towns seen by your corre­spondent still lighted by electric­ity, their main streets intact, with fully dressed windows, an is­land of normal life in a hurri­cane of seeming universal destruc­tion. Our bombardment had gone over the coastal towns, and quick landings had prevented the Japs returning and burning them. The WEST VIRGINIA and other ships remained in the vicinity over a month to prevent another attempt by the Japs at a supply ship at­ tack, on this vital Lingayen Gulf area.

The war was now moving fast, and the WEST VIRGINIA with her big rifles would soon be needed at the next spot on the map with a line underneath its name, so she departed for a rear area spot for “rest and recreation” and re­supply. She reached her operating base on a morning in early Feb­ruary, 1945, and less than 24 hours later the "rest and recreation" ended suddenly, when she received a new assignment. The crew work­ed all night loading provisions, supplies, and fuel oil. She departed
for Iwo Jima at top speed, arriving one hour after the first landing and turned on her fire, which was kept up until her ammunition was exhausted.

For her quick “turn around” and being the only heavy ship from the Lingayen operation ready for and taking part in the Iwo Jima battle, the WEST VIRGINIA received a “well done” from Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

According to the official chronology the WEST VIRGINIA had not been struck by a major size enemy projectile up to this time, had suffered nothing more than a superficial damage from attacking aircraft, which is remarkable considering the Surigao battle was ship against ship, in classic naval tradition, the use of aircraft restricted by darkness, the battle occurring between 3:30 and 4:30 a.m. In previous actions at one time a Kamikaze plane evaded the curtain of fire until within one hundred yards of the ship, when the plan was cut in two, one wing sailing entirely over the WEST VIRGINIA, while the balance hit the water at the ship’s side. But the WEST VIRGINIA would not remain unscarred forever taking part in battles like these. She was soon at Okinawa, and in April was adding herself to the heroic struggle for that last of the island stepping stones to the Japanese homeland. Here she received her only damage from enemy action, the night of the invasion. A Japanese suicide plane evaded a rain of tracer fire and dived steeply into the superstructure on her port side. The same side of all that damage at Pearl Harbor. He killed four of her men and wounded 23 others. Within an hour the WEST VIRGINIA captain signalled he was fully operative.

The plane battered the splinter shield, a fire room intake, and parts of the signal bridge, broke through one deck and wound up in the galley. It’s bomb was a dud, and fortunately did not explode. The engine thrown clear of the plane bounded into the ship’s laundry. Fires which broke out were quickly extinguished, the bomb was defused and kept for a souvenir. The only permanent damage was the loss of one 20 MM gun mount. In less than three days the ship’s own crew repaired all damage. A strongly fortified ridge position on Okinawa was called Shuri Castle, and its occupants were a thorn in the side of the U.S Tenth Army fighting for capture of the island. On request the WEST VIRGINIA sighted her sixteen inch rifles in on Shuri Castle and laid one hundred one-ton high explosive shells into it, destroying it entirely.

Next the WEST VIRGINIA moved to Ie Shima and laid on a bombardment to aid in the capture of that island. In the battle here Ernie Pyle, widely known war correspondent, met death. In the battles of Okinawa and Ie Shima the WEST VIRGINIA fired nearly 1,300 rounds of sixteen inch ammunition into enemy defenses of the islands.

Lying in Buckner Bay, Okinawa, named for U.S. General Buckner, son of Confederate General Buckner, defender of Vicksburg, the WEST VIRGINIA was preparing to depart on a raiding mission that would take her to the China coast, when she received orders to join Admiral Halsey’s third fleet as part of the advance occupation force in Japan, she had her last shot in anger.

Now her proudest moment came on August 31, 1945, when she steamed through Urage Channel into Tokyo Bay, the first of the “old” battleships to anchor off the Japanese capitol. She was in sight of the Missouri when the surrender of Japan was signed, on board that ship with the scars of Pearl Harbor on her to witness the sur-
render, a fitting close to her illustrious fighting career.

After Pearl Harbor and rebuilding she had spent 223 days in battle actions, and 112 in rear areas. Lost four killed, and 23 wounded.

She had shot down, and assisted in downing 20 enemy planes.

She had sunk the Japanese battleship Yamashiro, which more than paid for all the money spent on the WEST VIRGINIA, for if that giant had broken into San Pedro Bay the early morning of October 25, 1944, the entire war effort might have been set back a full year in time, with incalculable cost in money, and more important, lives.

She had fired literally a trainload of ammunition into the enemy, 16 inch 2,865 rounds
5 inch 23,880 rounds
40 MM 11,041 rounds
20 MM 21,759 rounds

Since Pearl Harbor she had steamed 71,615 miles, over 60,000 in combat area. The decorations of her crew included the Congressional Medal of Honor to her dead Captain, and thirty-eight crosses, medals, and commendations to her men.

The WEST VIRGINIA herself earned five battle stars, plus the Navy Occupational Medal. She had participated in five major invasions, and led the battle line in possibly the last classic naval battle between surface battleships.

The WEST VIRGINIA was retired to inactive status, and dismantled in the nineteen fifties, the main mast going to West Virginia University, where it stands in the Memorial Plaza, the flag staff to Clarksburg where it stands in the Court House lawn.

The Gunboat Wheeling

The first ship of the modern ironclad navy to be named for anything in West Virginia was the gunboat WHEELING, whose keel was laid April 11th, 1896, at the yard of the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, California, where she was launched March 18, 1897.

She was christened by her sponsor, Miss Lucie S. Brown of Wheeling, and according to the Wheeling "News-Register" of June 26, 1955, the sponsor as Mrs. Walter T. Gaither, was still living in Wheeling, aged 84.

Further the "News-Register" says, "the city council expressed its appreciation by presenting the ship with a set of china, glassware and silver for the officers mess." A plate of this china turned up on a Portland, Oregon antiques collector's hands in 1955, and his inquiries to Wheeling sparked the research that disclosed the history of one of the US Navy's hardest working and longest lived vessels; veteran of three major wars, and numberless campaigns and expeditions in both hemispheres of the world, during which she and her crew won many distinctions and citations. The ships medals are listed here.

SPANISH CAMPAIGN MEDAL 1898
PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN MEDAL 1899-1900
CHINA RELIEF EXPEDITION MEDAL 1900
MEXICAN SERVICE MEDAL 1914-1916
WORLD WAR I VICTORY MEDAL 1918
AMERICAN DEFENSE MEDAL 1939-1941
AMERICAN AREA CAMPAIGN MEDAL
WORLD WAR II VICTORY MEDAL

After being commissioned August 10th, 1897, with Commander U. Sebree as her skipper, the WHEELING operated in the waters of California, Alaska, and Hawaiian Islands. In 1899 she was ordered to the Philippines Islands to assist in suppressing an up-
rising among native forces, following the liberation of the Philip­pines from Spain by the United States. The WHEELING was en­gaged around Luzon Island in transporting US forces up and down the islands, and transferring pris­oners to compounds. With the capture of General Aguinaldo the Philippine revolt ended, and in April 1900 the ship was ordered to China where the Boxer Re­bellion had broken out and Ameri­can and other western nationals were in danger. She landed forces at various places for the protection of American lives and property. At the conclusion of the Boxer duty she proceeded to Japan, where she was stationed for a time at Yokahama. She then made a leisurely return to the United States by way of Alaska.

In February 1902 she was design­ated to be the station ship in the Samoan Islands, some of which were then owned by Germany. In January 1903 The WHEELING transported Dr. Solf the Governor of German Samoa, with his staff, from Pago Pago in American territory, to Apia, capital of Ger­man Samoa. The ship was soon engaged in landing construction parties, putting up navigational aids, and transporting US Fish Commission personnel to various locations for studies. In the autumn of 1903 the WHEELING spent about a month searching for a native outrigger canoe containing 13 Samoans. In November that year she made a courtesy call at Apia, on Upolu Island, German Samoa, and continued steaming in Samoan waters until July 1, 1904 when she was ordered back to the U.S.

In December 1904 at Seattle the WHEELING was placed in the re­serve, at U. S. Navy Yard, Puget Sound.

On May 3, 1910 she was recom­missioned, and with the USS PER­TREL, was ordered to proceed to the Portsmouth, New Hampshire Navy Yard on the eastern coast of the United States. In 1910 the Panama Canal was not yet com­pleted, so the two little ships had the choice of around the horn, or around the world. At that time the Navy chose around the world; it was farther, but easier, so began the great voyage. Since the WHEELING has here been termed a 'little ship' this will be the place to give her specifications.

OVERALL LENGTH 189-ft. 7-in.
BEAM 34-ft.
DRAFT 12-ft. 10-in.
COMPLEMENT 9 officers, 153 enlisted men
DISPLACEMENT 990 tons
ARMAMENT (6) 4-in. 40 cal rifles
(4) 3 pounder rifles

This class ship was commonly referred to as 'thousand tonners' and were the work horses of the Navy. Large enough to go around the world, and small enough to go into shallow harbors and bays, and up rivers closed to larger ships. From the thousand tonners was evolved the class we now designate as destroyers, though they have grown to two thousand ton size, and larger.

The WHEELING and PETREL reached Yokahama Japan, July 12, 1910, Singapore Straits Settlements August 11th. They were in Port Said, Egypt after going through the Suez Canal on Sept­ember 28, 1910. In Genoa, Italy October 5th, and October 25 found them in Gibraltar, which in an unforeseen future would be WHEELING's combat base.

The great problem of moving a coal-fired steamship on long voyages was the bulk and weight of the fuel to be carried. Coaling stations were established at stra­tegic places throughout the world where steamships could refuel.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

There was such a station at St. George in the Bermuda Islands where WHEE LIN G would coal many times in the future. Now she made her first stop at St. George on November 15th, 1910, and reached her destination, Portsmouth Navy Yard, New Hampshire, November 22, 1910, more than six months travel and twenty one thousand miles from Puget Sound.

She was overhauled at Portsmouth Navy Yard, and assigned to cruise the West Indies, so early in 1911 she entered the Caribbean where she was to spend many years and perform yeoman work, between two more quick trips back to Portsmouth for overhauls. On July 15th, 1913 she was at Vera Cruz and Tampico, Mexico investigating conditions of violence against Americans. On February 15th, 1914 she was at the Republic of Haiti protecting Americans against territorists fighting the government. From March 7th to 13th, the WHEELING was at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, with the President of Santo Domingo on board. During the next two years the ship was on constant patrol between Haiti, Cuba and Mexico on account of uprisings in those countries. In June 1916 she collected American refugees at various points in Mexico and brought them to the Army Transport SUMNER at Vera Cruz for evacuation home. In October 1916 she lent naval gun fire support to Army units ashore in their battles with Mexican bandits near Vera Cruz.

In July 1917 she was in dry dock in New Orleans, and on completion of maintenance she departed August 8, 1917 for Ponta Delgada, Azores, as we were now at war with Germany, and the WHEELING was moving into the combat area. Two days at sea she ran into a violent hurricane which snapped both her masts off at the lower band; her gun mounts were knocked out of alignment, and her small boats smashed. She turned and ran to Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs, which completed, she departed on August 29, and we find her at St. George, Bermuda on September 3, coaling. She reached Ponta Delgada, Azores, September 16, 1917, was assigned to the Azores Detachment, and sent on to Gibraltar to escort supply vessels between Gibraltar, Bizerte, and Genoa, Italy. Engaged busily in this work for the duration of the war, on May 17th, 1913, she in company with the USS SURVEYOR and USS VENITA, attached the German sub U-39 with depth charges and so severely damaged it that it went into the nearest port, Cartagena, Spain, and surrendered next day, and named its adversaries, so they were given credit for putting it out of the war. The WHEELING was at Gibraltar at the close of the war, and after a run to Lisbon, Portugal, departed for the United States, coaling at St. George, December 27 and 28, 1918.

Again assigned to the Caribbean she patrolled until October 18th, 1919, when ordered to New Orleans. She was assigned December 31, 1919 to the Eighth Naval District as a training ship. On January 21, 1923, she was ordered to the Third Naval District for duty as a training vessel for the sixth battalion of the U.S. Naval Reserve. She reached her station port New York, July 14th, 1923.

During World War II she was used as a berthing vessel for the crews of Motor Torpedo boats, manning “MTB’s” in the New York area.

She was stricken from the naval register March 29, 1946 and sold as surplus on October 5th, 1946.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

ending almost half a century of active service for her country.

USS Huntington
Second Cruiser

In 1943 we were feverishly building additional fighting ships, while re-building and repairing most of the battleships sunk or damaged in the sneak Japanese peace time attack at Pearl Harbor. A contract was let to the New York Shipbuilding Corporation of Camden, New Jersey, for a very advanced design "light Cruiser," to be named HUNTINGTON, with speed enough for surprise, and fire power to smother an adversary. The keel of the HUNTINGTON was laid October 4, 1943 and she was launched 8th April 1945, sponsored by Mrs. Milton Leon Jarrett Jr., of Huntington, West Virginia, widow of Lieutenant Milton Leon Jarrett, Jr., USN, who was lost in a plane crash at sea, June 7, 1943. The HUNTINGTON was commissioned February 23, 1946, with Captain D. R. Tallman USN in command. Her specifications were: length, 611' 2"; Beam, 66' 6"; Weight, tons, 10,000; Draft, 20'; Speed knots, 33; Crew, 992; Armament, 6", 12; Armament 5", 12; Armament 40mm, 26; Armament 20mm 28; Torpedo tubes, none.

When the HUNTINGTON was laid down in 1943 only a select few knew of the work to build the atom bomb, and no one knew whether it would work. By the time the HUNTINGTON was commissioned she and all other gun bearing surface ships were obsolete. She joined the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean to assist in keeping the Communists from gobbling up the weak nations surrounding that body of water during the power hiatus subsequent to World War II. This strategy was successful, and HUNTINGTON was sent on a good will tour of South Africa, and subsequently to South America. The most historic incident we can find the ship connected with was on November 6th, 1948, at Buenos Aires, Argentina, when President Juan Peron of that country paid an official visit to HUNTINGTON. On March 2, 1945, HUNTINGTON arrived at Philadelphia for inactivation. She was placed out of commission in reserve at Philadelphia June 15, 1949.

Nineteen letters still extant, resulted in appointing a "location committee," which selected a good spot as the photographs attest. Not clear is whether another committee, or this committee, decided $100.00 would be a fair price for the installation, and elected the Bureau of Ships to pay the bill.

The committee called the location for the bas relief the signal tower, members of the ships crew called it the conning tower, and we landsmen would call it the mainmast. At any rate it was a handsome job and an elegant embellishment of an already handsome warship, which was commissioned February 23, 1905. The 8 x 10 glass negatives of the photographs of the bas relief, were handled with white gloves furnished by the archivist, and bore the caption "coat of arms of the State of West Virginia, presented to the ship 24, September 1905."

This caption would imply a formal ceremony for the presentation, but nowhere in Navy records have we been able to find a record of the ceremony. The 200 year calendar in our desk shows 24 September 1905 as Sunday. Perusal of the ship's log, a volume about as large as any on the tables down at your court house, for that day, shows the scrivener was hard put for any outstanding happening. He goes on and on tiresomely about
the various light breezes (incidently, the ship was tied to the dock in New York), and other trivialities, and concludes by mentioning the "unusually large number of visitors from shore on board." We could suppose the presentation ceremony might have been lost to his ennui in that crowd of "shore visitors" on board.

The cruiser WEST VIRGINIA spent much of her active service as a flagship for various Admirals, and years of her service were with the Asiatic Fleet, based at Cavite on the south shore of Manila Bay.

After she returned home she was dispatched to Mexico on a peace keeping mission, and while there, on November 11, 1916, she was renamed the HUNTINGTON, in line with the Navy's new naming system, where battleships were named for states, cruisers for cities, and destroyers for individuals.

The bas relief rode the HUNTINGTON through her most exciting days, in combat zone in World War One. Many of the world's great men of that day were on board and doubtless saw West Virginia's emblem, as did the thousands of homesick soldiers the HUNTINGTON ferried home after the conflict was over. In 1923 the new battleship WEST VIRGINIA was nearing completion, and the exchange of letters, between the Secretary of the Navy and the Governor of West Virginia, authorizing transfer of the bas relief from the HUNTINGTON to the battleship WEST VIRGINIA occurred.

Oct. 18, 1923

"Sir:

"The Department has under consideration the transfer of the presentation tablet from the HUNTINGTON to the WEST VIRGINIA. As you will recall, the cruiser now called the HUNTINGTON was formerly the WEST VIRGINIA and sometime shortly after the commissioning of that vessel, the State of West Virginia presented to the ship a very beautiful tablet. It is semi-circular about 38\" x 79.5\" and represents a soldier and sailor, together with the seal of the State. On it is an inscription "Presented by the State of West Virginia."

"The Huntington is now out of commission, and will remain so for several years. The name WEST VIRGINIA has been passed to a new super dreadnought which will be commissioned about December 1 of this year at Norfolk, Virginia. The WEST VIRGINIA is unique in the fact that this will be the last battleship constructed for a period of about 10 years, owing to the final ratification of the Treaty for the limitation of Armaments. West Virginia has named after her the last battleship. Preparatory to commissioning, the Department is assembling souvenirs and relics which have to do with the traditions of West Virginia in the Navy, and therefore, owing to the fact that the State presented the above mentioned tablet, it would like to have the approval of the Governor before making assignment to the WEST VIRGINIA.

"Respectfully, E. W. Eberle,
"Acting Secretary of the Navy."

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
Executive Department
Charleston, W. Va.

October 23, 1923

"Mr. E. W. Eberle,
"Acting Secretary of the Navy,
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:--

"Replying to your favor of the 18th in which you state that your Department has under consideration the presentation of a tablet that represents a soldier and sailor, together with the seal of the State from the HUNTINGTON to
the WEST VIRGINIA, and to assure you that such action on the part of the Department will meet with my most hearty approval, and I feel sure will receive the approbation of the entire citizenship of our great State.

"Very Respectfully Yours,
"E. F. Morgan, Governor."

Since these two men were the absolute top authorities connected with the business, we would conclude the transfer was as good as done, as doubtless both of them did and put it out of their minds. Here are the favorable auguries which seemed to protect the old ship Huntington from all evil, cast its influence over events affecting its child, the bas relief.

As a result of orders given by someone, the bas relief was unbolted from the HUNTINGTON, at this time out of commission, but not discarded by any means, and started the bas relief toward shipment to that same Newport News Shipyard where the new battleship was under construction. The bas relief was taken ashore, perhaps to a warehouse for crating and set down in a safe place.

Here it happened, and what, we don't know. We might speculate the man in charge of the job fell ill, or was transferred to other work, maybe half a world away. Had the transfer been completed, and the bas relief installed on the battleship WEST VIRGINIA, the chances are very good it wouldn't be here today. Under the sneak peacetime attack by the Japs, on the fleet at Pearl Harbor, the WEST VIRGINIA suffered grievous damage by physical dismemberment and oil-fed fires that took thirty hours continuous fighting to extinguish. It is very likely the bas relief would have been destroyed beyond repair in this action. Thirty one years after that unknown accidental benefactor set the sculpture down in that warehouse, in 1954 Admiral J. B. Hefneran, Curator and Director of Naval History, found the sculpture and returned it to the State of West Virginia.

The West Virginia Bas Relief

On view in the Department of Archives and History, at the Capitol in Charleston, is the product of the most skilled artisans, and a leading sculptor, of the year 1903, only because of a fortunate error of the long gone past.

In 1901 when Governor Albert B. White of West Virginia was informed by the Secretary of the Navy that a new cruiser under construction was to be named the WEST VIRGINIA, the Governor informed the legislature, which appointed a committee of five members, joined by a committee of five citizens appointed by the Governor, to recommend a gift to the new ship. Joint Resolution No. 30, Acts of 1901, P. 478, empowered a committee of five to select, arrange for purchase and placement of a gift, to be made of bronze with silver mountings, to be placed on the cruiser, with an allowance of $2,500.00.

Consultation with the Gorham Silver Company, whose office was then at 19th Street and Broadway, New York City, resulted in the form and style of the gift, and the Gorham Company was awarded the contract to produce it.

The creation of the bas relief sculpture was let by Gorham to John Massey Rhind, one of the most prominent architectural sculptors of the time. He came from a noted Scots family of sculptors, his grandfather, father, and brother all being well known in their time. John Massey Rhind came to America in 1889, and became known nationally in the next
came known nationally in the next decade when he was awarded the creation of one of three memorial doors of Trinity Church, to be presented by the Astor family.

Rhind’s design was the expulsion of Adam and Eve from paradise, and may be seen today by anyone who visits Trinity.

A contemporary, Lorado Taft, in his “History of American Sculpture” lists many Rhind works. One familiar to the older members of the club, was shown for years on the cover of Montgomery Ward’s wish book, in the little nude figure floating over the building’s tower called some such name as “Speeding Progress.” Verifying Gorham’s selection of a sculptor, the year after Rhind completed his work on the West Virginia bas relief, he was awarded the gold medal for sculpture at the Saint Louis exposition of 1904.

Early in February 1904 the Gorham foundry at Providence, Rhode Island, shipped the completed, 600 pound sculpture to the Newport News Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company at Newport News, Virginia, for installation on the cruiser West Virginia then under construction. Here occurred the first of two snafus, that would affect the bas relief, the second and last one resulting in its preservation. No one had told the shipyard the sculpture was coming, or what to do with it. The yard wrote the Bureau of Ships, which acts as the Navy’s contracting arm, and asked three questions, Where was it to be installed? What price? Who would pay?

Documents From USS West Virginia

Hawaiian Area
December 11, 1941

From: The Senior Surviving Officer, U.S.S. WEST VIRGINIA.

To: The Commander in Chief, Pacific Fleet.

Via: The Commander Battleships, Battle Force.


(C) Statement of Lt. Comdr., E. E. Berthold, U.S. Navy.
(D) Statement of Lt., Comdr., D. C. Johnson, U.S. Navy.
(E) Statement of Lieut., L. J. Knight, Jr., U. S. Navy.
(F) Statement of Lieut., C. V. Ricketts, U.S. Navy.
(G) Statement of Lieut., (jg) H. S. Stark, U.S. Navy.
(H) Statement of Lieut., (jg) F. H. White, U.S.N.R.

1. In accordance with the instructions contained in reference (a), the following report of the action of December 7, 1941, is submitted:

The Senior Surviving Officer was at the time of the engagement the Executive Officer. I was in my cabin just commencing to dress, when at 0755 the word was passed “Away Fire and Rescue Party.” This was followed about thirty seconds later by “General Quarters.” This seemed as if these shocks were somewhat forward on the port side.

By this time I had reached the Quarterdeck, and the ship was beginning to list rapidly to port. I proceeded along the starboard side until just forward of Number Three Turret, when there was
a third heavy shock felt to port. The planes on top of Turret Three caught on fire, and there were flames all around the Turret Top. The quarterdeck sentry informed me that the Captain had already gone to the bridge, so I remained aft to assist in extinguishing the fire around Turret Three and on the Quarterdeck. There was another heavy explosion at this time, that threw me flat on the

HAIL WEST VIRGINIA

corr. Wally Neill Music

IT'S WEST VIRGINIA, IT'S WEST VIRGINIA, THE PRAISE OF EVERY
corr. Wally Neill Music

BUC-CAN-EER. COME ON YOU OLD SALTS, OUR BARS HAS NO FAULTS,
corr. Wally Neill Music

IT'S WEST VIRGINIA NOW WE CHUG. NOW IS THE TIME BOWS
corr. Wally Neill Music

to make a big noise we'll whip those Japs we can not fail.
corr. Wally Neill Music

For there's naught to fear, the gang's all here so hail to west virginia

HAIL.

IT'S WEST VIRGINIA.

HAIL.

The crew of the USS West Virginia had its own way of singing West Virginia's own peppy song "Hail West Virginia." This is a page from the ship's Cruise Book.
deck. During all this time the ship was continuing to list to port, and at that time of this latest shock, I should estimate that the list was about 20 degrees or 25 degrees (this is purely an estimate), I called to the sound power telephone watch to tell Central to counterflood, but do not know whether or not this word got through.

Immediately following this latest explosion, I saw a flash of flame about fifteen feet high somewhere forward on the ARIZONA and had just gotten to my feet again when there was a terrific flash of flame from the ARIZONA, this second flash being higher than the foretop. Burning debris of sizes from a fraction of an inch up to five inches in diameter rained on the quarterdeck of the WEST VIRGINIA.

During all of the above the ship's batteries continued firing and shortly after the ARIZONA explosion, the list on the WEST VIRGINIA stopped and she gradually started to right herself. Meanwhile, efforts to push overboard the burning embers on the quarterdeck and to extinguish the fire on top of Turret Three and in the planes was continued. There was another heavy shock, distinguishable from the shock of the ship's own guns firing, and it was reported that a large fire had broken out amidships. I went into the deckhouse and found the repair parties already working against a fire, but without much success, as the fire increased by leaps and bounds. At this time, a Telephone Talker said "Central Station says Abandon Ship." As it was evident the fire fighting party had no chance to extinguish the fire, they were ordered to leave the ship. The fire had by then, from all appearances, from aft, isolated the after and forward parts of the ship. I went out on the port side of the quarterdeck, and seeing no boats on that side went over to the starboard side. By this time the stern of the TENNESSEE was burning, and a wall of flame was advancing toward the WEST VIRGINIA and the TENNESSEE from oil on the water from the ARIZONA. I looked around and saw no one else aft on deck and then I dove overboard and swam to the TENNESSEE. On getting on deck of the TENNESSEE I found about ten WEST VIRGINIA people gathered under the overhand of the TENNESSEE's Number Three Turret. As the TENNESSEE people were busily engaged in fire fighting but in need of any extra help, I took the WEST VIRGINIA people over the starboard side on to the pipe-line to help in extinguishing the fire that had started in the rubbish and trash and oil covered water between the TENNESSEE and Ford Island. Several of our people that were hurt were loaded into a truck and taken to the dispensary. I then brought the truck back to that part of Ford Island Opposite the TENNESSEE and kept on with efforts to extinguish the fires among the trash and oil on the water. More and more WEST VIRGINIA personnel kept arriving at this point, some by swimming, some by hanging on to wreckwage, and, I think one whaleboat load.

After the fires in the water were out, I went back by the pipeline climbed up a Jacob's ladder to the forecastle of the TENNESSEE and went up on the bridge and reported to the Commanding Officer of that vessel. The WEST VIRGINIA at this time was blazing furiously amidships, and the Commanding Officer, TENNESSEE wanted to know if the magazines of the WEST VIRGINIA were flooded. I assured him they were. Finding the greater part of the personnel of the WEST VIRGINIA's
A, A, battery on the TENNESSEE, I gave instructions that they were to remain on board under the orders of the TENNESSEE.

I then returned ashore, visited the survivors of the WEST VIRGINIA, who were lodged in the Bachelor Officers Quarters, Ford Island, and in a bomb shelter. While there, I learned that the Navigator, Lieut-Comdr., T. T. Beattie, and a working party had returned aboard ship to assist in extinguishing the fire, so I gathered up a working party from among the personnel who were able and unhurt and went back aboard the WEST VIRGINIA.

Fire fighting parties, in relays, continued efforts against the flames, which finally were extinguished Monday afternoon.

2. Throughout the entire action, and through all the arduous labors which followed, there was never the slightest sign of faltering or of cowardice. The actions of the officers and men were all wholly commendable, their spirit was marvelous; there was no panic, no shirking nor flinching, and words fail in attempting to describe the truly magnificent display of courage, discipline, and devotion to duty of all officers and men. Some examples of outstanding performance of duty are:

Lieutenant Commander J. S. Harper, U.S. Navy, the First Lieutenant and Damage Control Officer, who by prompt action in counter-flooding prevented the WEST VIRGINIA from capsizing. He continued at his post in Central Station until forced to abandon it by the entrance of water, then abandoned it through the Conning Tower escape hatch and even then made a search through the ship before abandoning it.

Lieutenant Commander T. T. Beattie, U.S. Navy, the Navigator, who remained at his post alongside the Captain throughout all the action and made extreme and strenuous efforts to get the Captain, wounded, to a place of safety and to a first-aid station. Lieutenant Commander Beattie then returned aboard and continued in attempts to extinguish the fire on board.

Lieutenant Commander D. C. Johnson, U.S. Navy, the Communication Officer, who remained on the bridge, under fire, aided the Captain when the latter was wounded, and was untiring in the work afterward.

Fun in the Navy
FROM WEST VIRGINIA CRUISE BOOK — OCTOBER 1944
U.S.S. WEST VIRGINIA
ORDERS OF THE DAY

WATCH BILL
08-12 Lt. Carol La.ndis, O.O.D. — Ens. Betty Grable, J.O.O.D.
00-04 Lt. (jg) Ann Sheridan, O.O.D. — Ens. Donna Reed, J.O.O.D.
04-08 Lt. (jg) Olivia De Havilland, O.O.D. — Ens. Lana Turner, J.O.O.D.
0515 Call Bugler and Police Petty Officer.
0520 Throw well-punctured Bugler and Police Petty Officer over the side.
0530 Wake Officers.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

0600 Officers will inspect living compartments to see that men are well-covered.

0630 Muster 500 coolies for stores working party. Take bottled lunch.

0930 Prepare to waken all hands, using chimes and sweet music.

1100 Brunch is served in bed. Mail, telephone messages, telegrams and flowers to accompany brunch on tray.

1130 MAIL CALL. Liberty and holiday routine. Liberty expires on the dock at 1115 the following week.

1200 Send No. 1 motor launch to dock to pick up women guests.

1300 MAIL CALL. Send No. 2 motor launch to see what happened to No. 1.

1315 Daily plane departs for the States for all hands desiring leave.

1400 MAIL CALL. Break out deck chairs, hors d’oeuvres and lemonade for crew’s recreation period. USO shows, band concerts and Happy Hours in customary locations about the ship.

1500 All Officers not actually on watch tour the ship to see that men have sufficient lotion to avoid The Best Time to Fish

By Eli Rimfire Hamrick

When a stream is stocked with Rainbow or when the span is small they go up stream to near the head. They are near six inches the first year. That is the time the non-sportsmen catch them and make a big waste of them as they should not be caught at this age.

The second year they are about twelve inches. The third year they are fourteen. By this time they are working down stream toward deeper waters. The small trout is much faster in movements than the larger ones and they go down stream and leave the smaller ones at the head.

The Rainbow as I have been able to find out is a cross between the Steel Head and the Brook Trout. But there is two species of the Rainbow one has more color and the flesh is a salmon color like the Brook Trout and they put up much more of a fight that I can distinguish them before I see them from the other more lighter colored ones. The light colored ones is not as solid meated and not so sweet meated as the more red ones.

We (have) both kinds in Elk River and have had for fourteen-years, I used to fish on Williams River for Brook Trout and occasionally would catch a rain the first I ever saw. One day I caught a trout near ten inches long. To look at one side of it, it was a Rainbow eye fin spots stripe an all, To turn it over and look at the other side it was the Brook in every particular. That proved to me that the two trouts will cross. My theory (sic) is that those red Rainbow is crossed with the Brook.

In fishing for Rainbow with artificial flies or almost floats down stream. With bait it is best to let the hook lay on the bottom and move it occasionally.

The Rainbow can see line leader or hook quicker than any other fish. Fine mist colored leader and fine water colored line. Best time to fish 4 to 8 p.m. or 5 to 8 a.m.
sun burning. Gentle massage on affected parts will alleviate burning.

1600 MAIL CALL.
1700 Buffet supper in the crew’s recreation center.
1730 Compulsory two hour nap and rest period begins. Chamber music.
1930 Ship’s crew will be entertained by a group of gorgeous native girls who have seen no man for three years.
2030 DARKEN SHIP. All hands are on their own.

Navy Notes

1. Personnel inspection will not be held. In the event this word is delayed, ALL HANDS are cautioned against being on board.
2. There has been an alarming increase in the consumption of beer in the past few weeks. Cooling facilities are being over-taxed. ALL HANDS must exert every effort to draw no more than they can reasonably consume that day. Bottles will not be broken on the starboard side of the quarterdeck.

Lieut. Comdr. HEDY LAMARR, Executive Officer.

Last 1812 Veteran

Spencer Sharp, a documented participant in the war of the American Revolution, moved out of Fauquier County, Virginia soon after General "Mad Anthony" Wayne and a subsequent treaty with the Indians made settlements safe in the Ohio valley and took up land in what is now a northernmost section of Wood County, West Virginia. A marker to this patriot’s grave and one also of his son John, the subject of this discovered writing, stands today on a high hill about a mile west of and overlooking the little river town of Waverly and a magnificent broad expanse of the Ohio valley. The trail or "State Road" laid out in 1790 from Alexandria, Virginia to Williamsport (now Williamstown, W. Va.) Virginia, which Nicholas Carpenter was herding cattle over, crossed the land later taken up by Sharp on Carpenters Run.

The following reporter’s interview is found in the Marietta (Ohio) Register, May 13, 1884:—Julian Rolston.

Almost seventy years ago, the 18th of February 1815, peace was declared between the United States and Great Britain and the soldiers of the War of 1812 were disbanded.

One beautiful day last autumn we drove to the home of one of these warriors to talk with him. Crossing the Ohio River and driving up the West Virginia shore an hour or so found us at the comfortable farmhouse of Maj. John Sharp. The room in which we waited was a typical country parlor. The floor glowed with a brilliant rag carpet and at one side the black hair sofa, while opposite were three rollicking split-bottom rockers, plebian but so comfortable. On the mantle was an eight day Yankee clock, the lower part of the door having a picture of a gayly dressed young lady leaning her head upon the blue-coated shoulder of a white-trou-
sered gentleman, who appeared pleased with the arrangement. Over the sofa, enclosed in homemade frames of brown and white straw were some faded photographs while near the corner was a pathetic piece representing a weeping-willow and under it a green grave and ewe lamkin, while below in clear characters were the words 'In memory of my mother—died April 3, 1825.'

Mr. Sharp, I found to be eighty-eight years old, tall, slim, a little bent, "Not much the matter with me" he said, "excepting I was born in the last century." After a while seeing how interested I was the old man told me the simple story of his life, wonderful in its self sacrifice. When twenty-one years old his mother died, leaving his father dispirited and delicate, with eleven children; the youngest only two. The last words his mother spoke to him were, "John, come home and look after your father and the children. Don't ever get rid of them, son, but stand by them straight along."

He promised that he would, "And I did," he exclaimed, "I stuck by them straight through till little George was eighteen and then I married Zidaney who had been waiting for me three years, though we ain't said a word; but I kept company with her on Sunday evenings and I knowed she'd wait for me, and she knowed that I'd come as quick as I could."

Mr. Sharp said once he became discouraged as the time seemed so long so he left home and hired a little piece of land, intending to start out for himself, but his father came to him "looking so white and trembly that I had them all come to me and I ain't ever been sorry."

Mr. Sharp went out in the War of 1812 and was ordered with Capt. Steed's company to Norfolk, Va., five hundred miles away. It was the coldest winter ever known. The river at Norfolk froze over and the snow fell to a depth of six inches. The company was engaged in putting up breastworks and they suffered intensely from the cold.

A more insidious foe than Englishman attacked them and great numbers died with measles. As soon as a soldier was taken sick, he was marched through snow and sleet and mud to the hospital. Most of them took cold and death was the consequence.

"I pulled through" Mr. Sharp remarked, "because the doctor took down just as I did, so I never peeped but just laid still in my hut and got well. There wouldn't a been no John Sharp today, if that doctor hadn't a took it."

Mr. Sharp's pay was eight dollars a month, just what he receives now as a pensioner "but seems like it goes a heap further now than it did then!" he remarked meditatively. Mr. Sharp is one of the old residents of Virginia as he came to this place where his handsome farm is located, he said was "nothing but bears and wolves and woods, and only six cleared farms around here." Hill land was worth twelve 1/23 of an acre, while cleared farms now bringing a hundred dollars an acre, then sold easily at seven per acre.

Mr. Sharp would not hear of our departure until he had taken us to see a historic spot, the place where the celebrated Tecumseh, then only sixteen years old, tried his maiden tomahawk in helping shed the blood of five white persons; Nicholas Carpenter, his ten year old son, Jess Hughes, George Leggitt, John Payne and two men named Barnes and Ellis. After a trip to Clarksburg, W. Va., they were returning with cattle for the settlers at Marietta from which point most of the beef was obtain-
ed. This was in 1791, the first and worst year of the terrible Indian war. These unhappy men, weary with the day's march, laid down to rest in this lovely spot on the banks of a little run only six miles above the settlement at Williamstown, opposite Marietta. The beautiful autumn day, October 3, was cool and fresh and a bright fire being built, the men wrapped in their blankets were to spend their last hours on earth. Having seen no trace of Indians and feeling safe so near the settlement they arose at early dawn.

Just as Mr. Carpenter was repeating a well known hymn during their morning devotions the warriors who had watched them from behind a fallen tree, rushed at them with their shrieks and the poor men were so taken by surprise that Tecumseh and his men had done their deadly work before they could defend themselves. Ellis fell at the first and altho Leggitt and Barnes struggled bravely they were killed and scalped. Hughes and Payne escaped by their fleetness of foot and Carpenter with his little son slipping behind some willows in the bed of the stream, hoped to escape without his gun. But alas, no-

Though he surrendered no attention was laid to the lad's cry for mercy or to the father's passionate appeal for his son's life. They were taken to the hill nearby, which overlooked the Ohio now sparkling gayly beneath the glances of the rising sun, and there under the blood red leaves of autumn the grass grew red as well with the life blood of father and son. At such times as this, how cruel nature seems.

The little brook tinkled as merrily over the stones in its path, the birds sang as gayly, the autumn trees flaunted their scarlet, green, and golden banners as proudly as ever when these brave men were done to death under the lazily drifting clouds. We looked in vain for any trace of their last resting places, which Mr. Sharp said in other years had been quite visible; but this same picture with his leveling rains and penetrating snows and wild winds had followed these poor fellows still and devastated even the little mounds of earth which were sadly reared above their comrades, The little brook ever since has been known as Carpenter's Run.

Romeo and Juliet of the Mountains

By Jean Thomas
(From "Etude," June, 1948)

In the minds of many Americans the word "feud" and the names of the Hatfields and the McCoys are linked and indelibly impressed. At their mention, scenes of terrorizing killing from ambush, relentless hatred, burning revenge, fire the imagination. Gruff, illiterate, these men of the mountains, with blood-thirsty eyes, tobacco-stained beards, long barreled guns. And – to make the picture complete – there's the moonshine still and the stealthy "revenuer." A word, by the way, that is of the outside world. We of the mountains usually term the Government officer "the Law." Only in the last decade has the picture become less sordid.
Many things have contributed to the new and brighter canvas. Creek bed roads and the jolt wagon have given way to improved highways and the automobile. Creeks have been dredged and widened — so the primitive push boat of the days of the first Hatfields and McCoys is gone. Today there are trig motor boats, locks and dams, modern steam boats. Then, too, the one-room log school has been replaced with the consolidated school. Today, the school bus picks up “young Jonse” Hatfield and Rosanna McCoy at their own lane. And children no longer “pack their vittles” — a cold potato, raw onion, corn bread. They are provided hot, nourishing food at the school cafeteria. Yes, the children of the Hatfields and McCoys work together, play together, sing together. All these changes have sped the vanishing feudist on his way.

Moreover, young Hatfields and McCoys today are not content with merely a smattering of “book learnin’” — good roads have brought them first, to the consolidated school, and later, to the County High School. And nine out of ten go on to Junior College down the valley. Eventually, a fair number of them aspire to a four year college course.

The County High School is the force behind many an ambitious mountain boy and girl — for here they have their first real taste of theater! They have to a marked degree that rare quality — unself-consciousness. The realism of stories told in the ballad handed down from generation to generation — the song that cheered the hearts of their forebears in their lonely solitude, is slowly, surely coming to fruition.

“From the time she was a little tyke,” Bud McCoy told me, “Rosanna, my grand ’un would set alongside me whilst I made talk of the troubles and the sorry plight of fair Rosanna and young Jonse, Old Devil Anse Hatfield’s boy. Sometimes I’d pick my banjer and make up a song ballet about them two young lovers and suit it to a tune I’d learnt from my sire when I myself were a little set-along
child like her. I taken notice it pleased the little girl. And first thing I knowed, I come upon her and Little Bud Danny yonder, and Grace her sister, singin' and play actin' what I'd learnt her about Jonse and Rosanna. Away up the holler they were, where the creek flows over clifty rocks, Little Bud was makin' out like he was young Jonse Hatfield, Rosanna was chidin' him because he was a false true-love.”

Bud McCoy smiled at the memory. “Then, pint blank, like Jonse would a-done, Little Bud Danny struck up the song ballet—Jonse Hatfield’s Loggin’ Song. Wisht you mought a-heard the young ‘un sing. Made music with it, to! Pd whittled him a banjer out of white oak with a coon hide for a soundin’ head. Comes to pickin’ the banjer, my grand ‘un Little Bud Danny don’t valley no man.” The old man thought a moment. “Apt at singin’ is the young ‘un. Takes delight in it. And ‘ginst he finished the loggin’ song, he up and sung the Push Boat Song. I’d heard it all my endurin’ life.”

With that Bud McCoy fell to talking of the days of the push boat. Told how men steered it with a long pole, taking their sorghum and ginseng down to the mouth of Big Sandy. “They took their tan bark too, and other things I ain’t mentionin’,” he added with a cautious look, “Well, a man’s a right to make whiskey out of his corn if he’s so minded, same as he makes his bread.”

He tapped a foot impatiently. “I’ve wandered clear offen the path, I was tellin’ you about Rosanna and play actin’ and their song ballets. Well, when Little Bud finished singin’ of the Push Boat, Rosanna set down on a tree stump and helt her hands in her lap and looked as sorryful as ever she could, Then she sung the song ballet about The Love of Rosanna McCoy. I kept honkered down behind a clump of paw-paw bushes. Next thing I hear-ed the three of them j’ined in singin’ a lonesome tune.” At this point Bud McCoy picked his banjo and sang as only mountin men can sing:

“If you don’t love me, love who you please
Throw your arms round me, give
my heart ease.”

Again he took up the thread of the story. “I didn’t flout my grand ‘uns for play actin’ and singin’ about Jonse and Rosanna. I appreciate they wuz not makin’ mauck.”

Finally the word got around, so Bus said, about Rosanna, his granddaughter, play actin’. When she was old enough to go to school the teacher always chose her to “lead off,” not only in singing but in “play acting” as well.

He turned a kindly eye upon me. “Then you come our way a-fetchin’ that book you writ about the troubles and Big Sandy. Made us a present of it. Well, that book is nigh wore plum down to a nubbin’. Rosanna has read it through so many time. That’s how come she got some notions of her own.”

At this point, shy, lovely Rosanna, who at sight of me, had come tripping up the flower-bodered path to the McCoys’ stoop, interposed in a soft, flowing mountain voice: “Sometimes children shamed a finger at us McCoys at school on account of the troubles between us and the Hatfields. Somethings I’d read stories in newspapers and magazines making mauck of mountain people.” She lifted high her lovely, golden head, “But you didn’t do that in your book.” Then she flung wide her small hands in a gesture that tenderly embraced the McCoy family
gathered on the stoop, "Grandsir says the way it is writ in your book is p'int blank the way the troubles happened."

"I have him and Captain Anderson Hatfield to thank for their patient story telling," I interposed, "— I am grateful and —"

"Do you know," Rosanna's gentle voice cut in, "the story I have always liked best is that of young Jonse and Rosanna. Though I admire the courage of Sarah McCoy, mother of Rosanna, and I appreciate the kindness of Levicy's heart. The two mothers saw no end of sorrow. Some folks still hold it was because Jonse Hatfield, the son of the Hatfield leader, loved Rosanna McCoy, the daughter of the McCoy clansman, the troubles started. Devil Anse was headstrong because he held grudge against Old Randall and wouldn't consent for the two young lovers to wed."

A wistful look crept into Rosanna's blue eyes. "It's not fair to come between young lovers."

She added thoughtfully, "no matter who they are."

This young Rosanna McCoy knew the story well, "Others claim it was because of a quarrel over the ownership of a hog. Still some folks say it began with a wrangle over timber, when all these mountains here in the Big Sandy country were covered with virgin forests of walnut, oak, poplar, pine. The Hatfields owned many acres and so did the McCoys. Then when the war broke out between the States, some stood with the Union. My great-great grandfather, Harmon McCoy, was a Union private. Devil Anse Hatfield became Captain William Anderson Hatfield of the Logan Wildcats — a Rebel band. They met once, on a lonely mountain pass overlooking this very Peter Creek. They had quarreled before about timber — each accused the other of cutting timber that did not belong to him. Two shots rang out at the same instant. The soldier in blue lay dead. The Captain in grey rode on — on to his home, to his waiting wife Levicy, and to their first born — a baby boy — Jonse Hatfield," Young Rosanna interrupted herself, "but there I go telling about the troubles when I aimed to tell you about our play."

She told how she craved to try her hand at writing a play with herself play acting the part of Rosanna. "I gathered together some friends and neighbors first here on Peter Creek. Then, after that, you know, we moved out of the mountains down into the valley. Into a town — or indeed a city. In our neighborhood was an empty garage. The owner kindly permitted us to use if for our little theater. So first we put our play on in the garage. Our play is made up of what you writ in your book — the romance of Jonse and Rosanna."

"And I didn't know a breath about it," I interrupted excitedly. "Not until your granny and your grandsir told me what you had done!"

Rosanna blushed to the roots of her golden hair. Presently she started off on another tangent.

"Something else I liked in your book. The things you told of Brother Dyke Garrett who baptized Devil Anse and who tried many a time to tender Devil Anse's heart toward Rosanna. So when I fell to thinking about making up a play about Jonse and Rosanna I couldn't turn a hand without Brother Dyke in it. I fancy that not many men in that day and time had the book learning that Preacher Dyke Garrett had. He loved his Shakespeare book and could speak from it nigh as well as he could from the Scripture."

Young Rosanna McCoy grew very thoughtful. "If I could have but two books in all the world Pd
choose first, of course, the Bible and then the Shakespeare book with all the plays in one big volume with a lasty calf hide binding—just like Brother Dyke Garrett used to carry in his saddle bags along with his Bible when he rode these lonely mountain trails. Ever comforting the sad of heart, giving hope and encouragement—to young folks like Jonse and Rosanna whose elders kept them apart."

There was a shining light in Young Rosanna McCoy's eyes, "I think the love story of Jonse and Rosanna is as great, as tender, as moving, as that of Romeo and Juliet. And the good Lord bein' willin'," she fell easily into mountain vernacular, "I hope one day, when I'm older and have more learnin', I'll write that play fitten for all the world to witness." The blue eyes kindled as that first Rosanna's must have when Jonse said, "angels in heaven knows I love you."

Rosanna's voice was low and musical, "When love is in the heart there's no room for grudge and rancor. And we children of the Hatfields and McCos; we want love and peace—always. We aim to make for ourselves a better world to live in than that unhappy Rosanna, Old Randall's daughter, and young Jonse Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, lived and loved and suffered in all their endurin' young lives."

And we, who look on this growing generation of Hatfields and McCos, with particular concern for this Rosanna and eighteen-year-old Jack Dempsey Hatfield, feel that their great hopes will come to pass.

Rosanna's talent, not only for "play acting" but also for "play writing" was shown when her folk play, "The Love of Rosanna McCoy," was presented at Traipsin' Woman cabin, with a group of friends and neighbors taking part, on October 5, 1947. It is the tragic romance of young Jonse Hatfield, son of Devil Anse Hatfield, leader of his clan, and fair Rosanna McCoy, daughter of Old Randall McCoy, leader of the McCos, in a bitter feud that lasted more than a half century. On December 21, 1947, the play was presented with folk songs and folk dances traditional in the Kentucky mountains, at the home of Jean Thomas near Ashland. Two of the ballads, Jonse Hatfield's Loggin' Song and The Love of Rosanna McCoy, are given in part herewith. On that occasion, Jack Dempsey Hatfield, descendant of Devil Anse Hatfield, played the part of his illustrious kinsman, young Jonse Hatfield and Mrs. Mary Vinson Clark, born in the heart of the Big Sandy country where the troubles happened, played the part of Mrs. Levicy Chafin Hatfield, mother of young Jonse and wife of Devil Anse Hatfield, Mrs. Clark is a cousin of Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson, who also was born in the Big Sandy country.

**JONSE HATFIELD'S LOGGIN' SONG**

We're floatin' down Big Sandy
We're floatin' with the tide
A hundred yaller poplar logs
Oh lordy, how they ride,

I'm thinkin' of my own true love
As I steer this raft along,
And with Rosanna on my mind
I'll sing this little song,

My gal is not a city gal
All dressed in silk so fine,
She's just a plain Big Sandy gal,
Some day I'll make her mine

And when I get to Catlettsburg
I'll buy a ribbon fair,
And take it back to my true love
To bind her golden hair.

My love, Rosanna, said to me,
"Jonse Hatfield, don't you stray
Among them gals down at the mouth
I'll surely make you pay."
THE LOVE OF ROSANNA McCOY

Come and listen to my story
Of fair Rosanna McCoy,
She loved young Jonse Hatfield
Old Devil Anse’s boy.

But the McCoys and Hatfields
Had long engaged in strife,
And never the son of a Hatfield
Should take a McCoy to wife.

But when they met each other,
On Blackberry Creek, they say,
She was riding behind her brother,
When Jonse rode along that way.

"Who is that handsome fellow?"
She asked young Tolbert McCoy.
Said he, "Turn your head, sister,
That’s Devil Anse’s boy."

But someway they met each other,
And it grieved the Hatfields sore;
While, Randall, the young girl’s
father,
Turned his daughter from his door.

It was down at old Aunt Betty’s
They were courting one night, they say,
When down came Rosanna’s brothers
And took young Jonse away.

And Rosanna’s heart was heavy,
For she hoped to be his wife,
And well she knew her brothers
Would take his precious life.

Straight to the Hatfield’s stronghold,
She rode, so fearless and brave,
To tell them that Jonse was in danger
And beg them his life to save.

And the Hatfields rode in a body
And saved young Jonse’s life;
But never, they said, a Hatfield
Should take a McCoy to wife.

But the feud is long forgotten
And time has healed the sting,
As Little Bud and Melissy
This song of their kinsmen sing.

No longer it is forbidden
That a fair-haired young McCoy
Shall love her dark-haired neighbor
Or marry a Hatfield boy.

And the people still remember,
Though she never became his bride,
The love of those two young people,
And Rosanna’s midnight ride.

Today Rosanna is a junior in
High School, Jack Dempsey Hatfield last year was valedictorian of his class at Vinson High School in West Huntington, West Virginia. He is now working his way through Marshall College in Huntington, West Virginia, doing special library work and carrying a heavy schedule, along with outside work, to earn as he learns.

"I’m goin’ to college too, like Jack Dempsey Hatfield," Rosanna added as a final word, "once I get through High School. I’d be proud as a queen if I could be worthy of being chosen valedictorian of my class as he was of his. And I’d ask no more if I had the gift of speaking like he has—." She smiled playfully, "You see, I sat high in the gallery at the school auditorium that night when Jack Dempsey Hatfield gave the valedictorian address, I heard the applause and heard many, many nice things said of him."

This, from a McCoy about a Hatfield, with never the slightest trace of envy. Rosanna’s own words came back to me as I rode away from the McCoy home. "When love is in the heart, there is no room for grudge or rancor."
After the war, Mr. Garrett became a Christian minister, a follower in the footsteps of Alexander Campbell and a missionary for peace among his troubled hills. For more than 50 years he rode the mountain trails, ministering to his flock. His daughter, Mrs. Scott Justice, 430 Fifth Avenue, recalls that in winter she often had to pry away ice to loosen his boots from the stirrups before he could dismount from his horse.

All those years, when other men spoke of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, Mr. Garrett called his friend "Anderson." Finally an answer came from the friend "Uncle Dyke" knew beneath the hard exterior the world saw, the leader of a bloody feud. Anderson Hatfield asked Minister Garrett to baptize him.

Recently a picture of that baptizing was printed in The West Virginia Hillbilly, Jim Comstock's mountain magazine.

Jean Thomas, Ashland's "Traipsin' Woman," says she was living on Island Creek in Logan County in 1913, and that she believes she attended that baptismal service. She isn't sure, for that was almost a half century ago and she knew both men as kindly neighbors, therefore would have seen nothing especially dramatic about the occasion.

Following is the ballad of Uncle Dyke, a story of good conquering evil which really occurred in West Virginia Hills, written especially for the occasion by one of Ashland's poets.

**UNCLE DYKE GARRETT**

Blanche Preston Jones

When you journey among the mountains
You will hear the people tell
Of Brother William Dyke Garrett,
The preacher they loved so well.

He was always a friend to the helpless
And ready to do a kind deed,
He carried the words of the Gospel
To all of the people in need.

He served in the Rebel Army
The "Logan Wildcats" by name;
The captain was "Devil Anse" Hatfield;
True friends these young men became.

When the War of the States was over,
These two men went on their way;
"Devil Anse" was the Hatfield leader,
For him Uncle Dyke would pray.

"The Peacemaker" hill folks called him,
As he taught them of peace and God's love,
And read from his Bible's worn pages
Of treasures in Heaven above.

Good shepherd of the hills, they found him,
When, often engaged in strife,
He offered them words of wisdom,
Led many into a changed life.

For 55 years he labored
And when many seasons has passed,
He baptized "Devil Anse" Hatfield—
His prayer had been answered at last.

His text was the Ten Commandments,
The Bible his weapon of might,
His name is a living symbol,
He lived, and he fought a good fight.
Blennerhassett Island

By One Who Lives There —

— March 26, 1901

This place first gained its renown
In days that date as fur
Back in history an' down
The course of Time as Burr
An' Jefferson; along
Bout the time when we,
As a nation wasn't very strong —
Just in our infancy.

Aaron Burr, -a statesman wise
In many ways 'tis said —
But bigger in his own two eyes
Than other people
On by mad desire fer power;
A bloody deed had done;
He laid low in one awful hour
The mighty Hamilton.

Now you take revenge, when it's
all stirred
Up to a high degree;
An' you kin bet your honest word
It does things hastily;
As Aaron Burr he understood
'At the best thing he could do
Was jest flee the neighborhood
'An be quick about it too.

Fleelin' like a coward will
'Er like a thief at night
Half afraid an' conscious still
'At he had not done right,
On this island since then grown
Historical, why he
Formed, in history what is known
As "Burr's Conspiracy."

Revenge was what he wanted now
An' he thought he'd rip in
An' show to all the people how
Much better it ud been
Ef they had only been content,
With what they hadn't done —
Jest to have made him President
Instead of Jefferson.

Ambition was his God an' he
Jest let his hopes run higher
'Til he dreamed of some vast
monarchy
Or else a big empire,
Where he could rule at his com-
mand
All things; an' with a sway
Cause nations fer to tremble and
Jest have things all his way.

'Taint any use fer me to tell
All of this thing they is.
You'd sit so long you'd have a
spell
Of the Blasted rheumatiz;
But if you'll pardon me I'll try
In simple words to show
Some beauties of this island; why
It is I love her so.

I wouldn't give the merest snap
T'my finger, or a poke
In my blamed ribs, fer any chap
(Don't laugh, fer it's no joke)
Fer any chap at don't jest love
The place where he first saw
The light of day shine from above
An' learned to know his ma.

I've seen fellers — so have you—
'At didn't care a fig
Fer their own home; it seems
they're too
Fergitful er they er big
Feelin' an' they think disgrace
Might overtake 'em so
Ef they was born in a humble
place
They don't want folks to know.

On this island is the place
(Excuse me) where I'se born
I, noted fer my ugly face,
The island fer it's corn;
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

An' pumpkins, taters too —
All things 'at go
To help a feller worry through
This march down here below.

When God made this big
world of his,
It wouldn't been complete
If there had been no brook to siz
An' ripple at yer feet;
No rivers in their mighty flow
To cut the hills in two
An' on a day 'at's hot, who oh!
To cool off me and you.

An' so 'at's why I kind o' think
He run a stream along
Twixt you an' me, and quick's a
wink
He snapped out from among
The choicest portions of the land
This old island fair
An' with the touch of a master
hand
Left it settin' there.

I like her fields of wavin' corn
The rustlin' of its blades,
All spangled with the dew of morn,
An' how the smell pervades
The air, when all the bloom
Is on, an' you kin hear
The stalk a growin' makin' room
Fer a place to put its ear.

Nen I like to stand an' gaze
On the river's silent flow
As it glides along in windin' ways
To the ocean; an' below
The bank, jest by its brink,
The shady willers bend
Their droopin' head, until you'd
think

They wept fer some dear friend.

Oh! gimme back my childhood days
An' lemme throw away
My shoes an' stockin's an' jest
raise
The dickens; an' nen say
We go down to the river, where
It's shady by the shore —
Stretch out flat an' jest stay there
An' not grow old no more.

Aaron Burr has long since gone
To his reward; it's best
Fer us to let him jest sleep on,
Sleep on and take his rest.
An' whether all his deeds wuz
wrong
You an' I can't say —
They'll be some bad things found
among
Us all at Judgment Day.

Let history say jest what it will
About this place; 'twill be
The very same old island still
'At is so dear to me;
It matters not what may take place
Upon her soil, you see,
There's nothin' ever will erase
Her from my memory.

Ef I had two great big long arms
Tell y' what I'd do
I'd take this island with her farms
An' jest clasp her to
My bosom; an' henceforth at last,
When this race of life is o'er,
I'd like — I'd like — oh, please
don't ask
Don't ask me any more!

David F. Turner

Book Review

(From The Mississippi Valley
Historical Review, March, 1935)

"Journals of Samuel Hearne and
Philip Turnor, Between the Years
1774 and 1792. The Publications of
the Champlain Society." Edited by

J. B. Tyrrell, (Toronto: The
Champlain Society, 1834, 611 pp.
Appendices, illustrations, and
maps).

This handsome book of 611 pages
is volume 21 in the publications of
the Champlain Society, and it measures up to the high standard of excellence of the preceding volumes in the series.

The material contained in this volume is concerned chiefly with the plains region of western Canada in the period between 1754 and 1792. In an introduction of some ninety pages the editor not only gives a good background for the journals of Hearne and Turnor, but he also gives supplementary information from the journals of other explorers, especially Hen-day, Joseph Smith, William Pink, and Mathew Cocking.

There are two journals by Samuel Hearne, one dealing with a journey from York Fort towards Basquiau, from June 23, 1774, to June 23, 1775, and the other a journey from York Fort to Cumberland House and return from July 8, 1775, to October 1775. These two journals occupy approximately one hundred printed pages. The remainder of the volume, exclusive of the appendix, is given to the journals by Philip Turnor. These are chiefly concerned with explorations into the interior and with "the most remarkable Transactions and Occurrences" at Cumberland House.

French trading operations in the Far West from headquarters in Montreal quite largely ceased after the fall of Quebec in 1759, except that some former employees doubtless remained to some extent in the Indian trade.

**Judge Jackson Charges Last Court**

"We witnessed for the first time, on Monday last, the sitting of the United States Court for the Western District of Virginia. It is with pleasure we publish the charge delivered by Judge Jackson of the first Grand Jury ever assembled in Western Virginia on the same occasion; and we can with truth say we never witnessed a more imposing sight - a Judge making his debut before twenty-four venerable citizens, selected from the district with a strict eye to their age, talents and respectability - their Foreman at least eighty years of age, possessing all the intelligence and activity of a vigorous mind and constitution, well calculated to perform the important duties of a Grand Jurer. And we will here beg leave to remark that is is our sincere hope that Judge Jackson while discharging his very honorable and important duties, may always be actuated by the same feelings, and possessed by the same affability and dignity he evinced on this occasion; and in his new vocation may be meet the united support of the gentlemen of the bar in rendering his situation pleasant as the summer shower." William McGranaghan, publisher of "The Independent Virginian;" Clarksburg, Virginia, September 29, 1819.

HONORABLE JUDGE JACK-SON, The Grand Jurors have requested me to ask you for a copy of your charge to them today for publication.

Very respectfully, your obedient, Wm. HAYMOND, Foreman, September 27, 1819.

**CHARGE**

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury-
In all governments, whatever
may be their form, it is the duty of those to whom their administration is confided, to enforce obedience to the laws and ordinances of the supreme power.

In a despotic or tyrannical government, this duty is stimulated by the vindictive spirit of the Ruler, to punish the contemners of his power; whilst in those founded upon liberal principles it assumes the milder feature of a duty, prompted by the virtuous motive, to preserve the majesty of the laws from open violation; it being the interest of all good citizens to protect the rights of each against every lawless invasion. A neglect of this duty produces evils of alarming magnitude: it defeats the great aim of the social state, and renders the institution of government itself a solemn mockery.

Man, in a state of nature, is soon taught by experience to regard all others with distrust; and seeing no protection beyond his physical means, he employs them incessantly to maintain his transient possessions, or to invade those of his weaker neighbor. The earth in vain spreads before him her ample bosom, and invites him, by the fertility of her soil, to cultivate those fruits with which she so richly repays the industry of the husbandman. He may plant, but he has no security that he will reap the profits of his labor. His habitation, too, is as fleeting as the game of the forest, which constitutes his chief resource for subsistence. His sleepless nights are succeeded by days of gloomy melancholy. Having no stimulus to the acquisition of knowledge - for knowledge can bring him no security against danger, and no exemption from care - he rushes into the deepest recesses of the wilderness, and adopts the worst conditions of savage barbarism; or, associating himself with restless and daring spirits, he makes war upon the weak and defenseless, until some aspiring leader establishes by his aid a military despotism, upheld by the power of his adherents, who practice over their inferiors the same tyrannies to which they are subjected.

To redeem mankind from such a state of moral and mental depravity, and to give security to the rights of individuals, by punishing those who infringe them, governments have been instituted; which, partaking freely of the character of those who compose them, are more or less free, in proportion to the intelligence and virtue of the great mass of the population. For it is an axiom in politics, demonstrated on every page of history, that where the people are enlightened and virtuous, the governments are free, and that the contrary condition is graduated by the scale of their ignorance and corruption.

The best preservation of this freedom is to be found in the wisdom with which the laws are adapted to the conditions of society, and the fidelity with which they are executed. Hence we find that in the earliest ages of republican governments it was deemed praiseworthy for a citizen to accuse another because of his unlimited zeal for the public good. But in the progress of events, and when the last rays of liberty were about and the most vicious, mean and ambitious spirits, aimed at honor and preferments, busied themselves in search of criminals, in order that they might propitiate their rulers.

After a long night of despotism, and the struggles between the monarch and the subject had tended to restore man to the dignity of his nature, and to repossess him of the rights wrested from him by
usurpation, our ancestors framed the admirable law whereby an officer is appointed in each court of criminal jurisdiction, whose duty it is to prosecute for all sorts of offences cognizable therein. Coeval with the creator of this office was the institutor of Grand Juries - The great bulwark of the citizen against the tyrannies and oppressions of those who manage his political concerns - his shield against the malice of unworthy informers, and at the same time the first accuser of his crimes and delinquencies.

Without their corrective power, the public office, liable to be influenced by unjust accusations, might institute a groundless and malicious prosecution; whilst on the other hand, if he resisted the efforts of an infamous accuser, he subjected himself to the imputation of partiality and disregard of his official functions.

And in such high reverence is your tribunal regarded by the Constitution of the United States, that in order to preserve its existence against the power of legislation itself, it is consecrated by a solemn article.

By this imposing authority I am commanded, as one of the public functionaries, to take care that no person shall be held to answer here for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, without the presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury; and there is no principle in the administration of the law that I hold in higher estimation.

To you, gentlemen, selected for your intelligence and virtue, and called upon to exercise the high censorial powers of a Grand Jury, uninfluenced by hatred, malice, or ill will, or by fear, favor, or affection, the public justice is now confided. By a vigilant and faithful exercise of your functions, you will perform a duty as important as it is imposing; and contribute to perpetuate our free
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Two Rimfire Hamrick Stories

Eli (RIM_FIRE) Hamrick is almost a legendary figure in Webster county. A quarter century ago “Rim,” as intimates knew him, spent a month in St. Mary’s hospital at Clarksburg. To speed restless hours the mountaineer wrote several articles, which have been printed in full. Hamrick passed away nearly a score years ago, but old-timers still recall him as a true hillsman.

Two of many anecdotes attributed to “Rim” help a newer generation understand his ways.

Wade Pepper, now also deceased, was sports editor of the Clarksburg Exponent, and once asked Hamrick if he had ever been lost in the woods, “Rim” replied: “No, I never bin lost, but I have bin bothered considerable a couple days at a time.”

Another time a group of New York industrialists came to Webster county to look over some timber or coal property. Hamrick was introduced to the visitors with mention made that they came from New York.

“Howdy,” Rim is reputed to have replied, adding, “How do ye stand it to live so fur away.”

Here is one of the articles which Rimfire penned while on his hospital cot about 25 years ago. He wrote with pencil in long-hand on lined paper. Spelling and composition are allowed to remain as Rimfire” wrote.
institutions, reared by the wisdom of our fathers, and purchased with their blood. Here the mildness of our penal code, unlike that of almost every other nation, shocks no man's sense of justice; and none are induced to compromise between a sense of duty and of humanity by endeavoring to screen offenders from punishment. Our laws seek rather to reform than to chastise; and where they require that the blood of the criminal shall be shed, it is more for the sake of example than for punishment. All good men are consequently interested in contribution to the faithful execution of the laws, and in bringing those who violate them to answer before the judicial tribunals.

The duties confided to you are to inquire into offences against the Constitution and Laws of the United States; and in the execution of them you will bear in mind that, in the opinion of the Court, no indictment should be found by you a true bill, unless, from the exparte evidence exhibited in support of it, you are satisfied that the accused is guilty of the charge.

I am aware that the ancient authority is otherwise, and that it was held right to find a bill upon probable evidence. But at that period it was also held, that if a party was indicted for murder, and the jury were satisfied that the killing was in self defense, and so proved, the Court might remand them to consider better thereof. And where they refused to present things within their charge, the refusal might be inquired into, and they for their default were liable to be amerced. This construction can impose no hardships; for surely if the evidence for the prosecution, without being cross examined, and without the benefit of exculpatory testimony, or the right of being heard by counsel, is insufficient, in your opinion, to find the accused guilty, he should not be put upon this trial.

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Picturesque Harpers Ferry


After a short but heavy rain the air was fresh and bracing on the October day when we started for Harper's Ferry. There is no season so glorious in any country as an American autumn, and it is, above all, the time to see the mountains to the best advantage. The atmosphere, bright, clear, and bracing, acts upon the frame like champagne; the forests put on their livery of splendid dyes, and gold and crimson and sober brown
are massed on all the hills, or set in a dark background of pine and hemlock. For this reason, seated in the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and with the arriving and departing trains making discordant noises in our ears, we congratulated ourselves on the beauty of the day. Patiently waiting, we watch the passengers upon the platform, uniting and dispersing, aggregating in little groups, only to dissolve and form again—a cosmopolitan scene, for here come, going East, West, or South, representatives of all nations. We soon, however, leave these scenes behind us, and are skirting the brick-fields lying on the western suburbs of Baltimore, and by hillocks covered with low and stunted shrubbery of cedar and oak, past the Relay and on to Ellicott's City, where may be seen the traces of the great flood in the Patapsco, which, in 1868 swept away the mills and dwellings in the valley.

From Ellicott's City the road winds along the Patapsco, and only leaves that picturesque, artist-haunted river for short distances until it strikes the Potomac at Point of Rocks, and follows that river to its junction with the Shenandoah at Harper's Ferry. The scenery up to this point is not striking, but often possesses a quiet beauty that well repays the attention of the traveller. Glimpses of sequestered woodland-paths wind off and are lost in the forest; long, tree-fringed river-reaches come into view at intervals as the engine pursues its sinuous course by the river-bank, in full sight now from this side of the train, now from that, its polished mountings glittering in the sunlight, and all its heavy and seemingly unwieldy bulk instinct with graceful life and easy power.

Stretching far away to the right, dimly outlined in their characteristic smoky blue, appears the range of mountains, nestled in a gorge of which the gate-way to the wild and magnificent scenes beyond lies our objective point, Harper's Ferry. As we approach, the smoky whiteness of the enveloping haze is dissipated, and gives place to a more pronounced blue; the billowy hills roll more sharply clear to the eye; the irregular lines of the foliage stand out distinct, and here and there shaggy and wind-dishevelled pines cut the sky-line upon the summit-ridge.

The first near sight of the mountains is inevitably one of disappointment. Is it not thus with all the stupendous works of Nature? The man who expects to stand spellbound and awe-stricken before Niagara, will find his emotion very commonplace in contrast to the exalted state of feeling he anticipated. Very seldom, indeed, are the combinations such as to present these scenes in all their impressive grandeur; and rarer still is the mind that is capable of comprehending at once all that is taught by them. Yet those who have been merely summer sojourners among the "eternal hills," can understand, if they have used their time wisely, why the mountaineer comes gradually to love them. He can feel, seeing them again, the force of the attachment that animated, thousands of years ago, the Hebrew people, whose strong places of defence they were, and that animates to-day the Switzer, who far away from his native Alps, grows homesick, even at times unto death, and whose eyes are tear-stained whenever he hears the familiar "Ranz des Vaches."

The imagination at first may refuse to be satisfied, but there will be in the end no sense of failure, no lack of fulfillment of all, and more than all, that was anticipated to those who become
friends with the mountains, who
look down into their dwarfing val­
leys, who wander along their still
paths, opening, by sudden sur­
prises, laughing cascades, and
odorous with the resinous pine
and hemlock, and who see tower­
ing far above, bearing up their
massive weight of greenery, their
sheltering forests. Climb the
Maryland Heights, as we are to do
to-day, and pause on the ascent and
look back. Fair and open lies the
northern landscape, bounded by its
semicircle of mountains. How the
mind expands and feels a sense of
delight and power as the eye takes
in, at one sweep, the glorious
scene! The feeling that pictures
us as slowly traversing the huge
mountains, insignificant atoms on
its vast surface, ants that crawl
over an ant-hill, vanishes. And
then to this first exhilaration, this
flush and glow of pleasure, suc­
ceeds the softer, calmer mood
that sees, in the still and mar­
vellously beautiful vision, but one
of the least of the wonderful works
of the Creator. There is no dis­
appointment in a mountain.

While we have been moralizing,
the train has thundered over the
costly and graceful bridge built
by the Baltimore and Ohio Rail­
road Company, and which spans
the Potomac, on five substantial
stone piers, just at its junction
with the Shenandoah. When fairly
on the platform and the train has
left the view unobstructed, we see
rising, sheer and inaccessible,
directly before us the rocky sides
of the Maryland Heights. Upon
their laminated surface the
curious eye ranges among the
over hanging masses of project­
ing stone, to this point and to that,
in search of the well-known Pro­
file Rock. It catches, jutting out
from a crevice in the wall-like
side, a mass of shrubbery — the
hair; a little lower down a patch
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cent war stunned it. Then came the disastrous flood of October, 1870, in the Shenandoah. Pass where you will, there are evidences of the desolation left behind by these two occurrences. And the people of the Ferry have very naturally lost heart. They talk about the old days when the Shenandoah ran the mills and the government rifle-works on its banks; when the armory was in busy activity, and a regiment of lusty workmen hammered and rolled and moulded the arms which it was then thought would never be used except against foreign foes; when many millions of solid dollars—a golden Pactolus—poured into the arms of the thriving little village from the national treasury. The inhabitants now talk of these days of prosperity with regret, with even a mild kind of hope for better things in the future, but with no buoyancy of spirit.

The place takes its name from Robert Harper, a native of Oxford, England, who emigrated to this country in 1723. Harper settled at Philadelphia, and seems to have been a man of much ingenuity. At this time the infant colonies were offering high prices to skilled workmen, and Harper, being by profession an architect, was frequently required to travel to distant parts of the country. It was when on his way to erect a meeting-house for the members of the Society of Friends, whose settlement, near where Winchester now stands, in the rich Valley of Virginia, was even then, in 1747, flourishing and increasing, that Harper, as a short route to his destination, first saw this pass. He was so attracted by it that he bought a tract of land here, which was subsequently confirmed to him by Lord Fairfax. In time, as the country became more settled, and the passage through the barrier of the Blue Ridge better known, he established a ferry here.

The house erected by Harper, on what is now High Street, is still to be seen. In outward appearance it is one of the newest in the town; and, if it were not for the semicircular, latticed window in the side-wall, which betrays its antiquity, it might, like a well-preserved old beau, hold its own with its younger contemporaries, and deny its years. In 1794 the prosperity of Harper's Ferry, for half a century and more, became assured. It was at that date, and during the administration of General Washington, that the town, on account of the many advantages it offered, but more especially for its unrivaled water-power, was chosen as the site of the national armory. Land was purchased along the Potomac and Shenandoah, Subsequently Bolivar and Loudon Heights were acquired, and the buildings of the armory and the dwellings of the operatives gradually formed in themselves a small but thriving settlement. So the Ferry prospered until the night of Sunday, October 16, 1859. From that night the town was doomed. Stealthily, at ten o'clock, a band of twenty men crossed the railroad-bridge—then a clumsy, covered structure—over the Potomac. They came from the Maryland side. Quietly the watchmen were captured and the armory seized. They at once proceeded to establish and fortify themselves against an attack. They then threw out pickets, and arrested all persons who ventured abroad. A colored man, who incautiously approached too near the guarded railroad-bridge, was shot down and died soon after. At the dawn of the next day, as the sun struggled through the rising mists of the river, the little town was all excitement. The purpose of the invaders, their force, the prospect of other attacks by fresh bands
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waiting in the fastnesses of the mountains, were all unknown, and added the element of mystery to the actual fact, that was but too patent, that a lion had suddenly pounced on their sheepfold. All through the long morning a scattered fusillade was kept up between the armory and the neighboring houses; and the sharp crack of the rifle from the overshadowing hills was quickly returned from some one of the barred windows below. Gradually the toils tightened around the party desperately at bay in the armory. Some of them now make an attempt to break through the meshes. It is in vain. Take, for instance, one scene—a mere etching amid the terrible occurrences of the day. One man, Lehman by name, threw himself into the Potomac River with the intention of escaping. He was fired upon, was wounded, raised his hand as if to surrender, and fell. There was no mercy. A rifleman waded out to the rock where the wounded man lay—they show you the place yet—and deliberately put his rifle to his head and blew out his brains. Fighting now with the energy of despair, Brown—for, of course, it is of the celebrated "Brown raid" that we are speaking—now retreated to the engine-house, the only building of the whole armory which is still standing. There he remained all through Tuesday night with his wounded and his prisoners. It was a sad night for the town of Harper's Ferry—but yesterday so quiet and peaceful, now with the dead in several households, and the fate of the morrow involved in uncertainty. It had rained all Monday. The night was dark, the atmosphere raw and cold. The conflict was stayed, but the hours wore away in unceasing watchfulness. At seven on Tuesday morning help came. Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived with a force of marines, hastily gathered together, and dispatched from Washington. The strong doors of the engine-house were soon battered in, and, with the loss of one man killed, the invaders were captured. Brown was executed at Charles-town soon after—an impolitic proceeding, in the opinion of many Southern men. So ended the Harper's Ferry raid, and so commenced in reality, our civil war. During that conflict, Harper's Ferry was alternately in the possession of the Northern and Southern forces, and suffered from both. When the ordinance of secession was passed by the Virginia Convention, the Ferry was the station of a company of United States regulars, under the command of a Lieutenant Jones. Rumors came as thick and fast as leaves from the mountain woods in November. The Virginia militia were marching to capture the Ferry. They were coming up the Valley; they were coming down the Potomac; they were near Bolivar; they were on Maryland Heights. So threatening was the aspect of affairs that Lieutenant Jones was ordered to retreat. Then, for the first time, the torch—to be thereafter the instrument of so much destruction, bitterness, and suffering, in the annals of the village—was applied. The armory was fired. The smoke of the burning buildings curled up, black and ominous through the still air, and loud detonations shook the ground as the explosive material stored within took fire. Much of the armory was then saved by the exertions of the people after the troops had departed. The arsenal alone was completely destroyed, with about fifteen thousand stand of arms. On the night of the 18th of April the Southern forces came in, and soon Colonel Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson assumed command. The machinery in the workshops was
taken out and removed to Fayetteville, North Carolina. On the 14th of the following June the Southern forces, then under the command of General Joe Johnston, abandoned the Ferry, as of no strategic importance. They completed the destruction already begun. The railroad-bridge was blown up, and the main armory-buildings fired. By this time the town was nearly deserted. Many of its inhabitants had entered the armies of the North or the South; others had left it for more peaceful scenes. The few that remained lived almost continually within the sound of the cannon and the rifle. "For a long time every thing that moved in the streets was shot at," Field-glasses swept the town and the neighboring Bolivar, the favorite scouting-ground of the southern side. It was a fearful ordeal to the few citizens who still clung to the Ferry, as, between two fires, they moved uneasily from place to place.

The last important scene that closes this eventful history had its commencement on the 5th of September, 1862, when Jackson's corps crossed the Potomac, at White's Ferry, with Lee's army of invasion. On the 13th Jackson was at Harper's Ferry, McLaws and Walker were on Maryland and Loudon Heights respectively, and Colonel Miles was caught in an untenable position on Bolivar. Here the record of the civil war, as regards the Ferry, rightly stops. McClellan, after Antietam, concentrated his army here. "The whole peninsula formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah, from Smallwood's Ridge to the junction of the rivers, as well as the surrounding heights, was dotted with tents, and at night was aglow with thousands of watch-fires. From Camp Hill—the ridge that divides the two villages—the spectacle was magnificent, especially at night. A hum of voices, like that of an immense city or the hoarse murmur of the ocean, rose from the valleys on either side, and filled the air with a confusion of sounds."

This brief history of the Ferry, like the story of some worn veteran, will give an interest to the traces left by the tide of war that ebbed and flowed over and around the place.

We are now on our way to Jefferson's Rock. Perched high up to the right are the bare walls of the Episcopal and Methodist churches, whose joyous bells, in other times, aroused the echoes of the mountains on the calm Sabbath, while the worshippers wound their slow way up the steep hill, and perhaps paused at the church-door to take a last look at the glorious scene below, the wooded heights, the shining river, the sleeping town, and to thank God that their little home, secure among its sheltering peaks, was so peaceful and unthreatened. We pass by the side of the Episcopal church, which, in its time, must have been an imposing structure. We scramble over the rubbish and look in, and find all foulness and pollution. The four bare walls are open to the sky; the windows are seamed and broken; the place where the altar stood is vacant; and the marks of the gallery-stairs still wind their way upward into vacancy. Every trace of wood-work has vanished. It was not burned, but torn away gradually in the mere wanton riot of desecration and destruction.

A few steps farther bring us to Jefferson Rock, a remarkable stratified formation that rises abruptly from the street below. It is the pride of the town, and, among the townspeople, is almost
a name "to conjure by." Upon it, according to one account, Jefferson inscribed his name; other authorities say that it was here that he wrote his "Notes on Virginia," "in answer to a foreigner of distinction." The first is, of course, the fact, and the other the accretion that time has added.

Here we have the best view attainable of the mountains from their base, and of the meeting of the waters in this Vale of Avoca. Beyond the town loom up the Maryland Heights; to the left, Loudon frowns, crowned with its wealth of shaggy foliage, its sides seamed with innumerable fissures and dry ravines made in the crumbling rock by the winter-torrents. At the foot of these ravines the loose earth and gravel washed down has been piled in high and conical heaps. In the gap between these two mountains the Shenandoah, which comes down with many a curve and deflection, skirt ing the Blue Ridge from Bath County, and the Potomac, which flows south from the table-lands of the Alleghanies and divides the watershed of the Ohio River and the Chesapeake Bay, unite. How the opening through which their waters find a passage was formed originally — whether by a sudden riftting apart in some violent struggle of Nature, or by the eating away of the barrier that at one time confined here a great interior lake having its outlet by the low hills of the Susquehanna — is a question for the geologist. The unscientific spectator will have no wish to indulge in dry speculations in the presence of the scene that meets his eyes as he turns at the Rock and follows the broad river through the rugged gap, while on either side stand, in silent guard, the Sentinel Peaks. There is no grandeur in the scene — none claimed for it. Life, brightness, and quiet beauty, distinguish it.

Over the Shenandoah the ferry-boat turns and twists among the boulders, and seeks the deeper pools and the slow eddies that give it a passage. The fair river, viewed so near, is spread out between wide, enclosing banks, and catches the silvery glitter of the sunlight and the dark shadows of the hills on its ample bosom, dotted with the black, obtruding forms of rocks, around which the slow current chafes gently in swirls and circling ripples. Around the Maryland Heights run both the railroad and the canal, and the long grains and the unwieldy, cabined, awning-sheltered boats turn the foot of the ridge at intervals, and follow the sinuous river, ever trending southward.

Before visiting Maryland Heights and the superb panoramic view that there sweeps around almost from horizon to horizon, a few moments will be well spent in seeing the less striking scenery of the Heights of Bolivar. Unless the traveller is a remarkably good pedestrian, a carriage and horses will have to be procured for part of the ascent of the former, and the drive around Bolivar over a good road can easily be made a part of the day's programme. If dismayed at the board-signs that, projecting from dilapidated shanties, announce them to be livery — stables, he expresses doubts as to procuring a respectable team, he forgets one thing — he is in Virginia, and on the borders of the Valley. The man that is surprised, therefore, to see a pretty woman or a fine horse is strangely unacquainted with the latitude. Our landlord, upon being consulted, promises us the horses in a moment, and, in little more than that time, they are at the door — a sorrel of mustang black, and the prettiest three-year-old Black Hawk we had set eyes upon for many a day. The road around Bolivar is the seg-
ment of a circle, the first part of which lies along the Shenandoah and the unused Slackwater Canal, bordered by majestic cotton-woods, their wide, gaunt, flecked branches spreading weirdly over the dismantled Government Rifle-Works, the empty, crumbling canal, and the havoc that war and flood have made on every side. Midway of the ascent of the hill, the scenery, looking back toward the Ferry, is soft and beautiful, water and mountain toned by distance, and, in the foreground, the long, straggling street of the ancient town. As we reach the top, we pass the remains of the Federal fortifications and the deep, bush-covered valley where the balloon was kept secure from stray shells. Nearly three hundred houses stood upon the western slope of these heights, and now hardly a trace of them remains. From here we get a nearer and less elevated view of Loudon and North Mountains over a rich and well-tilled farming country. We turn through the neat village of Bolivar, created by the Armory. Its inhabitants, since its abandonment by the Government, still are loath to leave their homes, and find on canal or railroad wandering livelihoods.

With a sharp deflection to the left, we pass through Harper's Ferry and over the sounding plank-roadway of the railroad-bridge, creaking metallically with all its inter-woven iron net-work. Our road is a narrow one, leading along the canal and past the old ferry-house, brooding under the beetling cliffs that overshadow it. As we looked at the placid, sluggish waters by whose walled margin we rode, there was in them but little suggestive of danger or of the tragic. But, as we heard afterward, at a spot that was then pointed out to us, was drowned the young son of the good old lady at whose house we were to stop.

Turning to the right, the ponies tug and strain up the steep roadway that ascends the mountain. Under the overhanging boughs of the chestnut and the oak we go; over tiny rivulets, and with a final pull, heavier than any yet, the panting horses come to a willing halt.

"Colonel Unseld, gentleman."

White-haired, and with flowing white beard, slow and deliberate of speech, as are many Virginians, the colonel greets us.

All who take carriages must stop here, and make the ascent from this point on foot. They may, therefore, congratulate themselves that a propitious Providence led Colonel Unseld to select this spot for a private and most hospitable dwelling. To those who rest a while in her parlor, Mrs. Unseld—Scotch-Irish by descent, with the shrewdness of the one nation, and something of the ready wit of the other — can tell many interesting incidents of the time when the shells whizzed high overhead from the tone fort on the summit, and the yellow flag of the hospital flew over her homestead, and in this very parlor lay the dead and dying. Upon hospitable thoughts intent, Mrs. Unseld placed before us peaches and pears, both of which ripen late at this elevation. She was sorry, she said, but her "pears this year were like the politicians." And, truly, so we found them. They were outwardly sound and healthy, and some few did not belie their looks. Take up one at random, however, and the chances were that it was inwardly rotten from the core to the rind.

The landscape below, seen from the north side of the Heights, tempts us to linger a moment, and then, plunging into the woods, we begin the ascent up a dry ravine that leads directly to the summit. We find out before long why
so many persons are content with the fine views from the Ferry itself. We have been over other mountains, but the steady, knee-breaking climb up the nearly perpendicular shoulder of these heights is the hardest piece of mountaineering we ever accomplished. Heated, in spite of the cool breeze that is blowing, and tired, we reach at last the ultimate ridge.

"Can any view repay such exertion?"

"Stand by this old flag-staff, and look."

We are answered.

In the first flush of any deep feeling or great and sudden surprise, speech is taken away from most persons. We trust that none who read these lines have ever witnessed an execution, but, if they have, they must have been painfully struck with the simultaneous and involuntary movement, the shuddering, audible drawing of the breath, as the drop fell. It is with pleasure as it is with pain. They are brothers, though the outward resemblance be so slight. The long, involuntary exclamation that from more than one of our party testified to the effect of the interminable stretch of valley and hill that bewildered while it delighted, was therefore but the fitting tribute to the magnificence of the view that, as we touched the crowning ridge, burst upon us. It is beautiful in its undulating, wooded slopes, its cultivated fields. It is grand in its mountains, huge, and black, and stately, in the distance, fading and melting in the haze, with solitary peaks jutting boldly out, breaking the ranges as far as the eye can follow. Through the valley between flows the Potomac, curving to the right, then deflecting to the left, and, with a long stretch by the base of intruding hills, lost to sight, only to reappear, for the last time, a gleaming mass in the brown, blended landscape. Loudon Heights lies on the other side of the river, and beyond is the rich Quaker settlement of Loudon County, that blessed spot, where the land drops fatness, and poverty is said to be unknown. We look down upon the broken outlines of the Short Hills, half concealed from view, in which lies Lovettsville, Valley, and, on the other side, the Valley of the Shenandoah. At our feet are the fertile farms, the tree-embosomed houses, the symmetrical orchards, and the brown, harvested fields of Pleasant Valley. We are at an elevation of thirteen hundred feet. At our side the old flag-staff erected by the Coast Survey when they fell back to this point to gain some necessary bearings for the map of the Atlantic coast-line. All around are scattered the ruins of the war. At that time the whole apex was bare of its trees, and the old height lifted its head, a very monk among mountains, with a shaven crown and a narrow belt of timber midway of the summit. But the earth hastens ever to hide the scars made on her bosom. A sturdy and dense growth of shrubbery now protects this space, save where, around the flag-staff and the Old Stone Fort, the stone foundations and the scattered rocks that composed the walls show how the soldiers encamped here endeavored to shelter themselves from the biting winds of winter.

The broad rampart of the Old Stone Fort now forms an excellent post of observation. From it the view is unobstructed, except where the Blue Ridge, throwing out spurs here and there, mountain linked to mountain in endless variety of height and shape, rises and divides valley from valley. This Blue Ridge has another peculiarity besides the soft, envelop-
ing, distinctive color from which
it takes its name. It is not a con-
tinued line, but a series of moun-
tain-ranges pocketed into each
other. First one mountain will take
up the elevation for ten or twenty
miles, and then, in its turn, some
detached height will continue the
broken chain, only to give place to
a third, and this to others, before
the Susquehanna is reached. All
along its course it forms the divid-
ing line of States and counties.
From these heights we look, for
instance, into seven counties — Je-
ffer son, Loudon, Frederick,
Fauquier, and Clarke, in Virgi-
nia, and Frederick and Washin-
gton Counties, in Maryland; and into
three States — Virginia, West Vir-
ginia, and Maryland. Through all
the scene the eye traces the Poto-
mac, entering at the north, and
flowing southeast; the white houses
of the scattered towns, Martins-
burg, Shepherdstown, Knoxville,
Berlin, Hagerstown, and, on a
clear day, following the road that
winds over the hills — a yellow,
wavy ribbon, now seen, now lost —
Charlestown and Winchester. The
horizon is bounded, to the north
and west, by the Loudon and North
Mountains, enveloped in a haze of
smoky whiteness; and cultivated
fields, checkered with square
blocks of forest left for timber,
lie as if in the hollow trough of
two immense billows, whose
crests are these swelling undula-
tions of the land. The Potomac,
coursing through sunlight or
shade, adds beauty, and life, and
changeableness. There would be a
sombreness in the view that would
detract much from its attractive-
ness without this beautiful river.
Some one has said that a fire is
cheerful because it is a live thing
in a dead room. So a river is
alive, ever flowing, and ever
changing. It is to a level landscape
what the eye is to the human coun-
tenance — it lights it up, and gives
it expression.

Through all this sweep of vision
there are no signs of the ruin that
war brought upon the fair Valley
of Virginia. The once fenceless
farms are again broken here and
there into fields and pastures.
Though General Sheridan boasted
that a crow flying over this region
would have to carry its rations in
its beak — and the boast came very
near being fulfilled — bounteous
harvests and well-stocked barns
now testify to the thrift and energy
of the people. The towns have
suffered, and still show the marks
of the devastation, but the open
country is still the same as before
the armies marched and counter-
marched with destructive tread
over its surface. What man has
built, man has destroyed, and,
in many cases, utterly; but the
fair and smiling fields are as
eternal as the mountains that shel-
ter and protect them.

Reluctantly we leave our breezy
station, and descend by the longer
way around the shoulder of the
ridge overlooking the Ferry. A
few moments rest at the hospi-
table home of Colonel Unseld; then
down the steep and tortuous road
at a rattling pace; along the still
waters of the canal, looked at now
with a new, shuddering interest as
we think and speak of the tragedy
that has happened in them; by the
Potomac, where Lehman was shot;
over the bridge, with thoughts full
of the beauties of mountain and
river, and a longing like that which
draws a lover to his lady’s side,
to see them all once again.

The evening falls among the
mountains, calm and peaceful. The
huge shadows of the dusky heights
overcast the town and river. If it
is in the season — for artists, like
migratory birds, have their time
for appearing in different places,
and for disappearing — some wan-
dering artist from Baltimore,
Washington, or, in rarer cases,
New York may stroll in with
sketching - portfolio and camp-stool, and exhibit to the wondering natives the counterfeit presentment of familiar scenes.

The night darkens, and the Ferry puts on another aspect, both novel and singularly beautiful. The mountains, dimly seen, close in upon the murmuring river and the quiet town. They rise, still sombre and black, unrelieved by a single gleam of light, and shut out the sky, except immediately overhead, or where the long reach of the river has made a break in their continuity, which the eye follows, and down which the twinkling stars, reflected in the water, glitter brightly. Along the foot of the Maryland Heights, bright, golden-rayed lights creep in slow motion. They are those that show the path of the innumerable boats that convey the freight of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—that old, expensive, and until lately unremunerative work of internal improvement, begin under the auspices of Washington, and laboriously pushed to completion. Occasionally a skiff crosses the Potomac, its lamp casting a long, flashing, illuminated path before it. Over the bridge, and where the perpendicular, barred, and veined rocks of the Maryland Heights come down to the river, the red signals that denote the coming of a train suddenly appear, and presently, with a rumble and jar across the bridge, the loaded cars slacken speed, stop a moment, and take up their usual hurrying, anxious, noisy crowd of passengers, many of whom have come by the Winchester and Potomac road, which connects here. Mothers, who have been sitting, the very images of patience, hastily clutch babies and bundles; those exasperating, cool persons, the experienced travellers, quietly push ahead, and, obtaining the best seats, turn over the ones next them, fill them with carpet-bags and overcoats, and coolly ignore all inquiring glances; the shrill whistle awakens the answering echoes from the surrounding hills, and the train carries its burden westward, its long array of shining windows flashing on the river and growing dimmer and dimmer, until, all confused and blended, they disappear beyond the rounded western hills. Again the quiet is only broken by the ceaseless ripple of the Potomac, as it frets and chafes over its obstructions, and by the weirdly-musical horns of the boatmen as they play fantastic tunes, as a warning of their approach, to the keeper of the lock.

Wandering off from the Ferry by the banks of the river, by mountain-streams, often falling in graceful cascades, or pursuing their course along the indented base of the Blue Ridge, many forest-roads present little "bits" of striking beauty dear to the eye of the artist. The road to Antietam and the battle-field of Sharpsburg is especially rich in these cabinet-pictures set in Nature's framework.

The drive is along the mountainside from Pleasant Valley. It runs for part of the way under overhanging rocks and above deep-wooded ravines, into which foaming cascades leap, sounding in their far recesses. All along the elevated road beautiful views of mountain and valley open, ever-varying.

After the mountains are left, the Antietam gives a different scenery. Old mills border the sleepy stream—called, in the speech of the country, a "creek." Quaint stone bridges span it, and, near its jucture with the Potomac, stands the rambling, uneven range of buildings which form the Antietam Rolling-Mills.

On the road leading from Pleas-
ant Valley and that from Boons­
borough came the army of Mc­
Clellan to the battle of Anti­
tam, or Sharpsburg. These two
roads are the only ones that cross
the Antietam on stone bridges. The
Burnside Bridge is on the Pleas­
ant Valley road, and here some of
the most desperate fighting of the
day occurred. It was on the ex­
trme right of Lee’s line. Sloping
down to it are the heights of
Sharpsburg. It was of almost vital
importance to Lee to guard this
flank. If it should be doubled up,
and the Sharpsburg Height in the
hands of McClellan, the Shep­
herdstown Ford of the Potomac
would be closed to his retreat.
The Confederate forces, under the
command of General Toombs, held
the bridge, and were supported by
batteries posted on the hills in the
rear, Burnside was ordered to at­
tack and carry this bridge at all
hazards. The attack was alter­
posing forces. Couriers from
McClellan urged Burnside to
“carry the bridge with the bayo­
et,” and to capture and hold the
height beyond. At four in the after­
noon a final attack captured it.
It was then too late. The command
of A. P. Hill had arrived from
Harper’s Ferry, and the Federal
advance was checked. McClellan,
after the terrible fight that had
continued throughout the day along
the whole line, was too weak to
reenforce Burnside. Thus both
sides rested at nightfall. Lee then
retreated by the Shepherdstown
Ford into Virginia.

Harper’s Ferry, long before the
war brought it conspicuously to the
attention of the world, had derived
an extensive fame from Jeffer­
sen’s description of it. This des­
cription the visitor of to-day is apt
to believe exaggerated. But Jef­
ferson’s account was written be­
fore we were familiar with all the
natural wonders of our land, and
hence, while its beauties are very
great, it is scarcely “one of the
most stupendous scenes in Na­
ture;” nor are we apt to believe
a view of it “worth a voyage
across the Atlantic.” It must rank
among the numerous striking nat­
ural beauties of our land, inferior
in magnitude to many of the far
Western canyons, but acquiring an
interest from its historical asso­
ciations, which more than compen­
sate for its secondary place in our
gallery of scenic wonders.

States Sacrifice In World War 1

By Boyd Stutler

BARBOUR COUNTY

Killed In Action:
Alexander, Oscar G.
Dean, William Franklin
Joe, Evert E.
Jones, Fred E.
Jones, David O.
Matthews, Andrew L.
Mayle, Lawrence A.
Moore, Charles W.
Myers, William
Nitz, Carl F.
Regester, Lawson D.
Simmons, Carl

Died of Wounds:

Halterman, Albert L.
Kramer, John L.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.
Brandon, Clayton B.
Hovatter, James B.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.
Duckworth, Okey E.
Newman, Nelson
Wilson, Thomas C.

Wounded In Action:
Adams, Thomas P.
Barrett, Brooks
Blake, Ira C.
Booth, Bennis
Dadisman, Claude Q. A.

England, FitzHugh L.
Ervin, Clyde
Farance, Arthur
Fornash, Dillie M.
Foy, Goff H.
Harris, Ray
Hillyard, Oral B.
Himes, Loman
Himes, Porter G.
Huber, George W.
Janer, James B.
Lauts, Alva
McVicker, Columbus, O.
Manown, Hawston R.
Mayle, William M.
Miller, Dayton G.
Schell, Aleton D.
Paugh, Edward Camden
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>BOONE COUNTY</strong></td>
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</table>

**Killed in Action:**
- Alderman, Dell
- Cook, James D.
- Midkiff, Oscar
- Rector, Raymond W.

**Died of Wounds:**
- Welch, Rom W.

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Nelson, Herbert
- Short, Ada

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Ashley, David
- Halsey, Samuel C.
- Hill, James M.
- Hill, Ernest D.
- Hill, Tunell
- Holmes, Cleveland
- Mayes, Sam E.
- Meadows, William A.

**Wounded in Action:**
- Ashbury, Rome
- Ball, Cyrus W.
- Barger, James A.
- Bisel, Elley C.
- Childers, Sylvester E.
- Corbet, John W. (colored)
- Cummings, Loyd
- Dulin, George W.
- Ellis, Robert L.
- Evans, Conduit F.
- Forrell, Robert F.
- Fugger, Frank B.
- Hamilton, Tinker M.
- Hopkins, Luther
- Horton, James
- Jarrell, Herbert
- Jones, Stine
- Kincade, Joseph Crumble
- Marshall, Albert Wettzell
- Miller, Donladon
- Panseke, John A.
- Parsons, Calvin J.
- Pauley, Robert E.
- Perdon, Everel
- Perry, Frank
- Price, Mamie
- Rainsen, Elizah
- Sugg, Bruce
- Vickers, Delmar T.
- Vickers, Earl
- Walker, James P.

**BRAXTON COUNTY**

**Killed in Action:**
- Carr, Benjamin H.
- Clayton, Harry
- Conley, John T.
- Exline, Oscar
- Green, Luther H.
- Hamric, Arch
- Keith, Ophie H.
- Martin, Roy B.
- Singleton, Fred
- Woods, Raymond A.

**Died of Wounds:**
- Cutlip, William L.
- Kraft, John E.
- Singleton, Ira

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Boga, Clarence H.
- Cris, Guy H.
- Dulin, Edwin L.
- Foley, James W.
- Gillispe, Harry
- White, Luke
- Young, James M.

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Clouser, David D.
- Dent, Charley W.

**Died of Wounds:**
- Welch, Rom W.

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Nelson, Herbert
- Short, Ada

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Ashley, David
- Halsey, Samuel C.
- Hill, James M.
- Hill, Ernest D.
- Hill, Tunell
- Holmes, Cleveland
- Mayes, Sam E.
- Meadows, William A.

**Wounded in Action:**
- Ashbury, Rome
- Ball, Cyrus W.
- Barger, James A.
- Bisel, Elley C.
- Childers, Sylvester E.
- Corbet, John W. (colored)
- Cummings, Loyd
- Dulin, George W.
- Ellis, Robert L.
- Evans, Conduit F.
- Forrell, Robert F.
- Fugger, Frank B.
- Hamilton, Tinker M.
- Hopkins, Luther
- Horton, James
- Jarrell, Herbert
- Jones, Stine
- Kincade, Joseph Crumble
- Marshall, Albert Wettzell
- Miller, Donladon
- Panseke, John A.
- Parsons, Calvin J.
- Pauley, Robert E.
- Perdon, Everel
- Perry, Frank
- Price, Mamie
- Rainsen, Elizah
- Sugg, Bruce
- Vickers, Delmar T.
- Vickers, Earl
- Walker, James P.

**BOOKE COUNTY**

**Killed in Action:**
- Cattell, Ezra B.
- Ledger, Joseph
- Lemon, Gilbert Willard
- Stillitano, Salvatore
- Watkins, Emery M.

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Karinath, Samuel
- Newell, Leatha J.
- Smith, Charles H.
- Steiger, Vincent Jacob

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Hevall, Harvey L.
- McQuain, John L.
- Robinson, Clarence
- Skidmore, William E.
- Taylor, William S.
- Tunkin, Nobsy
- Wilson, Nobsy W.

**Wounded in Action:**
- Barkle, Lewis
- Barnett, Robert E.
- Barnett, John C.
- Bear, Carl
- Brady, Joseph A.
- Bright, Okey E.
- Bussey, Charles A.
- Carr, Criss
- Cart, Elmore
- Cogan, Clarence
- Conley, John
- Cratefield, Harry L.
- Cutlip, Luther
- Dean, Thomas E.
- Duffield, James A.
- Friend, Orpha B.
- Givens, James
- Greenhouse, Alphonse
- Hewitt, Homer E.
- Hosen, Leno L.
- Jackson, Orville Coy
- Jamison, Emm L.
- Jones, Jesse L.
- Kitt, Hugh
- Kniesley, Garrett Butcher
- Knight, Ethel E.
- Loyd, George S.
- McCumber, Gordon
- McQueen, Levi J.
- Malcolm, Walter
- Mollahan, Obedt A.
- Nesselrothe, George R.
- Nicholas, Edna
- Ramsey, Lester G.
- Rollyson, Freeman L.
- Singleton, George T.
- Sudder, Price
- Steel, Archie G.
- Stump, Henry D.
- Stump, Thomas R.
- Taylor, Harold
- Wyatt, Everett E.
- Wyatt, Oren
WOUNDED IN ACTION:
Arthur, Paul H.
Baldrige, Patrick
Bennett, Austin
Chambers, Charles P.
Chaney, William S.
Christian, George
Cole, James
Cox, James
Crawford, Thomas Madden
Daino, Daniel
Dale, Thomas DeWitt
Darby, Hugh D.
Doughtery, George P.
Doughtery, John B.
Edwards, Fred E.
Himes, Urria C.
Hopkins, Tudor F.
Johnston, Samuel R.
Johnston, Thomas A.
Johnson, Joseph S.
Jones, Alsea Lee
Klodo, Pietro
Leonard, Elmer J.
Lewis, George D.
Lobmiller, John Z.
McAllister, James
MePeek, Edward L.
Martin, Joseph W.
Matchett, Byron
Mennigan, James
Midgett, John
Mills, Joseph M.
Ousby, John
Rhodes, John H.
Robinson, Clark H.
Roby, Ofa C.
Rodgers, James M., Jr.
Rodgers, Lawrence
Sabol, John
Schwartz, Charles H.
Shafer, Ellie C.
Smith, Kenneth J.
Sprague, Chester
Stewart, James R.
Stiles, Wilbur G.
Stillson, Peter
Turner, Frederick F.
Wallace, Bessie E.
Walshe, Thomas C.

CABELL COUNTY

KILLED IN ACTION:
Agnew, Albert
Beecket, Raymond R.
Carter, Maran S.
Dial, Walter V.
Dye, Curtis A.
Edgington, Andrew E.
Elliott, Pearl
Ferguson, Leroy
Handley, Clyde C.
Holley, Chester A.
Jenkins, AXelle M.
Jones, Charles M.
Mclcloud, Maryland
McKenny, Fred C.
Mafford, Oscar E.
Rigney, John L.
Ross, Wedell
Schachtmeister, Sam
Staton, Roy

WOUNDED IN ACTION:
Adkins, Tolbert
Bailey, Robert

DIED OF WOUNDS:
Adkins, Wilborn
Adkins, Lee
Adkins, Sylvanm
Altizer, Arthur B.
Arthur, George B.
Ashworth, William W.
Bandy, William
Barbour, Oscar
Biss, Stewart
Biss, Charles R.
Black, Lewis E.
Blankenship, Frank
Blevins, Ernest
Booth, Jessie V.
Boster, Major M.
Branner, Rex
Brown, Thomas
Bryan, Theodore J.
Burchall, Thomas
Butler, Stanley C.
Byers, Emery Oke
Cantrell, Claude W.
Chaffin, Robert E.
Chapman, Claude R.
Christians, Charles
Combs, Chester
Creamean, Walter
Crowe, Albert R.
Cronin, Denis J.
Cyrus, Archie
Davis, John C.
Day, Austin
Diddle, Raymond L.
Ekamine, Russell
Evans, Wilkins A.
Frazer, Jeff L.
Garrison, John F., Jr.
Gregory, Gilbert E.
Harbour, Shelly A.
Henson, David A.

CHALMERS COUNTY

DIED OF DISEASE, ETC., U. S.:
Arthur, Hunert W.
Crabtree, Henry
Condon, Lawrence Joseph
Daves, Tvedford
Fullerton, Ernest C.
Harless, Roy Clarence
Keyser, Lee
Lambert, Ralph I.
Neal, Raymond E.
Nixon, Farris P.
Notter, Halsey G.
Payton, Mark M.
Royse, Robert W.
Simpson, Dolphus
Smith, Ovbe, Jr. (colored)
Summers, Bronson Ewing
Trevillian, Harold A.
Watts, Ore H.

DIED OF DISEASE, ETC., A. E. F.:
Bellomy, Henry H.
Cox, Albert C.
Craddic, Jesse (colored)
Duncun, Frederick A.
Fisher, Delbert
Foster, John
Jackson, Ottus D.
Mahan, Lyle F.
Morgan, Chester A.
Newman, Clayton M.
Simpson, Harry T.

Hill, Loranza
Hoback, Jesse L.
Holt, Thomas M.
Hunt, Joseph H.
Jenkins, Clevland G.
Jones, Emmanuel Macon
Keller, Bernard F.
McAllister, Herbert R.
McNulty, Herman Leroy
Meredith, Bennie C.
Midkiff, Max
Miller, Charley
Mills, Harry P.
Moore, Clarence L.
Moore, Edwin E.
Morrison, Ethan
Moss, Joe W.
Oakes, Milton S.
Pancake, Virgil H.
Payne, Frank
Phillips, Charles
Plaster, Egbert L.
Peet, Lester H.
Powell, Charley
Powers, Frederick M.
Priddy, Cecil R.
Rigdon, Howard M.
Roberts, Roscoe
Romer, Isadore B.
Rose, Baxter
Sang, Earl Edward
Sheehan, Homer B.
Sheets, Amos
Smith, Leslie
Suider, Elza L.
Stanley, John L.
Stephenson, Walter
Stevens, William
Steward, George
Swann, Clarence C.
Temple, Frederick A.
Thorburn, Owen D.
Trippett, Graydon
Villar, Roy Lee
Waugh, Otis J.
Wise, Wesley V.
Wolcott, Fuller C.

WOUNDED IN ACTION:
Adams, William C.
Adkins, Wilborn
Adkins, Lee
Adkins, Sylvanm
Altizer, Arthur B.
Arthur, George B.
Ashworth, William W.
Bandy, William
Barbour, Oscar
Biss, Stewart
Biss, Charles R.
Black, Lewis E.
Blankenship, Frank
Blevins, Ernest
Booth, Jessie V.
Boster, Major M.
Branner, Rex
Brown, Thomas
Bryan, Theodore J.
Burchall, Thomas
Butler, Stanley C.
Byers, Emery Oke
Cantrell, Claude W.
Chaffin, Robert E.
Chapman, Claude R.
Christian, Charles
Combs, Chester
Creamean, Walter
Crowe, Albert R.
Cronin, Denis J.
Cyrus, Archie
Davis, John C.
Day, Austin
Diddle, Raymond L.
Ekamine, Russell
Evans, Wilkins A.
Frazer, Jeff L.
Garrison, John F., Jr.
Gregory, Gilbert E.
Harbour, Shelly A.
Henson, David A.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

Hurtaborn, Everett L.
Johnson, Karl C.
Jones, James E.
Kesey, Willie L.
Lynch, Harley T.
May, Estel G.
Nichols, Leonard E.
O'Flaherty, Arthur
Nichols, Leonard E.
Poling, Dorr E.
Roberts, William F.
Roberts, William S.
Smith, Smith H.
Starcher, William
Stevens, Bert
Tucker, Roy
West, Robert
Whipkey, Arthurb

CLAY COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Cochran, David J.
Elliott, George W.
Hart, Quantrell C.
Truman, Joseph S.

Died of Wounds:
Knotts, William
Osburn, Lawrence
Vaughan, Okey

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Cox, James R.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Adkins, Thomas F.
Buckner, Thomas
Chapman, Jack D.
Frasier, Robert
Gibson, John Virgil
Johnson, Richard
Lynn, Floyd
Nicholas, Anderson
Pries, Carrington M.
Ramsey, James W.
Reed, James E.

Wounded in Action:
Adkins, Rex
Coleman, Paris B.
Davis, Jesse P.
Davis, Robert B.
Friend, Levy
Friend, Joseph S.
Goodwin, Otmer
Graham, Lester B.
Hanson, Wilber D.
Jones, Austin F.
Justice, Ireland
Lyons, Money M.
McCombs, Virgil
McNennan, Russed W.
Nutter, Charence Eimer
Nutter, Thomas Washington
Osborne, Walter
Phillips, Willie O.
Petit, David H.
Rollins, Charlie
Samples, Wesley E.
Samples, Lester Herbel
Sankey, Joe
Siers, Frank
Thomas, Albert

DODDRIDGE COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Adams, Wayne C.
Ash, Benjamin H.
Davis, Olina
Robinson, Cecil Blaine
Walton, George

Warner, Dorney O.

Died of Wounds:
Gant, Lidden L.
Heflin, William G.
Kimball, Joe W.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Bailey, Delbert
Bailey, Harper
Droppeleman, John W.
Guthrie, John W.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Cole, Roy D.
Stutler, Luther L.
Stutler, Earl G.
Underwood, John B.

Wounded in Action:
Adkins, Rex
Coleman, Paris B.

Wounded in Action:
Adkins, Corby
Agnos, Mike
Akers, Ken D.
Alash, Frank
Allen, Klasa
Arthur, Frasier
Ashley, John B.
Atkinson, James P.
Ayres, Charley L.
Beasley, Carl
Boggess, William Henry
Bolen, John
Bradley, Quincy T.
Brendin, Sidney (colored)
Cale, Ernest
Calloway, Sam (colored)
Campbell, Patsy
Carte, Walter H.
Coffman, Thomas L.
Coner, John S.
Coon, Clarence A.
Cooper, Charlie R.
Craig, Warris M.
Cuthbertson, Thomas J.
Davis, Lester
Davis, Lewis C.
Dwyer, Bert
Dixon, John George
Doe, Chace R.
Eagle, Wilford S.
Ehns, James O.
Evans, Alva
Filibin, John J.
Fitzwater, Alfred M.
Glasen, David
Geoff, William S.
Goode, William N.
Gross, William M.
Griffith, Bert E.
Grinstead, Harrison Lorton
Hatcher, Charles S.
Hendrick, Thomas N.
Hicks, Herbert C.
Horavy, Ernest
Humphrey, James L.
Hurley, Robert
Jabolinski, Julian
James, Russell S.
Johnson, Guy E.
Jordan, Walter B.
Koontz, Huk
Lancaster, George Brody
Leight, William H.
Lower, Donnie A.
Lute, Otto L.
Lucas, Clarence C.
Lyon, Guy H.
McClung, Crosby
McCutcheon, Loving V.
McLaughlin, Lawrence M
McMillon, Roy
McVey, Zepha T.
Masiezak, Antonio
Massan, John W.
Miller, James F.
Miller, Ernest
Neal, Joseph D.
Nugen, Edward S.
Osborne, Dewey
Patterson, Ha and Robert
Perry, Robert P.
Peters, George
Poff, David B.
Prueet, Otto P.
Reynolds, George W.
Rhodes, George
Richards, George F.
Richards, Bernard
Roberson, Gerome
Rose, James E.
Sanford, Otis T.
Searbro, Hui Green
Settle, John B.
Shepherd, Will
Shuck, Edgar N.
Shuck, George A. C.
Skaggs, William Edward
Smathers, Henry Guy
Smith, Birt J.
Sniee, David F.
Smith, Clyde
Taylor, James B.
Thomas, James E.
Thompson, Hugh L.
Tocauas, Robert F.
Treadway, Roy E.
Underwood, William L.
Van Natt, Force
Varniello, Toney
Wakefield, Benjamin
Waldenville, Edwin L.
Walker, Randall C.
Watkins, John S.
Weller, Sam
Whitt, Earl
Williams, Klaie
Wilson, Gordon L.
Withrow, Foss A.
Wolford, Wilson W.
Young, Frank

GILMER COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Ayers, Charles L.
Carson, Tom
Reaser, Lee
Shaver, Warder G.

Died of Wounds:
Snyder, William B.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Evans, Clarence E.
Gilkeson, Robert W.
Horn, William L.
Lee, James C.
Wolford, Charles C.

Died of Wounds:
Barnes, Frederick W.
Banta, John C.
Blair, Joseph B.
Boggs, Frank J.
Boyd, Hazel C.
Burns, Thomas W.
Burns, Jim
Byers, Alfred C.
Byrd, John H.
Byrne, John A.
Clifford, Leo M.
Coohran, David F.
Corron, Charles L.
Corron, George F.
Dahmer, Martin V.
Dane, Arthur L.
Darnell, Herbert
Dyson, John C.
Egner, William L.
Emkine, Roy Gates
Petters, Bruce Charles
Plack, Harold B.
Hawkey, Edwin Cooper
Hamed, Snil
Holiday, Franklin E.
Honaker, Arthur L.
Hopper, Clyde M.
Kershner, Clyde C.
Loudermilk, Estill E.
Loudermilk, Ernest H.
Loe, William R.
McChung, Carroll Dowitt
Miller, John W.
Morgan, Kyle E.
Patterson, John C.
Paul, Robert S.
Perrey, Anthony K.
Pitzenbarger, Ira
Remley, David L.
Richardson, Frank L.
Ridgeway, George H.
Ruehl, Michael F.
Russell, James Valle
Rutledge, Vernon
Sleeth, James R.
Smith, Adam H.
Tarkul, Miller H.
Wyatt, Edmond B.

HAMPERSHAM COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Evans, Clarence E.
Gilkeson, Robert W.
Horn, William L.
Lee, James C.
Wolford, Charles C.

Died of Wounds:
Bean, Arthur C.
Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:

Badger, John M.
Brown, Edward L.
Brown, Elmer L.
Brown, Joseph W.
Brown, Riley P.
Brown, Elmer L.
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Brown, Joseph W.
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Brown, Riley P.
Brown, Joseph W.
Cianci, Sam
Conley, Okey T.
Cottrill, Thomas
Cramer, Earl
Cunningham, Arlie C.
Cunningham, Jacob B.
Danley, Carl
Davis, Arthur B.
Day, Charles G.
Demarino, Nicola
Durham, Arley
Durham, Albert
English, Cornelius F.
Ferrise, Bernardo
Fisher, Price L.
Fortney, Jesse P.
Fragale, Antonio
Gaines, Andrew W.
Gentili, Andres
Godsmith, John W.
Graves, French
Gregory, Thomas
Griffith, William Pearly
Hammond, Joseph H.
Harbert, Howard
Harbert, Blain C.
Harris, Dwight R.
Harris, Major McKinley
Harvey, Orval Ray
Hayes, Homer E.
Himeleck, Egl T.
Hinton, John L.
Hood, Adam A.
Howard, John W.
Huffman, John Andy
Humes, Raymond
Hutson, Iven
Irser, David W.
Jaconesi, Dominick
Johnson, Eugene Paul
Lawson, Hassel R.
Lewis, Floyd M.
Lincoln, Roy
Linville, Harry
Luddy, Paul William
Lynch, David E.
McAtee, Fred
McNichol, Daniel E., Jr.
Marple, Benjamin
Merritt, Eddie W.
Mets, Roy
Mikes, Isaac
Minnich, David R.
Minutieli, Angelo
Minutelli, Vincente
Monios, Pete
Moore, William V.
Morrison, Leon
Mulvane, Francis L.
Newcomer, Lloyd Hampton
Nicolletti, John
Nunnam, Percy C.
Oldaker, Arthur
Owens, Frank M.
Payne, Walter L.
Petrel, Walter J.
Ray, Elmer
Rhoden, James
Riley, Harley Alden
Richards, Luther
Robert, Ashby
Root, Arthur Steve
Ruh, Henry Walker
Sandy, Robert E.
Satterfield, Max Earl
Schutt, Glen O.
Scott, John Leonides
Silverstein, Jack
Slonaker, Lake
Smith, Frank
Smith, William W.
Samsone, John
Stanford, Andrew J.
Stead, Harley R.
Stemple, Leonard R.
Strether, John A.
Strother, Cecil L.
Strother, Wade
Sutherland, Albert D.
Swiger, Brooks
Swik, Cletus R.
Swiger, Jesse E.
Talarik, Domenico
Taqinton, Saverio
Taylor, James R.
Thompson, Roy G.
Tolfa, Olinda
Underwood, John O.
Underwood, Worthy
Weigler, Floyd uyenger
Weyrick, William J.
Williams, Haymond
Windsor, James E.
Woodford, Goodloe
Wright, George W.
Wright, Orval A.
Yank, Bruno

JACKSON COUNTY
Killed in Action:
Baker, Thomas W.
Davis, Kenna
Hill, Harry E.
Hopkins, Arden
Scarbrough, Joseph C.
Shinn, Harley P.
Williams, Emerson A.
Died of Wounds:
Able, Robert A.
Lane, William D.
Petty, John

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Jeffries, Charles H.
Logston, Thomas D.
Palmer, Lawrence
Rayburn, Roderic
Thompson, George O.
Wright, Walker

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Bonnett, Dennis H.
Cromlish, Richard G.
Deem, Harry H.
King, Don B.
Knightstap, Roy W.
Shepherd, Thomas M.
Shepherd, John F.
Smith, Boyd C.
Taylor, Rufus
Wandling, Chester A.
Field, John E.
Fisher, Loren O.
Gandee, Uriah
Gandee, Sherman
Grant, Carl G.
Greene, Hartford
Hill, John F.
Holliday, Frank B.
Holiday, David E.
Howell, Willie Herbert
Ingram, Isaac S.
Johnson, Leonard
Lanham, Noble C.
McKinley, Otto
Mills, Peter
Moorehead, Holly E.
Morgan, Francis Mont
Murray, Thomas B.
Niehoff, Harry
Parsons, Luther V.
Rake, George M.
Roby, James W.
Saley, Dorsey J.
Sander, William H.
Shinn, Howard A.
Sken, Joseph D.
Smith, Russell T.
Woodward, Hubert L.
Wright, Jacob W.
Zarntz, Oscar Clyde

JEFFERSON COUNTY
Killed in Action:
Grove, Clarence C.
Jackson, Wade H.
Perks, Joseph W.
Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Cockrell, John D.
Link, William H.
Snyder, Martin (colored)
Walker, Harry N.
Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Allen, Howard
Carr, George (colored)
Dunn, Terry T.
Feagans, Harry B.
Grove, Washington B.
Henry, Marvin W.
Hoke, Bernard B.
Malcomb, Jesse
Miller, Wilmer B.
Newcomer, Daniel B.
Price, Jesse Edward
Reinhart, Thomas C.
Robinson, Luther (colored)
Thomson, James Edward (colored)
Washby, Matthew (colored)
Webb, James E.
Wounded in Action:
Breden, Herbert K.
Crawford, George W.
Glover, Joseph Armstrong
Grove, Frank J.
Harder, Samuel H.
King, George F. (colored)
Lucas, John Peter
McDonald, Charles W.
Milton, James W.
Moore, Thomas F.
Rinaldo, Zimor
Ritenour, Claude D.
Snyder, Luther D.
Spencer, Hamilton C.
Swindler, Harold Frank
Thompson, Joseph Harry
Wagley, Arthur C.
Waters, Robert D.
Wilt, George W.
Winters, Paul E.
Young, Otis

KANAWHA COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Anderson, Lane S.
Baier, Ernest Hubert
Bailey, Dever
Baisley, Harvey
Brackley, John M.
Brissenden, Otie D.
Davis, Walter
Dillion, Harry L.
Donoghue, Francis
Dreibelbis, H 0.
Duffy, Harry
Froelich, Harry
Fugett, Hamson L.
Gil ispie, William H.
Graham, William S.
Grishaber, Joe J.
Harrison, Edmund C.
Herndon, Robert M.
Higginbotham, Allen
Holstine, Eyrin R.
Huffman, Noah F.
Jarvis, Albert E.
Johnson, Cecil
Keeney, Charles Hobson
Kersey, Charles F.
Lyon, William H.
Mack, Clyde
Milam, Homer H.
Morris, Burley P.
Mullins, Howard C.
Parker, Hubert
Payne, Francis W.
Perdue, James
Perzanger, William P.
Philipe, Albert
Pitman, Joseph H.
 Poe, Charles S.
Robinson, Eelia E.
Robbin, James P.
Rollins, Oscar H.
Samsom, Heber
Shafer, Charles E.
Shumate, John W.
Stalter, Herman C.
Smith, Victor H.
Stoffel, James Floyd
Thompson, Fred R.
Withrow, Harrison M.
Young, Elven W.

Died of Wounds:
Allen, Grant
Cavender, James W.
Doss, James W.
Higginbotham, Albert R.
Kern, Thomas D.
Lecch, John H.
Lewit, Robert E.
Loxland, John
Means, Frank
Pomeroy, Robert S.
Phillips, Albert
Pitman, Joseph H.
Poe, Charles S.
Robinson, Earl W.
Robbin, James P.
Rollins, Oscar H.
Samsom, Heber
Shafer, Charles E.
Shumate, John W.
Stalter, Herman C.
Smith, Victor H.
Stoffel, James Floyd
Thompson, Fred R.
Withrow, Harrison M.
Young, Elven W.

Goff, Edward L.
Jarrett, Owen
Lavender, Ray
Luther, Albert (colored)
McCullough, Albert M.
Rivers, Coleman (colored)
Ritz, Salome
Saunders, Ernest P.
Thomas, Frazier Oran
Young, John W.
Young, Wayman (colored)

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Bailey, Lonnie H.
Barr, Joseph A.
Braxton, Sam (colored)
Brennan, James N.
Brogan, Lee
Brown, Harry (colored)
Chandler, Howard C.
Child, George G.
Coyer, Earl M.
Edwards, Ed. (colored)
Eary, Frank W.
Femstern, Philip
Fugger, George E.
Grant, John (colored)
Hall, Cecil
Kelley, Van
Liggins, James W. (colored)
Lively, Frank W.
Lucas, Luther A.
Mclntyre, Leslie Playford
McNeely, Guy
Mayer, Eugene N.
Mullins, Howard C.
Murray, Edward
Olive, Wilbert
Roy, John C.
Sarver, Howard C.
Seagars, Homer W.
Skee, Ula
Staile, Levi
Summerfield, Barney E.
Taylor, John C.
Underwood, Rufus L.
Venable, Charles A.
Westfall, George E.
Wheeler, Ernest Dentin
Whittington, Staunton J.
Wilson, Wilbur
Winton, fate (colored)

Wounded In Action:
Anderson, Frank
Angel, Gratton
Archer, James
Ashbury, Hazel
Ashbury, Ervin
Ash, Marvin
Baker, Arthur Roderick
Bandry, Levil on K.
Barke, Samuel Jesse
Barnett, Hubert
Beasley, Wilbur M.
Beckner, Edward
Belcher, George
Blizzard, Joseph W.
Boisek, Moe
Bonham, Harvey R.
Bowers, Book C.
Bremsen, Kenna P.
Brown, John A.
Browning, Okley
Bunting, Howard
Burges, Harry
Cash, Frank A.
Cavender, John A.

Mountainside, Theodore
Champey, Edgar J.
Childers, Cassie S.
Childers, James
Childress, Donald
Christian, John
Chay, Robert T.
Cook, Ken
Corbett, John T.
Cottrell, Harvey B.
Cox, William T.
Cravens, John
Crawford, Carlos G.
Creel, John W.
Cree, Samuel Herbert
Crouch, George C.
Darby, Willie
Davidson, Conby
Davis, Charles Nerman
Davis, Edwin H.
Ditrapano, Louis
DeVore, Percy L.
Donlin, Iocan
Donnally, John Cotton
Duffy, James
Dunlap, Forest
Dye, Debert J.
Edens, Bennie
Edwards, Delford
Edwards, Robert F. (colored)
Evans, Ronald E.
Fahlow, Carl
Farrand, George H.
Ferrell, Benjamin F.
Fleming, Creed
Garrett, Lynn
Garrison, George M.
George, Russell W.
Gilkerson, William H.
Gilliam, Alyn B.
Grady, Louis M.
Grass, Coll E.
Grosb, Philip L.
Griphith, William F.
Griffitfe, Joseph Marion
Grinestad, Jean J.
Guard, Samuel Henry
Gunnese, Jesse L.
Gunnese, Lonnie G.
Guthrie, Robert Fleetwood
Gwinn, Charles Douglass
Hall, John C.
Hall, Mathew
Halethead, Theodore F.
Halloway, James
Harkles, Jess
Hawkins, Charles B.
Heater, Lee
Hickman, George E.
Hilditch, Sydney Hilo
Hill, Daniel
Holmes, Thomas M.
Howard, Charles C.
Huffman, Bill
Humphreys, Elderidge C.
Hume, Joseph E.
Hunt, Rees
Hyden, Jess
Johnson, Otto B.
Johnson, Claude G.
Johnson, Alfred Ely
Jones, Oris Montgomery
Jones, Alfred J.
Jones, Charlie (colored)
Kean, Kenneth D.
Kearan, Elmer D.
Kelley, William F.
Kelley, Cock
Kerr, Lee
Kidd, Charles H.
King, George McCullan
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Status</th>
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<tr>
<td>Weaver, William</td>
<td></td>
<td>Killed in Action:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wehrle, William J.</td>
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<td>Brown, Soloman H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>White, Connie</td>
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<td>Forman, Albert O.</td>
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<td>White, Jess</td>
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<td>Hall, Charles A.</td>
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<td>Whitlock, Charlie</td>
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<td>Halterman, Leslie W.</td>
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<td>Willard, Elmer</td>
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<td>Keener, John A.</td>
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<td>Wills, Dan</td>
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<td>Kiffe, Clell V.</td>
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<td>Williams, Chester</td>
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<td>Riley, Thomas Sylvestor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Williams, Louis H.</td>
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<td>Rohr, Laco D.</td>
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<td>Williams, Mandiville W.</td>
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<td>Wheeler, George H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Williams, Othter H.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Died of Wounds:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Williams, William E.</td>
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<td>Butcher, Wirt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wiseman, Benjamin H.</td>
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<td>Dorsey, John T.</td>
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<td>Wood, Harry</td>
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<td>Lewis, Harvey E.</td>
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<td>Wood, Hubert S.</td>
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<td>Neal, John</td>
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<td>Woodruff, Wilbert</td>
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<td>Ward, John Henry</td>
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<td>Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:</td>
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<td>Zirkle, Will</td>
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<td>Allman, Darral</td>
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<td>Dearth, John J.</td>
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<td>Garvin, Floyd E.</td>
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<td>Lemmons, Clark J.</td>
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<td>Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:</td>
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<td>Allen, James C.</td>
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<td>Bonnett, Edward T.</td>
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<td>Jack, William Henry, Jr.</td>
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<td>Linger, Louis</td>
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<td>Puffenbarger Andrew E.</td>
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<td>Simon, Richard L.</td>
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<td>Wounded in Action:</td>
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<td>Allman, Harvey E.</td>
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<td>Beegley, Arthur D.</td>
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<td>Bonnet, Swaiser Ledoand</td>
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<td>Crawford, Robert T.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LEWIS COUNTY**

**Killed in Action:**
- Brown, Solomon H.
- Forman, Albert O.
- Hall, Charles A.
- Halterman, Leslie W.
- Keener, John A.
- Kiffe, Clell V.
- Riley, Thomas Sylvestor
- Rohr, Laco D.
- Wheeler, George H.

**Died of Wounds:**
- Butcher, Wirt
- Dorsey, John T.
- Lewis, Harvey E.
- Neal, John
- Rohrbaugh, Frank
- Wales, Thomas Henry

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Allman, Darral
- Dearth, John J.
- Emerson, Lewis D.
- Garvin, Floyd E.
- Lemmons, Clark J.
- Myers, Edwin
- Starkey, Raymond F.
- Turner, Alpha E.
- Ward, John Henry

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Allen, James C.
- Bonnett, Edward T.
- Brown, Thomas E.
- Caedy, Fred M.
- Fucy, Joseph R.
- Gould, William
- Jack, William Henry, Jr.
- Linger, Louis
- Marsh, Fredmound M.
- Puffenbarger Andrew E.
- Simon, Richard L.

**Wounded in Action:**
- Allman, Harvey E.
- Amom, William H.
- Bacon, Dewey Edward
- Barb, Clarence
- Beegley, Arthur D.
- Bonnet, Swaiser Ledoand
- Butcher, Lewis Elbert
- Butcher, Tenney
- Crawford, Robert T.

**Lincoln County**

**Killed in Action:**
- Adkins, Eligha G.
- Adkins, Robert G.
- Nece, William A.
- Nelson, Farm
- Ramsey, Ira F.
- Roberts, Wyatt
- Thompson, Calvin

**Died of Wounds:**
- Biss, Sterling
- Dolin, James O.
- Napier, Arnold
- Smith, Millard

**Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:**
- Farley, Andrew
- Hudson, Walter

**Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:**
- Hager, Henry H.
- Hill, Charley
- Lee, William R.
- McClure, Virgil
- Midkiff, Alvia
- Paulley, Zachariah
- Price, Alonso L.
- Spurlock, William

**Wounded in Action:**
- Adkins, Claud
- Bell, Charley Ross
- Bellomy, John
- Elliott, Archie
- Eplin, Linzie
- Evans, John F.
- Fry, Elza C.
- Frye, Robert E.
- Goby, Woodson A.
- Hoy, John H.
- Johnson, Scott M.
- Johnson, Albert
LOGAN COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Ball, Willard
Bartram, Clarence
Clay, Floyd W.
Cook, Newton
Curtis, Tony
Dial, Oscar
Gunter, Edward
Hensley, David
Lowe, Roy
McNeely, John B.
Martin, John
Munsey, William F.
Robinson, James L.
Simms, Roy
Smith, Willie F.
Stewart, Bee
Tarka, Mike
Vance, Ulysses B.
White, Peter
Whitman, Keefer Jennings

Died of Wounds:
Blankenship, John L.
Cook, Elmer
Hobbs, Homer
Lax, Noble J.
Marchant, Lawrence
Mullins, Danver
Nowland, William R.
Philips, Haskell
Runyan, Henry H.
Thompson, Harold

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Cox, Thomas J.
Dahne, Fred E.
Hardy, Joe (colored)
Levy, Frank T.
Johnson, Johnnie (colored)
Tabor, Allen
Vance, Homer
Vance, Levi J.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Bailey, William O.
Bills, Elbert
Brown, James Linford
Carter, Elbert
Dillard, Sam (colored)
Fletcher, George R.
Green, Bert W.
Hughes, Calvin (colored)
Jeffreys, Wilbert S.
Johnson, Sam (colored)
Justice, Claud B.
Mounts, Drue
Stone, Moss F.
Weaver, James (colored)
White, Roy

Wounded in Action:
Adams, Albert
Adkins, Zattou
Adkins, William W.
Aldrick, Lovell H.
Allen, Willie
Ball, Frank
Ball, Elisa
Bell, Frank J.
Blake, Walter S.
Blankenship, Everett
Boring, Tom
Breden, George F.
Brewater, Hil
Breuer, Charles
Brown, Hires C.
Bryant, Allen
Chambers, Floyd
Chapin, James
Christian, Greenway
Conley, Gay T.
Covey, George E.
Craddock, Ella
Craft, Dan (colored)
Crawford, Jim F.
Crittenden, John H.
Cyrus, James G.
Davis, Thomas Y.
Dingess, Bird
Ellins, Reeter H.
Ellis, James M.
Ellis, Carl
Ferrell, Frank
Ferrell, Sidney
Gore, Robert L.
Gore, Burton W.
Gowen, Ben H.
Grable, Medine
Grubb, Cecil
Hager, Earl
Hanshaw, William E.
Harris, John H.
Harris, William (colored)
Hensley, Stonewall
Jackson, James (colored)
Jeffrey, Albert
Jennings, John C.
Johnson, Nick
Johnson, Paul
Johnson, Floyd
Justice, Thomas P.
Lacy, Luther
Ladas, Tony
Litten, Charles/Burton
Lotzy, George
McKinney, Herbert L.
Malocko, Nick
Manns, Cifton
Graves, Bill
Maynard, Ben
Maynard, William D.
Meadows, George
Moxley, Shollie
Munsey, Charlie M.
Mullins, Spencer
Newman, Thomas R.
Parkins, Clarence W.
Petem, James E.
Price, Arlie J.

Pritchard, Alfred
Pugh, Fannie Walter
Rayborn, Bert
Reynolds, Frank C.
Roberts, John
Roberson, Dennis
Robinson, Jennings
Sanders, Otto
Sams, Burnie G.
Shelton, Lee
Shepherd, John A.
Smith, Clarence
Smith, John (colored)
Smith, Mack
Vance, Patey
Ward, Frank (colored)
Ward, John L.
Warcoves, Charlie
Weir, Thomas
White, Joseph
Williams, John B. Jr.
Wilkerson, Frank C.
Williams, Tom
Wilson, Will (colored)
Weston, Jasper
Workman, Wilson

MARIAN COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Atha, Thomas R.
Bennett, Thomas
Boydoh, Buis W.
Brown, Lloyd E.
Burke, Abie L.
Cartwright, Charles E.
Conner, Thomas M.
Daprzano, Gerardo
Davis, Harold
Elder, William W.
Hawkings, Carley R.
Kemper, Clark
Lawrence, Lennie W.
Merryfield, Mac C.
Moore, John F.
Raquinta, Francesco
Shuttlesworth, James H.
West, Zarah
Worman, James
Wright, Raymond

Died of Wounds:
Haught, Arlie
Heinlesemann, Fred R.
Humphrey, Bert H.
Monell, Nick

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Bell, Joseph H.
Buckingham, John R.
Gerken, Albert A.
Grubb, William R.
Hamilton, Horace J.
Haught, Zellan
Hayes, Manard B.
Morrone, Paolo
Millen, Charles Van Buren
Nixon, Ethan C.
Tulbott, Patrick Vincent
Vangilder, Joseph L.
Wells, Harvey W.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Aonett, James Gilbert
Clemens, Bill (colored)
Davis, Carl L.
Dumire, Howard
Fleming, Arlington
Hayes, Orval R.
Hinekman, Lewis A.
Inghram, Norval S.
Jones, Carl R.
Jones, Clem Hayes
Kineal, Glenn
Looman, Arthur J.
Marshall, Beatrice L. (colored)
Miller, Earl H.
Moore, Charles L.
Petty, Lawrence
Quinn, Lee R.
Ree, James H.
Roberts, Lyda B.
Robey, Russell W.
Robinson, Howard Leslie
Talkington, Hugh C.
Tucker, Charles M.
Villers, Frank L.
Walker, Elia G.
Watson, Joseph
Wetzel, Sherman
Wilson, Okey H.
Wright, James

Wounded in Action:
Alessio, Pasquale
Anderson, Benton
Baker, Frances
Barry, Michael Andrew
Carpenter, Earl
Clements, Harry
Coffman, George M.
Croston, Dotty
Crouser, William E.
Curley, Joseph
Davis, Charles T.
Dickey, Ren A.
Detroy, Charles
Donham, Fay M.
Ewer, Frank Byron
Faucett, Porter L.
Francis, Russell G.
French, Lawrence E.
Gatti, Giovanni
Glasscock, Sherman O.
Greathouse, Lonnie A.
Gritzkevich, Adam
Grub, Newton
Gurley, George
Guthrie, Edward S.
Hawkinsberry, Forest E.
Hays, Clem J.
Henderson, Andrew J.
Hennen, Guy Thomas
Huey, George C.
Jendro, Roman M.
Kebumny, Mike
Little, Gideon L.
Lloyd, James O.
McCranehan, Leon D.
Michael, Orval J.
Michael, Russell
Morgan, Omer K.
Murphy, Alphonso Basil
O'Neal, John
Panza, Dominico
Parker, Frank
Patrick, Ivan L.
Post, Freeman M.
Preston, William F.
Prudente, Joseph
Pyles, Fisher
Pyles, Harry Harrison
Recezzi, Geserve
Rice, Eliab L.
Riley, John T.
Robinson, Clemenzie D.
Satterfield, Andy

Shuttleworth, Wayne, Stacy
Snyder, Cyrus
Spen, Salvatore
Starkey, Edward C.
Sturma, Robert
Stuponsky, Mike
Stevens, Gilbert T.
Storre, Harry M.
Swiger, Charles O.
Swisher, Lawrence G.
Taleri, Samuel
Taylor, Oscar W.
Tennant, Byron Ross
Thomas, David A.
Toothman, Jefferson C.
Underwood, Thomas Miller
Vincent, John Z.
Vincent, Lafayette
Vincent, Lawrence E.
Vister, Frank
Williams, Henry T.
Wilson, Arlie W.
Wilson, Lawrence E.
Work, Loyal L.
Wroe, Albert A.

MARRSHALL COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Alexander, Ralph L.
Baraoco, Peter
Clake, William T.
Aylvert, George G.
Carter, Morgan L.
Estis, Mike
Delaney, Forest L.
Dobias, John
Rubin, Lester Delma
Farriwine, John H.
Evans, James
France, Oliver E.
Gebo, David William
Gray, Austin Ellsworth
Gray, John W.
Grim, Jesse E.
Hartley, Walter R.
Keller, Dwight L.
Loy, Jacob R.
Mountain, Albert A.
Oliver, John T.
Orum, John Robert
Rodgers, Patrik J.
Stewart, George C.
Van Dayne, Arthur C.
Varias, George
Whorton, Elbert
Williams, John M.

Wounded in Action:
Ames, John
Anderson, Charles E.
Anderson, Charles H.
Anderson, Clyde
Appoloni, Silvio
Bell, Albert
Bier, Alexander
Boh, William
Bonar, Dauid
Bowers, Earl S.
Burley, Creston Clark
Calvert, Warden J.
Carigan, Anton
Carpenter, Lewis V.
Carson, William T.
Chalk, Harry
Clark, Joe
Cook, Archie Noble
Cunningham, Jesse C.
Danielsen, Walter George
Dayton, Lindsay F.
Dickerson, Orval H.
Dombrowske, Leo
Dybekowski, Jack
Fallows, Pasquale
Fox, Thomas
Galentine, Ralph
Gauiterowski, Ignocy
Gardner, Lennie
Garrison, William M.
Gauham, Martin
Georgelein, Samuel
Gunn, Ralph E.
Howard, Leslie C.
Ingersoll, Dallas
Hummuil, Edward W.
Hunt, James F.
Hyatt, Ediidard J.
Igneroii, Talmayne J.
Kanakakis, George N.
Kimory, Ralph L.
Kolt, Joseph H.
Krepelka, Karli
Leek, Charles
Long, Lee A.
McGinty, Lee P.
McKirtick, Elmer E.
Messwan, Lester
Magers, Carl M.
Magers, James E.
Miller, Earl
Miller, William
Mirabell, Reece
Moore, Albert W.
Murphy, James R.
Myers, George
O'Connell, Carroll A.
Paith, Oliver F.
Parker, Thomas M.
Richmond, Alliance Q.
Ronel, Louis J.
Rush, Jess Lloyd
Scoffin, Donald S.
Stern, Otis
Streber, Henry E.
Templin, Peter P.

Died of Wounds:
Crow, Lester
Mackey, Alexander G.
Nittiis, Manuel
Skratielech, George

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Blake, Edward Leo
Gittings, Silas L.
Gray, John
Heawitt, Jesse B.
Hiekm, Delbert M.
Hubis, Roy S.
Logon, Alvin Wesley
Norringon, Paul A.
Staley, Earl
Wiblin, Joe S.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Chambers, Slater
Courtright, Walter C.

Eller, William Herbert
Hanna, John D.
Hardman, Romanero F.
Logsdon, Thomas F.
Low, Ralph E.
Nee, William H.
Peoples, Guy
Richmond, Ellsworth R.
Riggle, William A.
Risar, Walter
Robinson, Robert W.
Turvey, Frank H.
Yates, Pearl R.

DIED of WOUNDS:

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

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MASON COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Ball, John H.
Gibson, Olin E.
Jividen, Evert E.
Moss, John
Mulford, Wade E.
Rainey, George S.
Roush, Warner E.
Scofield, Clarence B.
Young, Odis

Died of Wounds:
Knopp, Lewis C.
Pickens, Rankin R.

Died of Diseases, Etc., A. E. F.:
Bumgardner, Benjamin Frank
Flora, James
Mason, Clarence A.
Meadows, Kenneth M.
O'Neal, Homer
Searberry, William
Spencer, Guy

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Burris, Randall R.
Camp, William H.
Dally, Jerry
Eckard, Carl
Hill, George A.
Lee, Norman E.
Levering, Otis G.
Oliver, Dwight
Stewart, George Robert
Yonker, Lynford A.

Wounded in Action:
Bailey, Edward J.
Blessing, Robert C.
Brogess, Sidney E.
Caste, Henry B.
Coeban, Charles B.
Deal, George
Eckard, John Milton
Edwards, Ceel
Flora, Pearl W.
Fry, Sam
Harris, Harry
Henry, Okey E.
Henson, Okey E.
Hill, Charles D.
Hoge, John Leighton
Hughes, Rosh H.
Jackson, Ash
Lanier, Robert F.
Lee, Walter
Logi, William
McCabe, Bernard A.
Martin, James F.
Moccasin, Jack Steve
Mohr, Lawrence L.
Myers, Clifford R.
Ohlinger, George W.
Plante, Dill D.
Powell, Prime
Pullin, Roy
Rollins, George M.
Roush, Archie McClure
Roush, Jonah L.

MERCER COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Blackwell, Raymond
Galante, Antonio
Meador, Bernard
Peery, Gus
Powell, Evermond
Roberson, Luther J.
Robertson, Ocie E.
Robinson, William
Scott, William M.
Sned, Clyde E.
Toliver, Jasper W.
White, Birchard H.
White, Harry L.
William, Sherman

Died of Wounds:
Dillon, Mack
Norton, Walter G.
Smith, Fred B.
Stewart, George L.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Anderson, William B.
Coburn, Samuel E.
Foote, Nickelbaum
Hill, Bennett W.
Larue, Jesse E.
Mason, Goither
Repoli, Alphonso
Shrewsbury, Arvel D.
Staples, Westley E. (colored)

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Adkins, Omer H.
Anglin, Benjamin H.
Bolesher, Charles E.
Clemons, Lawrence D.
Diets, Collie H.
Hainston, John P. (colored)
Honaker, James T.
Jennings, Dorsey B.
Lilly, Sam M.
Meadows, Charlie Q.
Mitros, Forrest B.
Rayborn, George W.
Smith, John H.
Snider, Silas F.
Thor, Horrell H.
Thornton, Herbert O.
Watts, Walter W.

Wounded in Action:
Akers, Willie P.
Akers, Garfield
Altizer, Robert C.
Anderson, Lee F.
Bailey, Ingham
Bell, Frank
Bird, Stephen Trinkle
Blakenship, William P.
Blankenship, Luther E.
Campbell, Santo
Carter, Henry L.
Christie, Paul C.
Crowell, Willie R.
Dougherty, James S.
Dillon, William H.
Dewees, Lewis H.
Duncan, William A.
Flushing, Kyle N.
Frances, Victor
Goode, Samuel B.
Hare, Clarence C.
Harmen, Amaziah
Honaker, Harry
Howerton, Ruben F.
Kurt, James W.
Jamison, Robert William
Johnson, George A.
Johnson, Ernest V.
Kidd, Jack David
Lambert, Part H.
Lawrence, Clayton.
Lawrence, William L.
Lawson, Joseph B.
Lowden, George R.
Lyons, Horace Kenneth
McNutt, Charles E.
Maidano, Frank
Malldo, Frank
Martin, Charles George
Miller, Robert (colored)
Miller, Webb
Mitchell, Roy
O'Donnell, Sidney G.
Pasenear, Paul
Price, Kenneth K.
Ratcliff, Thomas (colored)
Ratcliff, Charles C.
Richards, Luther H.
Rogers, Rufus W.
Scott, Grayson B.
Shumate, Carson L.
Smith, Lesiodas B.
Snider, Arthur J.
Stewart, Frank M.
Sylvester, Albert
Terry, Nathaniel G.
Thompson, Carl E.
Thompson, Oney
Wells, William Hugh.
White, Walter L.
Wike, Lacy L.
Williams, Elmer
Williams, Jesse
Wingfield, Henry C.
Winston, Robert H.
Worrell, John W.
Wright, Ward C.

MINERAL COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Argiropulos, James J.
Baldwin, Raymond
Boye, Joseph W.
Disdover, James R.
Gregory, Clarence W.
Houser, William W.
Kelly, James A.
Loeppio, Domenico
Manfield, John J.
Runkel, John

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Kittmiller, Charles N.
Newhouse, Victor B.
Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

- Harris, Alva W.
- Haskett, Landon E.
- Iser, Charles H.
- Kitsmiller, Frank G.
- Lively, Lloyd E.
- McKennie, James W.
- Shank, William S.
- Shugars, Richard A.
- Swadley, Leslie G.
- Tephanobek, Virgil A.
- Thomas, Fred
- Washington, John (colored)

Wounded in Action:

- Abe, Jesse C.
- Cain, Dayton C.
- Caldwell, Michael S.
- Chaney, George C.
- Coddington, Harry R.
- Dancer, Henry H.
- Duckworth, George Robert
- Fabey, Lee E.
- Garney, Thomas Joseph
- Glover, Norval Craig
- Graham, Roy L.
- Hines, William C.
- Hoopeppardner, Samuel A.
- Hubbs, Leland B.
- Lahman, Vincent V.
- Lee, Herbert C.
- McDowell, James C.
- Parker, Andrew J.
- Patton, Nathan J.
- Sheets, Howard L.
- Smallwood, John W.
- Vitullo, Carmine
- Wagoner, Tolbert Walter
- Westley, James O.
- Wyrick, James A.

Mingo County

Killed in Action:

- Baker, Garrett
- Bond, Charles F.
- Crum, Jesse
- Eldex, Pete
- Evans, Ance
- Fields, James
- Hatfield, Czar
- Maynard, Alex
- Perry, Walter
- Porter, James
- Treat, Elise
- Wilson, Homer A.

Died of Wounds:

- Hale, Herbert
- Wyatt, Walter W.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:

- Baldwin, Lewis R.
- Boggis, Elyth
- Kittinger, Edgar
- Sloan, Lee
- White, James A.

MONONGALIA COUNTY

Killed in Action:

- Keller, Robert S.
- Kirsch, Louis
- Mecce, Henry G.
- Neely, Gilbert A.
- Saunders, Ralph H.
- Waychoff, Frank

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

- Baugham, Rufus A.
- Cerron, Apar
- Cline, Robert B.
- Hale, Claude H.
- McCoy, John
- Mills, Ellis (colored)
- Parker, Harry R.
- Runyon, Alex, Jr.
- Smith, Harry
- Staple, Samuel H.

MONROE COUNTY

Killed in Action:

- Boggs, Edward L.
- Glover, Clifford C.
DeGrange, Charles Peter
Faith, Thomas E.
Gore, Lewis Lee
Johnston, Robert Preston
Noland, Earl
Rice, Ray R.
Shade, Orville P.
Shelley, James S.
Wielding, Alvin F.
Whitford, Gilbert H.

McDOWELL COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Akers, Kelly
Blankenship, Charley P.
Bowman, Dewey
Carter, Aaron
Christian, Mack
Cole, Emmett
Collatto, Philippo
Dawdovich, Andrew
Fry, James W.
Graham, John
Hawkins, Marvin
Joy, George M.
Kelly, John
Link, Toney J.
Maines, Nick
Marco, John
Painter, Sidney M.
Parsons, Edgar
Fornoni, John
Rhodes, Alexander F.
Sassara, Anseleto C.
Shelton, Curtis E.
Thompson, Solomon E.
Tramel, Tom
Witt, James T.
Zolesky, Stanley

Died of Wounds:
Baldwin, William Blankenship, Samuel E.
Funari, Agostino
Hampson, Elwood
Bill, Benjamin
Shatley, Fred
Walls, Fulton

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Barbagesanakih, Constanton
Boyd, Spencer L.
Breadshaw, George (colored)
Callaway, Homer (colored)
Dotted, Edward (colored)
Gillman, Wirt (colored)
Gillum, William W.
Haley, Heznie (colored)
Halstead, Chan L.
Harris, Charles
Harvey, Robert (colored)
Hudgans, Robert T.
James, Farrow (colored)
Johnson, Hal (colored)
Jones, Hunter P. (colored)
Lapinski, Mike
Lynch, Kemp (colored)
Martin, Mitchell (colored)
Montgomery, William Ernest
Palumbo, Bruno
Pruett, Homer R.
Radford, James (colored)
Sawicky, Gratsian
Suratt, William Uriah
Taylor, Ernest C.
Wiley, Philip C.
Williams, Ernest M.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Bean, Jesse W.
Blankenship, Smith

Bryan, Braden (colored)
Burton, James
Edwards, Frank C.
Bublak, Alphonse M.
Fans, Virgil
Faullkoner, John W.
Finley, Sherman
Flanagan, James
Green, William G.
Jackson, Curry W.
Johnson, Robert (colored)
Johnston, George (colored)
Lawson, John G.
Lynch, Kemp (colored)
Montgomery, John A.
Mossattino, Angelo
Nathan, Sol
Oakley, Harrison O. (colored)
Oren, Clint
Philipseak, Conrad
Wilson, Robert (colored)

Wounded in Action:
Agnew, Claude S.
Allen, Wallace
Andreadis, Nicola
Arnold, Harry
Arwood, William H.
Ashbury, Walter H.
Asquagias, Gust
Bailey, Zeddy
Barragine, Nick
Bean, Artemus
Beabransom, William F.
Beheler, Herbert
Bishop, Abbe
Blair, Carl
Blankenship, Wayne
Blevins, Tristan
Blyvasky, Alexander
Board, Frank (colored)
Bowling, Thomas L.
Brewer, Clifton
Brewster, Henry L.
Brodymott, Tony
Bruce, James Orin
Cacy, Homer L.
Call, Harvey
Christian, Jameson (colored)
Christian, Harrison M.
Christian, Harry
Cockerham, Grower C.
Coffey, Willie L.
Connell, H. Low R.
Coper Hr. J.
Cooper, William O.
Craget, Harvey
Cress, Benjamin H.
Crest, Walter W.
Cross, Charlie
Dancy, Milford L.
Dakyn, Clarence E.
Dillon, William E.
Dionto, Yontono
Deleo, Alfomo
Deserum, Roy
Donathan, Floyd Washington
Donnaldaksis, Nick
Dor, Carl O.
Duvall, Robert Louis
Edwards, Posey C.
Effler, William
Elkins, Louis W.
Ellis, William L.
Euries, Fortareste
Famen, Joe
Palagan, Guatave
Fotia, Antonio
Freeman, Edward R.
Giblar, James (colored)
Gibson, Anderson
Griffey, Howard
Gaundka, Alex
Hanners, Harrison
Harrington, William (colored)
Harry, Fred S.
Hatcher, Thomas
Holyfield, Waton B.
Homas, George J.
Hylton, Sylvan Oscar
Jewell, Brooks
Johnston, John A.
Jones, Robert Lee
Kinsey, Arthur E.
Kyle, Clarence M.
Ladd, McKinley
Lambert, Bennett Carlile
Lambert, Philip S.
Lawson, Alex
Lilly, Harry M.
Lohedsk, Bill
Lundy, Charles H.
Mahaney, Samuel H.
Mallamici, Pasquale
Marshall, Clyde
Martin, Eugene
Marshall, Jim
Martin, Noah A.
Melton, Floyd O.
Miller, Henry L.
Mitchem, John
Moore, Sampson
Nelson, Arnold W.
Nicholls, Frank P.
Perkey, Bob L.
Perry, Fred
Price, Charles H.
Pullain, Charles Frank
Rendl, Joe
Renn, Earl E.
Rinehart, Everett
Ryon, Troy
Sandefur, Samuel M.
Seaggs, Daniel B.
Short, Joseph R.
Smith, William
Stacy, Wiley E.
Stapleton, Raymond
Stillner, Roy
Stump, Albert
Tedder, Everett
Tibert, John
Tindal, Wallace W.
Vanover, Creed
Walters, Cyril S.
War, Marmon J.
Ward, Sampson
White, Lonnie B.
Whitman, Bert
Williams, Ralph
Wilson, Thomas Everett
Witt, David
Woolridge, Albert
Woolridge, Crockett
Wright, John W.

WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE
Griffey, Howard
Gaundka, Alex
Hanners, Harrison
Harrington, William (colored)
Harry, Fred S.
Hatcher, Thomas
Holyfield, Waton B.
Homas, George J.
Hylton, Sylvan Oscar
Jewell, Brooks
Johnston, John A.
Jones, Robert Lee
Kinsey, Arthur E.
Kyle, Clarence M.
Ladd, McKinley
Lambert, Bennett Carlile
Lambert, Philip S.
Lawson, Alex
Lilly, Harry M.
Lohedsk, Bill
Lundy, Charles H.
Mahaney, Samuel H.
Mallamici, Pasquale
Marshall, Clyde
Martin, Eugene
Marshall, Jim
Martin, Noah A.
Melton, Floyd O.
Miller, Henry L.
Mitchem, John
Moore, Sampson
Nelson, Arnold W.
Nicholls, Frank P.
Perkey, Bob L.
Perry, Fred
Price, Charles H.
Pullain, Charles Frank
Rendl, Joe
Renn, Earl E.
Rinehart, Everett
Ryon, Troy
Sandefur, Samuel M.
Seaggs, Daniel B.
Short, Joseph R.
Smith, William
Stacy, Wiley E.
Stapleton, Raymond
Stillner, Roy
Stump, Albert
Tedder, Everett
Tibert, John
Tindal, Wallace W.
Vanover, Creed
Walters, Cyril S.
War, Marmon J.
Ward, Sampson
White, Lonnie B.
Whitman, Bert
Williams, Ralph
Wilson, Thomas Everett
Witt, David
Woolridge, Albert
Woolridge, Crockett
Wright, John W.

NICHOLAS COUNTY
Griffey, Howard
Gaundka, Alex
Hanners, Harrison
Harrington, William (colored)
Harry, Fred S.
Hatcher, Thomas
Holyfield, Waton B.
Homas, George J.
Hylton, Sylvan Oscar
Jewell, Brooks
Johnston, John A.
Jones, Robert Lee
Kinsey, Arthur E.
Kyle, Clarence M.
Ladd, McKinley
Lambert, Bennett Carlile
Lambert, Philip S.
Lawson, Alex
Lilly, Harry M.
Lohedsk, Bill
Lundy, Charles H.
Mahaney, Samuel H.
Mallamici, Pasquale
Marshall, Clyde
Martin, Eugene
Marshall, Jim
Martin, Noah A.
Melton, Floyd O.
Miller, Henry L.
Mitchem, John
Moore, Sampson
Nelson, Arnold W.
Nicholls, Frank P.
Perkey, Bob L.
Perry, Fred
Price, Charles H.
Pullain, Charles Frank
Rendl, Joe
Renn, Earl E.
Rinehart, Everett
Ryon, Troy
Sandefur, Samuel M.
Seaggs, Daniel B.
Short, Joseph R.
Smith, William
Stacy, Wiley E.
Stapleton, Raymond
Stillner, Roy
Stump, Albert
Tedder, Everett
Tibert, John
Tindal, Wallace W.
Vanover, Creed
Walters, Cyril S.
War, Marmon J.
Ward, Sampson
White, Lonnie B.
Whitman, Bert
Williams, Ralph
Wilson, Thomas Everett
Witt, David
Woolridge, Albert
Woolridge, Crockett
Wright, John W.

Pisenbarger, Henry J.
Smalridge, Edward P.
Sparks, Benjamin H.
Spencer, James

Died of Wounds:
Craze, Ezra Edward
Danielson, Elit A.
Hickman, Bert H.
Rutledge, Marven R.
Tucker, James

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Chapman, Andrew J.
Patton, Gusnie D.
Stuter, Ray M.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Curry, James G.
Douglas, George
Hamilton, Joe
Hypes, Roy L.
McKinney, Wilie
O'Conner, Raymond E.
Sleeth, Henry R.
Young, Roy O.

Wounded In Action:
Amos, David Clarence
Bleheer, William H.
Campbell, Edward E.
Cassity, Jesse C.
Clark, Elmer D.
Cox, Buren Van
Danielson, Oeben
Doddrell, Walter Malitus
Doddrell, Bull
Dorsey, Glen
Evans, John W.
Faeemeyer, Wesley J.
Foley, James
Gainer, Coy
Halstead, Charles Edwin
Hanna, Leslie
Heater, Robert L.
Hurley, Samuel S.
Keene, Arthur Lee
Leeson, George
Legg, Edwin R.
McClung, Christopher G.
McMillan, James E.
Mason, Wiley
Matheny, James Edward
Neff, Newman D.
O'Dell, John C.
O'Dell, Walter Cavendish
Patterson, Harry C.
Rader, John D. A.
Robinson, Dewey
Samples, Albert S.
Schoolcraft, Preston S.
Shaffer, Charles Allen
Simmons, Lakkie B.
Smith, Charles L.
Snyder, Claude
Talbert, Okey
Taylor, William S.
Tharp, Taylor
Tucker, James O.
Turner, James
White, Artie Hasten

OHIO COUNTY
Griffey, Howard
Gaundka, Alex
Hanners, Harrison
Harrington, William (colored)
Harry, Fred S.
Hatcher, Thomas
Holyfield, Waton B.
Homas, George J.
Hylton, Sylvan Oscar
Jewell, Brooks
Johnston, John A.
Jones, Robert Lee
Kinsey, Arthur E.
Kyle, Clarence M.
Ladd, McKinley
Lambert, Bennett Carlile
Lambert, Philip S.
Lawson, Alex
Lilly, Harry M.
Lohedsk, Bill
Lundy, Charles H.
Mahaney, Samuel H.
Mallamici, Pasquale
Marshall, Clyde
Martin, Eugene
Marshall, Jim
Martin, Noah A.
Melton, Floyd O.
Miller, Henry L.
Mitchem, John
Moore, Sampson
Nelson, Arnold W.
Nicholls, Frank P.
Perkey, Bob L.
Perry, Fred
Price, Charles H.
Pullain, Charles Frank
Rendl, Joe
Renn, Earl E.
Rinehart, Everett
Ryon, Troy
Sandefur, Samuel M.
Seaggs, Daniel B.
Short, Joseph R.
Smith, William
Stacy, Wiley E.
Stapleton, Raymond
Stillner, Roy
Stump, Albert
Tedder, Everett
Tibert, John
Tindal, Wallace W.
Vanover, Creed
Walters, Cyril S.
War, Marmon J.
Ward, Sampson
White, Lonnie B.
Whitman, Bert
Williams, Ralph
Wilson, Thomas Everett
Witt, David
Woolridge, Albert
Woolridge, Crockett
Wright, John W.

Fox, Albert
Franz, William
Freese, Chester H.
Hanaway, Sam
Hiteheock, James W.
Kleeh, Charles G.
Kutchem, William H. Jr.
Loos, Raymond B.
McMillan, Thomas M.
Petitclor, Cecil Louis
Phillips, William O.
Rosa, Michele
Savaguet, Oscar C.
Seitz, Frederick William
Stanton, Joseph E.
Westfall, Cornelius

Died of Wounds:
Bauer, Joseph G.
Bowman, Everett M.
Browning, Frank R.
Dakan, William R.
Hart, Joseph M.
Nolt, Friend J.
Rhodes, William C.
Schmitt, Emil J.
Scott, Lester
Tunny, Richard F.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Asbury, William R. (colored)
Conaway, William F.
Davis, Lewis L.
Evans, Henry C.
Greene, Matthew
Hempfill, Charles F.
Johnson, Arthur M.
Johnson, Robert D.
Kurner, Clement Otto
Matthews, James L.
Marshall, Joseph A.
Miller, Alonzo W.
Quarrier, Charles
Sole, John E.
Wilson, Joseph Y.
Wilson, William A.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Anderson, Pay M.
Bachmann, Albert R.
Bauer, Elwood C.
Baumann, John W.
Carpenter, Howard C.
Chalker, William H.
Cowl, John Frew
Dannell, Clyde (Jack)
Davis, Harry W.
Davis, Robert
Gilmore, Henry H.
Hannan, Percy M.
Henderson, James L.
Howell, Charles W.
Hughes, Thurston A.
Imboden, John
Irwin, Robert C.
Meyers, Charles N.
Mikle, William J.
Robreht, Henry M. Jr.
Rodgers, Howard L.
Shipley, Robert R.
Sliger, George
Taylor, Stredder (colored)
Wilson, Cecil J.

Wounded in Action:
Allo, Francisco
Anderson, Charles J.
Appel, Edward
Archer, John J.
Baker, Charles F.
Bradent, William E.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

Died of Wounds:

Dove, Dayton
Harman, Raymond L.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:

Dickerson, Clinton
Mullenas, Edward J.
Nelson, Garnett O.
Vandevender, Foster

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

Hedrick, Isaac B.
Homan, Walter S.
Kinbel, Abraham E.
Meadows, Charles C.
Simmons, Price
Simmons, Olin S.
Warner, Roy
Winer, Leon J.

Wounded in Action:

Adkins, Oscar S.
Allen, Charles R.
Aubrey, J. S.
Aulridge, James
Barnett, Thomas B.
Bunton, Charles C.
Cassel, Robert
Cassim, Edward
Charles, George C.
Dill, Otis Mc.
Dilley, Everett
Grimme, Clyde Y.
Guth, Fred E.
Hill, Fred R.
Hover, James P.
Hufford, Rose A.
Jared, Hubert A.
Kelley, Lawrence
Loan, Roy W.
McCoa, Orin
McGraw, John L.
McNeill, Howard C.
Mann, Carl W.
May, Mason Moffit
Moreland, Homer M.
Phillips, Wallace D.
Penny, Jesse T.
Sayre, Arthur L.

OHIO COUNTY

Brinkman, Harry A.
Britton, Edward Mount
Broemser, William H.
Burris, Earl B.
Burton, Foster Job
Clay, William J.
Clinton, William J.
Coyle, Harry Franklin
Dalton, James B.
Davis, Alfred E.
Day, Hugh A.
Deamico, Domenico
Dick, John
Donahie, William Joseph
Dorsey, James W.
Downing, Barney F.
Dudley, Charles J.
Dunlap, Raymond Harry
Dunning, Donald D.
East, Charles Franklin
Elig, Henry A.
Emmerich, Lee W.
Evans, Raymond L.
Ewing, James G.
Faiselli, Joe
Farrington, James F.
Foster, Howard J.
Funds, William
Gabriel, Walter J.
Gano, Charles E.
George, Thomas H., Jr.
Gowin, John D.
Groves, Reed
Haberfield, John E.
Hatchen, William J.
Hehr, Fred D.
Hervey, Henry D.
Higgs, Earl E.
Hobbs, Elmore B.
Hottman, Albert C.
Howey, Leo J.
Hutchinson, James T.
Johnson, Ollie M.
Joseph, George W.
Kaltenbach, William G.
Kellie, John
Kircher, Andrew H.
Koehn, John William
Kullman, Edward F.
Lally, Bernard J.
Lawrence, Charles H.
Lewis, Walter H.
Lyon, Ivan D.
McCam, Lee Acton
McClure, Howard C.
Menge, George F.
Miller, Atler H.
Morgan, Melvin J.
Moseley, John Edward
Nelson, Charles Leon
Niggesmay, Joseph L.
Oberg, Louis J.
Oei, Frederick C.
Ryan, Harry J.
Sanful, Tony
Sealsies, Pete
Scharf, William A.
Schum, Steve
Sequenwell, Ira Worthington
Shimp, Ralph
Slow, James
Smith, George
Snyder, Robert James, Jr.
Stillwell, Louis
Unelson, Leonard S.
Valentine, Frank
Vassel, Earl T.
Vogelsang, John E.
Volz, Leo J.
Wade, Elias R.
Wessely, George
Westwater, Richard
Wicks, Joseph, Jr.
Wilhelm, Emil J.
Wis, Charles M.
Wood, Daniel E.

PENDLETON COUNTY

Died of Wounds:

Bennett, Jesse H.
Blair, Robert
Bolton, James F.
Calhoon, Camden H.
Dolly, Olie C.
Huffman, Robert M.
Johnston, Mortimer
Mongold, Byron K.
Mowery, Chester C.
Nueser, George
Pennybacker, Courtenay B.
Propst, Ona B.
Rabbloss, Arlie Q.
Ruddle, Whitney H.
Sinnett, David C.
Smith, Arlie C.
Warner, George E.
Warner, Zola D.

Wounded in Action:

Adkins, Oscar Stephen
Allen, Charles C.
Aubriidge, James
Barnett, Thomas B.
Bunton, Charles C.
Cassel, Robert
Cassim, Edward
Charles, George C.
Dill, Otis Mc.
Dilley, Everett
Grimme, Clyde Y.
Guth, Fred E.
Hill, Fred R.
Hover, James P.
Hufford, Rose A.
Jordan, Hubert A.
Kelley, Lawrence
Loan, Roy W.
McCoa, Orin
McGraw, John L.
McNeill, Howard C.
Mann, Carl W.
May, Mason Moffit
Moreland, Homer M.
Phillips, Wallace D.
Penny, Jesse T.
Sayre, Arthur L.

POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Killed in Action:

Blankenship, Benjamin F.
Edwards, Seth W.
Houchin, Ward W.
McMillion, Edgar E.
Rice, Carl
Wiolong, Marvin H.

Died of Wounds:

Accord, Charles H.
Gum, Charles N.
McKeever, Clio B.
McLaughlin, Charles C.
Sponaugle, Woodfin H.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:

Buxard, Lloyd W.
Henderson, James (colored)

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

Arnholt, John H.
Burr, Forrest W.
Dean, Silas D.
Gilmore, Earl A.
Hannah, Fred A.
Judy, Jesse L.
Kelley, Robert S.
Messer, Elbert
Smith, Dewey C.
Syna, George C.
Webster, Winters W.
York, Norman B.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

Arnholt, John H.
Burr, Forrest W.
Dean, Silas D.
Gilmore, Earl A.
Hannah, Fred A.
Judy, Jesse L.
Kelley, Robert S.
Messer, Elbert
Smith, Dewey C.
Syna, George C.
Webster, Winters W.
York, Norman B.

Wounded in Action:

Adkins, Oscar Stephen
Allen, Charles C.
Aubriidge, James
Barnett, Thomas B.
Bunton, Charles C.
Bunton, Charles C.
Cassel, Robert
Cassim, Edward
Charles, George C.
Dill, Otis Mc.
Dilley, Everett
Grimme, Clyde Y.
Guth, Fred E.
Hill, Fred R.
Hover, James P.
Hufford, Rose A.
Jordan, Hubert A.
Kelley, Lawrence
Loan, Roy W.
McCoa, Orin
McGraw, John L.
McNeill, Howard C.
Mann, Carl W.
May, Mason Moffit
Moreland, Homer M.
Phillips, Wallace D.
Penny, Jesse T.
Sayre, Arthur L.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

PRESTON COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Channell, Owen C.
Collins, Jesse L.
Dixon, Arthur G.
Kiger, Earl W.
Larew, William G.
Lynch, George F.
Mazzarella, Angelo
Metheny, David
Runyan, Ray E.
Trowbridge, Madison E.

Died of Wounds:
Jackson, George D.
Rinehart, James W.
Shaffer, William R.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Berry, Darwin F.
Cerone, Frank
Christopher, Guy B.
Davis, Albert R.
Heath, Henry H.
Larew, William G.
Salingdeer, Frank L.
Valleymore, James

Wounded in Action:
Anderson, Clarence Francis
Ault, Francis
Ashburn, James P.
Bilson, Ralph Clifford
Cline, Lewis E.
Cline, Joseph E.
Cole, Roy M.
Dodge, Chester O.
Dennmore, James E.
Funk, Frank Daniel
Gooding, Forrest W.
Gregg, Samuel
Griff, Clarence Ross
McDaniel, Nathan H.
McDaniel, Stephen A.
Matheney, Loyd William
Mayfield, James D.
Mitter, Russell G.
Molisee, George W.
Moran, Vergie
Morgan, William H.
Murphy, Harry P.
Myers, John D.
Ozier, Newman
Pell, Van F.
Perrill, William H.
Phillips, Delbert M.
Purinton, Thomas R.
Rugglesman, George L.
Ross, Loren W.
Runner, William D.
Sareddi, Olinto
Shaffer, Dewey R.
Shaffer, Roland E.
Shahan, Raymon G.
Shillingburg, Dorsey W.
Shradar, Walter
Sita, Giuseppe E.
Stump, Joseph R.
Titchennel, Henry E.
Venettaeci, Domenico
Weltner, Fred Paul
White, Orville Dewey
Wilhelm, Dayton

PUTNAM COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Chapman, Clifton
Craig, Adra T.
Gillespie, Lewis
Hall, Harold L.
Harrison, Nathaniel G.
Hudson, Eliza O.
McClain, Burnard C.
Saunders, Jesse
Steele, Robert O.
Vance, Niel S.
Withrow, Otis L.
Zitelbarger, Andrew

Died of Wounds:
Frazier, Charley
Lynch, John
Mize, William H.
Smith, Isaac G.
Witt, Amos

Wounded in Action:
Anderson, Clarence Francis
Ault, Francis
Ashburn, James P.
Bilson, Ralph Clifford
Cline, Lewis E.
Cline, Joseph E.
Cole, Roy M.
Dodge, Chester O.
Dennmore, James E.
Funk, Frank Daniel
Gooding, Forrest W.
Gregg, Samuel
Griff, Clarence Ross
McDaniel, Nathan H.
McDaniel, Stephen A.
Matheney, Loyd William
Mayfield, James D.
Mitter, Russell G.
Molisee, George W.
Moran, Vergie
Morgan, William H.
Murphy, Harry P.
Myers, John D.
Ozier, Newman
Pell, Van F.
Perrill, William H.
Phillips, Delbert M.
Purinton, Thomas R.
Rugglesman, George L.
Ross, Loren W.
Runner, William D.
Sareddi, Olinto
Shaffer, Dewey R.
Shaffer, Roland E.
Shahan, Raymon G.
Shillingburg, Dorsey W.
Shradar, Walter
Sita, Giuseppe E.
Stump, Joseph R.
Titchennel, Henry E.
Venettaeci, Domenico
Weltner, Fred Paul
White, Orville Dewey
Wilhelm, Dayton

RALEIGH COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Able, Jacob H.
Allen, Nathan G.
Bartlett, James
Bassett, William H.
Britton, Samuel W.
Dobyns, Opie
Greer, Robert E.
Gunter, Richard B.
Horton, Sherman
Long, Bernard J.
Noble, Bruce Me.
Pettry, Frank
Plumley, Giles E.
Reed, Mark S.
Scott, Marshall (colored)
Wiley, Oscar W.

Died of Wounds:
Bates, Thomas A.
Burley, James O.
Parker, Charles E.
Richardson, James G.
Smith, Keller T.
Starr, Arman X.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Aliff, Isaac
Dew, Thomas W. (colored)
Flood, William (colored)
Lilly, Napoleon B.
Richardson, Charles E.
Stover, Hermit B.
Trump, Samuel

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Bennett, Lonnie B.
Birchfield, John H.
Brown, Ross E.
Clark, Albert E.
Collins, Fred
Crashedge, Jesse W.
Guilliams, James H.
Irvin, Calvin
Jennings, James (colored)
Long, Bryan Breakenridge
Meadows, Charles
Stover, Lacy
Worley, Ash

Wounded in Action:
Aesold, James W.
Adams, Nah D.
Akers, Charles C.
Armstrong, Alamo
Berry, John B.
Boblett, Henry W.
Bowman, Harry A.
Bradford, Cecil
Bragg, Clark J.
Bronson, Robert
Bryant, Jerry L.
Burnett, Lannon
Burnside, John S.
Bucavage, Frank
Cardwell, Perry (colored)
Carver, Thomas W.
Cassece, Joe
Caul, Peter (colored)
Church, Joseph A.
Clark, Cephus
Colbs, John (colored)
Colbs, Walter (colored)
Conway, Henry A.
Cottle, Harvey
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

ROANE COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Coffee, Robert L.
Curfman, William B.
Hess, Felix
Holcomb, Fred G.
Kerfer, Henry D.
McMullen, Charley
Rhodes, Emmett H.
Rhodes, William R.
Rhodes, Okey
Watts, John W.

Died of Wounds:
Cook, Murvil Jesse, Jr.
Light, Ezra E.
Porter, Ezra
Williams, Martin F.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Bess, John Albert
Lilly, Elmer B.
Niekell, Edward B.
Parker, Wallace L.
Wiley, Jasper

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Ball, Ralph Raymond
Bowden, Garland Edward
Bragg, Daniel E.
Kent, Oliver (colored)
Roach, Homer C.
Wiley, Herbert

Wounded in Action:
Boyer, Coy N.
Chapman, Major Albert
Cook, Elbert R.
Criner, Gilbert
Daniell, Earl M.
Davis, Ronnie W.
Glover, Ray Holbert
Gough, Roy A.
Haines, Newman D.
Hinkle, Russell B.
Jack, Otto
Jones, Wilson
Kerfer, George E.
Lee, Robert Dane
Lowers, Okey J.
Moore, Arle
Myers, Rhade A.
Nichols, Joseph D.
Phillips, Holly O.
Rhodes, Ernest W.
Rhodes, James
Roberts, William Pitt
Romine, John W.
Runnion, Don
Sargent, William E.
Snyder, Andrew J.
Starcher, Russell P.
Welgo, Alfred E.
Wells, Otheri
Westfall, Worthy H.
Williams, Kerma J.
Woodsard, Dellas
Young, Holly F.

SUMMERS COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Bragg, Joshua P.
Hoke, John Clarence
Meadows, Cam B.
Williams, David L.

Died of Wounds:
Cook, Murvil Jesse, Jr.
Light, Ezra E.
Porter, Ezra
Williams, Martin F.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Bess, John Albert
Lilly, Elmer B.
Niekell, Edward B.
Parker, Wallace L.
Wiley, Jasper

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Ball, Ralph Raymond
Bowden, Garland Edward
Bragg, Daniel E.
Kent, Oliver (colored)
Roach, Homer C.
Wiley, Herbert

Wounded in Action:
Allen, Emry C.
Andrews, Joseph W.
Ayres, Kedis
Benson, John (colored)
Bostick, Herman R.
Boyd, Homer
Bright, Harvey C.
Clark, Carl
Cook, Grover C.
Cooper, Oliver B.
Foote, Isaac C.
Gill, Charles
Hawley, Samuel T.
Hedrick, Mose
Hicks, Edward N.
Hill, Harry
Hobbs, Thomas R.
Holdren, Claude
Keiffer, Archie B.
Knapp, Thomas B.
McBride, Elbert
McFadden, James A.
Martin, Emerson A.
Meadows, William G.
Miller, Inil L.
Redden, Lezlie M.
Richmond Clarence
Robinson, John (colored)
Sims, James H.
Stickler, John W.
Ward, Ac
Welch, James
Wiley, Archer A.
Wiseman, Edgar H

TAYLOR COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Cooper, Harry E.
Jeffries, Addie W.
Kines, Bert C.
Moore, Wilbur S.
Wilson, Herbert H.

Died of Wounds:
Brown, Earl W.
Tolly, Walter B.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Ryan, John R.
Shroyer, Gofl L.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Burrell, Lewis G.
Cote, Jesse G.
Curry, Celba Bryan
Griffith, George C.
Huhn, Charles A.
Johnson, Jesse M.
Loweber, Walter Ray
Mooney, John C.
Nesbit, Floyd K.
Reed, Lloyd F.

Wounded in Action:
Anderson, Charles Bernard
Ball, Clarence E.
Bonnert, Vance V.
Cianfrocco, Sebastiano
Correy, Walter L.
Davis, Bernard
Delaney, George S.
Essert, Michael J.
Hadden, John E.
Hall, Harry F.
Jackson, Charles Alvin
King, John T.
Lanham, Martin Ward
Lomay, Lloyd M.
Mayle, Rockford
Morris, Earl O.
Nesit, Elono
Pappaloredo, Lui
Poe, Russell B.
Polin, Russell L.
Queen, Homer E.
Ramus, Luther A.
Shuckelford, William R.
Shriver, Cyrus F.
Spring, Ray
Woodford, Hugh L.
Workman, Alvin

TUCKER COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Huffman, Kenny
Lipscomb, Lomos S.
Myers, Howard S.
Sisler, Benjamin H.
Sluder, Clyde Herman
Valenzia, Fortunato
Lofong, Oliver F.

Died of Wounds:
Roner, Roy B.

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:
Buckley, James A.
Carr, Charles
Conti, Artebano
Polin, Delbert D.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Cruise, James G.
Evans, Thurman
Jones, Okey D.
McCulley, Neil H.
Monteleone, Rocco
Nestor, Alva
Spinno, Bruno G.
White, Coy

Wounded in Action:
Balda cei, Gu sepe
Cooper, Mark
Dawson, Edmund K.
Donalds, George B.
Effis, William H.
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

Flanagan, Gordon D.
Flanagan, Hillery B.
Guagliardo, Guiseppe
Guagliardo, Samuel
Haalterman, Isaac S.
Keister, Ole C.
Lambroune, Camello
Ledda, Francesco
Lewis, Martin
Lupiscumb, Andy H.
Long, Frank
McCue, Earl Newlon
Marasco, Giovanni
Marques, Bradford
Martin, Charles Richard
Miller, Edward G.
Mooney, Charles F.
Paugh, George W.
Peppers, John
Philips, Levi N.
Rankin, Robert L.
Reed, William W.
Santalucia, Mike
Sayres, Charles O.
Slater, Frederick A.
Suder, Tom
Upole, Lawrence Henry
Valen, Johnson Edwin
Wilson, Roland J.
Wat切ford, Oliver H.

TYLER COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Adams, Alvey H.
Coe, Earl
Hickman, Floyd A.
Morrissey, Jack A.
Tennant, Clarence O.
Thorn, Grover M.
Travis, William L.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Adkins, Harry S.
Adams, Walter
Adkins, Fred
Artip, Noah
Bays, Richard C.
Billups, Robert F.
Billups, Paul
Cain, Frank M.
Carver, Oscar
Chinn, Roscoo
Copley, Job
Copley, Garland
Crabtree, Chasney R.
Crabtree, Walter R.
Cremews, Henry
Cyders, Matvin
Damron, LaFayette
Damron, Johnnie
Davis, James S.
Day, James Crettie
Dickerson, Lonnie
Drown, Elba
Dunn, William Mark
Fields, Chris C.
Fleming, Richard L.
Forthy, James
Forthy, David
Gordon, Frank
Green, Jasper
Hall, Gus
Haynie, Anthony
Hodge, Basil
Jarrell, Allen
Johnson, Charlie
Johnson, Claude C.
Johnson, John T.
Johnson, Adam
Jordan, Taylor
McKee, George
Maree, Thomas

UPSHUR COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Bartlett, Frank B.
Brady, Arthur D.
Carpenter, Loyd W.
Ferry, Charles M.
Rowan, Howard

Died of Wounds:
Bennett, Bryan L.
Howa, Pearley B.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:
Adkins, Harry S.
Adams, Walter
Adkins, Fred
Artip, Noah
Bays, Richard C.
Billups, Robert F.
Billups, Paul
Cain, Frank M.
Carver, Oscar
Chinn, Roscoo
Copley, Job
Copley, Garland
Crabtree, Chasney R.
Crabtree, Walter R.
Cremews, Henry
Cyders, Matvin
Damron, LaFayette
Damron, Johnnie
Davis, James S.
Day, James Crettie
Dickerson, Lonnie
Drown, Elba
Dunn, William Mark
Fields, Chris C.
Fleming, Richard L.
Forthy, James
Forthy, David
Gordon, Frank
Green, Jasper
Hall, Gus
Haynie, Anthony
Hodge, Basil
Jarrell, Allen
Johnson, Charlie
Johnson, Claude C.
Johnson, John T.
Johnson, Adam
Jordan, Taylor
McKee, George
Maree, Thomas

WAYNE COUNTY

Killed in Action:
Adkins, Harry S.
Cassady, Glen C.
Crum, William H.
Darnon, William H.
Davis, Roy
Dean, Emery
Hamm, Scoe
Lester, Clyde L.
Rader, Claude C.
Ramey, Fletcher
Lynch, Roscoo
Died of Wounds:
Adkins, Harry S.
Adams, Walter
Adkins, Fred
Artip, Noah
Bays, Richard C.
Billups, Robert F.
Billups, Paul
Cain, Frank M.
Carver, Oscar
Chinn, Roscoo
Copley, Job
Copley, Garland
Crabtree, Chasney R.
Crabtree, Walter R.
Cremews, Henry
Cyders, Matvin
Damron, LaFayette
Damron, Johnnie
Davis, James S.
Day, James Crettie
Dickerson, Lonnie
Drown, Elba
Dunn, William Mark
Fields, Chris C.
Fleming, Richard L.
Forthy, James
Forthy, David
Gordon, Frank
Green, Jasper
Hall, Gus
Haynie, Anthony
Hodge, Basil
Jarrell, Allen
Johnson, Charlie
Johnson, Claude C.
Johnson, John T.
Johnson, Adam
Jordan, Taylor
McKee, George
Maree, Thomas

Wounded in Action:
Adkins, Harry S.
Adams, Walter
Adkins, Fred
Artip, Noah
Bays, Richard C.
Billups, Robert F.
Billups, Paul
Cain, Frank M.
Carver, Oscar
Chinn, Roscoo
Copley, Job
Copley, Garland
Crabtree, Chasney R.
Crabtree, Walter R.
Cremews, Henry
Cyders, Matvin
Damron, LaFayette
Damron, Johnnie
Davis, James S.
Day, James Crettie
Dickerson, Lonnie
Drown, Elba
Dunn, William Mark
Fields, Chris C.
Fleming, Richard L.
Forthy, James
Forthy, David
Gordon, Frank
Green, Jasper
Hall, Gus
Haynie, Anthony
Hodge, Basil
Jarrell, Allen
Johnson, Charlie
Johnson, Claude C.
Johnson, John T.
Johnson, Adam
Jordan, Taylor
McKee, George
Maree, Thomas
WEST VIRGINIA HERITAGE

WETZEL COUNTY

Killed in Action:

- Anderson, John L.
- Garnet, Wilford L.
- King, Jeremiah
- Lowe, Benton M.
- Moore, Elzy V.
- Robinson, Jesse
- Swiger, Warner
- Toothman, Frank W.

Died of Wounds:

- Gump, Ross S.
- Haught, Thomas M.
- Hoyt, John
- Morgan, Floyd H.
- Morris, Newman A.
- Ringenbach, Edward U.
- Sterling, Ellsworth
- Tennant, Ellis J.
- Wilson, James

Died of Disease, Etc., A. E. F.:

- Congray, William Ross
- Dopler, John
- Fluharty, Jesse E.
- Gump, David A.
- Hart, Clarence
- Ice, John S.
- Moore, Alpha
- Noland, James A.
- Noland, Frank H.
- Pethiel, Friend R.
- Pullen, Joe W.
- Pyles, Carl
- Shreve, Daniel O.
- Smith, John C.
- Way, Murl
- Winland, Herbert
- Winland, Martin L.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

- Bates, David (Gilbert)
- Dye, Thomas J.
- Fox, Conrad J.
- Garrett, Rufus
- Garvey, Edward R.
- Gump, David A.
- Hart, Grover R.
- Ice, John S.
- Moore, Alpha
- Noland, James A.
- Noland, Frank H.
- Pethiel, Friend R.
- Pullen, Joe W.
- Pyles, Carl
- Shreve, Daniel O.
- Smith, John C.
- Way, Murl
- Winland, Herbert
- Winland, Martin L.

Died of Disease, Etc., U. S.:

- Depue, Nathaniel Pettis
- Haught, Ira N.
- Hopkins, Owen R.
- McCaulley, Shirley

WOUNDED IN ACTION:

- Anderson, Clyde C.
- Barrett, James Frank
- Bogard, James M.
- Bowers, George C.
- Brewer, Edward E.
- Church, Charlie
- Clark, James H.
- Crawford, Kenneth R.
- Cross, John L.
- Fluharty, Burris
- Fisco, James
- Garrison, James E.
- Gump, Marshall
- Hall, Charles W.
- Holman, Clarence
- Howell, James F.
- Howell, Homer A.
- Howell, Jesse A.
- Jackson, Clarence Earl
- Kirk, Lindsay
- Lemons, Basil Arnett
- Lemons, Pearl
- Long, John F.
- McCaskey, John A.

WOOD COUNTY

Killed in Action:

- Armstrong, Clyde L.
- Calhoun, Jesse B.
- Clegg, Virgil A.
- Davis, Warner
- Dewm, Fred H.
- Farnsworth, George W.
- Fisher, Earl O.
- Hoe, Joseph W.
- Jones, Robert G.
- Kesser, James C.
- Lowers, Or A.
- McGinnis, Charles Roscoe
- Moore, Tommy H.
- Moorehead, John
- Umuvi, Henry K.
Mountain Man and His Gun

By Horace Kephart

The rifle at this time was a weapon unknown to New England, and unused in the eastern districts of the other colonies. The infantry arm of the period was a smooth-bore musket. It was very inaccurate, and of short range. When Putnam gave the command at Bunker Hill, "Wait till you see the white of their eyes," he did so because the musket and shot-guns could not be relied upon to hit a man at much greater distance. The long rifle had been intro-
duced into Pennsylvania about 1700 by Swiss and Palatine immigrants, and was made by them at various border towns in that colony twenty or thirty years before the Revolution.

Our frontiersmen, appreciating the superior accuracy of the grooved barrel, adopted the rifle at once, and improved upon the German model with such ingenuity that within a few years they had produced a new type of fire-arm, superior to all others, the American backwoods long rifle. These rifles were used along the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. So the call of Congress for riflemen was, in fact, a call for the backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies. John Adams wrote to Gerry, after the resolution had passed, "These are all said to be exquisite marksmen, and by means of the excellence of their firelocks, as well as their skill in the use of them, to send sure destruction to great distances."

It was plain enough that a corps of such sharpshooters, hardy, indomitable, experienced in forest war, would be the right material to meet British regulars. The call for riflemen reveals a subtler policy than appears on the surface — a policy no doubt suggested by the only man in Congress who knew the backwoodsmen like a brother, who had marched with them, camped with them, fought side by side with them — by Washington himself.

The readiness of the backwoodsmen to take up arms was in striking contrast to the state affairs along the coast. Massachusetts had scarce a dozen serviceable cannon, and for half of these there was no ammunition. In the whole colony of New York there were only a hundred pounds of powder for sale. The men who hastily assembled at Cambridge, after the affair at Lexington, were enthusiastic but unruly. But the men of the wilderness were always ready.

Over every cabin door hung a well-made rifle, correctly sighted, and bright within from frequent wiping and oiling. Beside it were tomahawk and knife, a horn of good powder, and a pouch containing bullets, patches, spare flints, steel, tinder, whetstone, oil and tow for cleaning the rifle. A hunting-shirt, moccasins, and a blanket were near at hand. In case of alarm, the backwoodsmen seized these things, put a few pounds of rockahominy and jerked venison into his wallet, and in five minutes was ready. It mattered not whether two men or two thousand were needed for war, they could assemble in a night, armed, accoutred, and provisioned for a campaign. But the West had wars of its own to fight.

The Indians, finding that the great barrier chain of the Alleghanies was no longer impregnable to the white invaders, grew desperate, and fought with redoubled fury. Moreover, one of the first acts of the British government, after the Revolution began, was to incite the savages to attack the colonies in the rear. Yet, with characteristic generosity, riflemen were spared. The first men who marched to assist New England in her sore need were pioneers of the great West. Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who fain would have been spared the duty of discriminating.

One of these officers, beset by a much greater number of applicants than his instructions permitted him to enroll, and being unwilling to offend any, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackened board the figure of a man's nose,
and placing this at such distance that none but experts could hope to hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only who shot nearest to the mark. Sixty-odd hit the nose. . . . The other Maryland company (there were two) was led by Michael Cresap, a famous border warrior, (a friend and companion of Michael Myers, the two coming to Jefferson county at about the same time and were in the canoe together when the first Indians were killed, at the instigation of Dr. Connelly (or Connolly) on the water front of Jefferson county, the beginning of the Dunmore war, and really the first blood of the Revolution) whom Jefferson wrongly accused of killing the (relatives of) Indian chief Logan . . . . About two-thirds of the riflemen were of Scotch-Irish descent, and nearly all the remainder were "Pennsylvania Dutchmen" — that is to say, of Swiss or Palatine origin.

Many of the Marylanders and Virginians were immigrants from Western Pennsylvania. (More likely from the Cumberland and Susquehanna valleys, long before Western Pennsylvania was settled.) The famous rifle corps which Morgan afterwards formed from marksmen picked from the whole army is usually referred to as "Morgan's Virginians," but as a matter of fact, two-thirds of them were Pennsylvanians, including a considerable number of Pennsylvanian Germans. (Burgoyne at Yorksown declared this to be the finest regiment in the world). . . . When Congress drew its first levies from the backwoods, it did not alone secure the services of the finest marksmen living. Something more was gained. It was the moral effect, upon the camp at Cambridge, of independence typified by flesh and blood, clad in American garb and wielding an American weapon. . . . The riflemen were at once employed as sharpshooters and kept the enemy continually in hot water. Heretofore the British outposts had been safe enough within stone's throw of the American lines, but they found, to their cost, that it was almost certain death to expose their heads within two hundred yards of the riflemen. . . . In the British camp the riflemen were called "Shirt-tail men, with their cursed twisted guns, the most fatal widow-and-orphan makers in the world." . . . The tactics of the backwoodsmen were essentially different from those practiced by the best military authorities. It was the rule of troops to attack in solid formation, reserving their fire till very close quarters. Bayonets were feared more than bullets.

The standard infantry musket was very inaccurate and had no rear sight. The musketry instructions simply required each soldier to point his weapon horizontally, brace himself for the vicious recoil, and pull the ten-pound trigger till the gun went off. The idea was that, by dropping so many bullets in a given time upon a certain area containing a given number of the enemy, so many men would probably be hit. But the backwoodsman was a hunter, who shot to kill. . . . The backwoodsman fought always as a skirmisher, taking advantage of every available cover. . . . The British regarded such tactics as "sneaking" and "cowardly." "Come out and fight in the open, like men," they would say. . . . The backwoodsmen were simply a century ahead of the times in their methods of war. The British themselves soon found it expedient to hire Indians and Hessian jägers to fight our sharpshooters, but neither of these mercenaries proved a match.
for the tall woodmen of the Alleghenies . . . . We have seen that the backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies were the first to formally threaten armed resistance against Great Britain, the first outside colonies to assist New England, the first troops levied by an American Congress, the first to use precision weapons, and the first to employ the open order formation (inherited from Scotch forefathers) now universally prescribed. From the beginning to the end of the war these hardy pioneers were everywhere, doing the right thing at the right time, harassing the enemy, picking off officers and artillermen at long range, stubbornly holding their own in the line of battle, advancing to some forlorn hope, covering a retreat to save the army from disaster, or disappearing only to reassemble for attack upon some unsuspecting outpost or detachment.

Lithe, sinewy, and all-enduring, keen-eyed and nimble-footed, unencumbered with baggage, subsisting on next to nothing, making prodigious marches over rough mountains or through an ice-clad wilderness, they were men of heroic mould, admired alike by friend and foe. Coming straight from the absolute freedom of a primeval forest, they appreciated the reasons for military discipline, and submitted to it without a murmur. Always cheerful and ready for any undertaking, they were regarded by Washington himself as the corps d'elite of the Continental army. And in the darkest hour of the Revolution, when half the army was in open mutiny, the great commander, sick at heart but still indomitable, declared to his friends that if all others forsook him, he would retire to the backwoods and there make a final stand against Great Britain, surrounded by his old comrades of the wilderness.

The Cheapest Wedding On Record

BY H. B. Davenport
From: "Tales of the Elk"

About forty years ago when Tom Hamrick was County Clerk of Clay County, a young mountaineer named Cook, leading a slip of a girl by the hand, walked into Tom's office and told him that he and the girl wished to get married, but had no money to pay for a marriage license. Tom told them that he would present them their license as a wedding present, and thereupon, after the usual preamble, declared them to be man and wife. From Worth's office they went to the ferry at the river and told the ferryman, 'Squire Eagle, that they had just been married, and were on their way to the groom's home, and wished to cross the river, but had no money to pay the fare. Thereupon, the 'Squire told them to get into the boat, and he would take them on a wedding journey, and in a few minutes landed them on the other side of the river, and gave them his blessing; and they lived happily ever afterwards.
Rafting on the Guyandotte

By Thomas Dunn English

Who at danger never laughed,
Let him ride upon a raft
Down Guyan, when from the drains
Pours the flood of many rains,
And a stream no plummet gauges
In a furious freshet rages.
With a strange and raptuous fear,
Rushing water he will hear;
Woods and cliff-sides darting by,
These shall terribly glad his eye,
He shall find his life-blood leaping
Faster with the current's sweeping,
Feel his brain with frenzy swell;
Hear his voice in sudden yell
Rising to a joyous scream
O'er the roar of the raging stream,
Never a horseman bold who strides
Mettled steed and headlong rides,
With a loose and flowing rein,
On a bare and boundless plain;
Never a soldier in a fight,
When the strife was at its height,
Charging through the slippery gore
Mid bayonet-gleam and cannon-roar;
Never a sailor helm in hand,
Out of sight of dangerous land,
With the storm-winds driving clouds
And howling through the spars and shrouds —
Feels such wild delight as he
On the June rise riding free.

Thrice a hundred logs together
Float as lightly as a feather;
On the freshet's foaming flow,
Swift as arrows shoot, they go
Past the overhanging trees,
Jutting rocks — beware of these!
Over rapids, round the crooks,
Over eddies that fill the nooks,
Swirling, whirling, hard to steer,
Manned by those who know no fear,
Tough-armed raftsmen guide each oar,
Keeping off the mass from shore;
While between the toiling hands
Mid-raft where the pilot stands,
Watching the course of the rushing sluice
From the top of the dirt-floored rough caboose.
Well it is, in the seething hiss
Of a boiling, foaming flood like this
That the oars are stoutly boarded,
And each log so safely corded
That we might ride on the salt-sea tide,
Or over a cataract safely glide.
If the pins from hickory riven
Were not stout and firmly driven,
Were the cross-trees weak and limber,
Woe befal your raft of timber!
If the withes and staples start
And the logs asunder part,
Off each raftsman then would go
In the seething, turbid flow,
And the torrent quick would bear him
to a place where they could spare him.
Bravvy though he be of limb,
Full of life and nerve and vim,
Like a merman though he swim,
Little hope would be for him,
Hither the logs would go and thither;
But the jolly raftsman — whither?

Now we pass the hills that throw
Glassy shadows far below;
Pass the leaping, trembling rills,
Ploughing channels in the hills;
Pass the cornfields green that glide
(We seem moveless on the tide)
In a belt of verdure wide
Skirting us on either side,
Now a cabin meets us here,
Coming but to disappear.
Now a lean and russet deer
Perks his neck and pricks his ear;
Then, as we rise up before him,
Feels some danger looming o'er him,
Thinks the dark mass bodes him ill,
Turns and scurries up the hill.
Now some cattle, at the brink
Stooping of the flood to drink,
Life their heads awhile to gaze
In a sleepy, dull amaze;
Then they, lest we leap among them,
Start as though a gadfly stung them.

Past us in a moment fly
Fields of maize and wheat and rye;
Dells and forest-mounds and meadows
Float away like fleeting shadows;
But the raftsmen see not these —
Sharp they look for sunken trees,  
Stumps with surface rough and ragged,  
Sandstone reeks with edges jagged,  
Hidden rocks at the rapid's head,  
New-made shoals in the river's bed;  
Steering straight as they pass the comb  
Of the sunken dam and its cradle of foam,  
Now through narrow channel darting,  
Now upon a wide reach starting,  
Now they turn with shake and quiver  
In a short bend of the river,  
Tasking strength to turn the oar  
That averts them from the shore,  
Ah! They strike, Not missed it barely;  
They have won their safety fairly.  
Now they're in the strait chute's center;  
Now the rapids wild they enter,  
Whoop! That last quick run has brought her  
To the eddying, wide back-water,  
There's the saw-mill! — now for landing;  
Now to bring her all up standing!  
Steady! Brace yourselves! A jar  
Thrills her, stranded on the bar  
Out with lines! make fast, and rest  
On the broad Ohio's breast!  
Where's the fiddle? Boys, be gay!  
Eighty miles in half a day!  
Never a pin nor cross-tie started,  
Never a saw-log from us parted,  
Never a better journey run  
From the morn to set of sun.  
Oh, what pleasure! how inviting!  
Oh, what rapture! how exciting!  
If among your friends thee be  
One who something rare would see,  
One who dullness seeks to change  
For a feeling new and strange,  
To the loggers' camp-ground send him,  
To a ride like this commend him —  
Ride that pains and sorrow dulces,  
Stirring brains and quickening pulses,  
Making him a happier man  
Who has coursed the fierce Guyan  
When the June-rain freshet swells it,  
And to yellow rage impels it.

FOOTNOTE  By Doris C. Miller early days of the city, wrote in Robert L. Archer, whose his reminiscences of "'Devil Chronicles of Early Huntington, Anse' Hatfield riding a raft of 1871-1896" provided a wealth of logs from Logan to Guyandotte' information about customs and of "J. L. Caldwell, L. H. mores of the Huntington area in Burks, Sam D. Hayslip and Clin-
ton Crane buying logs in Guyan-

dotte."

Mention "rafting on the Guy-
dotte" to a 12-year-old boy of
this television age, and the chances
are that he will ask you what you
are talking about. Yet there were
days when striplings raced to the
banks of major streams when June
floods came, to watch the rafts
pass by. The story of rafting is
one that began long ago and ended
but yesterday, as time goes.

For countless centuries trees
grew almost undisturbed in the
hills and valleys of this region,
each seasonal leaffall and rotting
trunk of a tree that died of old
age adding its portion to the amount
and fertility of the soil until the
land was covered with deep humus
and a dense growth of timber and
underbrush. Many trees grew to
gigantic height and circumference,
fed by the loam they and their
ancestors had produced, watered
abundantly by rainfall held in its
spongy depths.

Through many of these cen-
turies, animals and human inhabi-
tants occupied the land: bison,
deer, bears, panthers and all the
lesser kinds we know today; the
moundbuilders and Indians we
know about and perhaps other men
whose trace has been lost. All
of these found the forest a refuge
and a source of food.

Then came the white man,
moving into this area along the
lower Guyandotte and Sandy in
1796 and thereafter. Immediately
he began a war against the forest
that has not ceased since ... a
war so fierce and deadly that hills
once covered with mighty forests
have been denuded of their virgin
timber and stripped of their thick
coating of fertile soil.

Early settlers, anxious to clear
fields to plant grain and vegeta-
bles, sometimes would "girdle"
trees, cutting or burning deep
rings around them through bark
and sap-bearing layers, deaden-
ing the forest giants so they could
not put out foliage to shade the
land. Crops were planted between
the leafless trunks as they stood.

More frequently, great stands of
oak and poplar were cut, the
branches trimmed from the trees,
the logs rolled together and brush
piled on top. After a drying period,
the log-and-brush pile were
burned in huge bonfires, in a few
hours destroying trees that had
been hundreds of years in growing
— trees that would be priceless
today.

Soon the more enterprising set-
tlers learned that the mighty tree
trunks had commercial value.
They could be sold to lumber
mills in towns along the Ohio
that would saw them into boards
to be used for building dwelling
houses, stores, factories, ships,
furniture and countless other
buildings and objects fashioned of
wood.

Water provided the only road-
way for taking the logs to mar-
ket, so the custom of rafting was
born and grew into an exciting
and profitable enterprise. Men in
the uplands worked through winter
months, cutting down the trees,
trimming off limbs, sawing the
trunk into long cuts. Ox teams and
sometimes mules or horses were
the motive power which snaked the
logs to some place where they
could be rolled into a sizeable
stream in the high water of spring-
time and bound together side by
side with tough grapevines and
withes made by splitting slender
saplings, then go floating down to
the mills.

When the rains came, most of
the able-bodied men of a neigh-
borhood would divide into rafting
crews to make the wild rides
downstream to the ultimate desti-
nation. Outfitted sometimes with a
crude shelter and simple cooking
utensils, sometimes only with the
clothes they wore and food for a cold "snack" prepared at home, they rode swiftly down the rivers and often walked back. Soon steamboats provided them with transportation for a portion of the long way home and pushboats going up the Guyandotte or Sandy took them farther on their way, but it was a slow journey at best. Few records were kept, and strange to say, the most graphic description of a journey on a raft was written by a poet who also was a physician, who lived in Logan County during the 1850's. Writing with great facility and speed in the manner of the English poets of his time, of Southey in particular, the Logan rhymster gave a description of minute detail, indicating he had made the journey or had listened attentively to the rafters' reminiscences.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who lived in Logan County from 1852 to 1857 and wrote prolific verse about West Virginia scenes, was born in Philadelphia in 1819. He is said to have embarked on a journalistic career at 16 because his father's business failed, blazing his hopes of studying law. Four years later, however, he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in medicine, which he practiced during his residence in Logan.

**The Road to Morgantown**

(Author believed to be Joseph Park. Written sometime before 1836.)

Stranger: My friend, can you tell me the road to Morgantown?

Robin Darrah: (Throwing down an armful of chips which he was carrying from the yard). By the grace of God I can tell you as well as any man in the county, for I've been there myself. You come past old Joe Tuttles, didn't you? With his lip stickin' out like your foot, and the amber running off his lip sufficient to swim ducks. He chaws tobaccy, sir!

Stranger: I care nothing for him. I've come past there. I wish to get to Morgantown.

Robin Darrah: Well, you'll take up the hill past old Blink-eyed Baldwin's, all the smith we have in the county; the cussedest iron roaster you ever saw in the born days of your life. He will burn up forty plowshares a year, if you'll take 'em to him. A few days ago, Jake (dang his name) and Bets (dang her, too! For I can't think of either of their names), was running off to get married over in Pennsylvania, and stopped at Blink-eyed Balkwin's to get their hosses shoed. He blew and blewed and the devil a shoe he made and whether they got married or not I'm unable to tell. He's got a little stewed up old woman for a wife about as big as your fist, about so high, and she keeps the whole country in an uproar with her lies, running from house to house, and tattling. And she's got her name up, so that it's Mattie Baldwin here, and Mattie Baldwin there and Mattie Baldwin in everybody's mouth. And there's not a lawsuit in the county in which she is not summoned as a witness for somebody, and whether she swears or not I'm unable to tell you, but I believe she swears lies.

You'll take down the hill from there to old Dave Chews that married old Aaron Foster's widder. You'll turn around his
You'll turn there to the left and that will take you to a pint and you will fall over into Jake's Run, named after old Jake Straddlers in Indian times, and it's settled with Tennants from head to mouth! And they are the cussedeest set of men to fight you ever saw in all your born days, Whenever they have a log-rollin' or any comin' together of the people, their jackets are off, and the block a flyin' and all hollerin' fair play. The father will fight the son and the son will fight the father, The brothers will fight one another, There's Old Enoch Tennant, a steppin' around with his a stickin' to one side; I believe he is the foulest Tennant among 'em. But there's Black Ben, Pete Tennant's slave, I'd like to forget him, He's the only white man among the Tennants.

You'll turn up that run by turnin' to the right, no road to turn you off, till you fall on the head of the Little Paw Paw, to my son-in-law's Ben Shuman's, one of the ugliest men you ever saw in your lifetime and it's Ben Shuman here, and it's Ben Shuman there and it's Ben Shuman in everybody's mouth; he keeps the whole neighborhood in an uproar with his lies, But I must say that Ben Shuman has the best breed of dogs in the county, and he's going to have a lot of young pups soon. My Joe spoke a pup and Henry spoke a pup and I 'low to go over day after tomorrow myself and buy the mother and sell her to my brother-in-law, Joe Koon, for a gallon of whiskey, or a bushel of corn.

John Hood's got the best store in Blacksville. There's going to be a famine on the creek for Shep LeMasters and Joe Park are selling their corn out at 25¢ a bushel and they'll have to give 50¢ for the same corn back again between this and harvest. And Bill
Lantz and Bill Thomas have got a barrel of whiskey apiece and are retailing it out at a bushel of wheat to the gallon and they'll get all the wheat in this neighborhood and that wheat will go from there to Pittsburgh and I'm drawin' a pension at this time, and devil a bit more right have I to it than they have, but there was old Andy Cobley and Jake Brookover got me before the squire and didn't care what I swore so they got part of the money. All the exploit I ever done in my life was to kill my mother and then the gun went off by accident.

Stranger: Goodday, sir!

Mrs. Darrah: Robin, the gentleman don't know no more about the road now than if you hadn't said a word.

Robin Darrah: Hold your tongue, old woman. By the grace of God, he can't miss the way, and I know he recollects it, for he said good morning and I said good morning and we parted.