SOME SANDY BASIN CHARACTERS

By

Elihu Jasper Sutherland

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In memoriam
ELIHU JASPER SUTHERLAND — b. 12-22-1885 — d. 07-09-1964

Clintwood, Virginia
1962

Hetty S. Sutherland

To the Memory of
My Mother
Eliza Jane (Counts) Sutherland

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Preface

TRUE history is the written story of mankind from the earliest known record down to the present time. Tradition carries the unwritten story back into the realm of conjecture and uncertainty. An account written at the time of the event described is the most reliable record obtainable. The recollections of participants and eye-witnesses are valuable aids to reconstruct the main story, but the accuracy of one's memories dwindles as the event fades into the distant past.

The history of a nation is a compound of the histories of its various units. To understand thoroughly the life of a country, one must search into each and all of its boundaries, its urban communities, its rural districts, its lowlands and highlands, its good roads and far beyond the ends of the roads into its uttermost limits. The small communities are the foundation, the bed-rock of our nation and our states. Unless the historian throws the spotlight on the backwoods, the swamps, the suburbs, the back-streets, and the hinterlands, his knowledge will be imperfect, and the picture he paints will have blind-spots and other defects. This book is intended to illuminate one of these blind-spots.

The inhabitants of Southwest Virginia delight in stories of pioneer and Indian times in this area, but unfortunately the pioneers were woefully derelict in putting the story of their deeds into writing. Aside from the meager records preserved in Clerk's Offices, church records and scattered letters, searchers into the myriad phases of the lives of the common people will be in a tangled field of hear-say, contradictions and foggy recollections.

Sandy Basin contains about six hundred square miles, lying on the headwaters of the West (or Russell) Fork of Big Sandy River. It is on the Virginia side of Cumberland (Pine) Mountain, and covers portions of Buchanan, Dickenson and Wise Counties. Its main streams are Russell Fork, Pound, Cranesnest and McClure Rivers. All its waters gather and flow out of the Basin through the

remarkable chasm torn through the northern end of Cumberland Mountain, known far and near as "The Breaks." This upland area is completely walled in by high mountains, forming a natural bowl or basin, broken only at "The Breaks."

Sandy Basin has been settled about one hundred and seventy years. Obviously many events of deep human interest have occurred there during the settling of the region and its gradual change from pioneer conditions to the modern comforts that surround its present inhabitants.

For many years the writer has been gathering from all available sources as much as he could of the remains of the written records of the Basin, and the reminiscences of the older citizens to fill out somewhat the skeleton of the records, so that all this interesting and valuable material will not be irretrievably lost. Already much is gone forever, but what remains makes a thrilling story that should and can be preserved.

It is the purpose of this volume to capture and preserve some of the more striking activities of a few prominent leaders of Sandy Basin, as learned from available records and the existing recollections of the pioneers, and to show how the men and women of its earlier days lived and exerted themselves to make a living for their own families and to be of service to their less fortunate neighbors.

The writer regrets that space will not permit the inclusion of sketches of other outstanding citizens of the Basin in this volume. Material is being collected for another series of similar sketches should the reading public show its appreciation of this undertaking.

My sincere thanks go to many persons for their aid and encouragement. The following persons supplied much of the data used in the following sketches:

JESSE AUSTIN: David W. Austin, Ardelia (Austin) Swindall, Nancy (Austin) Whittaker, Hon. William B. Austin, and Dollie Countiss.

FRANK MONROE BEVERLY: Claude F. Beverly and Nathan E. Beverly.

Richard Colley: Thomas K. Colley and his wife, Eunice, and Noah B. Sutherland and his wife, Jane.

Elijah Shelby Counts: Hon. Richard L. Counts, G. B. Counts, and William B. Sutherland.

Winfield Scott Grizzle: Fletcher Powers, and Iantha (Swindall) Fowler.

Helen Timmons Henderson: Dr. Ruth Henderson and Grace (Mays) Hale.

Richard D. B. Sutherland: Noah B. Sutherland and his wife, Jane, Noah D. C. Sutherland, and Morgan C. Sutherland.

William Sutherland: William B. Sutherland, Jasper Sutherland, Phoebe (Sutherland) Owens, and Sylvia (Counts) Sutherland.

Francis Peter De Tubeuf: James E. True, Walter Lee Rush, Charles A. Johnson, Dr. Goodridge Wilson, Charles Kinser, Emory L. Hamilton, and Fred Bolton.

Portions of the material used in the sketches of Frank Monroe Beverly, Elijah Shelby Counts, Richard D. B. Sutherland, and William Sutherland were secured by the writer from them personally, as he knew them well.

I wish to acknowledge my deep appreciation to S. H. Sutherland, Glenn Kiser, Claude F. Beverly and H. M. Sutherland for their kindness in reading the manuscript of the sketches and offering valuable suggestions for their improvement.

And last, but not least, my thanks are due to my wife, Hetty S. Sutherland, for her great help in gathering data, typing the sketches and improving the contents and style of this volume.

Elihu Jasper Sutherland

Sunset Hill
Clintwood, Virginia
December 1, 1961

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Jesse Austin

I. ENGLISH ANCESTRY

HISTORY tells us of a famous monk who went to England about the close of the sixth century and, by his tact, devotion and perseverance, won most of the island to Christianity, baptizing ten thousand of the subjects of Ethelbert, King of Kent, during one memorable day. He was called St. Augustine, or simply Austin.

At some unknown time, in the maze of centuries that followed, an English yeoman named his tiny son in honor of the old "Apostle to the English," who had ministered to his ancestors; and from this lad the family of *Austin* had its beginning. The name "Austin" appeared in the "Domesday Book" made in 1086. It has since furnished its share of descendants to that huge army of emigrants who have gone out from Albion to people the four corners of the earth with Englishmen. Some of them have held high office, and some of them have walked in humble ways.

Several Austins came to Virginia and North Carolina during colonial times. Richard Austin and James Austin owned land in New Kent County, Virginia, as early as 1704.[1] A number served in the American army during the Revolutionary war. The Federal Census of 1790 lists thirty-five heads of families in North Carolina spelled Austen (2), Austin (18), Austine (1), Auston (2), Osteen (5), Ostean (4), and Osten (3).[2] Virginia tax lists prior to 1790 contain the names of thirty-four taxpayers spelled Austen (2), Austin (31) and Auston (1).[3] There were 350 heads of families in the United States in 1790 by the name of Austin in its various forms.[4]

Three early counties—Ashe, Surry and Wilkes—occupied northwestern North Carolina prior to 1800. Opposite to them on the north (separated only by a thin state line) lay Grayson and Montgomery counties in Virginia. Surry County was formed in

1771 from Rowan County, and it then covered the extreme northwestern corner of North Carolina. In 1777 Wilkes County was formed from Burke and Surry counties, and in 1799 Ashe County was formed from Wilkes County.[5] On the Virginia side Montgomery County was formed from Fincastle County in 1776, and in 1792 [6] Grayson County was taken from Montgomery County and made a new county. Other counties have been created on both sides of the state line in this section since 1800.

This bi-state territory is in the midst of the Appalachian Highlands. It is watered mostly by the headwaters of New River, which rises in Ashe County and flows northward through Grayson County.

It was in these mountain counties that some members of the Austin family established their homes in the last half of the eighteenth century. In 1787 Isaiah Austin, John Austin, Sr., Stephen Austin, Thomas Austin and William Austin were taxpayers in Montgomery County.[7] In 1793 Bartholomew Austin, Isaiah Austin, Stephen Austin and William Austin paid taxes in Wythe County. Isaiah Austin had lived in Surry County, North Carolina, from which county he entered the American army in 1776.[7] Stephen Austin also served in the Revolutionary War. Apparently another branch of the Austin family came into Wythe County during this early period. An old Austin record of this family states: "In 1791 Moses Austin and Maria his wife Removed from Richmond Virginia to the Lead Mines in Wythe County and made Purchase of said Estate in company with his Brother Stephen and Established the Village of Austin Ville." [8] At this place a son was born to the couple on November 3, 1793. He was named Stephen Fuller Austin and later became known as the "Founder of Texas." Moses Austin was a native of New Haven, Connecticut, and on June 8, 1798, he moved his family from Wythe County and settled west of the Mississippi River.

Our story is concerned especially with a son of Bartholomew Austin, one of the taxpayers of Wythe County in 1793. Family tradition fixes Bartholomew's birthplace in Surry or Rowan County, North Carolina, and that he was born about 1770. The names of his parents are not definitely known, but it is generally

believed that his father was William Austin and his grandfather was John Austin, Sr.[9] It is further thought that Isaiah Austin, another Wythe County taxpayer in 1793, was an uncle of Bartholomew. Isaiah, John and William were popular Christian names with the descendants of Bartholomew. Stephen Austin, another Wythe County taxpayer in 1793, was evidently a brother of Moses Austin, the Connecticut native, and not closely related to William Austin's family.

The public records indicate that the Austins moved back and forth across the Virginia–North Carolina line rather frequently. On July 25, 1783,[10] William Allison conveyed to William Austin a tract of 250 acres on the waters of New River later in Ashe County, North Carolina. This deed was witnessed by "B. Austin," who, as "Bat. Austin," proved this deed by oath at the May Term, 1825, of Ashe County Superior Court. This same land was conveyed by William Austin to Bartholomew Austin by deed dated September 2, 1826.[10]

Bartholomew Austin is first mentioned in the records as witness to the above deed in North Carolina in 1783. He is next found marrying a Grayson County, Virginia, girl about 1790, and in 1793 he was a taxpayer in Grayson County. He probably established his first home near Old Town, the first county-seat of Grayson County.[11] However he was living on New River in Ashe County, prior to May 2, 1807,[12] when he bought 300 acres of land there from Peter Whitaker, which tract he conveyed to Enoch Reeves on January 28, 1821.[13] On September 20, 1808,[14] William Allison conveyed to Bartholomew Austin 150 acres on Rock Creek in the same county, which tract Austin in turn conveyed to Enoch Austin on February 5, 1821.[15] He bought another tract of land in Ashe County in 1826.[16] He executed a Bill of Sale in Ashe County to Zachariah Austin on April 6, 1826, for "one negro girl named Phebe for the sum of $400.00." [17] The last deed of record he made in Ashe County was on March 5, 1830, when he conveyed a tract of 250 acres to Zachariah Osborne.[18]

Bartholomew Austin and his wife Anne signed deeds for their interest in two tracts of land in Grayson County, Virginia, formerly belonging to Anne's deceased father, George Reeves, con-

veying, along with her brothers and sisters, these tracts to their brother, John Reeves—384 acres in 1811,[19] and 100 acres in 1812.[20] In 1819 they conveyed their interests in two other tracts of 160 and 280 acres in Grayson County to their son, Jesse Austin.[21]

Farming was his regular occupation and on occasions he wagoned for his neighbors. Family tradition says that some years before the Civil War he made a long wagon trip into Kentucky and that, on the return trip, he was taken sick at Cumberland Gap, where he died, and his body was buried in an unmarked grave in that vicinity.[22]

Bartholomew Austin was sometimes called "Bat,"[23] or "Batta,"[15] as nicknames. He married Anne Reeves (b. Jan. 12, 1775; d. Feb. 18, 1870), a daughter of George Reeves, Sr., and his wife, Jane Burton,[24] who lived in Grayson County, Virginia. Anne Reeves' brothers and sisters were Jesse Reeves; William Reeves; John Reeves; Polly Doughton, wife of Joseph Doughton; Susanna Tolliver, wife of William Tolliver; Lucy Cox, wife of David Cox; Elizabeth Phipps, wife of Samuel Phipps; Prudence Cox, wife of Andrew Cox; and Charity Osborne, wife of Zachariah Osborne.[25] George Reeves, Sr., was a well-to-do farmer, and the appraisers of his estate reported on the 15th day of November, 1811, that at the time of his death he owned seven slaves with a total value of $2,150.00.[26]

After the death of Bartholomew Austin, his widow lived with her children, the latter part of her life being spent with her son, Jesse Austin, at his home on Pound River in Wise County, Virginia, where she died at the advanced age of 95 years. She was the first person to be buried in the Austin Graveyard, near Phipps, Virginia.

The children of Bartholomew Austin and his wife, Anne Reeves, were:

1. William Austin — b. March 17, 1792; d.
2. Isaiah Austin — b. Oct., 4, 1793; d.
3. Jane Austin — b. Sept. 20, 1795; d.
4. Jesse Austin — b. Jan. 5, 1797; d. June 19, 1890
5. Andrew Austin — b. Jan. 30, 1799; d. Sept. 18, 1888

6. Lucinda (Cindy) Austin b. Jan. 14, 1802; d.
7. David Austin b. Mar. 23, 1804; d.
8. John Austin b. Feb. 25, 1806; d.
9. George Austin b. July 13, 1808; d.
10. Robert Austin b. Nov. 10, 1811; d.
11. Prudence Austin b. Feb. 10, 1813; d.
12. Jackson Austin b. July 26, 1815; d.
13. Edward (Edwin) Austin b. Dec. 25, 1817; d.[27]

II. LANDOWNER

Jesse Austin was the fourth child of Bartholomew and Anne (Reeves) Austin. It is said he was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina.[28] He lived to the patriarchal age of 93 years. During this long life he was primarily a farmer. He loved the soil, and it was one of his greatest joys to see it bring forth bountifully. Wherever he went he owned or cultivated a farm.

He owned his first farms in Grayson County. On August 12, 1819, two deeds were made conveying to him portions of the estate of his maternal grandfather, George Reeves, Sr. The grantors in these deeds were his mother's relatives. One of these tracts consisted of 160 acres and was described as lying on the north side of New River.[29] The other tract contained 280 acres and also lay on the north side of New River, near the mouth of Brush Creek.[30]

On September 13, 1830, Jesse Austin made a deed to Allen Gentry (both of Ashe County, North Carolina), for 280 acres near the mouth of Brush Creek in Grayson County.[31] His brother, Robert Austin, of Grayson County, on May 6, 1837, conveyed to Jesse Austin a tract of 100 acres on Crab Fork of Prathers Creek in Ashe County.[32] In the same county on January 20, 1840, Jesse Austin conveyed 200 acres on Crab Fork of Prathers Creek in Ashe County to John Austin by deed of trust to secure three debts.[33] On January 22, 1846, Jesse Austin conveyed 206 acres on Crab Fork of Prather Creek in Ashe County (now Allegheny County), North Carolina, to Martin Hill.[34]

The State of North Carolina conveyed 100 acres on Crab Fork of Prathers Creek in Ashe County to Jesse Austin by deed dated December 6, 1840.[35] On November 28, 1846, the same state granted to Jesse Austin a tract of 84 acres on the same stream, the survey of this tract having been entered May 24, 1841.[36] The records indicate that Jesse Austin had already moved back to Grayson County when he received the last grant, for the Grayson

Eld. Jesse Austin and wife, Margaret

County records show that on March 26, 1846, Jesse Austin conveyed to Boswell Taylor ("both of Grayson County, Virginia") 125 acres on Doll Fork of Brush Creek in Grayson County.[37]

The next time the record speaks of Jesse Austin it shows that on February 5, 1949,[38] Elijah Erwin of Ashe County conveyed to Jesse Austin of Grayson County 1500 acres on New River and Little River in Ashe County. One-half of this tract had belonged to the Elk Creek Forge, and bordered on the Virginia line and Bull Head Mountain. Jesse Austin ("of Grayson County") executed a deed dated February 20, 1853, to Caleb Osborne ("of Ashe County") for 1500 acres of land lying and being in Ashe

County on waters of New River and Little River and being one-half of the "bounty lands of Elk Forge." [39]

Another interesting episode in his life concerns the only reference to his connection with slavery, at that time a usual condition in Virginia and North Carolina. On November 4, 1833, George Reeves executed a power of attorney to Jesse Reeves "to repossess a certain negro girl by the name of Hannah, which girl was left me by the will and last testament of my father, Jesse Reeves, deceased." [40] Jesse Austin made a bill of sale, on February 23, 1834, to George Austin for "a negro woman named Hannah, about 50 years of age;" [41] and two days later he made another bill of sale to George Austin for "a negro girl named Hannah." [42]

In 1855 he moved back to North Carolina, making his home on Elk Creek in Ashe County,[43] and there on March 21, 1857, he and his wife conveyed to John Prather 100 acres on Doll Fork of Brush Creek in Grayson County.[44]

In the fall of 1857 he left his Elk Creek home in Ashe County and moved to Wise County, Virginia, for a short stay, and then to the head of Elkhorn Creek in Letcher County, Kentucky, where the town of Jenkins is now located. Here he lived on land rented from "Red-Nose Bill" Mullins, a son of Booker Mullins, until 1861, when he came back across Cumberland Mountain some ten miles to a tract of land on Pound River, near where his brother, Robert Austin, formerly lived.[45] Robert had left this section for a new location in Kentucky, and later moved on to Ohio. Jesse had not owned the farm at Jenkins on which he lived briefly, and it irked his pride to have to rent from other landowners. The confusion of the Civil War period on the border communities had made him uncertain as to where he could locate his family safely and within his means. However, his ingrained love of ownership was satisfied when he purchased from John C. Branham a tract of 850 acres (as estimated in the deed) of improved land on Bear Pen and White Oak creeks on Pound River in Wise County, Virginia, the deed for this land being dated October 14, 1865.[46] He had contracted for this land some years before, and had moved to it, but he delayed paying for it until the war was over and a measure of peace had come into the mountains. This tract

of land is about five miles northeast of the present (1960) town of Pound, Virginia.

The consideration paid for the land was $200.00 cash in hand. Mr. Branham lived in Pike County, Kentucky. After some years a question of the ownership of the land developed. A suit was instituted by A. R. Surgenor and France Miles against C. L. Hamblen and others in the Circuit Court of Lee County, Virginia. The court ordered William H. Burns and William A. Orr, two of its commissioners, to sell the land at public auction, which was done on June 24, 1875. Jesse Austin was the successful bidder for the sum of $200.00. On September 7, 1882, C. T. Duncan, another commissioner of the court, conveyed the land to Mr. Austin, the new deed calling for a tract of 2,422 acres by survey. It was bounded approximately as follows: BEGINNING at the mouth of White Oak Creek, on the north bank of Pound River; thence 260 poles up the river to the mouth of Bear Pen Creek; thence up the river 325 poles to the mouth of Stacey's Branch (Big Laurel in former deed); leaving the river 400 poles to a stake in the Kentucky line on top of Cumberland Mountain; thence with the top of the mountain 1,045 poles as it meanders to a buckeye; thence down the mountainside 614 poles to the BEGINNING.[47]

He lived on this land the remainder of his life. His home for the most of that period was on Bear Pen Creek, where Smith Whittaker later lived. Late in life he conveyed his farm to his children.

He had sold most of his land in Grayson and Ashe counties before he moved to Wise County. On October 3, 1854, he executed a title bond for $20,000.00 to Elijah Collins to make good title for one-fourth interest in certain mining rights and minerals in Grayson County, Virginia, the deed being recorded December 10, 1874.[48] Mr. Austin employed a Mr. Davis to complete the trade and collect the money. The money was collected, but Mr. Davis suddenly became insane, and Mr. Austin never recovered it. Most of Mr. Austin's money had been invested in these mineral lands. The loss of this money and the ravages of the Civil War impoverished him for several years.[49]

III. PIONEER

JESSE AUSTIN was a typical early settler in the Cumberland Mountains along the Virginia-Kentucky state line. While he was not among the first settlers, he was one of the increasing number of intrepid home-seekers who came into the mountain wilderness —then rugged, almost inaccessible, and filled with savage beasts —during the mid-years of the nineteenth century, and helped make it a decent and comfortable place in which to live. His restless nature would not permit him to remain in one place very long. He had scuttled back and forth across the Virginia–North Carolina line in his earlier days trying to find an ideal living place on the earth. Later he betook himself to the more remote and unsettled regions of the mountains of Eastern Kentucky; and then, when the Civil War cast its evil spell of hatred, looting, and murder into the farthest recesses of the Border States, he fled back to Virginia, searching, searching for a land of peace. He could meet the manifold dangers and struggles imposed by nature without flinching, but he tried to avoid man-made troubles and conflicts.

How was Sandy Basin settled? While much of the history of early settlers has been lost to us forever, we are yet close enough to its pioneering days to be able to draw back the veil of the past with the aid of some of the last connecting links with that glamorous period and hear first-hand the story of some of the pioneers who blazed the rough trail over which our feet yet stumble at times.

One of these fine old relics out of the fading past was Jesse Austin's son, David Washington Austin, who passed to the Great Beyond on July 6, 1939, in his 91st year. He took great delight in recounting stories of the days when he and Sandy Basin were young. One of his granddaughters, Mrs. Dollie (Whittaker) Countiss, caught the spirit of his lively tales and recorded many of the interesting stories he told her during the years of 1933 and 1934. It will be better to let him tell in his own words the story of

Jesse Austin's migration from Grayson County down through North Carolina, then westward to Kentucky, and finally back to Old Virginia. It is a narrative that parallels the movements of many another sturdy settler in early Sandy Basin.

"From Grayson," he relates, "we moved across the Virginia line into Ashe County, North Carolina, and on Elk Creek—so called because so many elks were killed there when coming for a drink. This was my first move. I was six years old and I remember it very vividly, especially crossing the New River, which was about a quarter of a mile wide at that place.

"Our stay in North Carolina was only temporary. Two years after leaving Grayson we were ready to move on to newer country. So on November 15, 1857, father gathered together all his earthly possessions, including his wife and the ten children that had been born to them, and made ready to move on. His family, another family, and a few others loaded all they had in five wagons pulled by two yokes of oxen and three teams of horses. Thus we started what to us seemed a journey to a distant land. We were headed for the mountains of Kentucky, then a new country full of wild life.

"This journey was slow and tedious. We covered about ten miles a day, camping at night in any good place we could find. We started on November 15, 1857. We came up Wilson Creek, crossed Iron Mountain, out by King's Salt Works, through a gap in Clinch Mountain near House and Barn Mountain, and then by Lebanon and Guest Station (now Coeburn). We were on the road a little more than a month, arriving in Wise, Virginia, December 20.

"There were twenty-nine in the company. There were twelve in our family, twelve in John Poplin's family, with Jim Ashley, Abe Gooch, Enoch Cox, Jesse Parsons, and Betz Howell completing the company. Besides the horses and oxen pulling the wagons, there were two other horses and five head of cattle—four milk cows and a heifer. The heifer made a cow and gave milk out of five teats as long as she lived.

"In Washington County, just this side of Iron Mountain, we met an old man coming down a lane. He asked: "Whar you

people all from?" Big Enoch Cox said: "North Carolina;" and the old man wanted to know if anybody was left back there. We told him a few families were left, and he passed us by, muttering: "An' ye say a few families wuz left? An' ye say a few families wuz left?"

"When we arrived in Wise County, father met one of mother's cousins, Terrel Cox, who had come to this part of the country some time before. He persuaded father to remain with him till spring. So we rented a little house and lived there until March of the next year. The rest of the company went on to Morgan County, Kentucky, that winter.

"In March, 1858, father and mother gathered us together again and prepared to go to what we intended to be our permanent home. We moved through Pound Gap to Elkhorn Creek on the same bottom land where Mudtown (Jenkins) now is. We rented a farm from Mr. Mullins and stayed there until the war broke out in '61.

"Because father had bought land previously in Wise County, Virginia, and also because of the great bother of the soldiers (both Yankees and Rebels met on the head of Elkhorn Creek and had skirmishes there), we came back through Pound Gap to our land on Pound River and put up a rude house—a makeshift shanty without even a floor—and lived there all winter.

"We settled in what we call the 'South of the Mountain' on Bearpen Creek. It was all woods, and, like all pioneers, we went to work clearing land for our shanty and to tend the next year. It was a hard winter, but there was plenty of game. The woods were full of wild hogs, deer, bears and turkeys.

"The winters were severe and to live was a struggle. As you reflect on these hardships and toils, forget not your own struggle. Tho yours will be very different, it will be none-the-less a stern fight, and you must struggle if you wish to live.

"But it was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, so far as getting away from the evils of the war. We moved away from a lawless section into the midst of other thieving bands of men who went about the country pillaging and destroying our means and that of our neighbors. From this time (1861) until

the close of the war (1865) it was a dangerous, restless period for us in the mountains, and we had to be cautious in every act and word at all times.

"The leaders of these bands were reckless, law-breaking men, who had no love of country, nor loyalty to either the North or the South. Alf Killen headed a Union band that operated near us and he was the cause of many cowardly and inhuman acts. His band stole everything they could. They murdered and robbed. Alf Killen himself killed Ben Wright ruthlessly and without mercy. That was only one of his many lawless deeds but, thanks to an impartial Providence, Alf met a similar fate in the end." [50]

Through the war's alarms and the desolation of reconstruction, and the harsh life in the isolated mountains, the Austin family (guided by the patience, energy and resourcefulness of the father and mother, and the Father on high) survived and went on to prosper and help build a community of peace and plenty.

IV. MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

Jesse Austin was best and farthest known as a minister of the Primitive Baptist faith. He had much of the steady faith and humble spirit of the Apostles. He was brave but gentle and tender-hearted; he was faithful to his church and his family; and he was energetic, but his Father's business called him often from his home.

He joined the church in early life, and was a member of the Jordan Baptist Church in North Carolina for many years, often being selected as a delegate to the annual meetings of the Mountain District Baptist Association.[51] Some time after joining the Church he began to feel that God had called him to preach the Gospel. He was ordained to preach in 1849,[52] and continued in the ministry until his death. The doctrines and practices of the Primitive Baptist Church strongly appealed to him. He believed that body to be the true church of the Living God. Many of his relatives belonged to this church. He was a cousin of Elder

Enoch Reeves, a noted Baptist preacher of Grayson County, Virginia.

When the Austins moved away from Grayson County, they carried their church letters of membership with them, and obtained membership in Bethel Baptist Church in Pike County, Kentucky.[53] They later moved their membership to Pound Fork Baptist Church in Wise (now Dickenson) County, Virginia.[54] The records of this church show him first as pastor in January, 1858; also in 1878; and in May, 1882.[55] In July, 1884,[55] he assisted Elder Caleb Haynes in the ordination as a minister of John Calvin Swindall, a son of his cousin, Mary (Phipps) Swindall. His brother, Robert Austin, was a signer of the constitution of Pound Fork Baptist Church at its organization on October 29, 1853.[56] The presence of his brother in the Pound section was evidently one of the reasons for Jesse's moving into this territory.

The Pound Fork Church "gave off an arm" to establish Little Zion Baptist Church near the mouth of Camp Creek of Pound River in 1886,[57] and the Austins moved their membership to the new church, because it was five miles nearer their home. They remained faithful members of this church until their deaths. Little Zion Church, at that time, was a member of the Three Forks of Powells River Baptist Association.

It should be held in mind that Primitive Baptists have never believed in a paid ministry nor in collecting money from their members for the support of paid missionaries or other extra-church activities. Therefore Elder Austin freely gave his time, effort and services to his fellowman without receiving, or expecting to receive, any financial compensation. With him, as it was with all his fellow-preachers, his work was a labor of love, and with a hope that he could be of service to his neighbors in their trials and tribulations on earth, and that on the Judgment Day he would hear his Lord speak the blessed invitation: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." [58]

Elder John Calvin Swindall, a fellow-minister of the Baptist Church, long after Elder Austin's death, said of him:

"I knew Jesse Austin well. He was a preacher when he came to this country from North Carolina. He preached throughout this country and eastern Kentucky. He was an able preacher, but he had a speech impediment which interfered somewhat with his preaching at times. He was considered a deep man in the Bible. He was a rather solemn and earnest man, and passed few jokes." [59]

Elder Morgan T. Lipps, one of the ablest and best-known Baptist ministers in Southwest Virginia, wrote the obituary of his fellow-servant of the Lord, in which he stated:

"Jesse Austin was engaged in the ministry 41 years. He was a Primitive Baptist, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. He was more gifted in conversation than in the stand. He was well versed in the Scriptures, and his mind appeared to be absorbed on religious matters all the latter part of his life. For several years before his death he was a strong believer in the doctrine of salvation by grace.

"He left the world calmly resigned to death, with full confidence that his Saviour was with him, and would welcome him home to his reward." [52]

V. HUSBAND AND FATHER

Jesse Austin became the husband of Margaret Douglas in Grayson County, Virginia, in 1834. She was a daughter of John Douglas and his wife, Margaret Cox.[60] Margaret (Douglas) Austin was born March 24, 1818, and died January 19, 1895.[61] She secured sufficient education to enable her to teach school in Grayson County.[62]

Jesse Austin was a kind and loving husband and father. He honored his wife in all respects, and sought to bring up his children as behooves a good father. His services as a preacher in a sparsely settled but vast mountain section were continually in demand. His conscientious belief that he had been "called by God to feed His sheep" gradually encroached upon his time until during his latter years he devoted most of his time to preaching

and other religious activities. His increasing age—past the Biblical fourscore-and-ten years—incapacitated him from hard manual labor such as was required on a farm.

Along with his labors as a farmer and minister, he was known to be an excellent surveyor. He was self-taught in this profession, but he became so proficient in land surveying that his services were in much demand among his land-owning neighbors. Almost every man who moved into the thinly settled region along the north and south base of Cumberland (or Pine) Mountain wanted to own his own farm and home. Land here was cheap and within the financial reach of everybody. In many cases all it cost to own a farm, or mountain land out of which a farm could be carved, was to have a survey made and pay the owner a small sum, or have the court make him a deed for any unclaimed land. There was not much demand for land until after the Civil War, when "speculators" came into Wise County and bought up much land at small price which they in turn sold to the coal and timber companies that soon learned of the rich natural resources in this section. The small charge that Mr. Austin made for his surveying services enabled a neighbor to get good title to his home farm, and it also helped to keep the surveyor in coffee, calico and the few other necessities he could not produce on the farm.

He was active as a citizen in his community, but he did not aspire to any political office. The only office he ever held was that of Tax Assessor for Roberson Township (later Roberson Magisterial District) for the year 1872–1873.[63] On July 2, 1886, he was exonerated from paying taxes on 11,033 acres of land on the "South side of Cumberland Mountain," which had been erroneously assessed against him.[64]

Both he and his wife lie buried in the Austin Graveyard, near their last earthly home on the south side of Cumberland Mountain. His mother, Anne (Reeves) Austin, selected this beautiful spot on an elevation in the midst of the forest, and she was the first person interred there.[65] Many of her descendants have been buried there since, among them being her son Jesse Austin and his wife, Margaret (Douglas) Austin, and eight of their twelve children.[66]

His tombstone has this appropriate inscription:

"He has fought a good fight;
He has kept the faith."

On her tombstone is engraved the following:

"Blessed are the pure in heart
for they shall see God." [66]

The children born to Jesse and Margaret (Douglas) Austin were:

1. Matilda Ann Austin	b. Dec. 4, 1835; d. July 23, 1919
2. Serrilda N. Austin	b. Sept. 24, 1837; d. Feb. 17, 1896
3. Andrew Jackson Austin	b. —— 1839; d. (Prisoner of war)
4. Anne Reeves Austin	b. June 12, 1842; d. March 7, 1873
5. Margaret Jane Austin	b. June 30, 1844; d. May 30, 1914
6. Jesse Franklin Austin	b. March 12, 1847; d. Jan. 3, 1899
7. David Washington Austin	b. April 24, 1849; d. July 6, 1939
8. William Douglas Austin	b. August 6, 1851; d. March 1, 1917
9. Julia Austin	b. —— 1853; d. Oct. ——
10. Mahala E. Austin	b. Nov. 15, 1856; d. Dec. 5, 1950
11. Thomas Jefferson Austin	b. July 30, 1859; d. Dec. 4, 1899
12. Jerusha Austin	b. —— 1863; d. April —— 1900 [67]

Frank Monroe Beverly

I. FOREBEARS FROM ENGLAND

"And so I like to sit and dream,
To watch the embers glow,
And take a retrospective glance
Into the Long Ago."
—*Thoughts by the Fireside* [1]

From England came the first settlers at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, and from that same extraordinary island have come many another immigrant to the New World. Shot through the ancestry of most Americans is the trail of English blood, and with it go many of the characteristic traits and ideas of that sturdy stock that has made its home equally successful at the palace, the market-place and the far corners of the earth.

Beverly (or Beverley) is an ancient English family name. It can be traced amongst the records of the town of Beverley in Yorkshire, England, from the time of King John. During the reign of Henry VIII the Beverleys received grants of church property from the crown, and thereafter were members of the landed gentry of that country. Major Robert Beverly, a representative of the Yorkshire family, sold his property in Beverley and emigrated to Virginia in 1660, where he had been appointed deputy-governor.[2] The Beverleys were related to the Washington family, which also had estates in Yorkshire.

The ancestry of the Beverlys of Southwest Virginia is confused. There are two lines of descent put forth. The general local tradition among the Sandy Basin members of the family states that Elijah Beverly, known in the family as "Elijah the First," and the accepted common ancestor of the Southwest Virginia Beverlys, emigrated from Hull, England, some years after the Revolutionary War. He had married a Miss Ramsey there; and

on the voyage over to the New World, the ship was wrecked and its occupants were cast upon a desolate island. Provisions ran low and the passengers were put on reduced rations. The wife, being smaller than her husband, generously divided her scant food supply with her husband. At last the survivors were rescued, and the Beverlys reached America without further mishap.[3]

The other account of this lineage is furnished by Professor Walter Frazier Beverly, a long-time teacher in the John Marshall High School, Richmond, Virginia, and himself another descendant of "Elijah the First." He has made an extended search into his ancestry, and the result is another example of scientific research in genealogy pitted against tradition, with genealogy having the better of the argument.

Briefly Professor Beverly's researches disclose that in the waning years of the seventeenth century one John Beverly, a member of the Yorkshire family, came to York County, Virginia. A few years later he moved to the coastal plain of North Carolina, where he became a surveyor, and later a planter. He died in Bertie County in 1737, leaving his plantation jointly to his two sons, Robert and John. John Beverly, Jr., died in Orange County, North Carolina, in 1767, leaving his wife, Margaret, and among his children a son named Elijah. This son looms large in the history of the Beverly family in Southwest Virginia.[4]

On May 3, 1787, in Orange County, North Carolina, Elijah Beverly married Mary Freeman.[4] He was born and reared on the frontier, and had little opportunity to secure an education. However he became an expert weaver, which appears to have been his principal occupation. This work took him into numerous communities and, like his ancestors for a hundred years or more, the wanderlust led him farther into the new frontiers. Many of his descendants have shown the same roving tendency.

He settled in Grayson County, Virginia, in 1794. He moved back to North Carolina where his son, Robert, was born in 1800; then to Wythe County, Virginia, where his daughter, Abigail, was born in 1801 and his son, Freeman, in 1805. He was living at Dial Rock in Tazewell County, Virginia, in 1809, when his son, Elijah, Jr., first saw the light of day.[5]

Later the family moved to Chloe Creek, Pike County, Kentucky, where the family lived awhile, and where his daughter, Sarah, married James Lambert.[6] Hannah Beverly, his eldest child, married Jacob Butcher in Tazewell County, Virginia, on January 2, 1812,[7] and spent the remainder of her life in Kentucky. Another daughter, Abigail, married Richard Baker, and they made their home in Wise County, Virginia. Elijah Beverly, Sr., and some of his children moved back to Virginia, and he passed his last days near Coeburn (then Guest Station) in Wise (then Russell) County.[6] The Russell County tax lists first show his name in 1815.[8] He died at Castlewood in 1835, and was buried at Coeburn.[6]

Elijah Beverly, Jr., bought a tract of unimproved mountain land containing 1021 acres from the Warders on the waters of Honey Camp Branch and Longs Fork of Cranesnest River on December 9, 1851.[9] He had apparently lived in this community prior to the date of his deed. It was in Russell County at that time, but it is now in Dickenson County. This tract was supposed to contain about one thousand acres, but later surveys show that it embraced more than three thousand acres. On this tract of land, at that time in the heart of the Sandy Basin wilderness, he hewed out a good farm and built an excellent two-room log house, which he covered with black-walnut shingles.[10] On October 18, 1858, he sold this farm to Samuel Horn.[11] On the eve of the Civil War in 1861 he migrated to McDowell County (now in West Virginia), where he lived until that fratricidal struggle was over. Then he returned to his old neighborhood on Long's Fork, where he lived the remainder of his life, dying about 1879.

He married Nancy Hamilton, a daughter of Schuyler Hamilton, and one of their sons was named William Walter Beverly.

II. A MOUNTAIN BOY

"In years that now lie buried
Beneath the misty past,
I lived a restless urchin,
Dreamed of a future vast."
—*Looking Backward*

William Walter Beverly was born on March 3, 1836, and died January 6, 1921.[12] He married Elizabeth Gentry, a daughter of David Gentry, and established his first home on Crabtree Branch of Long's Fork of Cranesnest River in Wise (now Dickenson) County, Virginia. Here their first baby arrived on January 2, 1857, and they christened him Franklin Monroe. Later in life the son took liberties with his name and shortened *Franklin* to *Frank.*[13]

This child, born in the midst of the Sandy Basin wilderness, grew to manhood under the usual hard environments existing at that time in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. Far removed from schools, roads, stores, and the other things that lightened the hardships of life in more favored localities, his early days were spent in isolation and daily toil.

Not all of his early days were spent in Sandy Basin. His grandfather, Elijah Beverly, Jr., and most of his family moved to McDowell County (now West Virginia) in 1860. William Walter Beverly also moved his family there in the autumn of 1860, going through the towns of Gladeville (now Wise), Lebanon and Jeffersonville (now Tazewell). In 1863 the family removed to Wildcat Branch in Wyoming County, where they remained until the spring of 1865. They then went to the Collins Place on Huff Creek in the same county. The family suffered much from want and indignities during the Civil War, as the home was in the border section that was so grievously harassed by lawless, thieving bands from both sides of the conflict.[13]

The next year Mr. Beverly bought a small farm on Cub Ridge, where his relatives and neighbors helped him erect a cabin and

FRANK MONROE BEVERLY

clear three or four acres of land. On this "new-ground" a satisfactory crop was raised. There was much game in that section, especially deer, and the family did not want for food.

However the death of Baby Jane in the fall of 1867, caused the family to become dissatisfied, and Mr. Beverly and his wife decided to return to their old home community in Sandy Basin. Again the family was on the move across the mountains and rivers. They took a new and more direct route, this time by way of Buchanan County, Virginia, where the roads were scarcely existent. The trip took five days, some members of the family and all their possessions being carried on two horses, and the menfolk driving two cows.[13]

Let the future poet describe his return to his native heath:

"We reached Uncle Jim Stanley's on the 'divide' between the two streams known as George's Fork and Long's Fork, the first a tributary of Pound River, the other of Cranesnest Creek. We stayed there overnight; mother had gone on to her sister's. Father reached there just after nightfall. There was a large family of the Stanley's, and they seemed greatly amused at the manners and appearance of brother and myself, especially Polly, the eldest of the Stanley family. She asked us many questions about how we did certain things out in West Virginia. When we told her, she would burst into a roar of laughter and then explain that they had a better way than 'that,' and proceed to enlighten us as to the how and why of it . . .

"Father at once bought a homestead of Uncle Matthew Dotson at the mouth of Long's Fork, on Cranesnest Creek, to which we moved at once. The place had not been occupied during the last two or three years, and had consequently 'run down.' There was some cleared land, but very poor fencing. There was a fairly good orchard consisting of apple, pear, peach and cherry trees on the place. Father had rather a hard time of it, fencing, repairing and putting the place in order for the first crop. We had a fairly good crop of corn and the usual crops grown then, on a small scale. I say 'we' because I was ten at that time, and all country boys of that age entered into the equation of that day. I could wield a hoe at that time to some purpose, and invariably made a hand for

work, except in times of illness—I was almost anything but healthy and robust in that day.

"After the crop was 'laid by' father put up a grist mill on the stream (Cranesnest). At that time there were few mills within a radius of ten miles. A large percent of the meal used was ground on hand-mills, almost every family having one. But this manner of turning corn into meal was burdensome and slow, and in consequence most of the neighbors were willing to lend their aid in the erection of the mill in order to get bread without expending energy in turning a hand-mill. When sufficient water came to turn the mill in the fall, it was kept running regularly, and the toll supplied us with corn for bread. So, with the crop in hand, we had some corn to sell, which brought fifty cents a bushel." [13]

III. SCHOOL DAYS

"The log schoolhouse long since decayed,
No vestige there is seen,
Except the half-sunk chimney pile,
With growing things between;
There oft I think of quondam mates,
And hear their joyful shout;
I see them leap into the yard
The moment school turns out."

—*The Lure of Bolencamp*

Prior to 1870 Virginia had no public free schools. It is true that, in some counties, the state had an emasculated form of free schools since 1819. Indigent students could be educated at public expense in the rudiments of "book l'arnin'," if the local county courts would approve the plan and lay a proper levy to supply the needed funds. At that time most of these courts were composed of men of means, who usually did not believe in taxing themselves to pay for the schooling of the children of their poor neighbors.

Thus the burden of giving even a smattering of an education to

the average child fell wholly upon the shoulders of its own parents. In the mountain sections of Virginia that system ordinarily meant no schools at all. However, the citizens in some communities, wishing earnestly to give their children a better training to face life's struggles with at least a meager education, partially solved the problem by organizing "subscription schools." A petition, or subscribers' list, was passed among the neighboring citizens, agreeing to employ a certain man of some superior learning to teach at a given rate per "scholar." If the parent was favorable, he signed, or *subscribed* his name to the agreement.

These crude school conditions obtained in Sandy Basin in the years just after the close of the Civil War. Mr. Beverly secured his early schooling in that way. Let him tell his own story.

"After the work of the fall (1867) was done, there was talk of a school, but it appeared that there was no one in the neighborhood competent to conduct one. However, early in December one William Henley of Catlettsburg, Kentucky, came and offered his services in the capacity of teacher. This man was slightly known —having married a Miss Phipps, related to the Phipps family of Cumberland Mountain section, and as would naturally be supposed, he had formed some acquaintance. He at once set about making up a subscription school, that being years before the free school system was inaugurated. As it was when John Bunyan was considering the publication of his book, 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' some said, 'Print it, John,' others said, 'No, John.' So, in signing to William Henley's school, some said, 'Sign, John,' and others said, 'No, John.'

"But the school was made, some twenty-five or thirty scholars being signed. The teacher's offer as an inducement was, that if a patron would sign three scholars he had the option of sending five without paying extra tuition. His terms were a dollar a scholar by the month, payment to be made at the end of each school month in money or any kind of 'merchantable produce.' The patrons were to board the teacher, he taking a week around with each of them—'boarding among the scholars' it was called. Father signed me. That to be, was my first school. I had heard so much said about schools, with what rigid discipline they were conducted,

that I had it in mind that the teachers were perfect tyrants; so I dreaded to go.

"Mother had prepared me a copperas-and-bark dyed suit, made of home woven jeans, consisting of two pieces, trousers and hunting-shirt, with belt of the same material. Then she bought me the old 'blue-back' spelling-book (Webster's) at a little store on Georges Fork kept by James H. Mullins, for ten cents, and I was ready for school.

"Then came the Monday morning upon which the school was to commence. I donned my suit, took my spelling-book under my arm, and dinner tied up in a cloth, in my hand, and was on the way to a place where scholars had to 'toe the mark.' The school was to be taught in a large, rambling log-building where Hibbitts' store-building now stands at Darwin on Long's Fork. It was originally built for a church house—by the Methodists, I believe.

"When I reached the place where my schooling was to commence, most of the scholars had assembled. The Dotson children were there, also the Stanleys. Uncle Jim Beverly, who had moved from West Virginia back to Wise in advance of us, was sending his children, Robert, Willie, Lucy, Nancy and Rebecca. So with a number present whom I knew, I felt I had company—whatever might happen, and you know it is said misery loves company. I mixed myself up with the others who were going in, which made it easier for me to enter. The teacher was in. I felt that among the others he would not particularly notice me. The great heavy, clumsy benches, made of split timber, were arranged about the fire, and we all 'took our seats,' preparatory to making a start for an education. All had Webster's Spelling-Books. The teacher inspected each one as to his advancement. To those of about the same degree of advancement he assigned the same lesson, and they were made to recite together, although no particular effort was made to class them. When the teacher reached me, I labored under considerable excitement. I knew all the letters of the alphabet by sight, but could not spell. So my first lesson was in 'a-b-abs.' I remember I had much trouble in connecting the sounds they represented with the letters. I could not make out whether *a-b* spelled *ab* or *cat*.

"I suffered an occasional slight scolding from the teacher for lack of discernment in this respect. However, after a few days I began to grasp the similarity of sound and letter. Looking back to that time from the present, I do not think that I made the progress that I should have made. I think I reached 'baker' only in the three months' term; that is the first word of two syllables in the book, the first column of which began with the word 'baker.' " [13]

Two years later the family moved about one mile east on Rockhouse Branch; and after a year there, a move was made to Bolecamp Creek, about seven miles west. About this new home he wrote: "We found Bolecamp pretty much to our liking. There were good neighbors—the McFalls, the Hamiltons, the Cantrells, the Shorts, the Mullinses, the Bakers and perhaps others—long distance recollections are uncertain. We had conveniences, too, that we did not have at the places we formerly lived. There were a store and post-office kept together not far away; while at our former places, Cranesnest and Rockhouse, we had to go to Gladeville, the distance of eighteen miles, to do our 'post-officing.' " [13]

Again the lad had a few months in school under the teaching of James G. Gordon. He had now learned to read fairly well and spell simple words. Gordon tried to instruct him in "figuring," but the pupil did not grasp it readily. This was also a subscription school. The free schools came to Wise County in 1871, and an Irishman, Charles A. Donnells, taught a few months of free school at the Bolecamp school. James G. Gordon was again his teacher in 1872; but the school was without a teacher the next year. However he spent a few months in a subscription school taught by Isaac Edward French.

In 1874 the family moved to Pine Creek, near Freeling on the Pound, but young Beverly had by that time advanced farther than the teacher selected for the school. He was permitted to attend the school that year at the old schoolhouse at Darwin, where he first began his schooling. His teacher this year was Mr. French, his teacher during the previous year, and later Division Superintendent of Schools of Dickenson County for several terms.

Beverly was gradually but surely making the acquaintances of books, which remained a chief love the remainder of his life.

The early home on Bolecamp made a deep impression on the young mind of the lad, and many years later he went back to view the haunts of his childhood. His description of that visit is a classic. It is worthy a place beside the best English word-pictures.

"The changes of the years had taken place, and Bolecamp was no longer the counterpart of the image stamped on the tablet of memory. The landscape scenes had not changed so much, naturally, but all that art had done to beautify had suffered the devastating force of the years in their silent workings. The true Bolecamp—that of yore—was seen only by the eyes of memory.

"The house in which we had spent the happy days of our childhood had crumbled—not only crumbled, but the last vestige of the timbers had decayed, leaving but a heap of stones to show where the chimney stood. The time since the house had fallen in decay was to be measured by the growth of the apple-tree that marked the spot where had been the hearth, so sacred to memory, because of the recollection of the then unbroken family that so often ranged around the cheerful wood fires of the long-ago winters.

"The fields were overgrown by brier and shrub, the serpentine fences which once guarded them were gone; the orchard had become a waste expanse, the once fair fruit trees were old and knotty, and the branches were draped in gray moss.

"It was truly spring-time, and the violets were there, reflecting the blue of Virginia's skies, as they did in the long ago, when, as children, we romped through field and woodland, not knowing the weight of care and responsibility.

"The rills, in whose waters we used to bathe our feet, were rippling seaward, or standing in glassy pools as of yore. But, alas! the images reflected by the pools told us that the years had been busy with us also, for our once boyish faces showed the inevitable furrows of age and care, and that the evening sun of life was glistening upon our heads. The bird voices sounded from the groves, as they once did, the nimble squirrel sprang from branch to branch among the trees and coughed and chat-

tered as saucily as his kind used to do, and the sable crows reminded us of other years as they flew from hill to hill across the valley.

"Yes, amidst the changes of the years there remained some things as reminders of the past, but we fully realized also that a great change had been wrought within ourselves." [13]

IV. AN EARLY TEACHER

"Five week-days see the children go trooping into school
To learn their many lessons, live up to every rule;
The pedagogue's past fifty; and if one plays the fool
He's apt to wear the dunce-cap and sit upon the stool."
—Rumford

To MOST mountaineers being a teacher was next to being a preacher. A man of God held first place in their estimation of the callings. This opinion is largely true at this time. Yet this estimation was sometimes indulged to the disadvantage of the minister. A teacher was paid sparingly for his labor, while a preacher usually served without salary. To get along in the world one must have a little money occasionally, and if one is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he must perforce labor for a price.

No one has ever accused a public school teacher in Virginia of getting rich from his teacher's salary. Quite the contrary. However, fifty years ago—and even later—there was little else a mountain boy could do to provide even a meager income. Teaching was an honorable profession, and could be used as a stepping stone to more remunerative employment.

Frank Monroe Beverly as a boy set his heart on becoming a teacher, and he did become one of the earliest natives of Sandy Basin to qualify himself for that profession. His efforts were typical of many another mountain lad, and we will again let his pen trace the picture for us.

"During the spring and summer (of 1875) up to school time, I utilized almost every minute in study, in order to better prepare

myself for teaching. Joseph Phipps, a neighbor, had been appointed as school superintendent of Wise County. I do not recall that any examination for teachers was held that year. Phipps gave me an instrument of writing that virtually answered the purpose of a teacher's certificate, authorizing the board to employ me as a teacher in the Long's Fork District. He directed me to take the paper to the board, of which his brother, Wilburn Phipps, was a member and clerk of the board. When I presented it to him, he instantly objected to it, and would doubtless have turned it down had not his son, Columbus, who is at present (1926) a resident of Clintwood, spoken in my favor. The younger Phipps, who was, and still is very apt, argued with his father that the certificate was built upon this instrument, and referred to the wording, 'And though I have not examined the said Beverly, yet the patrons of the aforesaid Long's Fork district are satisfied with his qualifications, morals and general fitness which authorizes the board of trustees to employ him.'

"The trustee finally gave in, after venting various objections, and filled out an article of agreement between the board and myself. I had to have two members of the board, a majority—there being three—to sign the agreement. I went to Isaac Kilgore, another member, and had him place his signature to the instrument, then—I was employed to teach the Long's Fork school.

"I opened the school on the Monday following, proud of the distinction of being a pedagogue.

"The turnout was fair, but there was a number of pupils who were not ready; some lacked books, and others were detained at home by their parents, who needed their help in finishing up the late summer's work.

"I found that it required experience to conduct a school aright and I fear that I made some mistakes in my efforts. I had planned to teach an ideal school—as I suppose every teacher does with his first school, but the progress was unsatisfactory. Some of the pupils were unruly, not to say refractory, and sometimes I almost wished that I was anything but a teacher. Some patrons appeared to be hard to please, and a dissatisfied patron is a hard factor to deal with.

"However, I mustered up my courage the best I could, and the outlook began to take on a better hue. One day looked rather dark and gloomy, and the next would look brighter, like an oasis in a desert. I began to adjust myself to conditions with reference to the school, when I found that these changes and vicissitudes were a part of life, and that I must add to the legal force a certain psychological force to enable me to successfully combat these opposing powers.

"The attendance was fairly up to the mark for a rather sparsely peopled district. A few were taken from the school by dissatisfied patrons.

"The pupils for the most part made fair improvement, but sometimes I was not quite satisfied with my constructions of certain things connected with the school studies. I wished to make a clear and correct impression upon the minds of the pupils, but I fear that I sometimes fell short of it.

"As the time was drawing apace for the close of the term, we began to prepare for the closing exercises, an old-time exhibition. On the last day the boys declaimed and the girls read 'pieces.' It was the custom then to have music by a violinist, and we had 'Drod' and his fiddle present as an accompaniment to the exercises mentioned above. After the effort of each pupil the school and visitors made the walls of the old house ring with cheers.

"The day ended, school closed, and I felt lonesome." [13]

He continued to teach for several years in the local public schools, taking the teachers' examinations at Gladeville (now Wise). He attended an academy at Whitesburg, Kentucky, during the summer of 1877, in order to improve his education and learn something more about the best methods of imparting knowledge to his students. While he later quit the teaching ranks, he never lost interest in schools, and gave his children the best educational advantages within his means.

V. FARMER AND FATHER

"The bob-white whistles 'cross the way,
Afield the laborers go,
The dew is sparkling on the corn,
The nodding daisies blow."

—*In the Cornfield*

THE wanderlust of "Elijah the First" came back anew to harass the life of a great-grandson. Frank Monroe Beverly changed the location of his home a number of times after his marriage, but he always stayed within the confines of Dickenson County, Virginia.

Farming was the fundamental occupation in Sandy Basin until the coming of mining and lumbering on a large scale in 1915. Public officials owned and operated their own farms; so did merchants, teachers, preachers, millers and hunters. Food and clothing were produced on the local farms, and the mountain forests and springs furnished those other elemental necessities of human existence—shelter and water.

But most of the farms in the Basin were rough and unproductive. A bare livelihood could be eked from the hillside acres—and that only by incessant toil and good management. To one of ambitious or nervous temperament life on a mountain farm was galling.

Frank Monroe Beverly was essentially a farmer all his life. He was not, however, especially enamored with the life of a tiller of the soil, but his environment and a growing family made it necessary for him to stick to the soil and draw sustenance from it. At times he found joy in this pastoral life, and many of its most pleasant phases are painted vividly in his writings.

After his marriage in 1882,[14] he settled on a farm in Flemingtown, a rural community about two miles east of Clintwood. Here his wife owned a 75-acre farm, and in 1883 this tract was exchanged for another farm of the same acreage in the same community.[15] Here they lived until 1902.[16] They were here among relatives, and here were born all his eight children. Mr. Beverly's

interest in reading and learning all that was going on in other parts of the world caused him to propose the establishment of a new post-office in his community, and after some agitation the post-office was secured and given the name of "Dwale."

The Flemingtown farm was sold in 1902, and the McFall farm, near the mouth of George's Fork, was rented. Here he spent eight years, and then moved to a farm near the John Wesley Swindall place at the head of Pine Creek, near Osborn Gap. After a year or two there his next home was at the mouth of Cutter Creek of Pound River, where he lived until 1924. Again he became postmaster, the postoffice at this place being called "Freeling."

Then back to Pine Creek in the neighborhood of one of his boyhood homes. Here his daughter, Nell, bought a small farm, on which he lived. He still kept the Freeling post-office. But his new home was about one-half mile from the public road along Pound River, and there was only a path to his home. It became necessary to move the post-office to a more accessible place, so a little white frame-house was built near the mouth of Pine Creek in order that Mr. Beverly might retain the postmaster's place. It was also more convenient for him in carrying on his large correspondence. Mr. Beverly christened his new home "Bonnywicket," and here amid the evergreen hemlocks and rhododendron he passed his last days.

The only time that he deserted the farm was in 1907, when he went to the town of Clintwood in order to edit and operate the local newspaper. Three months of urban life was enough, and he gladly went back to the McFall farm on the Pound.[16] This was a lovely spot amid old fields and enticing woodlands. Friendly Pound River rolled along past the farm at the foot of a hill a few hundred yards from his home, and beyond it the majestic Cumberland Mountains sloped upward to the western sky.

Truly his was a restless spirit, waging eternal conflict with his friendly but narrow and primeval environment. He rarely complained of his isolation from the culture of the outside world, for which he longed but dared not approach. He yearned strongly for the intellectual heights and for kindred spirits afar in the world,

but his timidity quailed in the presence of urban manners and society. He knew his limitations, and in consequence his chief love grew stronger for his books, his magazines and newspapers. They were the chief connecting links between him and the wide, wide world.

On April 7, 1882,[14] he married Mary Jane Fleming (b. May ?, 1857; d. Sept. 28, 1936), a daughter of John Jackson Fleming and his wife, Mary Mullins. Mary (Mullins) Fleming was a daughter of "Holly Creek John" Mullins, the first settler at Clintwood.

Mr. Beverly and his wife were the parents of the following children: (1) Claude Fenton Beverly, farmer at Freeling, newspaperman, prohibition inspector and game warden; (2) Walter Egbert Beverly, printer at Rocky Mount, Virginia; (3) Cora Beverly, wife of Laban Carico, a farmer at Pound, Virginia; (4) Nellie Blye Beverly, wife of Charles Todd, and later of George Davis, of Cleveland, Ohio; (5) Augusta Beverly, the wife of Kelse Agee; (6) Edgar Ray Beverly, of Clintwood, veteran of World War I, school teacher, college graduate, and Superintendent of the Welfare Department of Dickenson County, Virginia; (7) Cedric Sylvester Beverly, veteran of World War I, farmer and school teacher; (8) and Fitz Sewell Beverly, of Clintwood, newspaperman and printer.[16]

This family is notable for its accomplishments in intellectual activities, its high standing in good citizenship and deep interest in public affairs.

VI. FROM FREELING

"And if my hand some gifted power
Will guide when I shall write,
Their rugged beauty to portray,
I'll then interpret right."

—*Sic Volo*

As a school boy Beverly caught the "Writer's itch." He read everything he could find—book, magazine, newspaper, almanac

and catalogue. He came to the conclusion that he could write as well as, or better than, many of the authors of the articles he read.

Before long he had the great joy of seeing some of his thoughts in print. He soon became a correspondent to local newspapers and contributed to correspondence clubs. A poem or a sketch was accepted by some publisher, and the young writer felt the thrill that has been the sweet reward of many an ambitious scribbler. He never recovered from the attack, and to his last days his eyes shone brightly at the sight of a "child of his brain" in print.

He was a prolific writer. Poetry, short stories, sketches, news items, essays and letters flowed steadily from his finger-tips. Some of them were exquisite, some were provocative, some were filled with righteous indignation, and some were mediocre.

No one will ever know the number of his writings that were published. They appeared in many magazines and newspapers. Occasionally he made scrapbooks and included in them some of his own printed compositions. The writer has had the privilege of inspecting and using four such scrapbooks. Mr. Beverly stated that several such collections had been lost or destroyed. It is quite probable that not more than half of his poems—and even less of his other writings—are now in the family collections.

A careful count of the items found show the following results: Poems 307, news items 114, sketches 116, printed letters 48, essays 16, short stories 8, recollections 10, miscellaneous 6—a total of 625.

Many of these items show the address of Mr. Beverly at the time of publication, especially the news items. From Dwale, Clintwood, Osborn's Gap, and Freeling he broadcast his articles. A great majority bore the address of Freeling.

Freeling was a mountain country post-office. There is not even a village there. Since its founding in 1894[17] some farmer or storekeeper kept this post-office for the convenience of the sparsely settled neighborhood. At times it was not on a public road. Yet to the average Virginian—and even American—reader, Freeling was a place of importance during the first quarter of the twentieth century. The map-makers might have overlooked

this tiny spot on the Virginia-Kentucky border, but the newspapers and magazines put it on the reader's map of action.

In 1926 Bruce Crawford, himself the editor of a thriving weekly, after a visit to Bonnywicket, wrote of Mr. Beverly's news reporting: "There is an advantage in having the postmastership. He is enabled to hear all the news of the surrounding section and report it to the weekly and daily newspapers. Every man who comes for mail brings the story of the birth of a two-headed calf, the killing of a neighbor by moonshiners, the burning of a barn belonging to the one who 'told on' a still-owner, the condition of crops, the destruction of timber by fire, the raiding of a still, the dying of a 'pioneer citizen of Dickenson County,' or the 100th anniversary of a woman who called all her kith and kin in for a reunion. That's why the outside world has imagined Freeling to be such a big place. It is the reporting center for news of a vast reach of back country. Big or not, it's very important." [18]

There was one phase of his experiences as a news-reporter that occasionally irked Mr. Beverly. He was anxious to give a true account of any event he reported, and to give a fair picture of his community. At times his accounts of important—to him, prosaic to the editor—happenings went into the editor's waste-basket, while at other times his report was revised and "doctored" in such manner that he was doubtful of its paternity. This was true of some of his reports about unusual events. It appeared that city editors in particular yearned strongly to satisfy the average urbanite's delight in wild stories from the hills. These stories were often distorted so much that they could not be recognized as the events in question.

One day in 1926 the writer visited Mr. Beverly. His greeting was friendly and jovial. Talk turned to his literary labors. At once he smiled, then frowned as he said:

"Did you read my news-item in yesterday's paper?"

When I replied in the affirmative, he shook his head and said rather sadly:

"It seems that some editors have queer notions about us mountaineers. They evidently think we are all deformed cranks

and all our property are monstrosities. I sent them the germ of that story, but look what they made of it! A base and unfounded reflection on our whole people!

"The editors often omit the best of my dispatches, but they never fail to grab such stories as this one, and magnify and emphasize them as being typical of these mountains. How very wrong they are! I am sorely tempted, at times, to lay down my reporter's pen."

VII. THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

"This city life has lost its charm,
Its glamor all has fled;
I'm thinking now of my old home
Out on the farm instead."
—*My Old Home on the Farm*

EVERY WRITER, at one time or another in his life, wants to fill an editor's chair. It has a strange fascination for them. There is dignity and honor in the position, and most authors have a feeling that they can do a better, fairer job than is being done by the men who have a tantalizing way of rejecting all the author's choicest literary productions.

Mr. Beverly possessed that laudable ambition at one time. He was too poor to own a press or to found a country newspaper. In his own county the people had not learned to support the local newspaper to any great extent. Before 1900 only two or three little news sheets in Dickenson County had blown fitfully and briefly before the public eye.

In 1904 Thomas Blizzard began a weekly at Clintwood. It was called *The Clintwood News*. Later he sold it to John W. Kerr, an enterprising young man, and it weathered the storms of adversity for a few years. Mr. Beverly contributed many items to this paper.[19]

Finally in 1907 Mr. Kerr tired of the struggle and made an attractive offer to sell the concern to Mr. Beverly. This appeared to

be the chance for which Mr. Beverly had long been looking. He quickly accepted the offer and took charge of the paper with high hopes of success.[19]

He moved his family to town and rented a pretty cottage on Main Street. He was welcomed into the field of journalism by his fellow publishers. William Edwin Hurd wrote at that time: "For some time he has had charge of the *Clintwood News,* a local weekly; and I verily believe that his editorial duties, however limited, give him greater span and purpose and sympathy as a writer." [20]

But there was disillusionment. He soon learned that just writing was not all there was to a local publisher's job. The business end of the job was not suitable to Mr. Beverly's temperament and experience. The soliciting of subscriptions and job-printing, the collecting of accounts of slow-paying patrons, the setting of type, the mailing of papers, the pursuit of advertisers, the reading and deciphering of badly scrawled and spelled letters from local correspondents, the impatience of creditors—all these things and many more, he learned for the first time, belonged to the job of being the editor and owner of a local weekly.

His two older sons, Claude and Egbert, made capable and willing helpers about the printing shop. Most of the routine work was handled by them. They thrived on this kind of work, and Egbert made printing his life-work.

Added to Mr. Beverly's business worries was his growing aversion to life in town. The street noises became burdensome to him. He longed for the solitude of the farm and the green fields and the woodlands. His heart was in the country.

Three months were enough to convince him that he did not belong in an editor's chair. He turned the press over to Claude and Egbert and happily took the remainder of the family back to the farm on Pound River.

VIII. HIS POETIC LABORS

"Well chosen words convey
The poet's idea true,
And these you must attend,
If you the Muse would woo."

—*To E. J. S.*

WHAT poet remembers when he first began to weave his words into verses to express the fancies thronging his mind? Frank Monroe Beverly could never recall that thrilling event to his mature mind. He rhymed before he read,[20] and that was his favorite mode of voicing the thoughts that came pell-mell from his ever active brain. Some poets, by training, become adept versifiers, but Beverly had no training. His poetry was the gift of God, Who breathed His spirit into the child's soul, and he responded finely to this talent throughout his long life. He fits the Latin maxim: "Poeta nascitur, non fit."

His earliest published effusion appeared in "The Poet's Journal," a little sheet devoted to poetry, and edited by a schoolmate and close friend, Morgan T. Craft, of London, Kentucky. Steadily thereafter he wrote rhymes until his final days.[20]

It is estimated that he wrote more than five hundred poems, most of which were published in some form or another. They appeared in local papers, city dailies and magazines throughout the country. Among these publications were: *The Courier-Journal, The Sportsman, Lee's Texas Magazine, The Million, The Richmond Times-Dispatch, The Richmond Dispatch, Woman's Work, The Roanoke Times, The Richmond-News-Leader, Young People's Paper, Herald of Truth, The Progress, Farmer's Home Journal, The Sunny South, The Danville (Va.) Register, Gospel Herald,* and *The Bristol (Va.) Herald-Courier.*

Many of his poems were warmly praised by discerning critics. They saw in his native talents, unaided by much schooling or training, a miracle of the mountains. Here in his secluded homeland he wrote entrancing verse. He threw gaily at his readers in

far-away places vivid pictures of the idyllic life in the Southern hills.

From distant and exacting Massachusetts Willis Edwin Hurd wrote: "Mr. Beverly's style is simple and belongs to the common people. A true art in any direction is essentially simple, at least made up of simplicities. We must conclude our author to be working on the right principles to endear himself in the hearts of his readers." [20]

Mrs. Roddy, a prominent literary woman, wrote to him: "Ever since I received the May issue of *Lee's Texas Magazine*, and read your sweet, fanciful poem, 'The Lost Bell,' I have felt curiously about, and some desire to know more of, the author. The quaint, queer sentiment embodied in the verses could have been felt by none except a natural devotee of the poetic muse. The lines possess that indescribably high something we term sensibility, too elusive to be described or understood, yet more beautiful and enjoyable from that every elusiveness." [20]

Mrs. Willie Walker Caldwell, a well-known literary critic of Roanoke, Virginia, wrote him: "I shall enjoy myself by reading some of the sweet poems over and over. I like especially your descriptions of the woods and woodland haunts."

The editor of the *Danville* (*Va.*) *Register* told his readers; "In recent years we have seen songs from this mountain singer (Frank Monroe Beverly) which showed possession of the poetic instinct and likewise a literary flavor and familiarity with good literature. The writer may be a graduate of some of the great universities, for aught we know, but he is a lover of literature and of nature and has a vein of pure, lofty sentiment in his make up, and is familiar with the arts of metre and rhythmic expression. Would that there were more of these sweet singers whose songs gush from the heart, more men who find a sweet solace and pleasure in the mines of literature, and who by their own reading impart a literary ambition to others."

IX. "ECHOES FROM THE CUMBERLANDS"

"Were I but great, I'd forthwith write
A book that all would buy;
Gold letters stamped on English green,
Attractive to the eye."

—If—I Should Write a Book

"It has long been my ambition to become an author—to get out a book of my own." Thus wrote Frank Monroe Beverly at the age of sixty. He had written enough to fill several volumes, but his plans for publication had not clicked. Eleven more years passed before his ambition was realized to see his name as author on the title page of a book.

The writer begs the indulgence of the reader as he tells herein the story of how Mr. Beverly's life-long desire was attained. It is told here to show the solid character of Mr. Beverly, and as an example of the fulfillment of many a struggling writer's fondest hopes as the sands of life fast ebb away.

In the summer of 1927 the writer asked Mr. Beverly why he did not publish a volume of his poetry. He replied resignedly that he was not able to finance the venture nor did he have sufficient physical strength to assemble the necessary material, as his eyesight and health had greatly failed in recent months. Informing him that my own professional work had lightened somewhat, I offered to aid the poet in getting out a volume by assembling the material and helping arrange the necessary financial backing.

Mr. Beverly eagerly accepted the offer, and then began a period of bustle and planning. After a fortnight of consultations in person and by letter, the main phases of the plan were agreed upon. Scrapbooks and manuscripts must be read carefully and temporary selection of suitable poems made, from which Mr. Beverly would make final choice for inclusion; advertising "feelers" were to be prepared and distributed; a broad search instituted to find a satisfactory printer; solicitation of subscriptions in person and by correspondence; copyright proceedings completed;

proofreading and final instructions to the printer; receipt of the printed volumes and their delivery to subscribers; and finally settling with the banker.

At the outset Mr. Beverly had trouble getting a borrower to return some of his scrapbooks, the contents of which were to make up the bulk of the proposed volume. On December 2, 1927, he wrote: "I have never gotten the scrap books back, which causes me a great deal of worry." [21] Other scrapbook borrowers quickly returned their borrowings. From them more than one hundred poems were copied. Local papers carried advertisements of "IN PREPARATION—'Echoes from the Cumberlands' by Frank Monroe Beverly." Subscriptions were coming in by the first of the year.

The Shenandoah Publishing House, Strasburg, Virginia, was selected as the printer, and the manuscript was forwarded on January 25, 1928. A week later Mr. Beverly, still on a sick bed, wrote enthusiastically: "I do hope it will materialize, as I have always wanted a book to my credit." [21] He considered for some time the inclusion of two or three pictures in the book, including one of his pretty little white cottage, "Bonnywicket." He finally decided to illustrate the book with a photograph only of himself over his autograph.

On February 10 the manuscript, after having been carefully revised, was again sent to the printer with instructions to print 500 copies. He reported a possible delay by reason of other large printing orders received before the Beverly order arrived. This delay was irksome to Mr. Beverly, for he was on tiptoes, like a child, to see what the book would look like.

The proof arrived on March 27, and six days later it was returned to the printer with several other poems to make one hundred pages. On the next day Mr. Beverly wrote: "It is gratifying that the books will be off the press soon. You will find the signed notes enclosed. It always makes me feel somewhat 'shaky' to put my name to a note, but I think we are safe. Claude did not appear to have any hesitancy in signing them. . . . I am feeling fairly well just now." [21] Such is the salutary effect of the wine of fervent anticipation.

More complications—correspondence with the printer about running title, book-plates, copyright, sale price of book, etc. On April 21 Mr. Beverly queried: "Could there be any hitch in the publication of the book?" Again on May 8 he wrote: "I am fearful that there is a hitch-up in the publication somewhere. Our subscribers are becoming a trifle impatient, too. I do hope that there is nothing serious the matter." [21]

On May 16, 1928, the books arrived at Fremont, Virginia; and the next day fifty copies were taken to "Bonnywicket." As I parked my Ford on the bank of Pine Creek that fine morning in May, I saw Mr. Beverly sitting alone on his vine-covered porch thirty yards away. Gathering a package of ten books in my hands I hurried up the steps and greeted Mr. Beverly. He turned his ailing eyes quickly toward me, and a smile of recognition and welcome lighted up his face. I extracted a volume from the package and without a word laid it in his unsteady hand.

Dead silence for two full minutes. Slowly over and over he turned the green-clad book, looking at the cover, the backs, the ends, and the title in gold on the front cover and backbone:

ECHOES FROM THE CUMBERLANDS
By
FRANK MONROE BEVERLY

Carefully and lovingly he opened the book and turned the pages. His hands no longer shook as he closed it and looked up into my face. His smile was radiant as that of an accepted lover, and his failing eyes shone with unspeakable joy. Then large tears welled up, overflowed and ran down his wasted cheeks—the smile still beaming. He reached his feeble hand to grasp mine, as he said simply:

"This is *my* day—I am happy!"

X. LAST DAYS AT BONNYWICKET

"Long have I lived, and now my life
Has become as the yellow leaf,
And sadly empty my arms today
Of the should-be garnered sheaf.

"Ambition's dead, and time has flown,
Life's sands are nearly run;
I look upon the autumn fields
And see so little done."

—*Only Autumn Leaves*

STRANGELY enough for one who sang so joyously of life, Mr. Beverly was dogged by many discouragements. Most of his financial plans had gone awry; many of his old friends had preceded him to the City of the Dead; he did not understand the younger generations, nor did they understand him; and the most poignant of his griefs had to do with his many literary ambitions unsatisfied. Illness of body and long-threatened blindness foiled his later efforts to gain a livelihood with the pen; yet he remained happy and buoyant. The publication of "Echoes from the Cumberlands" was a gleam of joy in a world of frustration.

For several years his health had declined. He was compelled to give up manual labor, and to shorten, and then entirely forego, his rambles about the woods and countryside and visits to neighbors, which had always been among his great delights. His last days were spent with his family, now much reduced in number by marriage and distant jobs. His most constant companions were his books.

For many years he had been gathering books—books of all descriptions. In his library were some very old volumes and the best of the current crop. He read these books avidly and conqueringly, and it was said he was the most widely read man in the Appalachian Mountains. They brought him unfailing joy in

his last days. He knew them to be old friends who did not quarrel, bicker, change or pass away.

As his last days approached, he realized that he did not need all these books for his own use, so he began to make donations to several college and public libraries. He wanted the college youngsters to get some of the joys of reading which he had so sadly missed in his own youth.

Of these book-gifts a writer in the college paper at the State Teachers College at Radford, Virginia, remarked: "Mr. Beverly has amassed a large library. He is now contributing many of these volumes to the libraries of public institutions. The Library of the Radford State Teachers College has, through his generosity, received a large number of volumes from his very valuable and well selected collection of books. Through the intellectual interest in our history and in the development of our resources and people, he has placed the State of Virginia under lasting obligation to him."

On the same subject a reporter for the *Times-Dispatch,* Richmond, Virginia, wrote: "Several hundred volumes have been donated to the Virginia State Library by Frank M. Beverly of Freeling, Va., a widely known collector of books, who is giving away all those he does not have room for in his present residence. . . . The Roanoke Public Library, and a library at Clintwood, Va., will also benefit by Mr. Beverly's gifts. The collection sent to the Virginia Library is a varied one. A number of the books are rare and valuable."

In 1926 Bruce Crawford, then the editor of the well-known *Crawford's Weekly,* visited Mr. Beverly at "Freeling on the Pound." Part of his account of this trip reads: "Frank Monroe Beverly, postmaster, farmer, newspaper correspondent, genealogist and now and then a poet, living away out here in the mountains with his more than five thousand volumes of books—what a curiosity!

"He is a small man, ravished somewhat by recent illness, but he has a fine forehead and sharply formed features. His brown eyes look a little tired, but they shine when he talks about a book or a newspaper article. His voice is low, but pleasing." [18]

His health failed rapidly during the spring of 1929. The end came peacefully in his home, "Bonnywicket," on Pine Creek on July 1, 1929, under the shadow of the Cumberlands, which he loved so well. He was buried on a hill-top nearby, which he had selected and named "Cumberland Cemetery." Many notices of his death were published in the press, and several editors, who had known Mr. Beverly personally or had become acquainted with him through literary channels, wrote sincere tributes to this mountain man who had endeared himself to the reading public. Some of these tributes will make the reader more aware of his standing among those who knew him best.

H. M. Sutherland, Editor of the *Dickenson County News*, wrote:

"Pine Creek is doubly etched upon the memory plates of the hillmen. By a strange coincidence two natives of that tiny stream have achieved perhaps the widest prominence attained by any in the county—Frank Monroe Beverly and Captain G. W. Haynes —and upon two pine-studded knolls overlooking the rippling brook, less than a mile apart, they are sleeping. The one garnered a veritable host of friends through his fanciful and genius-touched pen, and the other through personal contact." [22]

The editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* penned these lines:

"Mr. Beverly's works, like those of 'Walkin' ' Miller of the Rockies, are not as well known as they should be; they deserve a wider recognition. There was something beautiful in his love of his native mountains, a love which prompted him to stipulate that his burial place, overlooking his home, 'Bonnywicket,' at Freeling should be called 'Cumberland Cemetery.' In his death Southwest Virginia has lost one of its most interesting and picturesque figures." [23]

Ex-Congressman Milford W. Howard of Alabama published an article in *The Birmingham News-Age-Herald*, issue of June 9, 1929, on Mr. Beverly, "The Man I Never Met." It told very beautifully their literary friendship of fifty years. Again on hearing of his friend's death a few weeks later, he made him the subject of another eulogistic article.

Frank Monroe Beverly lived well and richly his long life. He was loved by many, who still hold his memory in deepest reverence. Some did not understand the "poet in their midst," and said slighting things about his passion for the Muses. But he will be sweetly remembered long after his thoughtless critics have been forgotten. So prolific and well did he sing songs of his homeland that he is deservedly known far and wide as the "Poet of the Cumberlands."

Richard Colley

I. BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME

NESTLING in a highland bowl within its beetling mountain rim, Sandy Basin escaped the eagle eyes of early home-seekers. Even though its magnificent reaches of ridge and dale caught the fancy of some eager settler, its mighty ramparts, rearing in many places their walls of solid masonry into the sky, cooled his ardor. It was long after modern civilization and industry had stripped the rolling valleys and foothills, outside this high-swung treasure-basket, of their vast wealth of virgin forests and surface beauty—the ultimate in Nature's handiwork—that they brought their destruction and desolation into the sacred precincts of Sandy Basin.

The first white man known to have visited Sandy Basin was Christopher Gist, who returned from an exploring expedition in Kentucky by way of Pound Gap in 1751.[1] He passed through Pound Gap, then southward up Indian Creek out of the Basin and onto the waters of Guest's River. It is said Daniel Boone hunted around Sand Lick on at least one trip over Sandy Ridge prior to the Revolutionary War.[2] Other hardy hunters from Clinch River braved the dense forests and their many dangers in the early days to try their luck at the numerous deer-licks that gushed their saline attractions under the hemlocks and rhododendrons mantling the damp banks of many streams. It was not until a half century after Gist blazed the way that white men decided that this was the "Promised Land."

Before the white man came to Sandy Basin it was a primeval spot, teaming with the things that made the American frontier the terror to the coward and the magnet for men of iron blood and steel nerves. We can only construct a mental picture of the actual conditions that then existed.

Nature lavished her treasures on Sandy Basin, where for many centuries no grasping human would tear down and smear her magic mansions and monuments. The hectic sound of axe and saw did not announce the slashing of alien marks of destruction in the forest aisles. Along the mountain trails slunk the deadly panther and wildcat, watching a chance to sink their bloody fangs into the vitals of an unsuspecting doe or other defenseless animal. This was the American jungle, and every bottom or hill-top was, at one time or another, the pulsing scene of beastly tragedies, unwatched by human eyes. The streams were splotched in every eddy with shoals of fish, toothsome and delicious. Bear, deer, wolves, foxes, wild-turkeys, and raccoons wandered from end to end of the Basin in such quantities that it became known as a "Hunters' Paradise." Unwieldy buffaloes hoof-cut their traces over the hills and along the banks of streams; other animals, following in their footsteps, found trails of ease and speed. The birds of the air built their nests in cliff and bush and tree, and made the forest-clad reaches of the Basin unutterably joyous with their songs.

Into this wilderness oft came the Red Men, hunting for game to ease their hunger, pelts to trade to other tribes or white-trappers, or to follow buffalo traces across the Basin and into the Clinch and Holston Valleys on their murderous raids against white settlements. Then with their booty and scalps and prisoners they would quickly dive again into the frowning forest, and thread the jungle paths again across Sandy Basin to safety in Kentucky and Ohio.

Then came the white-man—at first to avenge, then to look and hunt, later to build his home, and finally to lay down his weary bones.

II. THE COLLEY FAMILY

THE roots of the Colley family-tree, like so many others, are hidden in the engulfing mists of the forgotten. Its present repre-

sentatives in Sandy Basin—and there are many—cannot trace their family life beyond two hundred years in the past, and much of that period is obscure. It is said they sprang from an old English or Irish family named Cawley or Cowley, and are related to a branch of that ancient family from which the celebrated Duke of Wellington descended.[3] Members of the Colley family came early to Virginia and the Carolinas, but the connecting links to the Sandy Basin Colleys have been lost.

The will of Matthew Colley was probated in Albemarle County, North Carolina, in 1699.[4] A John Colley was living in Norfolk County, Virginia, in 1704,[5] and William Colley married Patience Bryant in Middlesex County, Virginia, in 1737.[6]

The first of the family from which direct descent of local Colleys can be traced was Thomas Colley. He was living in Washington County, Virginia, during the American Revolution, and became a member of Col. William Campbell's force in the celebrated march into North Carolina in 1780, when the "Over-Mountain Men" soundly whipped the Red Coats at King's Mountain.[7] In 1783,[8] he was granted a tract of 350 acres in Reeds Valley which became a part of Russell County, Virginia, in 1787. Here he lived as a farmer until his death in 1800. His wife's name was Judith; and after his death she married a Mr. Bradley. To Thomas and Judith Colley were born the following children: John, Thomas, George, Mildrich, Shadrach, Meshack, Elizabeth, Rachel and Richard.[9] John Colley remained on the old Colley farm near Cleveland until his death in 1835. A short time later his widow and children made an epic voyage down the Clinch and Tennessee Rivers to Missouri.[10] Thomas and Shadrach became citizens of Washington County, Virginia. George Colley, Meshack Colley, Elizabeth (Colley) Finney, and Rachel (Colley) Hamon moved to Kentucky. Mildrich Colley married Richard Thompson and lived on a farm in Reeds Valley in the vicinity of the old Colley home.

Richard Colley, born about 1793,[11] and probably the youngest child, is the subject of this sketch.

III. THE SETTLEMENT OF SAND LICK

Reeds Valley sits on the northern hip of Copper Ridge. A row of limestone-hearted cone-hills stand guard between rowdy rills that splash down miniature gorges dropping into Clinch River and mark the divide separating Reeds Valley and the deeper trough cut out in the countless years that witnessed Clinch River's erosive battle with the red-hills of Russell County. Larger streams slipped past laurel thickets from the forest-covered hills to the north to join the Clinch, and a few miles beyond loomed the sleeping wall of Sandy Ridge. Pioneers toiling to its crest, had looked farther north into Sandy Basin. At the end of the eighteenth century this highland bowl counted few white inhabitants.

Dick Colley grew to manhood in Reeds Valley. There the days passed in plowing the fields, cutting the luxuriant bluegrass, hoeing the Indian corn, and doing the thousand chores making up the routine of a farm boy. Often the boy stole away to the Clinch to fish for perch, red-horse and catfish. And he heard with rapture the blood-tingling tales of the hardy hunters who braved the dangers of the game-filled wilderness beyond the blue rim of Sandy Ridge.

He was fearless and of herculean strength. From childhood he courted dangers. He wanted to plunge into the dim-lit woods to explore their mysteries and to grapple with the fierce "varmints" in their far-hidden haunts.

Finally the boy-pioneer had his chance. A wealthy neighbor—Andrew Heburn—owned many thousands of acres of the unscathed land in the midst of Sandy Basin. He wanted someone to stay on this land and protect it from covetous home-seekers who, it was reported, were planning to migrate into the Basin and claim the land for their own. Dick heard about Mr. Heburn's desires and applied for the job. While he was still only a youth, he had already shown the neighbors that he was trustworthy and able to take care of himself in any rough-and-tumble contest. Mr.

SAND LICK—1930
Site of Dick Colley's Basin Home

SAND LICK—1954

Heburn believed the boy would take care of his property and forthwith employed him.[12]

Young Colley, aided by hunters, constructed a three-walled cabin of poles at Sand Lick about 1810.[12] Here he stayed during most of the year, hunting alone or with others who made his cabin

their staying-place. He frequently returned to his old home in Reeds Valley to hear the neighborhood gossip and to replenish his always meager store of meal, salt and clothing, and powder and lead. His father had died some ten years before, and his older brother, John Colley, lived at the old homeplace.[9]

On the north bank of the Clinch, one mile from the Colley home, lived John Counts and his large family of sons and daughters. Dick had grown up with them, and he passed their home on his trips to his wilderness home at Sand Lick. He and Crissa Counts, daughter of John Counts, fell in love and eventually married.

The War of 1812 was then raging along the eastern coast of the United States. At least two companies of Russell County militia had answered their country's call and marched four hundred miles to meet the enemy at Norfolk. Here was new adventure—the kind of adventure that appealed to Dick Colley. He enlisted in Capt. George Kindrick's company of the 72nd Regiment and was mustered into service on February 4, 1815.[13] But fate was against this grand adventure—fate and Andrew Jackson. The people of Russell County had not heard that peace had been signed between the warring countries six weeks before nor that Jackson had soundly whipped the British in a great battle at New Orleans a month before. But this news came at last and the troops were disbanded, ending Dick Colley's high hopes of military glory.

Dick Colley went back to his hunting at Sand Lick.

Twenty-five miles of rough mountain paths lay between Reeds Valley and Sand Lick. The buffaloes had made a narrow trail, and the hunters had kept it open. Wild animals were thick and fierce. For a few years after his marriage, conditions were not such that he could take his young wife thus far into the wilderness to make a home. He divided his time between caring for the Heburn land and staying with his family in Reeds Valley.

Then one spring day in 1816 he took his wife and baby Jim across Sandy Ridge to his pole cabin on the banks of Russell Fork River.[14] It was to be home the remainder of their lives.

Sand Lick was settled.

IV. PIONEER CONDITIONS

Dick Colley was a true pioneer. As a young man, he chafed at the unnatural restraints of close neighbors and standardized community life. He was an individualist, living more freely and happily alone with his family or tramping the unspoiled forests. Sand Lick was the ideal seat for a pioneer's home.

In 1810 the nearest settler to Sand Lick lived on Dumps Creek, twenty miles away toward the south. About the same distance eastward a few hardy souls had made their homes on Levisa River. Some twenty-five miles north a few people lived beyond the Breaks of Sandy on Russell Fork River in Kentucky. And toward the west the closest inhabitants were at Pound, thirty miles away. Colley's cabin was in the very center of the untouched wilderness.

For some years he did not attempt to cultivate much of the land. A few fertile bottoms near his home yielded all the farm products he needed. It was easier to get the necessary corn for bread on Clinch River near the water-mills, than to carry a turn all the twenty-five miles from Sand Lick to Clinch, have it ground into meal, then carry it back across Sandy Ridge. Gardens furnished the few vegetables then in use—potatoes, onions, cabbages, turnips and melons. No meadows were needed for the cattle, since the forests, filled with giant trees and devoid of underbrush, were carpeted during the summer months with abundant peavine and other luscious herbage. There were no cow-laws or hog-laws then—the woods, for miles around, belonged to the wild animals and such stock as could fend for themselves. Sheep and hogs had to be kept up at night—if kept at all.

To provide meat for the table and rare visitors, he had only to shoulder his trusty flint-lock and dash into the neighboring thickets for a few minutes. Bear-meat, venison, turkey—no need to starve or to hunger for the flesh-pots of Egypt. For salt he could bring a kettle of brine from the salt-spring nearby at the mouth of Lick Creek, boiling it into a thin cake of salt; and for sweets he

could boil the sweet sap of the sugar-trees that grew in his very yard, or search the woods for bee-trees, in which wild bees had hidden their stores of nectar.

For clothing the family made from the wool of sheep enough cloth for dresses, petticoats, shirts, stockings and woolen pants, and from flax they made many linen articles. The men often wore "leather britches," and caps made from the furs of animals caught from the surrounding woods. Shoes were usually of the moccasin type. No sacred edicts of fashion experts worried these joyous worshippers of nature. Their needs were few, and their treasures were near.

Schools, churches, roads, stores—there were none. They would come later with the tramping feet of many home-seekers cresting Sandy Ridge. Dick Colley knew that civilization would follow him, and he was not angered by that prospect. He knew he could not keep Paradise alone, and he foresaw the time when his descendants and neighbors would need the guiding hand of law and civilization.

He was not covetous nor parsimonious. Visitors always found a warm and friendly welcome at his fireside and table. He tried to keep his word to all. One of his attempts to protect the lands of his friend and benefactor—Andrew Heburn—almost led to the death of his eldest son, James, at the hand of a land-rogue named Jonathan Harden, in 1833.[12] Colley was not interested in securing title to land in his own name. The whole forests were his—as he thought, like the honest but improvident Daniel Boone, his prototype in pioneering. Yet his children had the foresight to purchase most of the Heburn domain and much surrounding land.[15]

Dick Colley was the Sandy Basin pioneer par excellence.

V. A MOUNTAIN NIMROD

IT IS NOT HARD to understand how the more active dwellers in primitive places are swayed mightily by the hunter's call. Close

contact with wild game breeds the hunting-fever—the answering cry to the noise and motion and thrill of the wild chase and final victory over a savage and wily beast of the forest. Since that far day in the land of the patriarchs, when Nimrod became a "mighty hunter," hunting has been a favorite sport of peasant and king. Down through the long halls of time to the day of the peopling of America, and long afterwards, the Nimrods have led the vanguard of exploration and settlement and the urge to find worthy game or treasures kindling the hearts of adventurous men.

Dick Colley was the "heir and joint-heir" of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter," in Sandy Basin. No other resident has ever performed hunting exploits so dangerous and so fascinating. The stories of his combats with vicious "varmints" are still told about the Basin firesides to gasping and idol-worshipping youngsters. To some people life in an isolated spot in the hills is tame and uneventful, but to Dick Colley it was high adventure and full of wonderful moments.

The record of his hunting adventures would fill a bulging volume, and the writer will not recount them here. However, a sketch of Dick Colley, minus a brief mention of his Nimrodian exploits, would not do him justice, nor paint accurately his full-length word-portrait.

Dick was often absent from home and it became necessary for his wife to send their young sons, Jim and John, up Lick Creek to bring home the cows. One day they also brought home two pretty little animals and proudly showed them to their mother. As soon as her husband returned home, she told him about these strange babies. Dick took one look and exclaimed:

"Painter kittens!"

No animal in the country at that time was more feared for its ferocious habits than the panther, or "painter," as it was called locally. The boys told their father they had found them playing about a big up-rooted tree a short distance up Lick Creek. Dick took his flintlock and went in search of the mother of the kittens. He did not want this fierce animal running loose among his stock and close to his wandering boys. As he approached the fallen tree he saw the old panther frantically searching for her babies, giving

vent frequently to vicious snarls and cries of rage at the abductors of her darlings. Dick got a good shot and carried the panther's body home to show the boys what a playfellow they would have had if she had been at her home at the time of their visit.[16]

At another time he was hunting near the mouth of Dog Branch of Lick Creek. He had some half-dozen bear-dogs with him, as was his custom. Soon he heard them baying a bear, and he hurried to the scene of the fight. When he arrived he found them engaged in a life-and-death struggle wth a large and very savage bear. It had about licked his whole pack of dogs. Two of them were dead, and his favorite bear-dog lay helpless with many wounds. Quickly Dick shot the bear, and walked about three miles to Jakie Johnson's to borrow a mattock so he could give his dogs a decent burial. Then he wrapped the dangerously wounded dog in his hunting-shirt and carried it the six miles to Sand Lick, and tenderly nursed it back to good health and more bear-fights.[17]

"On one occasion Dick Colley and Grandpa John Powers," relates Fletcher Powers, "were camping out where Hawk Fuller now lives on Frying Pan. Dick was pretty vicious and did not like to have people play pranks on him. They were sleeping before the log campfire, and Grandpa woke up during the night. He found that one of the logs had burned in two, and one end had a bright coal on it. He took this chunk and moved it over close to Dick's buttock, while Dick slept on like a log. Grandpa lay back down and watched with one eye open. In a few minutes Dick jumped up quickly and rushed to the creek nearby where Grandpa could hear him splashing about in the icy water. In a few minutes he came back to the fire, shaking the dripping water from his deerskin britches. He apparently thought the log had burned in two and part of it had rolled down against him. He did not suspect that Grandpa had moved it there himself, nor did Grandpa ever dare to tell him that he played this trick on him." [18]

VI. "PULL, DICK, PULL"

"Dickie Colley and Nickie Hackney," said Noah B. Sutherland, whose wife was a granddaughter of Richard Cooley, "went bear-hunting one day. They were big cronies and often played pranks on each other, sometimes pretty rough jokes. Uncle Dickie was as brave as a lion, but Uncle Nickie was a little cowardly, especially when he was not encouraged by his companions.

"They hunted most of the day, but had no luck. Late in the day they heard their bear-dogs barking high up in a bluff, and they rushed to them. The dogs were baying something just inside the entrance of a large hole, and their sharp, vicious yelps told them plainly it was bear, and he was keeping the dogs at a safe distance. The hunters examined the hole and it looked dangerous to approach. It sloped downward a few feet and then to one side in a kind of channel, where the bear had taken its stand.

"They tried to devise a scheme to get to it with a rifle. Every time they attempted to descend the bear would rush out and the hunter would have to beat a hasty retreat. At last Uncle Dickie fell on the plan to let one hunter feint a descent and when the bear came in sight the other would shoot it. He tried to get Nickie to go down, but he was too nervous and said:

" 'No, Dickie, you go down, and I'll shoot it. You know that you are not a good shot.'

"This last remark was correct, and Uncle Dickie admitted it. Seeing that if a descent was to be made at all, he would have to make it, he agreed to toll the bear out.

"Uncle Nickie got a good place where he could see the channel very plainly. Uncle Dickie started down, and here came the bear! 'Bang,' went the rifle, and the bear lurched backward out of sight. They waited awhile, but could not hear the bear again. By that time, however, all the dogs had got on another bear's sign and had left the scene. They called to their dogs but they would not come.

"They were determined to get their bear out of the hole. They

threw several rocks into the hole, but no answer from the bear. So they decided the bear was dead. Uncle Dickie asked Uncle Nickie to go down and bring the bear out. Again Uncle Nickie had an excuse. Then Uncle Dickie proposed to hold Uncle Nickie by the ankles in the hole so that he could see under the side of the rock where the bear had disappeared. But Uncle Nickie said:

" 'No. It always makes me sick at my stomach to stand on my head.'

" 'All right,' Uncle Dickie said, getting mad, 'you hold my feet.'

"This was done, and Uncle Dickie took a good look under the rock. He saw the bear was dead. But a bit of devilment struck him, and he decided to play a prank on Uncle Nickie for being so scary. So he called back to Uncle Nickie:

" 'Nickie, it's dead as a doornail. You're a dead shot. I'll get a-holt of its legs and then you can pull us both out.'

"But instead of getting a holt on the bear, Uncle Dickie grasped the edge of a large rock, and Uncle Nickie, with all his great strength and pulling and grunting, could not even budge them. Uncle Dickie then scolded Uncle Nickie sharply, saying, among other things:

" 'Nickie, you're no good. You're weak as water. Pull me out and I'll show you what a real man can do.'

"So out he came, and down he let Uncle Nickie, saying:

" 'Grab a-holt quick, and I'll have you both out in no time.'

"Uncle Nickie did grab the bear, but as he turned it over it made a growling, gurgling noise.

" 'Pull, Dick, pull!' he shouted. 'The bear's still alive! For God's sake, pull, Dick, pull!'

"This so tickled Uncle Dickie that his hands slipped off Uncle Nickie's ankles and down he went beside the bear. But the bear was really dead and no harm was done except to Uncle Nickie's feelings." [19]

VII. WALKED OVER BY A BEAR

"One day me and Dick Colley went out hunting. We were in the bear territory on Big A Mountain, and were going up a rough branch, with laurel and big rocks all around."

The teller of this tale was William Sutherland, who lived about seven miles from Sand Lick, and was Dick Colley's companion on many a hunting expedition. Sutherland married one of Colley's nieces.

"We soon heard our dogs fighting a bear vigorously up the branch. So we ran toward them as fast as we could until we saw them coming down the branch. It was an old she-bear and she was fighting the dogs to a fare-you-well. The laurel was so thick that the dogs didn't have much room to fight and dodge.

"Dickie saw he wouldn't have much chance to use his rifle, as the dogs were closing in too close. Besides he was not a good shot in a close shave. When he got in close with a bear he would depend on his hunting knife. So he laid down his rifle and untied the ends of his hunting shirt to get rid of his load of provision and cooking vessels. But the bear was coming too fast to let him get ready. She was snapping right and left, and the dogs were grabbing her by the hind legs and then letting go and running a jump or two away from her.

"Dickie drew his hunting knife when she came close. She saw him, and, forgetting the dogs for a moment, made a dash for Dickie. He wanted to get a lunge at her from the side or behind, so he started to wheel and dodge the bear. But as he swung around the long tail of his hunting shirt got too close the bear and she grabbed it in her mouth. This jerked Dickie flat on his back between two big rocks.

"His faithful dogs saw his danger and quickly closed in again on the old bear, taking her attention off of Dickie. The bear stepped on one of the rocks and from that one to the other, right over Dickie's body, and went on down the branch fighting the dogs savagely at every step.

"Dickie lay perfectly quiet until the bear had passed beyond reach, then jumped up quickly and, with a funny look on his face, called his dogs back, saying:

" 'Let 'er go, boys! She's too pore anyway!' " [20]

VIII. KILLING BEAR WITH FIST

THE most celebrated of his adventures with the savage beasts relate to his fight to the death with a young but courageous bear. It shows his daredevil spirit in brilliant light.

Numerous tales of Dick Colley's fearlessness and personal prowess are current in Sandy Basin even to this day, over a hundred years after his death. The stories related in previous chapters were picked up from residents of Sandy Basin. For the story of this bear fight we will listen to its narration by U. S. Senator Robert E. Withers. An East Virginia Colonel, ruined by the defeat of his beloved Southland in 1865, Withers moved to Elk Garden, Russell County, Virginia, where he farmed and hunted. In 1870, a dozen years after Dick Colley's passing from this life, Colonel Withers and others of the Russell County gentry spent a fortnight hunting around Sand Lick. In his autobiography he repeats this story as told to him by Ira Reynolds, of Russell County, on this trip:

" 'Dick Colley,' said he, 'often boasted that he could whip a bear in a fair fight, and on one occasion, when a party was out hunting, the dogs brought a bear to bay. When the hunters came up, one of them rallied Dick Colley on his oft-repeated boast that he could whip a bear, and told him here was a fine chance to prove it. Dick had had a drink or two and, unwilling to stand the chaffing of the party, said he could do it and would show them he could. So the dogs were held and Dick grappled with the bear with no weapon whatever. He had on a pair of heavy cow-skin boots and trusted to kicking with his heavy boots, blows with his fist, and choking. After a long struggle he succeeded in killing the animal, but when the fight ended, he had on nothing except

his boots and was marked all over with wounds from the teeth and claws of the bear.' " [21]

This story is well known among the citizens around Sand Lick.

IX. "FIGHTIN' DICK"

Dick Colley was strong of limb, heart and temper. It took all that to conquer the wilderness. No one ever questioned his bravery, nor did anyone who ever felt the wallop of his bruising fist soon forget its crushing power. His hot temper, often unleashed and terrible, swung him from one personal encounter into another with his neighbors. He built such a far-flung reputation during his earlier life for personal combat that even strangers approached him with awe and trepidation. Few men dared to face him in a fury. He was never conquered, and though he faced the best men in Sandy Basin, and often wobbly with hard liquor, his heart and strength carried him through.

He is still best known locally as "Fightin' Dick Colley."

One day at a muster of the militia at Sand Lick, George Robinson and another man were in a fight. Jess Bartley butted in for the other man and Dick Colley, wishing to see a "fair fight," knocked Bartley down. Jimmy Sykes, Bartley's brother-in-law, jumped up and said, "That's a hell of a way to treat a man!" Dick heard part of Sykes' remark, and walking over to him said: "What did you say, Jimmy Sykes?" Jimmy had great fear and respect for Dick's big fist, and softly replied: "I said: That's the way to lay 'em out, Uncle Dick!" [14]

It seems that he had more fights with John Fuller than any other man—seven in all. The original cause of this animosity is now unknown. The two men lived as near neighbors at Sand Lick. Colley's wife was a first cousin of Fuller's wife—both being named Crissa. John and Dick were both large, strong, active and courageous.

One day they met in the woods, and as usual got into a quarrel. John managed to get in the first blow which knocked Dick

almost unconscious. While Dick lay on the ground John danced around him singing this song:

"Poor old Dick he died of late;
Straightway he went to Heaven's gate.
There he met the Devil with a club,
And drove him back to Beelzebub."

By the time John had finished his song Dick felt he could handle him, and got up and won the fight.[22]

At another time they met on the road to Grassy. Dick was carrying a jug of brandy, which he set down beside the road, for he expected to have trouble with John. However, John approached, spoke in a friendly way and started to pass Dick who was dumbfounded at the change in conduct of his old enemy. As John passed unconcernedly between Dick and the precious jug, he quickly kicked the jug over the bank, breaking it. Dick then knew that John was not a changed man and his ire mounted quickly and furiously. He followed Fuller a short distance where they fought it out. Dick lost his jug of brandy, but marked up another fistic victory.[14]

All these fights were of the "fist-and-skull" type. Only once did Dick ever resort to deadly weapons. He and Fuller met one day at the mouth of Frying Pan and, as usual, became involved in an acid argument. Dick had just recovered from recent illness and knew he could not match his weakened muscles with the well-trained punches of Fuller. He therefore held his temper much better than usual—in fact, so well that John suspected his condition and decided to take advantage of it. He leaned back against a large beech tree and gave free vent to bullying laughter and ridicule. This so infuriated Dick that he snatched his tomahawk from his belt and threw it at the tantalizing Fuller so true and hard that the flying blade clipped a wisp of hair from Fuller's head and buried it in the tree behind him so deep that it could be seen there long afterward.[14]

X. AN ACTIVE CITIZEN

WHILE much of Dick Colley's life was spent in the excitement of the chase and the humdrumery of farming, he also expended part of his time and talents in being an active citizen of his community. Some of his accomplishments will be briefly sketched below.

He early recognized the importance of public roads. For years he had tramped over the mountains and valleys devoid of any roadway except game-trails and bridle-paths. He knew that the county authorities were building and improving roads in other sections of the county, and he wanted Sand Lick to get some of these benefits. So he appeared before the Russell County Court on June 7, 1836, and applied "for a new road from Sand Lick to Henry Sutherlands for the convenience of travelling to the courthouse," and the court sent commissioners to look over the proposed road.[23] For some unknown reason they did not approve it. The court records show that this road was finally approved in November, 1845, and the court ordered "that the said road be cleared 12 feet and dug 4 feet." [24]

Richard Colley was appointed "surveyor of the road from said Colleys to Abednego Kisers" at the mouth of Priest Fork of Frying Pan Creek, that being the first section of the new road from Sand Lick to the Court House at Lebanon, and he continued in this capacity for several years.[24]

In 1846 Colley and William Belcher applied to the court for a new road "from said Colleys to the line of the State of Kentucky on Grassy Creek, for the convenience of travelling to the courthouse." Robert Fugate, road commissioner, was appointed "to view and report thereon." [25] He apparently failed to report, and Colley renewed his application in September, 1851, again with no success. However, some years later this road was established, giving Sand Lick road outlets both north into Kentucky and south into Clinch Valley. Both these roads, from the mouth of Priest Fork of Frying Pan to the Kentucky line, are now incorporated

into Highway 80, which traverses the Breaks Interstate Park.

From the beginning of the settlement of Sandy Basin its citizens were at a great disadvantage in the enjoyment of the usual rights of citizenship. Their county-seat, Lebanon, was at least thirty miles away, across two rough mountains and a large river; and there the citizens of the county were required to go for lawsuits, for the establishment of public roads and other tax-supported conveniences, and to cast their votes in any election. The Sand Lick inhabitants chafed under this unfavorable condition for years.

In 1845 seventy-five residents of Sandy Basin filed a striking petition before the Virginia General Assembly. It stated that: "Whereas the undersigned petitioners represent that they labor under great ilconvenience as to the exercise of Sufrage by living at a great or illconvenient distance from any place of elextion Say many of us from forty to fifty miles and rough Mountain and River to cross over and as a free people we wish a more convenient oppertunity of exercising our rights, we therefore pray that your honorable body establish a precinct Election at the house of Richard Colley at the big Sand licks Russells fork of Sandy River in the County of Russell." Richard Colley's name headed the list of the signers of this petition. The petition was favorably received by the lawmakers, and the separate election precinct was established.[26]

Again the General Assembly was persuaded to pass an act in 1852 for the convenience of the voters. This act required Russell County to be divided into eight districts for voting purposes, and appointed Albert G. Smith, Abraham Fuller, Daniel S. Johnson, William B. Aston, John Bickley, Harden Dale, Richard Colley, Thomas W. Davis and Zachariah Fugate as commissioners to divide the county as required by the act.[27] This was done by the commissioners and most of Sandy Basin was placed in the 4th or Sand Lick District. They "established two places of voting in this District, one at Richard Colleys and one at John Mullins, Sr. at Holly Creek." [28]

On June 28, 1852, Richard Colley was commissioned by the Governor of Virginia to be a justice of the peace and, as such,

a member of the County Court, but he "failed to qualify." His reason for not accepting this important office is unknown. His neighbor, and nephew by marriage, James Sutherland, was commissioned on October 6, 1852, to fill the vacancy.[29]

XI. THE BASIN WON

Dick Colley saw the settling, peopling and the founding of a lively community in Sandy Basin. He did more—he was its moving spirit during its cataclysmic change from a wilderness to a farming community. For all his pioneering narrowness, his acid temper, his brute strength and his domineering character, he made his indelible mark as a community-builder.

Late in life his strenuous efforts to bring law and the privileges of Virginia citizenship to his mountain homeland bore valuable and satisfying fruit. Multiplying complaints caused the General Assembly to grant the citizens of western Russell County a new county—Wise. But the Sand Lick settlers would not join with this new county, because its county-seat was placed at Gladeville, which was farther and more inaccessible than Lebanon (their old county-seat in Russell). About half of Sandy Basin, however, accepted inclusion in the new County of Wise at its formation in 1856. Two years later Buchanan County was formed from the parts of Tazewell and Russell counties north of Sandy Ridge. Sand Lick community joined this partition and became Sand Lick Magisterial District of Buchanan County, with its county-seat at Grundy on Levisa River. This new county-seat was outside of Sandy Basin, but it was only about one-half the distance Sandy citizens had heretofore had to travel to their county-seat in Russell County. Dick Colley helped in these improvements, but did not live to see the culmination of this movement in 1880 when Dickenson County was formed almost wholly within the Basin. His grandson, Captain Jasper S. Colley, a member of the Virginia House of Delegates, played an important role in this accomplishment.

Subscription schools were being taught in the Basin, and several Baptist churches had been established. Dick Colley was never a member of any church, but his wife and most of his children became members of the Sand Lick Baptist Church, which was established near his home in 1837. His brother, Elder Thomas Colley, was long a leader of the Baptists in Southwest Virginia. His brother-in-law, Joseph Counts, taught the first school in Sandy Basin in the early eighteen-thirties.

His descendants have played an important role in all public affairs. They have been farmers, mechanics, miners, preachers, lawyers, doctors, bankers, teachers, merchants—in fact, they have filled all stations of life in the Basin and many of them have gone out over the nation to make their marks in other far-separated sections. They have furnished to the official families of Dickenson and Buchanan counties men to fill such offices as court clerk, commonwealth's attorney, sheriff, treasurer, commissioner of the revenue, member of the House of Delegates, and all the lesser offices.

His children were James (m. Emma Ferrill), Mary (m. David Deel), John (m. Anna Davis), Matilda (m. Charles Anderson), Joshua (m. Didame Mullins), Margaret (m. 1—Ephriam Pressley; 2—Jacob Fuller), and Sarah (m. Preston Mullins).

He passed from this life on March 16, 1858,[30] while visiting his son, Joshua Colley, at his home on Grassy Creek near the Breaks of Sandy. On his deathbed he told his friends: "I've seen heaven, and I'm going there; but I haven't missed hell a hair's-breadth." [31]

He had literally blazed a trail from the Clinch settlements across Sandy Ridge and through a virgin wilderness fifty miles to the very borders of Kentucky, along which his descendants and those of his neighbors now live in peace and happiness.

The Basin was won.

Elijah Shelby Counts

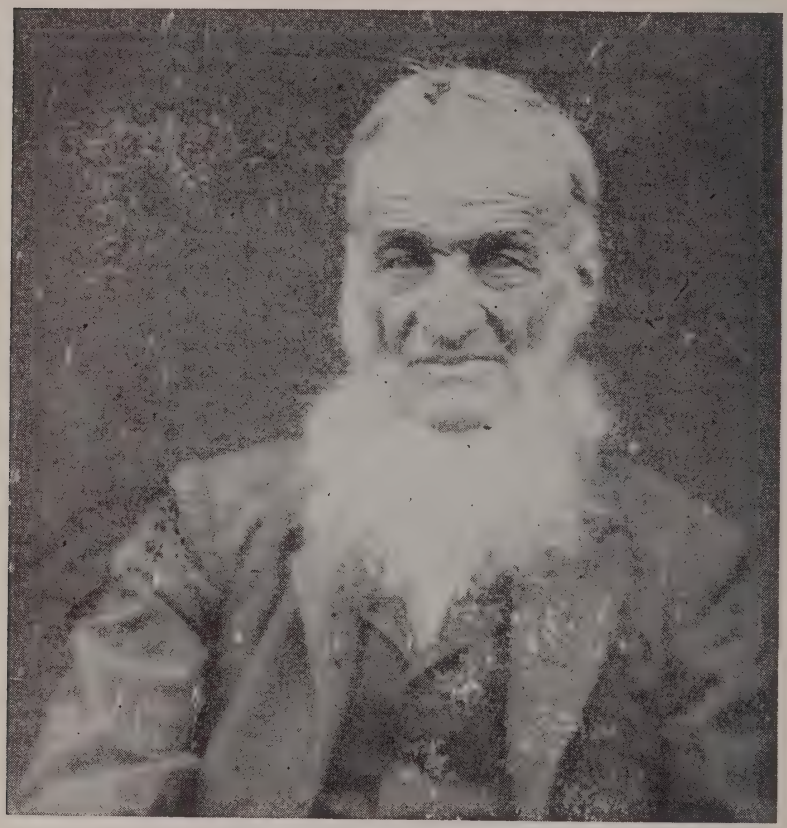
I. ANCESTRY

MANY inhabitants of Germany emigrated to America during the seventeenth and subsequent centuries. The religious reformation, begun by Martin Luther in 1517 at Wittenberg, protesting abuses in the Roman Catholic Church, grew into a formidable movement. Its course saw great conflicts in religious and political circles, and created serious confusions in most of Europe. Its waves of disputes and strong feelings in Europe anon washed the shores of the New World. Religious persecutions, especially in strife-ridden Germany, made life miserable and unbearable, and at the first opportunity large numbers of deeply religious people left their homelands to seek religious liberty in America. The effect of the Lutheran theses is still felt in America, and in no section were its doctrines more potent than in Southwest Virginia.

The subject of this sketch was a descendant of two German Protestant families which had suffered from the religious wars and persecutions before they left their homes in Germany for a freer home in the wilderness of Virginia. His religious experiences and life indicate he inherited many of Luther's beliefs through his own ancestry. His paternal ancestry was from a German family, the name of which was variously spelled as Kuntz, Koontz, Kuhns, etc., some of which through the centuries have been Anglicized into *Counts*.[1] His maternal forebears were also from Germany, and the name was likewise variously spelled as Kaiser, Keyser, etc., and has been Anglicized into *Kiser*. The members of these two families have been numerous in Germany for many generations.

The first Counts in Virginia was named *Joseph Kuntz*, who came from Germany to Virginia in 1714, and who made his will in 1730 in the name of *Joseph Counts*.[2] He left several children, but no direct proof of his relationship to the subject of this sketch

has been found. The earliest known paternal ancestor of Elijah Shelby Counts was John Counts, who purchased a farm in what is now Page County, Virginia, in 1765.[3] In 1789 he moved to Russell County, Virginia, and bought a farm in Glade Hollow,



Eld. Elijah Shelby Counts

where he lived the remainder of his life.[4] To distinguish him from several of his descendants also named John, he is known as "John Counts of Glade Hollow." He died in 1803, and his wife, Mary Magdaline, died in 1814. Their son, John (known as "John Counts of Cleveland"), married Margaret (Peggy) Kelley, of Irish extraction, and lived at the present town of Cleveland, Virginia. This couple had ten children, one of whom was Joshua

Counts, who married Martha Kiser, and they became the parents of Elijah Shelby Counts, the subject of this sketch.

His earliest Kiser ancestor to come from Germany to America was Carl Kayser, one of the "Palatines and persons from the duchy of Wirtemberg" in Germany, who arrived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on September 19, 1749.[5] He served in the British army and was present at Braddock's Defeat in 1755. He settled in what is now Page County, Virginia, only two or three miles from the home selected by John Counts a few years later.[6] Here the families became friends and one of Counts' sons, Philip, married Kiser's daughter, Anna, in 1785.[7] Joseph Kiser, a son of the German immigrant, married Susannah Stacey, probably in Shenandoah County, Virginia, and later moved to the Clinch River settlement (then in Washington County) near Carbo, Russell County, Virginia, where he had a farm surveyed in 1783.[8] Four years later, John Counts, a son of Kiser's former neighbor in the Shenandoah Valley, moved into his new home three miles up Clinch River above Kiser's home. Two years later the elder John Counts came to Glade Hollow about ten miles from Kiser's Clinch River home. Again the Shenandoah neighbors were neighbors on the Clinch.

Joseph Kiser's son, Abednego Kiser, married Mary (Polly) Jessee, a daughter of John and Frances (Frankie) (Lee) Jessee, became a Baptist preacher and died of disease in the United States army at Norfolk in 1814. One of Abednego's daughters, Martha, married Joshua Counts.[9]

II. EARLY LIFE ON CLINCH

The Countses and the Kisers intermarried in Shenandoah Valley, and members of the next generation intermarried forty years later, three hundred miles to the westward, in Clinch Valley.

Joshua Counts, of Cleveland on Clinch, met Martha Kiser, an orphan living with her mother four miles away in Reeds Valley. They were doubtlessly thrown together many times at meetings

and neighborhood gatherings. In due time they were married, and their first child, Sylvia, was born at Cleveland, Virginia, October 5, 1826.[10] Their next child was born February 10, 1828, and they gave him the name of Elijah Shelby, the *Elijah* for the Biblical patriarch and *Shelby* for the Revolutionary War hero, General Isaac Shelby.

As was usual at that period, most children were given nicknames in the family and in the neighborhood, this friendly process generally being the shortening of the Christian names, such as *Bill* for *William, Dick* for *Richard, Peg* for *Margaret, Polly* or *Pop* for *Mary,* etc. This new boy's name followed the ordinary course, and he was known as *Lige,* and later in life as *Preacher Lige.*

The settlement around Cleveland was still on the frontier in 1828. Forty years before it was frequently visited by savage Indians, part of the time sullenly but quietly resentful of the loss of their beautiful and fruitful hunting-grounds to the encroaching whites, and occasionally wreaking their vengeance on some isolated settler by murdering the family and carrying off such of the household goods and livestock as suited the fancy of the Red Men. Many stories of the Indian depredations were still fresh in the minds of the settlers in 1828, and they were the chief topic of discussion around the fireside. A story was often told by the older citizens of their seeing the dry rock-tops in Clinch River at a ford at Cleveland wet by moccasins worn by Indians retreating from a bloody attack on the Holston settlement. Farming and hunting were the only occupations for men, and housekeeping kept the women busy. It was a typical pioneer life for all on the far borders of Virginia.

We will let Mr. Counts relate in his own written words (in 1888) some of his early recollections on Clinch: "The first thing that I ever saw that made a lasting impression upon my mind was a drowned man, lying in Clinch River, by the name of Samuel Hurly. Father told me I was about fifteen months old when Sam got drowned, and I remember it well yet.

"Some few years later, when I was a small boy, many of our friends and neighbors moved or emigrated to Missouri, which

seemed the 'ultima thule' of emigration westward at that time. And as many of their descendants are now doubtless living in Missouri and other parts of the great West, I will give some of their names that they may know that I yet remember them, though but a small boy when they left the soil of Virginia forever.

"The principal family that moved at that time was the Colleys. Old Brother John Colley and family lived in Reeds Valley; he died there and was buried in the old Anderson graveyard, but the widow, Aunt Betsey, yet lived; and her children and connections built them two boats on father's land, and anchored them near father's house, and if I mistake not, in the spring of 1838, set sail down Clinch River for Ray County, Missouri. The old widow of John Colley, her sons, Wm. K., George, Samuel, Shade, James and Patton (who I think was the youngest child), Charles Ballew and family, John Quiery and family, and a family by the name of Davis, from Washington County, and perhaps others with their families, and many of their friends that remained behind, all assembled at the riverside and bid each other farewell forever.

"I shall never forget the trying scene and the cries of sisters parting from each other. Uncle Wm. K. Colley mounted on top of one of the boats and said 'Farewell to each and everyone, and Old Virginia, forever!' The next I heard of him was that he was on his way to California with some of his brothers, and that he had sickened and died on top of the Rocky Mountains. They wrapped his mortal remains in a blanket and buried him, there to remain till the resurrection morn. Now if any of the generations of people I have been speaking of sees this I would be truly glad to hear from them, through the 'Messenger of Peace,' or by private letter.

"Time went on with us, and the next year, 1839, mother was taken from the care of her little children and the troubles of the world; and here commenced the hard trials of her children (and dear Pa too), for none but motherless children know how to sympathize with those destitute of a mother." [11]

III. TO LICK CREEK

In the early days the settlers on the frontier endured many hardships. Life and the making of a living were not easy, and it required men and women of stout bodies and hearts of oak to succeed in even a medium degree. A century ago agriculture was the principal occupation of the people in Clinch Valley. Most of the good farming land had been occupied, and the newer generation must look to new frontiers for farms on which to establish new homes. Some of the younger people moved into the Ohio Valley and farther westward, but to many prospective emigrants the paths to the Ohio were too long and hazardous. The most appealing region was not far away—just over Sandy Ridge into the unbroken forests of Sandy Basin.

"Fighting Dick" Colley, who married Crissa Counts (aunt of Elijah Counts), had built his home in the midst of the Basin about 1810, and several of his Clinch neighbors had followed him there or on nearby streams and ridges. The soil was sandy instead of the red clay of Clinch River territory, yet it was fertile and produced good crops. The clearing of the heavy forests from narrow bottoms and the steep hillsides was a herculean job for the settler. The crudest of tools must be used for clearing and farming, and, there being no sawmills, only rough log houses could be erected and the few other buildings used by the farmers were made from trees and saplings growing around the homesite. The details of the rough but healthy life of a pioneer in Sandy Basin would fill volumes.

Jonas Rasnick, a cousin of Joshua Counts, lived on his farm on Dumps Creek, about three miles north of Joshua Counts' home at Cleveland. Elijah Counts fell in love with Rasnick's daughter, Catherine (Katy), and they were married 23 November, 1848.[12] They made their home on his father's farm until 1853, when they moved to the home of his brother-in-law, William Sutherland, on the waters of Frying Pan Creek in Sandy Basin. After a year there they moved to the head of Lick Creek, at the mouth

of Josh's Branch, about two miles above the mouth of Dog Branch. Here his uncle, Jefferson Jessee, had purchased a tract of several hundred acres of waste, or unoccupied, mountain land, and built a rough hunter's cabin. Mr. Jessee was a rich cattleman and kept many of his cattle on the range, or woodlands, during the summertime to fatten on the pea vine and other forest forage. He employed someone to look after these cattle, and especially to salt them every two weeks. Mr. Jessee had married Joshua Counts' sister, Nancy Counts, and for years Joshua had as his "hunting grounds" this territory, and especially the land on a large branch emptying into Lick Creek at this place. For this reason the branch was called *Josh's Branch,* which name it still retains.

Elijah Counts and his little family lived in this cabin a year. In the meantime he cleared an acre a mile down the creek at the mouth of Bearpen Branch, and with the aid of his friends he erected a hewn-log house. It is said that the neighbors were invited to a "house-raising," and on the same day they raised the walls not only of Elijah's house but also of his brother Noah's house two miles downstream.

Into this house Mr. Counts moved his family in 1854,[13] and here he lived the remainder of his life—fifty-two years. Here he reared his twelve children on a farm he and they carved out of the forest. There was never wealth, nor want for food and clothing. The usual hardships of a mountain farm were with this family, as well as the many joys of youth on a farm and in the inviting woods.

IV. EVEN THROUGH A CIVIL WAR

Land on Lick Creek was worth very little in the early days. It was a wilderness with few settlers to live on and cultivate the many thousands of acres of jungle and waste land. There was some confusion about who the real owners of this land were. In 1787 one Richard Smith of England had surveyed and patented

some 150,000 acres of land on both sides of Sandy Ridge, which covered the headwaters of Lick Creek. A short time later Smith sold part of this land to a Frenchman, Peter Francis de Tubeuf, who founded a short-lived French settlement near the present town of St. Paul, Virginia. Smith conveyed the remainder of his enormous mountain domain to John Warder and his two sons, Jeremiah Warder and John Head Warder, Philadelphia merchants, in 1806.

De Tubeuf was killed by robbers on his land in 1795, and his two sons soon abandoned their large land-holdings on the frontier. James Campbell and his relatives secured title to the French land, and later Dale Carter claimed title to it. Several lawsuits have resulted over the ownership of this rich boundary of land. In 1844 William Alexander, a nephew of James Campbell, surveyed a line, which passed across Lick Creek just south of the later home of Elijah Counts. It was claimed that this "Alexander Line" divided the Tubeuf land from the Warder land, and that the Tubeuf land, still known as the "French Land," lay southeast of the "Alexander Line." [14]

In 1853 Joshua Counts purchased from the Warders a tract of 500 acres (estimated) lying between Lick Creek and the Left-hand Fork of Lick Creek, and bordering on the north side of the "Alexander Line." [15] He later divided this tract between four of his children, 400 acres being deeded in 1873 to Elijah as "his portion of the estate of the said Joshua Counts." Elijah also purchased two other tracts adjoining his home tract—200 acres from the Warders in 1860, and 670 acres from Dale Carter in 1873. These three tracts were estimated in the deeds to contain 1,370 acres, but later surveys determined their actual acreage to be 2,500. He was therefore the largest land-owner in his community.

He loved to hunt in the surrounding forest, and killed many bears, deer and other game animals. He later decided that it was not a Christian act to kill harmless wild animals, especially deer, old and young. He was among the first in his vicinity to advocate that the state protect deer. In 1875 he prepared a petition to be signed by his neighbors in the following words:

"To the Senate & House of Delegates of Virginia

"We the undersigned Citizens of the County of Buchanan & State of Va. would respectfully represent to your hon. bodies that under the present System of the wholesale destruction of the Deer that in a few years more that most beautiful & harmless animal will become extinct. We therefore pray your honorable bodies to pass or enact Some law that will effectively protect the Deer in our County. The Deer should not be run nor killed from the first day of Decr untill the first day of Sept. nor Should any person be allowed to run or kill Deer upon any ones lands without permission under heavy penalties or fines &c. We hope you will favorably consider our petition & in duty bound We ever pray." [16]

In that same year the General Assembly of Virginia enacted such a law, probably the first of its kind in the history of the state.

A half-dozen years after he became a citizen of Lick Creek, the whole nation was in the throes of a civil war. The people in Sandy Basin were puzzled about the causes of this great American tragedy. They were too far from the seats of government to catch the full feeling of the "Impending Crisis." When it came, most of the Sandy citizens espoused the cause of the South, and many of them went into the Southern armies. During the latter years of the conflict there was much ill-feeling along the border and several men lost their lives in rival clashes, often from ambush.

Elijah Counts tried to be neutral during this war. He opposed slavery, although his grandfather, John Counts, had owned several slaves, and he detested war, partly because of his religious scruples and the fact that his other grandfather, Abednigo Kiser, had lost his life in 1814 while serving in the American Army at Norfolk, far from his mountain home. He thought war was inhuman, wasteful and contrary to the teachings of Christ. He avoided any partisan discussions, yet he had some harassing experiences. His son, Richard L. Counts (born in 1860) tells these stories:

"During the war it was reported to the family that some of Prentice's men were coming. This alarmed the family and we all hustled around to hide all the household things we could to keep them from being stolen. Prentice was captain of a small company

that went around claiming that they were looking for deserters from the Confederate army and getting up recruits for the army, but they were called bushwhackers, thieves and robbers. Therefore, they were dreaded, and unprotected families were alarmed at their coming.

"One night a band of these men passed my father's place and the dog was barking at them. Just as my father put his hand upon the door latch, one of them shot at the dog. The bullet glanced an apple tree and struck the door at a place that would have been at my father's breast had he opened it a few seconds earlier. I remember well of seeing, the next morning, the barked apple tree, the bullet and the mark of the bullet upon the door.

"The family was much excited on another occasion when the same crowd arrested my father and took him from home. My mother was much troubled and sat up late spinning at her little wheel." [17]

He saw no military services during the war mainly because of physical incapacity. Among his papers at his death was the following:

"Surgeon's Certificate of Exemption

"Jany 23 1864

"E. S. Counts, a conscript from Buchanan County, State of Virginia, having been examined by us, is hereby declared to be exempt from military duty on account of Phthisic Pulmonalis. We further declare this disability to be permanent and that the said Counts shall not be liable to further examination (unless specially ordered by the Examining Board).

Thos. P. Fields, G. A. T. Painter } Board of Examiners" [18]

The war over, the community settled down to hard work, which eventually brought back sanity and peaceful living. The Basin people, having little, lost little of material possessions during the period of conflict. Their recovery from the ravages of war was much quicker than that of people in most other sections of Virginia.

He never asked for political office, but he served as census enumerator of Buchanan County in 1860, and was made the first

Superintendent of the Poor in the newly formed county of Dickenson in 1880.

V. WILDERNESS CHURCHES

THE wilderness has been the romantic and appropriate place for churches since John the Baptist came "preaching in the wilderness of Judea." There Jesus was baptized and set up His church on earth.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has been preached on the frontiers of civilization across the face of the earth by brave and dedicated men. All America was a wilderness before the coming of the white man and his methods of destruction and commercial utilization. Christian ministers were with the English colonists at Jamestown at its founding in 1607, and thirteen years later the Pilgrims were led by ministers when they stepped ashore at Plymouth Rock. The history of every settlement in the westward expansion contains the bright threads of religious movements, and the church went with the pioneer as he threaded the wilderness.

Spaniards explored and then settled the New World before the coming of the English, and the Spanish were Roman Catholics. After the Catholics came the Episcopal Church (Church of England), and after them came the Pilgrims and Puritans to New England. Within the next hundred years several other branches of the growing and dividing Protestant church arrived with the increasing tide of immigration, and especially strong were the Baptists and German Reformed churches. These denominations were similar in many respects.

Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians were among the first to arrive in Southwest Virginia. It was not long before the Baptists became more numerous, apparently because of their more democratic beliefs and practices. The Baptist Church was congregational and was not ruled by strangers from a distance. Its preachers were not required to be college graduates, nor were there burdensome collections to pay the preachers and other projects.

The people, as a rule, were poor, and they admired the preacher who would work with his own hands for his own living. They were sparsely settled, but often went many miles on foot to hear their favorite preachers. The preachers often rode many miles over rough mountains and swollen streams to attend their appointments and visit the sick and needy. They received no pay for their services, as they felt they were serving the Lord and that He repaid them abundantly.

The church houses were at first made of logs, with one door and few windows. The floor was often the earth, and big chimneys were fed large logs to furnish heat in cold weather. Usually the building was erected by members of the church from logs cut and hewn from trees growing around the church site. Donations were sometimes taken for the purchase of nails, windows and other items that had to be bought from the local merchant. Annually a collection of a few dollars was taken to help defray the cost of printing of association minutes. Living was hard in the wilderness, and money was scarce.

Yet the church was the center of life in any community. Religious services always—even in inclement weather—drew large and attentive congregations. Under the fervent preaching, people were snatched away from their humdrum, harsh daily lives and carried to emotional and spiritual heights; and this exhilarating experience made their lots more bearable during the days that followed.

The first Baptist church on upper Clinch was established in the Castlewood settlement before the Revolutionary War, was temporarily disbanded during Indian troubles on the border, and reestablished when more peaceful times arrived.[19] In 1788, this Clinch River Baptist Church was divided, and the new church in Glade Hollow was within five miles of Elijah Counts' birthplace.[19] Both his grandparents were members of this church. Elder Edward Kelley, one of his father's uncles, was a leading Baptist preacher in Southwest Virginia. Another great-uncle Elder David Jessee, and one of his mother's brothers, Elder Elihu Kiser, were also able Baptist ministers. Elder Abednigo Kiser was his mother's father. He came from a preaching family. His mother

and father were devout members of the Glade Hollow Church and its offspring, Reeds Valley Baptist Church.[20]

The first trouble in the Baptist churches in this territory occurred in 1845, when the Washington Association, which included all the Baptist churches in the upper Clinch and Holston Valleys, divided over the question of Foreign Missions. Elijah Counts' mother had died five years before, but his father and most of his relatives supported the non-mission faction. However, Elders David Jessee and Elihu Kiser espoused the new system of missions. It was a trying time for the churches, and many loving hearts were torn asunder by the long-enduring agony of the ensuing religious dissension.[21]

VI. THE MASTER CALLS

Elijah Shelby Counts was physically frail but mentally alert. He carefully observed the things about him, the changes of the seasons, the path of the sun, moon and stars, the mysteries of birth and death, the good works and the sins of his neighbors. But he was especially concerned about his own evil tendencies.

When he was sixty he wrote: "About this time (1836—when I was eight) I began to ponder over death and judgment; and as father and mother were members of the church, I was often taken to meeting and heard preaching at father's house, but preaching to me then was only an unmeaning sound. It was not listening to preaching that eased my mind in the days of my youth, but something unheard and unexpected came and awakened me as a man awakened out of sleep. The Spirit came and taught me that I was a poor, miserable wretch, standing afar off, without God or hope in the world. Knowing that sooner or later I must die and go to eternity, and feeling the wrath of God upon my guilty soul, not knowing how to escape, nor what to do to work myself into the favor of the Eternal Judge, I became miserable indeed, and mourned in secret over my lost and ruined condition. But

the Lord led me along through the sore troubles and afflictions until He became my joy and my song. Unto Him be all the glory!" [22]

However he did not join the Church for many years. He had a large and growing family, and work on the farm and an occasional hunting period kept his hands and feet busy. He had been sent to the local "Old Field Schools" in his father's vicinity long enough to learn the "three R's." And, after his marriage he secured all the books he could find and continued to add to his mental store. The Bible he read over and over—it was "the Book of Books" to him. His education was superior to that of his Lick Creek neighbors, and after the Civil War they persuaded him to teach a term or two in a rough log hut at the mouth of Josh's Branch which hunters had built years before "where they could shelter and stay at night or come back to as headquarters after a hunting trip." [23] At that time they had no public schools in Sandy Basin, and the interested citizens in a community were compelled, in order to have a school for their children, to hire and pay the teacher out of their own pockets. The only school house they could afford would be a vacant building with a roof and rough chimney. Mr. Counts owned the Josh's Branch log cabin and he donated its use for the benefit of the children of the neighborhood.

In the early 70's he and some members of his family suffered serious maladies. He felt these tribulations were, in a measure, sent on him as a punishment for his failure to "come out from the world." In 1874 he "professed a hope in Jesus and was joined to the Primitive Baptist Church at Reeds Valley, the home church of his parents, in Russell County, Virginia, and was baptized by Elder James W. Smith. He remained a faithful member of this church until he moved his membership by letter to Sulphur Spring Church of Primitive Baptists in Dickenson County, Virginia, of which church he remained a member until his death." [24]

On June 1, 1875, he was licensed to preach, and ordained to the full function of the gospel ministry by Elders Thomas Grimsley, Shadrach Williams and Morgan T. Lipps on March 7, 1880.[24] He preached the gospel for 32 years.

VII. "TAKE NOT THE FIRST DRINK"

Elder Counts had a pleasing and convincing style of delivery. He had a well-modulated voice, and spoke in a conversational tone, except in rare cases he would raise his voice to emphasize his opinion for or against the things he preached about. He was gifted in quoting the Scriptures to support his ideas, and was clear in his arguments. No one doubted where he stood on any question.

The writer knew Elder Counts well, and heard him preach often at the home church—Sulphur Spring—and at neighboring churches. He was firm and faithful to the teachings of Christ and the apostles. Rain or cold did not deter him from his preaching missions, and he made many long and arduous trips across flooded streams and over rough mountain roads to visit and succor distant churches.

One of the sermons he preached at Sulphur Spring was unique and remains rather vividly in my mind after more than sixty years. It can not be re-created entirely and completely accurate after the lapse of time but, so far as I am able to reproduce his short sermon, it was as follows:

"Dear brothers and sisters, I come to you today with a mind burdened with many weighty matters. It is my humble purpose to speak to you on a subject that might lead you to peace and plenty in the years ahead. My subject will not be a verse quoted directly from the Holy Scriptures, but its deep meaning is found throughout the Bible. It is: 'Take not the first drink!'

"Our community is new and growing. Most of the first settlers in this neighborhood are still with us; and most of them are my kindred. I know them well. As with all of God's children in the past, our people will pass through much trouble and tribulation in the future. I hope they will be forewarned and prepared to know and avoid the Devil's many traps. One of his strongest allies is strong drink. I know what it is doing to some of my own people, and that is why I, as your friend and a minister of Christ, want

to admonish all of you, young or old, or middle-aged, to keep your skirts clean and far away from the slime and danger of drink.

"The Good Book tells us that the Lord spake unto Moses to tell the children of Israel to take the vow of a Nazarite, 'to separate themselves unto the Lord: He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink.' (Num. 6:2) Samson, the strong man of the Bible, was a total abstainer; Paul, the great apostle, Samuel, the great judge of Israel, John the Baptist, and Daniel, the great prophet, were all teetotalers. Our great God needed sober men to serve Him and to bring His people safe through the wars with the 'Old Beguiler.'

"The Apostle Paul wrote to the church at Rome: 'It is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak.' (Rom. 14:21) How oft have we seen our neighbors and our friends stumble with strong drink! Peter admonished his friends: 'Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.' (1 Pet. 2:11)

"Again and again the prophets and wise men of old spoke in direct, simple, forceful language to the people of their times—and as well to us and to generations yet unborn—and warned them to shun this strong, treacherous enemy. Let the Bible speak: 'Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?' The answer is: 'They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine;' And then the admonition striking straight from Heaven: 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.' (Prov. 23:29–33)

"Oh, my beloved people, can you not see the end of everything for you, if you stray from the straight and narrow way? Listen again to the Inspired Word: 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' (Prov. 20:1) 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.' (Heb. 2:15) 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that

they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them.' (Isa. 5:11)

"I could go on for a long hour quoting from the Holy Word to show what strong drink will do for the poor, the rich, the weak and the mighty. What I have quoted needs no extended comment; it speaks for itself plainly and loudly so 'he who runs may read,' —and heed.

"It behooves all church members, and in fact everyone, to take these good sayings to heart and to make your beliefs felt in our community. Our children, and our children's children, even to the last generation, must be taught the good and safe things in life and warned of the vicious things that will bring them low.

"It is vitally necessary that parents protect their little children from strong drink from their infancy. Teach them, with our gentle Lord's help, to 'take not the first drink—and you will not get drunk!' "

VIII. "HEAR YE HIM!"

Elder Counts was beloved of his brethren and sisters. He stood high among his fellow elders. Several neighboring churches were served by him as pastor, and in 1891, he was honored by the Washington District Primitive Baptist Association with its highest office—Moderator of the Association. The Washington Association is the oldest Baptist association in Southwest Virginia, having been organized in 1811.[21]

From its beginning the association often appointed one of its most respected and able members to write a "Circular Letter" to be read at its next annual meeting and usually printed in its annual minutes. These "Circular Letters" set out and explain some special tenet or faith of the members of the association. Elder Counts' ability to write fluent, cogent and clear expositions of the various fundamental faiths of his Baptist churches was universally known and appreciated. He was chosen to write the "Circular Letters" for the years 1884, 1893, 1899 and 1903. He was appointed to write the letter for the 1908 association,

but his death in 1907, a short month after his appointment, prevented this effort.

As an example of his style and thought, his letter for the year 1903 is copied in full below:

"To the Ministers and Messengers that may compose the Washington District Primitive Baptist Association when convened with the Rush Creek Church, Washington County, Virginia, September 11th, 1903.

"Beloved brethren: Through the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God, that neither sleeps nor forgets, we are again permitted to meet in another annual association. It has been our custom to have a Circular Letter prepared for the inspection of the Association—as it should be, and we hope it is our hearts' desire to honor God in all our communications, as well as conversations and orderly walks before Him in love; and for your consideration we will call your attention to the following words, which came from the ancient of days, and should sink deep in all our hearts and cause us to ponder and take heed to all our ways: 'Hear ye Him.' (Mat. 17:5)

"And why should we hear and fear Him? Because He spake as never man spake before, and even the winds and the sea obey Him, having all power in heaven and in earth, and all judgment being committed unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. The voice came to the apostles in the mount of transfiguration, for an everlasting admonition not only to them that heard it on the mount, but to us also. Yea, 'even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' (Acts, 2:39)

"For this same God the Father that spake in the audience of Peter, James and John, said unto Moses: 'that whosoever will not hearken unto my words, which he shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.' (Deut., 18–19)

"Speculative doctrine, which is the doctrine of men and devils, has scattered the flock, and caused the love of many to wax cold.

"A denial of the resurrection of the dead, if believed, would destroy the fundamental doctrine of the Christian hope, for 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable' (1 Cor. 15:19)

"But we believe in the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust, and a general judgment, and we believe that the transgression of Adam involved his entire progeny in sin, and in death, for it is written: 'Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned' (Rom., 5:12), and of that fallen race God hath chosen an elect people 'Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father' (1 Pet., 1:2), who is denominated the Bride, the Lamb's wife, who is commanded to observe and keep all of his commandments, and in so doing, she is the beauty of the whole earth, the light of the world, and the salt of the earth.

"What a holy calling! What a sacred avocation! 'Hear ye Him.'

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. (Mat. 7:24) We should observe that the doer is likened to a wise man. 'For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.' (Rom. 2:13) Let us enquire for the old paths, in which our fathers trod, discarding all the theories introduced by man.

"Let us take heed to the admonitions of the apostle. 'There are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers' (Tit. 1–10), and these are the ones that are troubling Israel.

"But in God is strength and salvation, and He will deliver His children out of all their tribulations, and from the hand of all that hate them, and to Him be power and dominion, glory and honor, forever and ever, amen." [25]

IX. HIS FAMILY

LIKE most pioneer families, Elder Counts' family was large, consisting of the parents and their twelve children. His father was married three times and sired seventeen children. Most of his brothers and sisters had large families.

He was a model husband and father, and reared his children to be useful and respected citizens. Much of his life was spent in

ceaseless toil to provide his home with the necessities of life. In this task he succeeded above those of most of his neighbors. He gave them as much educational advantages as the frontier settlement afforded, and he spent part of his time giving them instructions in the home.

Three of his children were prominent office-holders. The sons were, for the most part, farmers, and four daughters married farmers. Two sons were teachers and one a local doctor. Two of his daughters never married.

His eldest son, Jonas Walker Counts, served as deputy sheriff two years, United States Commissioner for two years, Commissioner of the Revenue for four years, and justice of the peace six years. Walker's eldest son, Elijah Laforce Counts, was a school teacher and business man.

His second son, Joshua Clarence Counts, taught in the public schools, and served as justice of the peace for four years, was county treasurer for four years, and county court and circuit court clerk for six years, dying in office. Joshua's eldest son, Walter James, was a prominent lawyer in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and his youngest son, Wilson Evans, served an 8-year term as circuit court clerk and also filled other responsible offices.

His third son, Stephen Douglas Counts was a prosperous farmer, whose son, Clement L., was a school teacher and later a prominent business man in Huntington, West Virginia.

His fourth son, Noah Kernan Counts, was long a well-known local doctor and farmer.

His fifth son, Richard Lynch Counts was an early school teacher, and served a term as division superintendent of the public schools of Wise County, Virginia. He served one term in the Virginia House of Delegates, and was well known as a gifted speaker. He was the first native of Sandy Basin to attend a college. He spent a year at William and Mary College. He died in Washington, D. C. in 1958, at the age of 98 years. Several of his children hold responsible positions in the vicinity of the city of Washington.

His sixth son, Garland Bruce Counts became a successful farmer.

His descendants have been valuable citizens in following many walks of life. Many of them have left the Basin to pursue useful and gainful occupations in the industrialized cities of the north, south, east, and on the plains of the far west. Few of them follow his occupation of farming. They are teachers, bankers, business men and women, miners, merchants, public officials, soldiers, sailors; and all of them look back with pride on the exemplary life lived by their ancestor, Elder Elijah Shelby Counts.

X. BACK TO HIS OLD HOME TO DIE

Late in life Elijah Counts thought more and more about his mother's father, Abednigo Kiser. They both had been born and reared to manhood on the bluegrass banks of the Upper Clinch River. Both of them had been humble followers of the Meek and Holy Jesus, and had preached in the wilderness in His name and for His glory. The grandfather had died in the service of his country and for the safety of his neighbors. To the grandson this ancestor loomed larger and larger as a noble man whom he had never seen. The loving daughter of the one had told her eldest son many things about the gentleness, the firmness and the loving-kindness of his grandfather. Older neighbors praised him as a man and a preacher.

Abednigo Kiser had died when less than thirty years of age; Elijah Counts had been mercifully given a full and long life of more than threescore and ten. The thought that the grandfather's body lay in an unmarked grave more than three hundred long, weary miles away from his home and people grew big and burdensome in his grandson's mind.

In 1907 Elder Counts made up his mind to travel to Norfolk to see the Jamestown Exposition and also to search for the grave of his grandfather. Both objects for this trip were worthy, and everyone was glad to know that he contemplated such a voyage in his old age.

On October 6, 1907, he rode horseback over rough mountain

roads the twenty miles to Cleveland, Virginia, the nearest railroad station to his home. He spent the night with relatives, and expected to get the eastbound train the next morning. However, when morning came he was ill. He lingered until the 16th, when God called him from his earthly labors. He passed away quietly near the place where he was born, and was buried in the old graveyard where his father was buried on Clinch River.[24]

His tombstone carries this inscription:

"ELD. E. S. COUNTS
Feb. 10, 1828
Oct. 18, 1907

'A consistent member of Primitive
Baptist Church for 35 years.' "[26]

His brothers and sisters in the church mourned with his brothers and sisters in the flesh. All missed his friendly smile and sage advice.

The long-established custom of the Washington District Primitive Baptist Association was to have obituaries of their deceased preachers prepared and published in its annual minutes. This was done in the case of Elder Counts. The facts and opinions in this sketch are so well expressed and so true to him and his services, that I will let his brethren speak the final words about him:

"A firmer man never lived. Whatever he believed to be the truth, he maintained unwaveringly to the last. His object was not to please men, but to please Him who had called him to be a soldier. He was faithful. He stood firm on the old platform contending with all his ability for the doctrine and order of the Primitive Baptists, and strenuously opposing the introduction of new things among the Baptists.

"Brother Counts traveled many miles, through wet and dry, heat and cold, preaching the glad tidings of great joy; and in his latter days was undoubtedly possessed with brighter views and revelation. He was entertaining and instructive in his conversation. He seemed to be greatly impressed in teaching the practical duties of the church and the discriminating laws of Zion, and in

unfolding the glorious mysteries of God's word to the edification of the saints and the feeding of both the sheep and the lambs. The doctrine that he preached was not his, but His who sent him. He sought not to please men, thereby proving to be a servant of God ever standing firm upon the walls of Zion, preaching salvation by grace through Christ and that grace given in Christ before the world began.

"We traveled with him much among the churches and to associations and the more we traveled the more we loved him. He was honored and esteemed by all sound Primitive Baptists . . . We can truly say, 'A good man is gone.' He leaves a poor and afflicted widow, five sons, four daughters, with many other relatives, brethren and friends to mourn their loss. But our loss is his eternal gain.

"Oh, we miss him so much at our churches and in our homes! His Godly and fatherly advice, we will hear no more. But we can say, 'Sleep on, dear brother, till Jesus comes; when the mortal body that sleeps in the grave will be immortalized and come forth in the image of our blessed Lord, and ever be with Him in the sunlight of heaven." [24]

Winfield Scott Grizzle

I. ANCESTRY

EACH tiny American infant holds in its baby hands the lines of many converging ancestries that reach back to the advent of man on the earth. The blood of many races and ancient countries pulses in its veins. It will never know when or where its forefathers first appeared in the dim Chambers of History, nor the tangled warp and woof of its crossing streams of consanguinity.

The subject of this sketch was seldom out of Sandy Basin, and he was always in sight of the high mountains that encircle it. But to his humble birthplace in a log cabin in an isolated vale in the midst of the Cumberland Mountains had come down through the far-reaching years the crowding, steady steps of forefathers from across the seas, and his was the legacy of hundreds of generations before him.

The United States have been settled three hundred and fifty years, but in that time the names of many immigrants to this country have been lost to their descendants. It is thought that the Grizzle family is of English origin. There are three separate Grizzle family groups in Southern England. One group in Suffolk spells the name *Grissell;* another in London spells it *Grizzell,* as does the third in Gloucestershire. Thomas Grissell was a member of the British Parliament.[1]

It is known that Humphrey *Grizell* lived in Henrico County, Virginia, as early as 1636, and that William Grisell lived in Virginia in 1654.[2] Among his other lines of ancestry were the German families of Counts (Kuntz), Rasnick and Amburgey; the Scotch families of Buchanan and Sutherland; the French family of Laforce; and the English families of Franklin and Hamon.

The first paternal ancestor of the subject of this sketch, whose identity is now known, was William Grizzle (Grizzel or Grissel),

WINFIELD SCOTT GRIZZLE

who secured a deed for four hundred acres in Pittsylvania, Virginia, on March 20, 1754, where his son John was born in 1774, and later moved to North Carolina. A John Grissel, probably father of William, had deeds for several tracts of land in Pittsylvania County, the first in 1747.[3] Two of William's sons, John and William, came to Russell County, Virginia, from North Carolina about 1800. John Grizzle had married Elizabeth Hamon, probably in Wilkes County, North Carolina, before coming to Russell County, Virginia, where their son, Jesse Grizzle, was born in 1816.[4] Jesse married Nancy Franklin, a daughter of James and Nancy (Amburgey) Franklin, and they made their home on a farm on Eagle's Nest Branch of Clinch River, a few miles north of Castlewood. That move was on the path to Sandy Basin.

In 1836 a son was born to Jesse and Nancy Grizzle, and they named him for a maternal uncle, William Franklin.[4] He grew to manhood on his father's farm, and in 1858 he married Mary Rasnick,[5] a daughter of a neighboring farmer, Jonas Rasnick and his wife, Rachel Laforce. A few months after marriage the young couple went farther into the wooded wilderness of the Cumberland uplands and established their home on Breeding Branch of Frying Pan Creek—in the very midst of Sandy Basin. Here Mary Grizzle's father gave them a tract of about one hundred and fifty acres of rough mountain land, and on this isolated tract of land they spent the remainder of their lives.[6]

William Franklin Grizzle, in the words of an intelligent neighbor, "was an exemplary man; a good citizen; a model father and neighbor. For honesty, good morals, courtesy and obedience to law he ranked among the very highest."[7] He was a member of the Sulphur Spring Primitive Baptist Church and one of the earliest school teachers in that community. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His fellow-citizens elected him to be a justice of the peace several times, and also elected him to be the first county treasurer of the newly established county of Dickenson in 1880. He served them faithfully and efficiently in this office for seven years.[8]

II. A MOUNTAIN LAD

On February 4, 1870,[5] a tiny lad arrived at the Grizzle log-house on Breeding Branch. He was christened Winfield Scott, after one of his father's brothers. He was the fifth child to be born to his parents, three brothers and one sister being older. Three sisters followed him. It was not a large family as compared with other families in that highland community.

While he early evinced characteristics of precocity, there were few incidents in his childhood that were unusual for a child in his environment. He had the usual ills, joys and sorrows that beset the children of the neighborhood. Measles, mumps, colds and stone-bruises came and went without mishap. But at one time he was laid low with fever; and when he convalesced, it was found that the disease had affected one of his legs, leaving the knee-joint stiff and enlarged. He was a cripple the remainder of his short life.

This condition was a heavy handicap for a mountain boy. No longer could he romp and play on equal terms with the other lads, nor could he scale the mountain heights nor walk long distances. Hunting wild animals in the rough forest was the great sport in Sandy Basin, but the crippled boy was denied this thrilling pastime. For him there could be no victor's cheer in race or hunt or dance. Yet this affliction does not appear to have dampened the lad's buoyant spirits. He early decided that his feats must be of the mind instead of the body.

It is very probable that this boyhood infirmity had much to do with Winfield's special mental training. His bright mind, in its steady development was aided greatly by the sympathetic guidance of his parents. Being the youngest son and a cripple doubtlessly caused them to give him all the educational advantages that was within their means. While he was not unduly petted, they naturally screened him from the rigors of the weather and the fatigue of much of the hard labor in the fields.

The lad had the advantages of having a kind father with much

ability and experience as a school teacher. Winfield attended the local school at Sulphur Spring, where his father taught at intervals. This school was rarely kept open more than four months each alternating year. At home all the older members of the family aided and encouraged the young student. He had other teachers, and one of them states that at fourteen the lad was a better scholar than the teacher.[9]

William Grizzle not only loved books, but he was among the first settlers in Sandy Basin to recognize the value of newspapers and good magazines. While always a poor man, he did his best to furnish the family with a few of each of these modern necessities. From these merciful mediums of information-carriers Winfield got his first mental glimpses into the wide outside world. He learned of its vastness, its friendliness, its history-making, its sordidness. He began to measure his neighbors and neighborhood with those "out and beyond."

Young Grizzle had a keen sense of humor. He liked his little jokes, and his playmates esteemed him for his fun and cheerfulness. Somewhere he had read of a Dr. Hall who recommended that one should not arise from bed immediately upon waking in the morning. When he was urged by some member of the family to get up promptly, he would answer, with a twinkle in his eye: "Dr. Hall does not approve." [10]

III. SPRING

Winfield did one thing unusual for a boy of his age and day—he wrote a diary. The writer has found no trace of any other diary being written in Sandy Basin prior to 1900. It covers a period of almost a year—Winfield's fifteenth year. In it is the guilelessness of childhood. It gives a firsthand description of life and changing weather on a mountain farm in Sandy Basin in the last half of the nineteenth century, while it was still one of the isolated frontiers in America.

Because it tells so vividly and well the simple story of one lad's

actions, experiences and thoughts in Sandy Basin in its later pioneer days, it is thought appropriate that the diary in its entirety be made a part of this sketch. It follows verbatim in the words of Winfield Grizzle:

"Feb. 24th 1885: A dismal day: Every since last night two weeks ago the weather has been uncommonly severe and changeable, sometimes bitter cold and then turn a little warmer and rain a little sprinkle and then be bitter cold in a few hours. the 19th, 21st, 22 & 23rd being the only clear days and they being very cold snow melting but little. It has been raining and snowing together a little today, tolerably cold.

"Feb. 25th: Rain a little and snow melt a good deal cloudy all day and tolerably warm—warmer than yesterday, done nothing but feed and the like.

"Feb. 26: Still raining a little by the drizzles turn cooler in the evening. Had a jolly time after an old ewe.

"Feb. 27th: Froze a little last night roads as slick as you please. Cleared off about 8 A.M. remained clear all day except a few passing clouds most of slick roads melted away Pa went to mill and to Sand Lick. 'twas night when he returned home.

"Feb. 28th: The sun did not go down fair last night. Clear this morning, and all day mostly—rather hazy—tolerably warm &c. People has tolerably, in fact very bad colds. Pa for one Noah came home at night.

"March 1st: Raining this morning. Noah went back to McClure Pa started for Russell and probably from thence to Richmond city Va, if he is able turned colder in the day squally in the evening. Snow a little while and then clear off and the sun shine out etc.

"March

"March 2nd: Cold in the morning a little snow being on ground turn a little warmer in &c day clear off in evening. Jonas start for McClure to visit Noah's school the last day being tomorrow.

"March the 11th 1885: I have not written in my diary for upwards of a week for want of time &c. Noah's school on McClure ended on the 3rd day; tolerably fair day but the wind blowed a little. Noah and Jonas came home about 7 o'clock P.M. 4th Noah and Jonas hauled some wheat to the barn from the stack, warm cloud up in evening. I went to the P.O. and to mill in the afternoon, received a card from Pa dated March the 2nd stating that he felt better and had started to Richmond City—N. R. & J. B. thrash some wheat P.M.

"fri 6th Noah and I hauled 375 bundles of blade fodder from the 'new ground,' come a little rain and snow mixed, in the evening Floyd Smith came late in the evening.

"thu. 5th Noah thresh wheat before noon warm.

"sat 7th Noah and I went to Rock Lick school it being the last day tolerable cool, a little domenecker snow on the ground.

"sun 8th There is a great deal of snow on the ground this morning cool Noah made off his term and monthly reports Wm. R. W. staid all night. Jonas and Jesse covered Jesse's house thursday and friday

"Mo. 9th: Jesse and Noah threshed the wheat A.M. we cleaned it up P.M. clear, snow melt some, cool in the evening

"tues 10th: They carried the remainder of the wheat down from the barn 10½ bus Hauled Jesse's corn down in the evening 25 bushels Jesse went home father not come home yet We don't know what to make of his prolonged absence.

"Wed 11th: Noah went to mill—Sparrel Newberry's mill warm and rather cloudy.

"thur. 12th: Rainy showery in the fore-noon; rain steady in the afternoon. Noah hauled a little wood A.M. from the 'Hollerfield.' Pa came home about 1 P.M. he has been to Washington, Richmond and Baltimore cities Been gone ever since last sunday week.

"fri 13th N. R. Grizzle chop in the 'holler field' cool & cloudy W. R. Wampler come to hire and contracted to work four months —$13 per mo. 26×4 days $= 104$ days $\$13 \times 4 = \$52$

"14th: Noah thresh 17 doz oats A.M. Clean them up P.M. only made 6 Bu. Pa and myself worked a little in the shop N. R.

& L. C. went to unkle Isaac's fair most day cloudy soon —morn

"sun 15th Rain a little last night Clear off in the evening cool

"mon 16th Pa started to Clintwood court. Cool and March winds Commence sowing oats P.M. sowed 7 bushel Cloud up at night—

"tues 17th Snowed a little last night. Noah cut down a big poplar tree up in the 'Holler field' and put fire to it.

"wed. 18th N. R. put in a pair of bars to the stable lot. I went to mill and to the post office in the afternoon but the mail did not come down. Cool to beat forty.

"thur. 19th Cooler still snow some again last night. W. F. come from court talking turning colder

"fri. 20th Very cold indeed for the 20th of March snow some more last night and turned bitter cold as cold as the middle of "Jinniwary." N. R. go to mill got two Argosies The mail did not come down till late in the evening last wednesday.

"Sat. 21st: Clear part of the time tolerably cool; meeting at sulphur spring. Mr. Grimsley stay all night.

"Sun. 22nd: Snowed last night as usual cool W. R. W. come to work

"Mon. 23rd: Too cold to work. Jesse came up after his hogs, moderate none.

"Tues. 24th: Skined old "Cherry" Noah & Rieves chop in the clearing Pa and I go to mill. tolerably cold

"Wed. 25th: Moderate some. most of the snow melt off Reeves & myself work in the clearing Jesse's little girl baby was born this morning and died about 8:30 P.M.

"tues. 26th: Clear tolerably warm W. R. Thresh oats 15 doz. Rest of folks went to the buriing. Rieves went home, they sent for him on the account of sickness in the family

"fri 27 Raining this morning a little cloudy all day—warm Pa went to get the road lots laid off

"Sat 28th Warm and cloudy pa went to Rock Lick school house to meeting Raining this evening commence about 3 P.M. turn cold suddenly about sun down

"March 29th Sun. Tolerably cool this morning a little bit of snow on the ground N.W. winds and flying clouds

"(It has been so long since I wrote in my diary last that I have forgotten this space

"W. S. J. Grizzle
"April 5th 1885)

IV. APRIL

"Wed. April the 1st. Noah plow in oats—Pa & I thresh 9 doz. P.M. warm & clear

"the 2nd: thur: Pa went to mill (I postoffice) We cleaned up oats A.M. Rieves comes to work again having gone home this day week on account of the fever in the family—he worked in the clearing P.M.

"Fri: 3rd: Sow oats beforenoon—Commence raining about 11 A.M. and rain the whole day. Pa and Noah made a plow in the evening.

"Sat, 4th: Cool all day a small skift of snow on the ground. The boys work in the clearing: Reeves went home (eve)

"Easter. Apr. 5th Some N.W. winds and clouds cool

"Mon. 6th Sowed oats—warmer—Reives work in new ground or clearing cloud up in evening

"Tues. 7th Commence raining about three o'clock last night and rain a little till about 7 o'clock Pa went to circuit Court finished sowing "Norway" oats A.M. Work in clearing P.M.

"Wed 8th: Commence raining about ten o'clock regular and rained till about two and then turned colder clouds changed &c Boys worked in the clearing

"Thur. 9th Cleared off in the night but did not freeze much—Cloud up in the morning. Work in the clearing—cool

"Fri. 10th Snowed a little last night soon melt off in the morning. Noah and myself hauled oats from the Uper field before noon—hauled wood afternoon from the 'Holler field' Rieves work in the clearing. Pa come from court

"Sat. 11th: Partly cloudy and very windy all day—rather cool

Pa and I cleaned off meadow ('uper field') forenoon Boys work in the clearing Pa went to mill P.M. Work 10⅔ da Jesse's hogs dogged by 'Lige

"Sun. 12th Reeves went home Noah started for McClure to help Mr. J. W. Smith make off his reassessing books I went to Jonas's and back—cool came a few squalls of snow

"Mon. 13th I awoke this morning to find the earth wraped in a sheet of snow, and still snowing—about 7 o'clock there came a bad snow storm, snowing so hard and the wind blowing as to almost blind a person for awhile. Rieves worked in the clearing P.M. snow mostly melt off except in the north (Work ½)

"Tues 14th There came a freeze last night—it being clear. Rieves work in the clearing: Jesse came after his hogs. Pa plowed in oats. P.M. cool—work: 1 day

"Wed. 15th windy this morning. W. R. work in the clearing Pa plow in oats Cloudy in the evening work 1 day

"Thur 16th Pa go to Newberry's mill Work in the clearing. Rain some in A.M. Burl came after Jesse's corn Total 14½

"Fri. 17th. Rain all night hard, and still raining this morning largest fresh been this whole spring or winter. Noah and pa made a little Bull-tongue plow. Work in the clearing P.M. Work ½

"Sat. 18th: Boys work in the clearing Pa go to meeting Clear and cloudy tolerably warm work 1 da

"Sun. 19th Mr. James Sutherland died last night about 3 o'clock warm N. B. Red percoons in full Bloom

"Mon. 20th Pa and the boys went to the Buring warm day —and clear

"Tues 21st Pa went to court Noah plowed in oats broke foot of the plow stock and had to make another Rieves work in the clearing clear & warm 1 day

"Wed. 22nd: Finished sowing oats about sundown Rieves is not able to work. Clear, warm and smoky, the leaves being on fire in places

"Thur. 23rd. Noah and myself work in the clearing pa came from court and brought this ink—still clear and smoky—warm &c

"Fri. 24th. I went home with Rieves to bring the horse back

Break up the garden and plant some vegetables Noah chop a little and cut some hand spikes for the log rolling to-morrow, warm and mostly clear

"Sat. 25th Log-rolling hands 13 quilters 7 or 8 cloudy part of the time finished rolling the logs and the boys had some nice 'skeeter reeter' plays with the girls. The sarvess, cherry sugar and peach trees in about full bloom apple blossoms yet.

"Sun 26th: Rained a little last night, warm this morning. Pa go to postoffice—Argosy—clear—

"Mon. 27th: Warm and clear pa plowed for corn Noah made him a plow stock. I cleaned off meadow A.M.

"Tues. April 28th 1885. Noah plowed in the 'Holler field' Rieves came down to get a pair of horse shoes fixed not well yet; rain a little sprinkle in the evening

"Wed. 29th: Rather cool this morning. Noah went to S. D. Counts working (log rolling) plowed some I pile trash Clear part of the time—a little frost this morning

"Thur 30th Noah plow for corn—in his field—try to break his mule to work—we plant a little corn P.M. the rain bothered us —just rained a little. W. R. W. work 17 days

V. MAY

"Fri. 1st Showery—planted a little corn—planted about 2½ acres in all Noah plow a little. Apple trees blossoming not in full bloom yet—none but the 'Winter Sweets.' Lilacs beginning to blossom a little Sarves bloom mostly fell off 'Black cherry' bloom beginning to fall Sugar trees just about full bloom now. The earliest timber beginning to leave out Late Spring.

"Sat. 2nd Pa go to the sale of John Powers—dec.—personal property Cool day—clear most of time N.W. winds

"Sun. 3rd Noah go down to Jonas' and by the postoffice Rieves came down to work—Cool—Clear

"Mon 4th: Noah and Rieves plow in Noah's field I clean rocks off of the meadow—clear—warmer—Pa go to Mr. Davis working Work 1 da

"Tues 5th The boys plow in Noah's field. I finish cleaning off meadow Pa go to Sparrell's mill—Warm and clear Work 1 da

"Wed 6th Apple trees in full bloom On an average Plant corn in Noah's field about 3½ acres Warm cloudy most of the time Rain a little shower or two in the evening N. R. owe us about 6 days work work 1 da/

"Thur 7th: Rain commence about two o'clock this morning and rained till about day—wet the ground and raise the waters —put fire in the logs and brush cloudy part of the time. N. R. work 1 da/. work 1 da

"Fri 8th: Burn logs. Cool and N.W. winds finish planting Noah's corn Clear and cloudy Work 1 da/.

"Sat 9th N. R. & L. C. go to Mr. Powers' log rolling and quilting Pa plow Rieves grub A.M. go to Mr. Powers P.M. Cool again and N.W. winds. Total work 23 days

"Sun. 10th: Lilacs in full bloom. Apple tree blossoms mostly dropped off except 'Worlds wonders' 'Queens' and 'Toms' which is just about full bloom Dog woods about white. Very cool for the 10th of May N.W. winds and clouds

"Mon. 11th: Cool: Put the yoke on 'Tom' and 'Berry' and instead of breaking them they came very near breaking their fool necks. done better toward the last Pa plow. We sheared ten sheep. Moderate a little. Clear. Rieves grub. 1 da

"Tues. 12th: Noah plow in A.M. Rieves, pa and the like worked in the clearing, a little patch of about ½ acre that we did not get cleared before the working. They sheared the ewes and the like. Rained a little in the afternoon. Pa and Noah worked in the shop a little Rather cool. ½ da

"Wed 13th: N. R. plowed A.M. W. R. clear plant corn P.M. rain about 3 P.M. Rieves mend my boots rather cool 1 da

"Thur 14th Work 'Tom' and 'Berry' again did very well haul one small stick of wood planted corn and sorghum cane Mr. Wampler came to have some tools sharped work 1 day We have about five acres planted now. Warmer Toads hollow for the first time in a week. work ½ day on other month First month ended today at noon

"Fri. 15th 1885 Noah go to Wm. Sutherlands working

Rieves plow in the new ground Pa and me worked in the clearing warm: N.E. clouds 1 da

"Sat. 16th. Roll the logs and finish the chopping and grubbing on the new ground A.M. go to meeting P.M. Work ½ da Very warm mostly clear

"Sun. 17th: Warm, clear and smoky—go to meeting warmest day has been this Spring &c Pawpaw in full bloom

"Mon. 18th: W. R. plow. N. R. plow and plant his cane We set the logs and brush on fire late in the evening. One brush pile making the largest blaze I ever saw. Pa went to court work 1 day total work 3 da Warm and cloudy most of the time.

"Tues 19th: W. R. plow A.M. N. R. went to Davis' after his saddle which he bought—paid $9 for it planted about ⅔ of the new ground P.M. work 1 day cloudy

"Wed. 20th: Rain showers most all day Noah work up at his field a little patch Pa came home from court. I am to go to Clintwood to school work 4 days

"Thur. 21st: Noah and Rieves went to Jesse's log rolling Pa go to Russell to buy a sack of salt rain a little late in the evening.

"Fri. 22nd: Cloudy finished planting corn all but a little patch in the clifts to dig in—7½ acres work in all 5¾ da

"Sat. 23rd N. R. L. C. and Mr. Wampler went to Mr. Wampler's Sen working Very warm Cloudy and clear plant water mellons

"Sun. 24th Went to Jonas' to take his sheep rainy showery and the like.

"Mon. 25th Showery pa deaden some trees Noah work at clearing him a watermellon patch A.M. Mother wants to send me to Clintwood in dirt and rags Noah's old jacket and the like

"Tues. 26th: Noah went to Russell and back showery sorter pulled weeds out of the oats and skinned locusts

"Wed 27th. Rainy: Pa made mom a pair of shoes

"Thur 28th: The election day didn't rain much—Wonder—Scoured the house and porch. J. C. Counts was elected for magistrate. Wm. Sutherland for supervisor this dist. W. S. J. Grizzle Feb 10th 1886

(Note by EJS: No entries were made from May 28th to September 24th 1885. He was in school in Clintwood during this period.)

VI. AUTUMN BEGINS

"Thur. September the 24th 1885 There was an equinoxual frost this morning Bit a few little tender plants &c Pa came from Clintwood Court. Rieves finished sowing wheat clear—John Lipps died a few days ago, at Clintwood, of Typhoid fever. Noah hewed his crib logs.

"Tues. Sept. 29th Made tax tickets, beat a few apples cloudy day old ewe died—Noah teaching school at Rock Lick Rieves went home Sunday after working 102 days

"Wed. Sept. 30 Jonas and myself went to Russell to mill rather cloudy chinquepin time.

"Thur Oct. 1st Came home rained a little Newt Sutherland brought our cane mill home

"Oct. 20th: It is raining this morning, cloudy warm and windy yesterday. Uncle Isaac and aunt Ellen came down and helped us gather 23 bushels (picked off) of leather coat apples there was more apples, cherries and the like than ever has been on this place, some peaches plenty of acorns and chestnuts—picked up 'bout a gallon of chesnuts Politics high

"Nov. 2—picked up about ½ bushel—3245.

Up to Oct. 18th		225
Sun. Oct. 18th		400
Mon.	" 19th	100
Tues.	" 20th	220
Wed.	" 21st	350
Thur.	" 22nd	210
Fri.	" 23rd	115
Sat.	" 24th	475
Sunday	" 25th	550
Sun. Nov. 1st		600
Total		3245

"Sunday Nov 8th 1885—Dreary time. Has been raining ever since the day before yesterday evening. Heard from the election yesterday evening it is said the state went democratic by a large majority over two thirds in the legislature (Dem) New York went Dem. from ten to twelve thousand Legislature Republican Childress (Dem) beat Ratliff (Rep.) 185 votes for house of Representatives this dist. W. R. W. came

"Sunday Nov. 22nd—Dreary time, rained a little been to church at Sulphur Spring. Large crowd. We are nearly done gathering corn. No wood. The election is over the Democrats are victorious by a large majority. Gillespie (Rep.) beat Grayham (Dem.) about 800 or 900 votes, for the senate in Russell, Tazewell, Buchanan, and the Buchanan part of Dickenson. Russell went Republican thus: Wise 18, Wood 27, Blair 25, Gillespie 13 Hurt 18. gained over 150 since last fall. Hurrah for it! The state went democratic 6000 last fall this fall it is nearer 20,000

"The democrats spent a great deal of money; the gain was chiefly in the black counties, they carrying all but two. They are the 'White Man's party.'

"Monday Nov 23rd Cloudy, cool 'Domanecker' this morning Still snowing a little rough looking time hunt for a hog a little did not find her.

"Tues. Nov. 24th—Oo-o-oo ground covered with snow and still snowing—cool—chop a little wood to haul I wish the hogs would come up so I could have some fresh meat to eat Hogs is mighty 'scace' with us though, we have four; one large sow neat near 300, another sow about 200 or 225 'Pas' about 180 or 200 and a six months sow shoat about 85. Just aiming to kill 'Pas' and the second rate sow—'scace'

"Wed. Nov—25th 1885 More snow pretty good tracker still snowing some I think it will quit soon for it is turning colder Pa and I cleaned out the stables.

"Thur Nov 26th—Cooler quit snowing melted some Jonas and Jesse brought our cattle home and to hunt Jesse's hogs didn't find them 'course' not

"Fri Nov. 27th—Clear off last night still clear or partly till noon cloud up looks like more snow 'Fletch' Powers brought

a crosscut and handsaw for Pa to set this morning, and helped me to chop wood to haul A.M. We hauled 9 loads of wood with the oxen (Buck and Bright) this evening. Noah came home from his school averaged about 16 last week has taught 1 month and 18 days he avraged 12.65 the first month his pay was $15.18 it will be about the same this month. Big frost and the ground froze hard

"Saturday Nov. 28th 1885—Broth soon this morning quit about 7 or 8 A.M. Pa and Lydia go to Rock Lick school house to preaching—turn off to be a very good day to work Noah and I hauled his fodder

"Sunday Nov. 29th—cloudy Noah go to meeting. Drizzle part of the time Pa and Lydia came home it looks like it is going to snow—When will we get done gathering corn? Don't know—guess about Christmas

"Monday Nov. 30th Cloudy Father and myself dragged 36 shocks of Noah's fodder and stacked 30 A.M. hauled 7 loads of wood P.M.

VII. DECEMBER AND NEW YEAR

"Tuesday—December 1st 1885 Bad times; snowing soon this morning, as I start to Newberry's mill Turn to rain, broth and I dont know what else We aim to quit taking the little 'Gladeville Times' Tee! Hee! Hee! Hee!!! Poor little thing!!

Wednesday 2nd—cloudy, cool and foggy in the ridges Father and me went to hunt for 'Pas' and 'the little Black sow' found them, after hunting a long time, on the Laurel Branch Drove them home and put them up. fixed wood for heating rocks.

"Thur 3rd— Seems a little warmer early this morning, cooler, later. Killed the hogs, Jonas helped us, 'Pas' weighed 189 pounds the sow 205— I went to mill and postoffice P.M. father fixed the road for hauling oats from the 'Yates' field— I got the 'Protectionest'— Wonder. Clear today for the first in a week or 2

"Friday December 4th 1885—cloudy, warmer cut some green wood and fixed a road for hauling above the shop A.M. Jesse

came to get his horse shod hauled two loads (16 doz) of oats P.M. Very windy—

"Saturday, 5th— Turned cold last night— Thundered two hard thunders terrible snow, rain and 'broth' stormy this morning the ground was very near covered with snow; still snowing, blowing and freezing hauled four loads of wood (greenwood) from above the shop the ground got so slick that we had to quit. cold and snowing all day Noah came home this evening he averaged about 16 last week; he and N. Sutherland made a blackboard today

"Sunday 6th—ground covered with snow, windy, cold, clear, but windy. the snow melted a little where the sun shined fair, a few N.W. clouds. We all got weighed today. Noah 149, Pa 151, Mother 143, Lydia 135, Winfield 110, Lucina 83, Vacuna 55, Carra 46. Jesse came up to go to Russell court tomorrow to try to sell 'Andy'

"Monday 7th Jesse, Pa and Lydia start for Russell; cold time not much wind but the air is very keen and bracing. I went over the ridge in the 'Camp branch' to hunt for the old sow found her but she was lame in the right four foot; don't know what is the matter, without some other hog bit her. Cold, clear till near sundown; the snow melted a little.

"Tuesday 8th— Clear most of the night, and froze hard; clouded up this morning the S. W. Winds began to blow, the snow to melt and the ground to thaw— Clouds and high winds from S.W. Warm—

"Wed. Dec. 9th—Warm high S.W. winds and wind clouds blowed two dead Poplar trees down, ('on the North') The folks came from Russell. Jesse did not sell his horse—no buyers there Pa and Lydia took to Smyth's Store

(4½ bu. Randall grass seed	$4.50)
(1⅛ bu. white beans.....	1.12½)
(3 lbs feathers.....	1.50)
(2 doz. Eggs.....	.25)
	$7.37½

Pa bought me a hat cost one dollar. Father also bought a sewing machine while he was at Lebanon We got up Jesse's wild sow after he came back. It commenced raining last night about midnight and rained till about day this morning or after—then blowed off, and was nearly clear. I cut a little greenwood. They say Vice-President Hendricks died 26th of November.

"Thur. 10th Turn cooler— Clear part of the time We cut some green wood A.M. hauled 8 loads of green wood and 2 of dry P.M. Jesse came up and made a pen for heating rocks, late this evening.

"Fri Dec. 11th— Cool— snow a little killed Jesse's hog weighed 158 pounds. not as big as 'Pas.' I fixed some road Jesse and Father cut and sawed some on the Poplar trees that fell the other day A.M. hauled 6 load P.M. Clear most of the time. Noah come home, avrage between 15 and 16 last week.

"Levi Vanover came today on business, but left. He said John Sherman was vice president, Hendricks having died on the 26th of Nov. John Sherman is a Republican, so is the Senate. Jonas bought a little (or big) mule colt of Richard Deel Sr. paid $55. We think he is bit.

"Sat. 12— Cut out my coat— Cool & froze hard last night— clear thawed some in the sun-shine. We hauled two loads of Noah's corn, and started down the hill with another but found the ground so slick that we had to take the cattle out, and leave the sled on the hill— When will we get the corn gathered! I am despondent.

"Sunday 13th— It began to cloud up and turn warmer along in the night, and about two o'clock began to rain, it rained till about 10 or 11 o'clock—largest fresh been this fall— Cloudy all day. We all got weighed W. F. weighed 151, N. R. 152, Lydia 136, Mother 145 W. S. 111 Lucina 85 Vacuna 56 Carra 48. Pa put up the old sow over at the Hamon place. Noah started off. a little cooler.

"Monday 14th turning cold snowed a little in eve.

"Tuesday 15th. Very cold and some N.W. winds List some tax tickets for uncle J. H. Grizzle Father go to mill P.M.

"Wed. Dec. 16th— Still cold shucked out the 'dib' of corn and went after a load of pine. Clear—cool.

"Thur 17th— Cool I went to mill A.M. We hauled some wood (6 loads) P.M.

"Fri. 18th Turned warmer and cloudy. I went to J. C. Sutherlands corn shucking; good day for the purpose, had brandy to drink Noah came home from his school He avraged about 18 last week Warm

"Sat. 19th—a little cooler this morning We finished hauling Noah's corn 24 loads 3 loads this morning Whoop! Hurrah! I forgot to hollow though he had about 120 bu. with rent and all. Us children shucked 2 loads today. Not very much meeting at Sulpher Spring Uncle John came and took about 850 tax tickets to collect

"Sunday Dec. 20th— Pa and unkle John started for Clintwood We went to meeting. Very cold and clear

"Monday 21st— Still cold shucked out a sled full of corn. J. B. and Jesse and Emma came at night.

"Tuesday—22nd. Jesse and I went to Newberry's mill Warmer Clear. Bad colds.

"Wed. 23rd— Warmer cloudy, rained a little P.M. I haven't been doing anything but feed and get wood all the week because I have such a cold.

"Thur 24th— I went to take some apples down for Noah's treat cloudy day. he had 26 scholars, dismissed till after Christmas he average 23 this week.

"Friday Dec. 25th— Christmas— Cloudy snowing. A little cool— Noah started for the head of 'Hurricane' fork of Dumps creek to take his Christmas. We took our Christmas at home.

"Saturday 26th— Still cool a little snow on the ground. J. B. and J. J. came up to hunt for Jesse's wild hog, (Jonas stayed all night last night) they didn't find them. Cool. We sawed some 14 blocks of stovewood and some firewood. W. R. Wampler came at night

"Sunday 27th— Ground froze hard last night— Clear—a little warmer Noah came back from his Christmas spree just at dark

"Monday 28th— Ground froze very hard. I go down to Noah's school this morning— Bad set! turn warmer—22 scholars Went up to Mr. Noah B. Sutherland's (where I expect to board)

"Tuesday Dec. 29th— Cloudy, I am left to take charge of the school today. Noah having gone to help dig grave for Jesse's two little babys that was born last night Scholars done as well as common 22 scholars

"Wed. 30th rather cool this morning N. Sutherland had to get supper and breakfast— I went down to school and had very near heard through the recitations when Noah came. 22 scholars Wednesday

"Thur. 31st. Rained a little this morning and last night. Turned cooler P.M. 26 scholars Good Bye Old Year!

"Dickenson Co. Va. December the 1st 1885

"New Year—1886—

"Friday

"January 1st 1886— Frost in tags on the trees and weeds foggy not froze very cold. Nice New Years morning pleasant day had a spelling race this evening. Our side 'flaxed' it to them. 22 scholars & Avraged this week 22.8 I came home and Noah went to Sand Lick to mail his 3rd monthly report avrage 18.75— Noah I guess will be at the 'Wood-chopping' and 'Bed-quilting' at John Anderson's The old sow found 8 pigs last night

"Sat—2nd— Ground froze a little last night. Pa hauled a beech lap—10 or 11 loads. Warm. J. B. came up at night

"Sunday 3rd— Cloudy rain some very warm N. R. came back

"Monday Jan 4th— Rained a great deal last night largest fresh has been this winter— Noah and I went to Rock Lick school 16 scholars today.

"Tues. 5th— Cooler today snowed a few or a little I mean— 20 scholars I go home with Calendar Fleming

"Wed—6th— Cool snowed (I think) last night some 20 scholars." [12]

In this short diary a vivid youth flashes across the canvas of life for a few months, and the candid picture he left thereon will

endure as long as this record exists. His name will not be lost nor will the actors in this little drama in the isolated hills be forever forgotten.

VIII. CLINTWOOD SCHOOL

Winfield Grizzle did go to school at Clintwood, but whether his mother sent him "in dirt and rags"—as he ruefully stated in May, 1885—is unknown. We can assume quite certainly that his parents provided him with appropriate clothing. He was interested in getting an education, and the best school in his mountain county was at its county-seat, where he could also meet the leading people in the county, and learn more of the great, fascinating world beyond the encircling hills of home.

During that period there were few public schools in Sandy Basin. Those in rural communities were operated about three months each alternating year by very inadequately educated and trained teachers. Public schools were just beginning their transition from "subscription" or "old field" schools. Except the one at Clintwood, all the school buildings—not over 25 in the county—were built of logs.

Clintwood in 1885 was a straggling village of about 20 residences, two or three general stores, one church, and the court house and jail. It was an infant of only four years of age. Most of the residences were made of logs, and Main Street was a long mud-hole in rainy weather. There were few wagon roads in the young county, and they were poorly located and graded. The frame school house at Clintwood gave it a decided advantage over the other schools in the Basin. To come to this school was considered a wonderful promotion for a country lad in his teens.

He attended this school a short time in the autumn of 1885, and he returned to it for a few months in the autumn of 1886. He was well-liked by his teachers and fellow-students, and progressed rapidly in his books.

The following letter was written by him while in school at

Clintwood, and it gives the local news as viewed by a lively sixteen-year-old boy:

"Clintwood, Virginia
November 15, 1886

"Mr. N. R. Grizzle
Dear Brother

"It is with pleasure that I endeavor to answer your highly appreciated letter rec'd today. I was very glad to hear from you, but very sorry to hear of the sickness and death in the community.

"We are doing very well in our school now although it isn't very large. I think it will increase. I am glad to hear that you and H. W. Sutherland are in a hurry to get here. N. T. Long still comes to the spring and what is better washes there once or twice a week. But I don't think you had better build too many air castles in which she is to form a conspicuous part, for I think she has become much enamored with our friend, R. J. Smith, although there has been a split or two.

"If you want a list of my studies I will give them—Arithmetic, Grammar, History, Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, Rhetoric, Latin Dictionary and Algebra. James M. Thornbury went to Baltimore and got his position to begin work at the first of January, $90.00 per month and expenses. He is now very sick—went down to the South of the mountain to survey and got so he could not sit up. He is a little better now. It is something like *Nuralgia.*

"Glad to hear that you have started Literary societies in your neighborhood. Hope they will prove a blessing to the needy.

"Hope G. W. Sutherland will come to the *Vanderbilt.* Sorry to hear that some Democrats are so terrible shocked over the results of the election.

" 'Lingiling Spooity' (Bud Jones) stays with me frequently. He is here tonight. He is anxious to see you. Tell H. W. Sutherland that neither he nor you need see any unnecessary trouble about the 'force,' for neither of you ever had the honor of being acquainted with this particular force. Tell Ma she needn't be alarmed—I'm only joking. Tell Lydia I will write to her by Pa if I have time. I hope you will be hardly so tardy in answering my letter this time. You can send it by mail if no other chance. Tell Jesse and Jonas to write to me. I would like to write more if I had time, but it is past ten o'clock and they are all in bed *snoozeling* and I think I'll be there to in less than no time and sleep with Lingiling spooity.

"Goodby
"W. S. J. Grizzle." [13]

The signature to the above letter contains the initial "J," which he sometimes used for "Junior" to distinguish himself from his paternal uncle, Winfield Scott Grizzle. The James M. Thornbury, mentioned in this letter, was the first division superintendent of schools for Dickenson County, and was serving as such official at the date of this letter. "Vanderbilt" was the name given by students to their boarding-house or dormitory. It stood near the school building which was located in East Clintwood, in the rear of the present (1960) home of Mrs. W. C. D. Rush. The teachers in this school were Professors James Vicars and Jasper E. Strickland. A schoolmate long afterwards paid this tribute to the young student: "Winfield was a very handsome and wonderfully bright boy." [14]

While at this school he sent another letter to a neighbor boy on Frying Pan—George W. Sutherland. The body of the letter was as follows:

"To pay you for not writing to me I will tell you a story that happened to me last summer. One morning I was going up to the Hollow Field to salt some sheep. When I get near the barn I heard a terrible racket up in the south hillside in the woods. I was scared stiff, for I never before heard such a hair-raising noise. It seemed like a whirlwind in the trees, or an earthquake among the cliffs, or a fierce bear-fight, or a cannon-battle—I didn't know which. I thought the hill was coming down on me.

"The old ewe and the lambs didn't pay any attention to it, so I began to wonder what it was. At last I plucked up enough courage to climb the hill, carrying Pa's old rifle gingerly in my hands. Up and up the hill I climbed on tiptoes. And the racket still kept up.

"When I got nearly to the top of the hill I located the noise behind a big log. So I slipped up and put my rifle over the log and hollered as loud as I could. But I couldn't hear my own voice, the racket was so loud. Then I poked my head around the end of the log, and what do you guess I saw?

"A flea picking a splinter out of a gnat's ear." [15]

IX. A BOY PASSES

At that period in the history of Sandy Basin schools usually opened in August and closed in December. The student spent the

long, intervening months at work on the farm. The corn, oats, wheat and other farm grains must be planted after the field were plowed, cultivated and harvested, the hayfields mowed, and the gardens tilled for vegetables for the summer and autumn. It was eight miles from William Grizzle's home to the nearest store, and that store kept very few groceries. Food for the family must be grown on each man's farm, or starvation would face the household. Perforce a man with a large family needed on his farm the continual aid of every child large enough to swing an axe or handle a hoe.

Winfield Grizzle's misshapen knee prevented him from being very useful on a farm where good health and strong limbs must cope with rugged landscape and natural barriers to efficient and speedy farming. He was too young to teach school, and there were no jobs in his community suited to brain and not to brawn. His ambitious nature sought some means of employment that fitted his equipment.

Eight miles north of the Grizzle home a merchant operated a country store at Sand Lick. This local industrialist was Bruce (W. P.) Colley, who had been the first sheriff of Dickenson County, and a close personal friend of Winfield's father. Mr. Colley had other business interests, and he was in need of a reliable helper or clerk in his store. Learning that this job was open, Winfield applied for it, and got it. This work was very congenial to the lad. He liked the bustle and talk of the store, his employer was kind and helpful, and the place of business was at the chief center of a large and important district of interesting and capable farmers. Dozens of neighbors daily dropped into the store or passed on the public road that ran by its door.

Summer beamed benignly on Sandy Basin in 1887. Schools would soon be opening. Young life was flowing at high tide in the mountains. New friends had come into the young cripple's broadening life.

Then suddenly the dreaded clutches of typhoid fever reached into the community and laid its fatal clutches on the choicest lad —the budding young scholar. Homefolks were notified, and they came with comforting words, and loving hands made the hot brow

as cool as possible. The nearest doctor was twenty miles away, across two high mountains. He was young Grizzle's Clintwood friend, Judge Henry M. Jones. A swift messenger was sent for him. He came, and every known remedy was tried, but without avail.

On August 9, 1887, the fever-racked boy breathed his last.

The strong arms of friendly neighbors, including his grief-stricken employer, Mr. Colley, and one of his former teachers, Fletcher Powers, bore his remains on a litter from Sand Lick eight miles up Frying Pan to the log home on Breeding Branch.[9] He had travelled this rough road many times with the high hopes and dreams of an ambitious and intelligent lad for great victories in the battles of life.

Such was the sad "return of the native."

High on a ridge above his old home he was laid to rest in the family cemetery. A simple tombstone marks his last resting place, but his near relatives being dead or scattered to the four corners of the earth, this sacred spot is now seldom visited. He sleeps quietly in this secluded spot in his beloved hills.

Helen Timmons Henderson

I. THE CALL TO SANDY BASIN[1]

THE southwestern part of Buchanan County, Virginia, lies in Sandy Basin. Although nearly all of its heads-of-families owned land, including coal and timber, in the years around the turn of the last century, they were bitterly poor and woefully lacking in most of the conveniences and opportunities of modern life. They did not know it; they took life as it came, and they lived as had their fathers and grandfathers.

Ignorant of the potential value of their mineral and timber rights, they sold them for a pittance, then most of them squandered the pittance. The county was perhaps the richest county in the state in its material resources. Its fine virgin forests of hard and soft wood were still almost intact. The settlers' hillside clearings had destroyed some of the timber, and a few small sawmills had ripped a few thousand feet of lumber from the great woods that covered the country like a blanket of gold in autumn.

The millions of tons of the black jewels, that have underlaid her hills for countless ages, had been untouched. They slept quietly and waited for strong hands to come and snatch them from the bosom of the earth. Not a foot of railroad had penetrated the county, nor was there a single mile of improved public roads. Mere dents in the stony sides of the hills allowed rugged wagons to lumber over their crooked miles to carry goods to a few small storekeepers in the county and to take meager quantities of lumber and other produce over the surrounding mountains to outside markets.

Perhaps the one factor whose existence was largely responsible for the backward condition in Buchanan County at the beginning of the twentieth century, was the great lack of educational facilities. The raw material was there; and the great progress made

HELEN TIMMONS HENDERSON
(*Courtesy Foster Studio, Richmond, Va.*)

there in education in the last half a century is ample proof that this material was rich and ripe for the harvest. The poverty of the people, the absence of industries and financial concerns made educational activities by local taxation a travesty. A few schools in dilapidated vacant houses or rude schoolhouses were taught by eager but underpaid and untrained teachers for about five months each year. Most of the patrons were anxious to send their children to school, when it was within three or four miles of their homes. There were some parents, of course, who did not see the advantages of any education.

On the headwaters of Russell Fork River in Buchanan County is a community known by the name of Council. It lies at the northern base of Big "A" Mountain, a giant bulge—3735 feet above sea level—in Sandy Ridge that lifts its twin heads high above the twisting ridges that float away on all sides. Here have lived for many years a people of pure, untainted blood and high native intelligence. They have had the abilities to make leaders of the state and nation, if given an opportunity. Yet they had no roads; they had no schools; they had no chance to break away from the deadening environment which has held them prisoners, lo, these many years.

They had active minds, energy, ambition and restlessness. These forces, if properly led by a guiding hand, would have made them valuable citizens; if allowed to run riot, they would make a shamble. Most of these people held tight to the old ideals of honesty, sobriety, law and neighborliness; but a few people followed the inviting, easy path that led to drunkenness, moonshining, robbery, even to murder. The invigorating and thrill-satisfying activities of hunting were gone, with nothing to take their places. These people lacked leaders of vision, of wisdom, of faith and of virtue. They had no books to give them new and inspiriting ideas. They had no way of satisfying that innate craving for the good, the beautiful and the intellectual that are in the mind of every normal person.

Somewhere this stagnation and restlessness became known to some persons who thought the supreme need of these marooned people was their special brand of religion. It was discussed in

homes and in churches. Some saw a fine chance to be a Good Samaritan; others thought in terms of possible new members for their church. There began a scramble between different denominations to be first in this inviting field. Missionaries were sent into Buchanan, and the word went back; "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Sometime prior to 1900 a Missionary Baptist Church was organized near Council at Hale School House.[2] It did not prosper. In May 1906, the Baptist State Mission Board of Virginia sent Rev. Walter A. Hash of Grayson County, Virginia, into this community.[2] He soon won the love and confidence of the people by his kind and genial ways. The church was reorganized with twelve members, and a new church house was erected in 1909.[2] Drunkenness, debauchery and even murder came to the very door of this temple of God.[2] Mr. Hash was thoroughly convinced, as one writer has said, "that although a tactful man might win the confidence and kind feelings of the mountaineers, still no amount of preaching could change them fundamentally." [2] Preaching and quoting the Bible was not the remedy. Most of them could match the ability of any seminary graduate in quoting the Bible, and nearly all were regular attendants at local religious services. What could bring these wayward, wandering men back to sanity and right-living?

Happily Mr. Hash was not bigoted, stubborn or easy to discourage. His experience with the more urban communities convinced him that the mental ignorance of these people was their great weakness. He saw them steeped in superstitions, but strangely eager to learn. He saw their minds active, searching—without rudder or purpose. Here was the solution. Give them schools!

He had already learned that the local school authorities were helpless. Other missionary workers in the county had caught the same vision of service through church-supported schools. Mr. Hash soon persuaded his State Mission Board that this was the long-sought remedy, and the Women's Missionary Union of Virginia gave the initial sum of $2,000.00 to begin the erection of the first building.[2] Mr. Hash, Mr. J. M. McFarlane and Mr.

Lazarus Hale won the distinction of striking the first blows in the building of Buchanan Mission School at Council.

The school opened on January 16, 1911, with two teachers, Mrs. J. W. Reams and a Miss Yates.[2] The first session had an enrollment of seventy-two day students. No dormitories had yet been built. The Mission Board began seeking for some specially qualified person to assume charge of this new school in the far hills. It would require ability, tact, perseverance, industry and sacrifice. The Board heard of Professor Henderson's fine work at Franklin, Virginia, and of his wife's ability and interest in mission work. Upon the recommendation of Dr. Hanning, the job at Council was offered to the Hendersons, and they accepted it.[3] A new adventure awaited them.

They had heard the call from Sandy Basin.

II. IN TENNESSEE

In this good day each human being is the sum and substance of many lives gone before—the finished fabric, however fine or poor, woven from the threads of a thousand generations reaching back to the beginning of time, and in whose warp and woof one may find threads of brilliance mingled with mediocrity, sainthood with rascality, and public services with avarice.

Once in a great while the observer is thrilled to come face to face with an example of one family producing several successive generations of men and women of talent and usefulness. In this rare category one can safely place Helen Timmons Henderson and her ancestors.

She was born May 21, 1877, in Cass County, Missouri, a daughter of George S. Timmons and his wife, Martha Welby Rhoten.[4] Her parents were living there temporarily and, as a very young infant, she returned with them to Jefferson County, Tennessee, their old home community, where she was reared. Evidently it was through her mother that Helen Timmons received her great heritages of fluency of speech in public, gentleness, and

the belief that "blood will tell." [5] From her father she inherited fine features, bodily grace, and a notable capacity for truth and steadfastness.[5] She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.[4]

George S. Timmons was a member of the Timmons family of South Carolina. His mother was Nancy Mountcastle, who traced her ancestry through England and Scotland back to Normandy. In England and Scotland members of the family belonged to the Nobility.[4]

Martha Welby Rhoten was a daughter of Dr. John F. Rhoten and Juliet Peck, his wife. Dr. Rhoten had left Scott County, Virginia, in youth, secured a medical education and found a home in 1834 in Dandridge, a village on the beautiful French Broad River. He put his soul and body at the services of his neighbors and was beloved of the people far and near. There he married Juliet Peck, whose grandfather Adam Peck, a Virginian, had settled in that vicinity in 1788. Down through the years her people were, and still are, leaders in the church, schools, law and public affairs.[5]

Her ancestors went out of Virginia pioneering into the wilderness that was young Tennessee, and more than a century later, back from the pleasant valleys of old Tennessee, she came pioneering again in the mountains of Virginia. These families were leaders in the forefront of civilization's battles, and helpers of their neighbors to the end.

Amid the lovely valleys of the French Broad and Holston Rivers, beautiful, blue-eyed, golden-haired Helen Timmons grew to womanhood. The desolation of the Civil War was still upon the land, but here was found a people proud in their rags and their courage. Back up the long, hard road to material blessings trooped the doughty citizens of Jefferson County. They had known the fruits of a cultured and successful civilization in these bounteous valleys, and they would yet bring it back from the ashes of the bitter past. The church, with its hope and its lessons, was not destroyed. On the foundations of a helpful school system was now built a bigger and better structure.

Helen Timmons grew up with these public schools, and then

went to Carson-Newman College at Jefferson City.[5] Here she had as one of her teachers Professor Robert Anderson Henderson. He taught Latin, and one day he sent her out of the room for some girlish bit of mischief. Her father promised to send her back if the professor thought it worthwhile. She came back. She took regular college work, but her eyes and health failed and she had to stop before graduation.[5]

She took music during her last year, riding her horse "Daisy" when she came for music lessons. She loved horses, and riding was one of her dearest hobbies. One day she almost ran her mount over Professor Henderson. He spoke to her about it, made an engagement for a horseback ride with her, and thereafter "Daisy" was accompanied by "Bucephalus" on many delightful trips along the tree-bordered streets or into the inviting lanes and roads over the surrounding hills and dales.[5]

On another occasion one of her schoolmates noticed her vivaciousness just after she had been talking with the Latin professor. Her friend said: "What was Professor Bob talking to you about?" With a twinkle in her eye, she answered: "He just told me he loved me." [5]

In due time Helen Timmons added Henderson to her name.

III. TO VIRGINIA

Professor Henderson was proud of his young wife. He immediately built a new home for her and their married life moved happily along. A few weeks after moving into their own home they were out riding in the neighborhood. While her horse was drinking at a roadside pond, it became frightened and threw her on a rock-pile at the edge of the pond, injuring her severely. However, she recovered in a few weeks and went back to horseback riding at every opportunity.[5]

At the time of her marriage Helen Timmons was a member of the Methodist church, as had been most of her ancestors for a hundred years. Her husband was a member of the Baptist church. Without discussing the matter with her husband, she quietly

changed her membership to the Baptist Church, to which she steadfastly and loyally adhered during the remainder of her days. She was active in church affairs, and taught Sunday School for many years.[5]

Carson-Newman College is located in Jefferson City, Tennessee, being one of a group of excellent small colleges in East Tennessee. It was organized in 1851, being chartered by the State Legislature as "Mossy Creek Baptist Seminary." It was not until 1889 that the name "Carson-Newman College" emerged from Carson College and Newman College, the former having been a school for men and the latter a school for women, and both located in the same town. At the merger it became a co-educational institution.

Professor Henderson continued his services as a teacher in this small but very enthusiastic college. He became Treasurer and, later, Dean of the college in 1903.[5] His wife took an active part in the religious and social life of the college and town. She was very popular in her own right, and the fact that she was the wife of the Dean and a sister-in-law of the President, Dr. John Thompson Henderson, gave her unusual opportunities of displaying her winsome and gracious abilities as a leader of social activities. She often entertained the students and faculty of the college, and her home was always a welcome place for the gatherings of young and old.[5]

The presidency of Franklin Female Seminary, in the bustling little city of Franklin, in Southampton County, Virginia, was offered to Professor Henderson, and he accepted. To this new theater of action, the Hendersons came in the summer of 1907.[5]

The family now consisted of Professor Henderson, his wife, and two children: a son, Robert Ashby Henderson, and a daughter, Helen Ruth Henderson.

IV. OVER BIG "A" MOUNTAIN

THE change from the quiet halls of the Franklin Female Seminary and its cultured environs to the remote and pioneer surroundings

of the little Community of Council at the northern base of Big "A" Mountain was a sudden wrench in the life of the Henderson family. They were advised against bringing their children to Buchanan County to rear; but here was the first decision they made that showed their mettle and paved their way into the hearts of their new neighbors. They could not—they would not—show the people they were going to help that they considered the objects of their future labors less worthy than their own children. In this first act they said to these proud and somewhat doubting people: "We are your friends. We believe in you. We've come to be one of you, and to labor side by side with you in the stormy days to come. We bring our dearest possessions with us. Here are our children!" The mountaineers came; they saw; and they believed.

A short trip to New York was made by Dr. Henderson and his wife, and then they came back to join the children at Jefferson City where they were vacationing with their grandmother.[2] In August, 1911, the whole family journeyed by train to St. Paul, Virginia, where they spent the night in the Blue Sulphur Hotel. The next morning they continued to Honaker, the railroad station nearest to Council. They inquired of the proprietor of Hotel Honaker for the best means of reaching the new mission school across Big "A" Mountain, and told him their purpose in going there. He shook his head dubiously and said: "You'll be back this way tomorrow. One night is all you will want to stay in Buchanan." [2]

They soon found a man who agreed to take them across Big "A" Mountain in a wagon for six dollars. The road was narrow and rough, and the wagon bounced and rattled continually. Out across low hills and between well-kept bluegrass farms the road led for five miles. The pilgrims were beginning to disbelieve the tales of hardships and road-punishments they had heard on all sides. Yet they saw ahead of them a mountain growing larger and more forbidding as they neared its southern base. Suddenly the bluegrass ended, and the road reared menacingly in front, flanked by immense boulders and precipices above and below. The pace was slower and slower. The hot sun climbed higher and higher, nor did it lose sight of the wayworn travelers. Team,

driver and passengers felt the double effect of the scorching sunshine and the mountain-climbing.

Dinner in the hills comes early. The Hendersons soon became plain hungry. There were no fastidious dining-halls or restaurants along this road. A tree of brilliant red apples by the roadside tempted the wayfarers and they did eat. They had purchased some home-made cheese and crackers before they left Honaker. Soon realizing the supply was insufficient, they stopped at a wayside store to get more. They failed to enlarge the supply of provisions, but did get the discouraging news that Reverend Hash was preparing to leave Council on their arrival.

On up the road they toiled. The top was not in sight, but the trees were getting scrubby. A mountain farm nestled in the hollows by the road, and the party climbed out of the wagon and ate their lunch under the soothing shade of an oak tree. Cheese and crackers it was, rinsed down by draughts of cold water brought to them by the friendly owner of the farm.[2]

After lunch the journey was resumed. They soon approached a steep place in the road up which the team could not pull the loaded wagon. The driver engaged a team of mules from a nearby farm to help get the load to the top of the mountain. The load was lightened by most of the passengers walking, and sometimes lending their strength to push the groaning wagon up the worst spots.[2]

On top at last! The team came to a halt, and the tired passengers pushed forward to look down from the mountain. What a tumultuous sight met their astonished gaze! Here on a shoulder of Big "A" they stood, while as far as the eye could see in the bright summer sunshine toward the north, east and west lay fold on fold of winding ridges, and between their steep sides nestled little purple valleys like giant furrows left by a wandering Titan plowboy. Wrinkles, wrinkles, wrinkles!

A breeze swept across the mountain, cooling their perspiring brows. They were on the northeast side of Big "A," at least 2600 feet above sea level. To their left the mountainside sloped steeply upward to the summit, another 1100 feet above. To their right and in front it dropped downward, downward into the dark,

shimmering valleys, 900 feet below. Somewhere down there under the shadow of this frowning mountain sprawled the little community of Council, the land of their destination, the theater of their labors in the years to come.

After a brief rest they commenced again the slow journey. The descent, if possible, was more dangerous than the ascent had been. Happily the driver had the necessary experience to maneuver his wagon along the jittery road, and the team put to use its training in mountain hauling, and held the loaded wagon to a gradual and safe speed as they came off the mountain.

Late in the summer day they reached the foot of the slope, one mile from Council. It had taken them about ten hours to traverse the eleven miles from Honaker. They found Mr. Hash packing to leave. The Council store furnished them groceries for a hasty meal, which they ate from dishes loaned by Mr. Hash.[2]

The shades of night came softly down from the beetling brow of Big A Mountain on this first night at Council, and soon the exhausted Hendersons were wrapped in restful sleep, from which on the morrow they would wake to begin their battle with Ignorance.

V. COUNCIL DOES ITS WORK

A STRIKINGLY new situation faced the Hendersons at Council. The work in the school was entirely different from that at Carson-Newman and Franklin, so special adjustments in their duties were necessary. Prior to that time Professor Henderson had been the teacher, the scholar, the public leader of the family, and Mrs. Henderson had been the housewife, with such outside interests as book clubs, church work and some social activities. They were truly an ideal pair.

In their new work they found it expedient to change this relationship somewhat. Professor Henderson was the principal of the school and assumed charge of the teaching activities, the financial affairs and discipline. Mrs. Henderson was the assistant

principal, and the duties she assumed consisted of the care of the health and welfare of the students, looking after the proper use of the dormitories, arranging the religious and social life of the school, and being the school spokesman in public meetings at the school and abroad. The changes in activities for her were more striking and fundamental, but she came through all undertakings with flying colors.

It was in Mrs. Henderson's public activities that she outshone her less publicized but equally able husband. Her career was more brilliant and flashing, but his labors were just as commendable, successful and essential to the life of the school as that of his wife. He was patient, pleasant, energetic, and firm, holding the highest esteem and confidence of his students. One who knew her quite well wrote: "Mrs. Henderson with her enthusiasm and initiative added color to his life, and Professor, with his quiet reasoning power and unshaken calm, served as an anchor for her fiery spirit." [2]

With this combination of qualities the Hendersons began their services to the sequestered people of the community about Council. They went into the cabins along the valleys, in the rough coves and on the tops of the surrounding ridges. They studied the people quietly and sympathetically. They did not "put on airs" or ridicule the curious customs, language and beliefs of the neighborhood, nor "poke fun" at the religion, or lack of religion, of the people. They did not announce that they had come to "redeem the heathen." A friendly interest in the joys and sorrows of each family opened all doors, and smiles of welcome and cooperation greeted their approach.

The experiences of successful missionaries down through the ages have taught them that they can not approach the objects of their compassion expecting in their over-enthusiasm to secure converts to their particular brand of religion solely with offers of salvation in the world to come. They have learned that the easiest way to gain their confidence and co-operation is to approach them through their carnal minds and bodies. They offer education and medicine. They release the mental forces so long pent up by reason of isolation from the outer world, and they bind up the

wounds and heal the sick and afflicted. There is ample evidence that Jesus went about teaching the people and healing the sick, the halt and the blind.

These were the weapons which the Hendersons employed in part to aid the people around Council. Sanitary conditions were bad, and many of the people did not know any remedies for sickness and suffering other than those handed down to them from their ancestors. Concoctions made from certain herbs growing in the neighboring hillsides and a few simple patent medicines supplied by the local store made up their medicine-chest. Doctors could be obtained only from distant towns and at a cost that was prohibitive for the average mountain householder. He was bound by dire circumstances to call the doctor only in the most severe illnesses.

Mrs. Henderson had learned much about nursing and the use of medicine from her grandfather, Dr. John F. Rhoton. She applied this knowledge wisely and unremittingly among her mountain-bound neighbors, and she was soon looked upon as a person endowed with superior, if not superhuman, ability to ease the dying and bring the afflicted back to good health. Her unwearied ministrations among the students and the people endeared her to their hearts, filled with unalloyed gratitude for her gracious and helpful labors. She quickly won the name of "Mother Henderson," by which she was known far and wide. She had intelligence, patience, and above all a friendly heart full of sympathy for her less fortunate neighbors.[2]

By far the most valuable and wide-reaching influence brought by the Hendersons into their mountain community was the opportunity they offered for securing an education above and beyond that so lamely offered by the public schools in that locality. No urban child can ever thoroughly understand the bitter and choking yearnings of their highland cousins for an education sufficient to open up to them the wonderful vistas of thought and action in the modern world and to enable them to take merited places in the business, professional and political worlds. This unsatisfied longing for the better things of life has eaten year by year into the chilled heart of many a mountain child and made of

him a misanthrope and a soul embittered against the powers that be. Much of the lawlessness in the mountains can be directly traced to active ambitions stifled in the pool of ignorance and thwarted by the lack of an appropriate outlet for the pent-up energies and warped intelligences seething in the minds and bodies of mountain youth.

Given an equal opportunity with the lowland youth, the mountain youth has shown numberless times that he is the equal, if not the superior, in intelligence and industry, of his lowland neighbor. An equal chance is all he has wanted. But, in the past, he had not even half a chance. Bringing this chance to these thirsty people was the crowning effort in the lifework of the Hendersons.

The Buchanan Mission School began its first session under the guidance of the Hendersons in August, 1911, with an enrollment of 105 pupils. At that time the plant consisted of the following frame buildings: a two-story school house and a three-story dormitory. Since that time the following additional buildings have been erected from native sandstone: a school house and a dormitory with modern equipment and conveniences. Practically every cent of the cost (many thousands of dollars) came from people living many miles from Council, but deeply interested in doing their part in giving the underprivileged children of Buchanan County a somewhat better opportunity to enjoy lives of usefulness and happiness.

The children of the neighborhood came to this school. Also to it came youngsters from distant coves and mountain-tops, athrill with all the eager visions of intelligent youth. Some boarded at the school dormitory; some boarded with relatives living in the vicinity; others rode horseback or walked many miles through the thick forests and over tortuous roads, often bottomless mudholes in winter. These students needed no compulsory school law to get them into their seats in this school. They came with a determined purpose to drink deeply of the springs of education now so miraculously placed within their reach.

Into this mass of young ambition walked Helen Timmons Henderson and her wise husband, placed their sympathetic hands

upon the tousled heads, and pointed the way upward and onward. Under their guidance Buchanan Mission School turned out into the busy world scores of students equipped to lead useful lives themselves and to show the better way to their neighbors.

VI. A WOMAN RUNS FOR OFFICE

Helen Henderson was a fighter. She liked to win. She was a peer among pioneers. She liked to strike out on new paths—to see behind the sun. It was in her blood, and the obstacles confronting her in her work at Council brought it galloping to the surface. She had found herself.

Of this phase of her character she wrote to a friend: "As to my being forceful, that has been from my youth up. I love the wild things. I love the breaking of a horse to bridle and saddle and harness. It took force and determination to conquer. One reason I love it here at school is, or has been, that battle with nature and every obstacle has been a joy. I love an open battle for the love of overcoming obstacles to success. I loathe weakness of any kind. Bound in by walls, a community, state or country is not to my liking. I hate the shackled men and women who are tied down with conventions. Don't misunderstand me. Don't think I don't respect law and order. I do, to the dot. But that is all. Let bygones be bygones and launch out into something new. Have a vision and 'go to it.'

> 'Go wing your flight from star to star,
> From world to luminous world,
> As far as the universe stretches its flaming wall,'

is more to my liking." [2]

To this woman who gloried in pioneering came a new challenge in 1923. Only three years before had women been given the right to vote and hold office, in Virginia. Woman suffrage was not popular with the hill-women, and it was even more unpopular with the hill-men. Yet some politically-minded men saw in her great popularity with the people in Russell and Buchanan coun-

ties a godsend to their plans to have their party recapture the seat in the House of Delegates of Virginia for these two counties. The other party seemed to have had a strangle hold on the office for many years.

To her great surprise the committee for the Democratic party waited upon her in the spring of 1923 and offered her the party nomination for this office. The idea of running for a political office had never entered her head prior to this occasion. She was a strong Democrat in a strong Republican county. As far as Buchanan County had been concerned in the past a seat in the House of Delegates had been considered merely an honor. It paid very little. The General Assembly remained in session only a short time, and membership meant a long, fatiguing trip to a city that had usually treated the delegates from the back counties with amused toleration and little courtesy. No member had yet been able to wield any noticeable influence with the other lawmakers.

Besides she was bound up body and soul with her school work at Council. Her hands were too full with work at home to be found idling in the legislative halls three hundred miles away. She refused the mooted honor.

A strange thing happened. The committee persisted, and then her close friends besought her to accept. They told her she could win—none could approach her as a vote-winning candidate. They said she could help them in Richmond. Her fighting blood was touched. Then into her mind came the realization that she had come to serve these people whenever and wherever she could. She realized that already she had had more contacts with political leaders over the State than anyone else in the county. She could reach these leaders as one of them. What could she do there to help her people? Ah! The field of service opened its gates invitingly to her. Buchanan and her neighboring counties needed longer and better schools, and the General Assembly could give them; the mountains needed good roads, and the State could give them. She consulted her husband, and then agreed to make the race.[2]

She threw her whole heart into the campaign. To her daughter,

Ruth, she left her school work. In a Ford roadster she flamed through the district day by day.[2] Over the narrow, crooked and bumpy roads she sped through dust and mud, often speaking twice daily at points many miles apart. Nothing halted her—she meant to win.

To the voters of the district this was a unique sight. A woman campaigning in a Ford! At first they were diverted, laughing at the strange spectacle, but they came out to hear her speak. They saw her winning smile; they caught the determination in this woman to serve them as they had never been served before at Richmond. They liked it.

At first her opponent expected a walkaway, but he soon saw a dangerous rival in this dynamic novice at politics. She spurned tricks, and went straight to the people with her cause. The hills were witnessing something "new under the sun." There was no letup in her steady surge to the front. Her final campaign speech was delivered only a few hours before the voters assembled at the polls.

It took two days after election day for the final news of the outcome to trickle into Council. Mother Henderson—"the lady candidate"—had won!

VII. IN LEGISLATIVE HALLS

Mrs. Henderson was the first woman ever to be nominated for a seat in the legislative halls of conservative Virginia. But the November, 1923, election saw the election of two women to the House of Delegates. Four hundred miles away on the other side of Virginia, the people of Norfolk City, not to be outdone by the chivalry of the hills, sent Mrs. Sarah Lee Fain to the General Assembly. So in lady legislators the East met the West, the mountain met the sea, in Richmond.

The trip from Council to Richmond was long and arduous. Mrs. Henderson left her home on January 7, 1924, and went to Norfolk to be the guest of the Democratic women at a luncheon and recep-

tion given in honor of the two pioneer women legislators, Mrs. Fain and Mrs. Henderson. From there they went together to their duties in the capital city.[5]

Immediately upon the opening of the General Assembly these two women became the object of every courtesy. As a correspondent said: "With their desks heaped with beautiful cut flowers, the gift of admirers, the 'lady' Delegates were the center of all eyes as Colonel John W. Williams, the veteran clerk, announced that the House was in session."[5] Special honors were loaded upon them. They were given preference wherever it was possible. Not long after the sessions opened Mrs. Henderson was called to the chair, and became the first woman to preside over the oldest lawmaking body in America.[5]

It was not long before the two women became accustomed to their surroundings, and began to take an active part in the deliberations of the body. Mrs. Henderson was made a member of four important committees, viz.: Roads and Internal Navigation; Counties, Cities and Towns; Executive Expenditures; and Moral and Social Welfare.[6] She attended their meetings regularly and soon made her intelligent influence felt among the other members.

She carried her fighting propensities into this new theater of activity. She was not awed by the prominence or the audacity of an opponent. She had several tilts with other members and always held her own with them. They respected her intelligence, experience, and ability to present her side of the case with fairness, spirit and clarity.

During the sixty days of the session perhaps her most notable fight was for the creation of an additional circuit court in Southwest Virginia, consisting of Buchanan and Tazewell counties. For years the court docket in Buchanan County had been overloaded. The existing circuit comprised three counties—Buchanan, Dickenson and Russell—and the presiding judge was so crowded with work that he was far behind with his dockets—chancery, civil and criminal. In 1924 there were 1339 cases pending in Buchanan county alone. The new prohibition law had caused a heavy increase on the criminal side. She saw that sure and speedy

trials were absolutely necessary to enable the laws to be adequately enforced. This could not be done under the existing arrangements.[5]

She introduced a bill to give some relief. But politicians were loath to see such a change made. For some reason they could not understand how a woman could know how to better the situation. It was bitterly contested and Mrs. Henderson saw that she was in for a battle royal. She smiled—and went to work. The vote in the House was 62 to 23 in favor of the bill.[5]

" 'People who are growing,' she told the Assembly, 'have to have new clothes; it is only after we are grown that we can wear the same ones year after year.' [5]

"She told the House more about Buchanan and Tazewell Counties than they had ever heard before. She gave a picture of the roads over which the judge lost twenty-four hours in reaching court; of the backwoods people who need the guidance of law and the example of quick justice; of the lawlessness of ignorance that has at times threatened to throw the county into chaos; of the homes that are being broken because of an overworked, inadequate court. She gave a complete picture of the county in less than ten minutes." [5]

But politics was too strong; the Senate killed the bill.

VIII. A ROAD IS BUILT

The great state of Virginia had shown strange tardiness in building roads for its people. Not until the early years of the twentieth century did the people begin to wake up to the duty of the state in this respect. In 1918 the General Assembly established a system of State Highways connecting the county-seats in the state. There was no one properly trained to carry on this work on a large scale. For many years road building and maintenance wobbled along in an experimental stage. The localities had no money; the state had no money—for this purpose.

Road-building in the mountains presented many difficulties and expenses not encountered in the level sections. What it would

take to build one mile of road in Buchanan County would construct five miles or more in Henrico County. In the new system Buchanan County had been allotted about twelve miles of highway—from Grundy to Greenbrier Creek, toward Haysi. In the next six years not one cent of state money had been spent on this Buchanan County highway.[5]

Mrs. Henderson, in her twelve years' experiences at Council, had learned that, next to adequate educational facilities, Buchanan had greatest need of good roads. The old county road in that vicinity, as well as those in every other part of the county, was not worthy the name of a public road. It was narrow, crooked, ragged, ungraded, and part of the year it was impassable by reasons of deep ruts and mud-holes. It was enough to daunt the heart of the most courageous driver. Motor vehicles could barely crawl over them, and when two cars met on one of these roads it required several hours of labor and the combined efforts of the drivers and passengers to negotiate a passage.[5]

The people of Buchanan had often protested the neglect of the State in providing good roads for the county and, as often, the State did nothing. Discouragement sat heavy on the hearts of her people. But Mrs. Henderson had pledged herself and her people that she would make another determined effort to secure some recognition from the state road authorities. After her election she consulted several prominent men in local public affairs as to the best method to pursue this matter. They all gave her the same answer: they would gladly use their influence to help her, but it was useless to spend time trying to get any new roads established, or even to get the state officials to carry out the plans agreed on years before. She did not give up hope—she talked roads, roads, roads.[5]

When she went to Richmond, she sought out the road authorities at once and made known her desires. They smiled and promised to investigate—then forgot. But she agitated the question wherever she went. She talked to everybody. They saw she was in earnest, and at last the State Highway Commission granted her a hearing. Her facts were so patent, and her arguments were so convincing that they could not refuse her outright.

They agreed to give her 6.2 miles of improved road from Fuller's Store in Russell County across Big "A" Mountain to Council in Buchanan County. She felt this was not enough, and insisted on other sections of the county receiving their share of good roads. The authorities demurred, saying they had no funds for this purpose, and were only giving the Honaker-Council section out of deference to her able and persistent fight. She had to be content for the present with half-a-loaf.[5]

Six months later a meeting of the people of Council was held just outside the Council school gate where the state road ended. They expressed their gratitude for this new blessing which "Mother" Henderson had won for them. She fully realized that this was the beginning of a new epoch in the life of the school and the community, and others were beginning to see the light of a new day dawning. Several speeches were made in which accounts were given of the great difficulty of traveling over Big "A" Mountain along the old road, but little better than a primitive trail. One could follow it in the daytime. Most people preferred to walk across the mountain, keeping to the woods and fields in the winter time. On the Russell side the red clay, when moist, clung like a leech to the feet and splotched clothing to the wearer's despair. Often the students would remove their shoes and wade the muddy roadway with bare feet.[5]

The state officials, stung to action by this intrepid woman, had kept their promise, and had relocated, graded and widened the road across the mountain. It was still crooked; its roadway was dirt; and in places the grade was heavy—but it was a wonder and a blessing to the people. Over it came cars of all makes, trucks and any other kind of motor-vehicles. The people had had a good school for several years—now they had a "good" road.

At last the world was their neighbor.

IX. DEATH ENDS THE STORY

Buchanan Mission School was making itself felt, not only in the hills but in many urban communities. Higher education had

indeed come to the isolated lads and lassies in the shadow of Big "A" Mountain. A fine beginning of modern roads had been made, and Mrs. Henderson could look back with satisfaction on the results of her labors in school and legislation.

She had many plans to bring better conditions to the people of her section, and the people put their hopes and faith unfalteringly in her ability to give them aid. Her two years as a member of the state's lawmaking body had shown them she could do things none of their other delegates had been able to do. So they unanimously renominated her for another term.

"Man proposes; but God disposes."

She did not live to see another election day. During the spring of 1925 her health began to decline. Characteristically she kept this condition from the public. In the summer she went back to her parents' home at Jefferson City, Tennessee, with the hope that a short rest amid her native hills and valleys, and surrounded by her childhood friends, would restore her to good health. But it was not to be. She became seriously ill, and after a few weeks she breathed her last on July 12, 1925, in a Knoxville hospital.[5] She was buried in Jefferson City cemetery.[5]

Her passing cast a spell of gloom up and down the hollows and creeks of Buchanan County. A strange sadness clutched the hearts of her students and the numerous friends she had made in highland and lowland. A true and tried counselor and friend was gone. Much of the sorrow for her going was inarticulate. But at least two of the tributes to this woman have been spread upon the records of church and state, and they are here reproduced to speak for the multitude of her admirers.

"Resolutions of Respect on the Death of Mrs. R. A. Henderson, Adopted at the Fifty First Annual Session of the New Lebanon Baptist Association, Tazewell, Virginia, August 20, 1925.

"WHEREAS, since the last session of this association, we have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. R. A. Henderson whose services in the fields of education, religion and politics have been most conspicious and of the very highest character, who by her kind disposition, congenial nature and superb character won the love and esteem of all with whom she came in personal contact, and whose energetic and persistent efforts for the advancement of the

Baptist cause, through both educational and religious channels, in the counties of Buchanan and Russell has greatly increased our strength and prestige there as well as throughout the bounds of our association and in the state at large.

"In her zeal and enthusiasm for the causes she loved so well, she went far beyond her physical endurance, and, therefore, she fell a martyr to duty, in the prime of life and with some of her most cherished tasks well begun but still unfinished.

"Her sunny smile, happy and enthusiastic disposition, tuneful voice and warm handclasp are gone. All that is mortal of her has been returned to earth from whence it came, but her spirit soars aloft, amidst the faithful who have gone before. May she rest from her labors and be at peace forever, for her good works do follow her!

"THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that we express our profound grief and sorrow for the passing of this noble Christian woman who met an untimely death in the service of the Master, working unselfishly and unceasingly to make the world better. Some give their money to the cause of Christ, others give their time, but she gave herself!

"We extend to the bereaved husband, son and daughter our warmest sympathy in their deep affliction, and we pray that our Heavenly Father may comfort them and give them that supreme faith which will sustain them in all of the trials of life, and when their allotted time on earth is finished, receive them into those Heavenly Mansions, prepared for Thy faithful followers from the foundation of the world.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that a copy also be spread upon the minutes of this body.

"Frank S. Easley
W. C. Grigsby } Committee" [7]
Elihu Kiser"

The House of Delegates of Virginia adopted these resolutions:

"WHEREAS, In the providence and inscrutable wisdom of God, it was seen proper to remove from active public life in this Commonwealth and from her seat in this body Helen T. Henderson, who was taken to her final reward on the 12th day of July, 1925, and,

"WHEREAS, It seems fitting to this House of Delegates that some testimonial to the great worth of this gentle woman should be spread as a memorial on the records of this body, and,

"WHEREAS, No member of this lower branch of the General As-

sembly ever dignified with loftier ideals, with purer heart or with braver spirit a seat in this Assembly, now,

"THEREFORE, Be it resolved by this body that the House go on permanent record in loving testimony to the many virtues, clear vision and noble aspirations of Helen T. Henderson, who dignified with her presence and purified with her lofty spirit this branch of the Legislature, which now goes on record in its acknowledgment of its respect for and obligation to her memory.

"Agreed to by House of Delegates, February 3rd, 1926.

"Jno. W. Williams

"Clerk House of Delegates." [8]

Richard D. B. Sutherland

I. "A MEDITATION"

"Cheerless and alone I sit musing
Over memories of other days,
Embalmed in the bosom of Nature,
Where the mild zephyr gambols and plays.

"The soft gentle breezes from the southland
Waft to my soul sweet repose,
As they murmur silent messages of greeting,
To rout and dispel all my woes.

"The quivering leaves of a rose-bush
Are rustling and sighing by my side.
A flower, kissed by the sunshine, 4 ems
Is blushing with modest virgin pride.

"In the lone cricket's chirping there's music
That o'er my dreary senses softly steals—
Oh, could I but bury my vexations
In the solace which such melody reveals.

"The katy-did's doleful ditty,
Falling pensively on my ears,
Bring emotions which words cannot utter,
With thoughts lying deeper than tears.

"It is singing a requiem to the sleeping,
A dirge to the saint and the knave—
A warning that soon we must join them
In the realm of eternity's grave.

"In the pine-tops the wind's solemn moaning
Brings to me many sad thoughts of yore—
'T is the voice of far-away billows,
Echoing from a rockbound shore.

"Over all is the azure dome bending,
And with multitudes of spheres resound

With Nature's own voice in returning
Thanksgiving to their Maker profound.

"From dark chaos, with its turbulent confusion,
Worlds formed at His command.
Light shone! Life burst with bloom radiant
At the wave of His mighty hand.

"He, who rebuked the raging tempest
And stilled the mad waters of the sea,
Has an ever-constant care for the needy,
And is surely ever-watchful over me." [1]

Richard Daniel Boone Sutherland penned the above lines at Lebanon, Ohio, in December, 1895. They breathe the unfaltering trust of a boy far from home.

II. A FRYING PAN LAD

The birthplace of Richard Sutherland is high on a winding, narrow ridge in the midst of Sandy Basin. It is in the County of Dickenson in the State of Virginia. Frying Pan Creek splashes merrily through its shallows far below on the eastern side of the ridge. On the west Rock Lick Branch trickles down a rugged little valley to join Frying Pan a mile beyond the Sutherland home. Thirty years ago their beds were choked by the drifted debris of giant oaks, hemlocks, and lindens, and the sloping hillsides were littered with like mementoes of those forest giants, once the glory of the hills, but then wantonly felled by a greedy, heartless hurricane. These ugly aspects of the landscape were the inescapable wounds left by the claws of modern industrial materialism. Now (1960) much of this debris has decayed and small trees and thickets of briars and bushes cover shaggily the old forest area. In his boyhood Sutherland spent many joyous hours swimming and fishing in the clear, cool, clean pools along Frying Pan, or wandering through the pleasant aisles of the boundless, friendly forest, watching squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits and raccoons at play, or listening to the thrilling songs of the myriad birds that

Richard D. B. Sutherland

made rapturously vocal the neighboring woods. He saw the coming of the wretched human devastation of this paradise, and it made his sensitive soul shudder.

The nearest neighbor lived a mile away. The homes were connected by a mere path beaten into the sides of the steep and stony hills. A wagon-road—"cleared twelve feet and dug ten feet" in the hillsides like the undulations of a serpent—ran along

Frying Pan. In Sandy Basin there was not one foot of railroad, nor a step of modern graded, hard-surfaced road, nor did a single bridge span any of the numerous turbulent mountain streams. Social intercourse was confined almost wholly to monthly religious meetings, occasional parties, weddings, burials or infrequent visits among neighbors and relatives. The nearest store, as well as the nearest church, was four miles away. A thrice-a-week mail served the community. Schools, from three to five months in length, were usually taught each alternate year. To the average adult, life consisted of unremitting toil on a stingy farm all the year round; and this was the lot of every child old and strong enough to swing an axe, handle a hoe or follow a plow. The lot of the females of the family was just as ceaseless as that of the males, laboring steadily with their hands in the house and also in the fields. To the children the rigors of such an existence were somewhat relieved by such intermittent recreations as youth, however poor or isolated, has always been able to find.

Sutherland was born and reared in such environments. He picked much joy from them, for he had known no others. But he dreamed of better surroundings for the coming generations that would people the Basin.

Let it be not imagined, however, that his environments were all wrong and sordid. His was the life of the average Appalachian Mountain boy in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. All their lots were hard in the main, and their days were filled with vain longings; yet such privations and struggles have produced a remarkable number of splendid servants of mankind. Since history began mountains have nurtured men of ability, strength, vision and service. One has only to remember the Child born in a manger in the little town of Bethlehem amid the Judean hills.

III. ANCESTRY AND HOME

Richard Sutherland's ancestry reached back, in its different branches, to the Highlands of Scotland, the green fields of Ireland, the pleasant farms of England, and the storied Valley of

the Rhine. Some of his forebears served in the American Revolution and then moved into the frontiers of the new nation. Here they came again to the Highlands and their Scotch blood was content to stay. They found fertile farms and green fields and valleys filled with game and the romance and dangers of the late presence of the Red Men of the forests. They were true pioneers, and in Sandy Basin there was still much pioneering to be done. The rolling tide of immigration swept past their sequestered homes in the Basin in quest of the wealth and ease of the western plains. Yet here were great natural wealth, fine hunting, and much room for homes of peace and plenty. Some of his ancestors had been slave-owners, and his father, Noah B. Sutherland, spent three years of his youth fighting for the Lost Cause of the Old South. His mother was Margaret Jane Colley, a granddaughter of "Fighting Dick" Colley, the first permanent settler of Dickenson County.[2]

Born into a family of twelve children, Richard spent his early days on a hilly farm with his parents, brothers and sisters. At night his little body was weary and glad to find rest on a tow bedtick filled with straw on a homemade bedstead in the loft. He often heard the night owl send its weird hair-raising call through the dark hollows, and thrilled at the plaintive wail of the whippoorwill at nightfall. The changing seasons brought their new tasks and new joys. There were a few presents but no toys for Christmas. The Christmas-tree was not known in his community, but little stockings, hung by the chimney by the light of pine torches or the glow of the waning hearth-fire, were sure to hold at gray dawn pretty or toothsome things for the young ones of the family.

Winter held its joys as well as its hardships. A roaring woodfire in the big open-mouthed chimney kept away the stings of Jack Frost's barbed arrows. The stone hearth was a cozy place to play on the sheepskin rug, or to toast dripping apples, or to crack delicious walnuts and hickory-nuts. There was great thrill in coasting on an old sled or board down the hillsides; and there was greater thrill when the sled, in its wild career, struck a stump or jutting stone and spilled its laughing cargo all around in the

crunchy snow. This sport was the forerunner of modern skiing. Then back to the warmth of the log-house they trooped in high spirits to hear mother or sister rehearse to them for the thousandth time the old, old story of "Munce Meg," or "The Three Pigs," or some wild hunting or Indian tale. Anon they played "Whoop-hide," or "Blind-fold," or "Molly Bright" in the light of the flickering fire.

IV. A LOOK BACKWARD

With all his mountain shut-in life, young Sutherland found time and means to get acquainted with his neighbors. One of the glories and the graces of mankind is that one will not live alone if company may be had. Trackless forests, frowning mountains, or swirling streams cannot long hold out as impassable barriers when man calls to man. Richard's neighbors were few and distant, but that made them all the more familiar and dear. Secrets could not remain secrets among such neighbors. Every family knew what the neighboring family had done in the past, and most likely could guess what the other would be doing for months to come.

Years later, while Sutherland was drinking at the fountain of knowledge at Lebanon, Ohio, he paused long enough to recall his childhood neighbors on Frying Pan—far away in the Virginia mountains. One of them he thought of very poignantly and often. Then he took his pen and wrote his father the following beautiful letter:

"Dear Father:

"I once had a very dear friend. In school and at home he was my favorite playfellow, and I was his. He was brave, noble and true. We were both boys, young and full of fond hopes, without a shadow of gloomy care to darken our horizon. At last my friend took sick. Week after week he lay on his bed confined by a fatal disease. I anxiously waited day after day with the faint hope of learning of his improvement. I wanted him to be up again. But when the green hills began to fade, when the sad autumn winds began to murmur through the tree-tops, they told me that he was worse.

"I went to see him. As I stood by his bedside we talked of happy times past and gone, but the bright smile was gone from his face. His cheeks were pale and wan. The rose of health was faded and gone.

"He sunk into an easy slumber, and as I gazed on his still features, I asked myself the questions: 'Does he know he is going to die? Can he see into the other land?'

"In a few days they told me he was dead. Oh! how my little heart ached for my little playmate. He was gone. I could go to the places where we once played, but he would never, never be there again.

"I wondered if he thought of me as he closed his eyes in death. Again I went to see him. That light that had been burning only a few short years had gone out. When I went into the house he did not meet me with his smile.

"There he lay with the white veil over his face. I touched his hand, but it was cold and passive. His face was white and bloodless. When I spoke to him he did not move. Yes, he was gone. That was only his body he had left. His spirit had flown away to its God. With a sinking heart I watched them carry his body in the coffin and bear it to its lonely place in the cold ground. After that I would look away into the blue sky and wonder in what part of heaven his spirit was. And a few nights before he died, as we sat around his bedside, some of his neighbors sang:

'The time is swiftly rolling on
That we must part and die,
Our bodies to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.'

"And how true this is! In a few years I shall join him and all others gone before. My body will return to the dust and will lie there forgotten. In a few years no one will know that that is my dust. No one will know that I have lived and died. Weeds and thorns will grow on my tomb.

"Many long years have passed since then, and I am now a man. Perhaps it was best that my little friend went on early before he felt the sin and temptations of this world. I sometimes feel that he is near me, beckoning me on to heaven. Yes, little schoolmate, I remember you and will come to you by the grace of God. We all have to travel through life but once. Everyone has as much as he can do. We are pilgrims, traveling the same rough and dangerous road, seeking the same haven of rest. Then why not love and cheer on everybody, and help our poor weak brothers to keep in the narrow way?

"Written in a rush.

"Richard" [3]

His young playmate was Walker Fuller, who died September 1, 1887, aged 15 years.

V. A SANDY BASIN SCHOOL

"GET an education" was the advice of the older citizens of the Basin. Some of them had gotten a smattering of book-learning before they came to make their homes in this mountain wilderness. Others had wonderingly heard their parents talk of their school days in the long, long ago. Yet in the daily struggle with wild animals and wilder nature they had had little time and less means to devote to building of schoolhouses and getting an education. Occasionally a wandering man of somewhat superior ability to read and write and cipher came in from other communities and taught a few months of school in some vacant log cabin. Some of these early teachers remained and made their homes in the Basin. Of the first and second generations in the Basin not many could read and write. Not until years after the public free school system was established in Virginia in 1870 did the mountain children have a decent chance to get even a meager share of education. Down to the present day it has been a ceaseless struggle to provide adequate school facilities in the isolated and sparsely settled sections. The first strong impetus for improved schools and teachers in the Basin was given by the advice and example of Richard Sutherland.

His father, assisted by two sympathetic and far-seeing neighbors, in 1879 built a little one-room, round-log schoolhouse on Rock Lick Branch, a half-mile from his home. Moss was used to fill the huge cracks in the walls. Heavy four-foot oaken boards, split from logs cut from the house-site, covered the house, and similar six-foot boards composed the floor. Saplings were split in twain, two holes bored near each end of each half, into which were driven wooden pegs for legs, and the flat sides were smoothed somewhat with an axe. These benches served as seats for the students. It was a windowless house, the only light enter-

ing through the open door or the rock chimney, which reached only halfway to the house roof. No saws were available, and all the timbers had to be cut with axes.[2]

In this modest building the little boy got his first taste of schools. His father could read and write with difficulty; his mother could do neither. Almanacs, stray newspapers, a Bible, and an occasional borrowed book were the only reading material in the home. A few school books were later bought for the use of the school children. His parents, denied by dire circumstances the chance of getting an education in their youth, earnestly desired their children to have the chance they missed. His first teacher was Jack Robinson, a neighbor. This teacher knew little "book-l'arnin'," but he did know how to control his pupils, and make them hunger for mental feasts. He was a strict disciplinarian. The subjects he taught were reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. Most of these things were learned from Holmes' "Blue-backed Speller." The first few weeks of this school was taught "blab-fashion," that is, every pupil studied aloud in the schoolroom. Richard soon learned his A-B-C's and how to read and spell. He "said his speech" on Friday afternoons.

The seven-year old lad was getting along.

Schools were taught at Rock Lick usually each alternate year. The term was ordinarily three months long and never over five months. His other teachers were R. D. Sutherland (1881), Floyd Viers (1883), Noah R. Grizzle (1885), Jesse J. Grizzle (1887), and W. G. (Shake) Ross (1889).[4] During the off-years, he was sometimes sent for a few months to a neighboring school at Sand Lick or Counts, where he could board with relatives. His progress in school was satisfactory but not brilliant. He loved nature, and its many visible manifestations on all sides of his home and community enthralled him. Sometimes the school tasks and indoor work became irksome.

At the age of fifteen his father noticed his book-shirking, and called his attention to the rapid strides being made in school by a brother, two years his junior. The father said: "Richard, if you don't watch out, Morgan will get ahead of you in school." The hint was sufficient. Richard got down to work in earnest. But

Morgan had an idea of his own that he could still overtake Richard in spite of Richard's renewed enthusiasm, and he also redoubled his efforts. The fraternal rivalry became fast and furious, with both lad's claiming they would win the ultimate victory. Suddenly a golden-haired lass appeared on the scene and unwittingly decided the battle. In a few months she and Morgan were married. Richard thus lost his rival for family scholastic honors. This early challenge to his pride and ability was one of the spurs that drove him to higher goals.[2]

VI. TEACHING SCHOOL

At the age of eighteen years, Richard Sutherland qualified as a teacher in the local public schools. His first charge was the home school at Rock Lick. How proud he felt to have reached this height and stand before his neighbors as one who was making good! How hard he tried to show his appreciation of their confidence! They had manifested their good opinion of him by asking the school trustees to let him teach their children. It was a severe task to begin with, but he succeeded.

His term ran five months, from August to December, 1891. His pay was twenty-one dollars per month.[4] That was a pile of money in that day and section. None but a teacher in that whole community could make that much money—one hundred and five dollars—in a year. But he did not squander his sudden fortune. In the days just behind him he had gotten a rare taste of knowledge. He had learned there were places in the world outside the Basin where one could get a higher education—go much farther in the realms of learning than was possible in his native Cumberland Mountains. He was on fire to go on, but like so many thousand of his people, he needed for that enterprise more money than was in the whole neighborhood. The land owners had not yet sold their priceless coal and timber for a song. So he bided his time and saved his meager salary.

The school opened each morning at 8:00 A.M. It was the teacher's duty to be there punctually at or before that hour,

especially in bad weather. He must build a roaring log-fire in the big chimney before his shivering charges toddled in with their smiles and "howdys." At noon a whole hour was spent, first in hastily eating cold lunches and then rushing to the playground, the boys to play "Tag," "Round-town," or "Antney-over," the girls to play "Ring-Around-a-Rosy," or "Needle's Eye," or to join the boys in their games. At all times the teacher kept a watchful eye on the pupils. When the hour of four P.M. arrived the lessons were over, the tasks assigned for the morrow, and the teacher dismissed the fidgety children to go their several paths homeward, some of them for a three or four mile walk. A few minutes sufficed for the teacher to sweep the floor, cover the fire with ashes, and close the door.

In the autumn of 1891 a fourteen-year-old lad got out of bed before daylight on a Saturday and walked six miles from his home on Bear Ridge to the log schoolhouse at the mouth of Buffalo Creek. This was one of the earliest centers of education in the Basin. A teachers' association was being held that day at the schoolhouse, and the lad was deeply interested in hearing what was said in the meeting. When he arrived a large crowd, including a dozen or more teachers, had already made their appearance. Most of them had come on foot, several on horseback, and a wagon or two loaded with people had lumbered over the rough narrow road along McClure River. Many of the neighbors had brought baskets of appetizing food for the "dinner on the ground," which was an indispensable part of the day's activities. But the lad wanted to hear the speeches.

Let him tell this story:

"As I pushed inside the crowded room, the program had already been started. The first question I heard them discuss was: 'Should a teacher punish a student for doing an improper act of which the teacher is also guilty?' An eloquent and respected teacher was arguing that an erring student should be so punished as a lesson for the future. He said he himself did wrong often, but that did not give the student a right to do such an improper act without punishment. When his teacher had finished, an unknown stripling arose and asked permission to speak. On receiv-

ing permission, he spoke gently but clearly: 'I must express deep disagreement with the statement of the speaker who says he punished his students for doing some of the naughty things he does, and thereby implying that it is proper to teach by precept only and not by example. In my humble opinion such teaching is useful only when accompanied by the right example. Christ taught his wonderful lessons by both precept and example. The apostle Paul wrote to Timothy: 'Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' [5] A child walks in its father's footsteps, and it often walks in its teacher's tracks. Do we want to lead our students down the path that leads to destruction? I admonish all teachers to walk straight and practice what we teach.'

"He sat down amid stunned silence. Something new was being said to the teachers. Then the chairman informed the audience that the speaker was Richard Sutherland from Frying Pan.

"I have heard many speakers since that day, but none have thrilled me as Sutherland did that day at Buffalo. I said to myself then and there that I wanted to make such a teacher as he, a mere youth, had shown himself to be. I have taught many schools and I have tried with all my power to heed his advice, in school and out of school." [6]

He spent most of the vacation months on his father's farm. However, he soon learned that a fine academy was being taught at Dorton, Pike County, Kentucky, by Professor Milton W. Remines, a prince of mountain school teachers. There Sutherland spent a few months during two vacation periods, coming back home refreshed and resolved to win over all obstacles in his way. While there he served as editor of the school paper. This gave him good training in improving his concise style and his effective use of old and simple Anglo-Saxon words, which so noticeably characterize his writings.

The next year—1892—he taught again at Rock Lick, this time at twenty-three dollars per month for five months.[4] He had made such a good record there that the trustees decided to do an unusual thing—let Rock Lick have two school terms in successive

years. There were not enough teachers or money to give each community an annual term. The eight teachers in the district alternated their services between the sixteen schools. So Sutherland went the next year to Counts School at twenty-five dollars per month. The following year he taught at Abners Branch at twenty-nine dollars. Then the next year came five months at Sulphur Spring School at thirty dollars per month.[4] The increase in his salary had been slow but sure.

The impatient years were passing.

VII. FIRST BASIN COLLEGE GRADUATE

THE HOUR had struck!

December, 1895, found Richard Sutherland ready for the great adventure. He had saved enough money to defray his expenses to college. He chose the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio, which college Professor Remines had attended a few years before. On the 19th of that month he rode horseback with his brother, Morgan, over Sandy Ridge to Cleveland, Virginia, twenty miles away, where the nearest railroad ran east and west along Clinch River. A short time later, under the title of "My Trip to Lebanon," he wrote this story:

"Dec. 20, 1895, found me at the depot at Cleveland, Va., waiting for the west-bound passenger train, which was to convey me part of the way to Lebanon, Ohio. At length the train came puffing up to the station, its puffs apparently endeavoring to mock my heart, which seemed to be trying to jump out of its cage. I boarded the train, then a ringing of the bell, a whistle, and I was being carried toward my destination at the velocity of thirty-five miles per hour.

"A feeling of loneliness crept over me at the thought of parting from my friends, but the cause which was guiding my footsteps was a fitting source of solace and contentment. I was impressed with the assurance that the new scenes, new faces and new acquaintances with which I would meet, and the training and knowledge to be acquired at this Institution, would adequately com-

pensate me for the time and energy expended. I would also feel proud of my having surmounted obstacles.

"But these thoughts were soon replaced by a conception of the smiling vales, and picturesque scenery which surrounded me.

"Ere I had left the soil of the 'Old Dominion,' the goddess of night folded her wings o'er the delightful scenes, and stopped my enraptured gaze.

"At 9 P.M. the 'Iron horse' rolled through the cold, damp and dreary tunnel of Cumberland Gap. That night was anything but a pleasant one to me, because I had no one to make the ride entertaining for me, and my friend 'sleep' had utterly forsaken me.

"The welcome appearance of dawn found me being carried over the 'Dark and Bloody Ground,' and I could not help thinking of the noted and heroic pioneer, Daniel Boone, who, more than a century ago, roamed and explored the dense and solitary wilds of Kentucky.

"Over the 'Blue Grass' the train wended its way, arriving at the 'Queen City' at 7:30 A.M.

"Then a pleasant ride from Cincinnati to this place, which, for want of a better sobriquet, I shall call the 'Florence of America.' " [7]

He presented himself to the officials of the college, and then found that his preparatory education was deficient. He knew nothing about several of the subjects in the college curriculum, and his knowledge of others was meager and inaccurate. He was four hundred miles from home, in an alien land and among strangers. His mountain training left him awkward and abashed in the refinement of the college classrooms and on the campus. Yet he made friends quickly. His innate grace and chivalry soon found their outlet, and he soon made himself at home in his new surroundings. This became easier and surer by reason of the necessity of applying all his time and thought to his difficult studies. He had no time to spend in the usual frivolities of college life. His kindness, studiousness, courtesy and frankness won the admiration of his fellow-students and the faculty.

His mental processes began to take definite form and direction under the expert guidance of his teachers. His mind was

mature enough to grasp speedily the problem at hand. The pages of history from the dawn of civilization opened to his enraptured gaze, the geography of the whole world was burned upon his plastic mind, the intricacies of higher mathematics became clear and convincing, and the beauties of literature uncurtained for his mind the noblest and most entrancing vistas of the wonderful life and thought of mankind. The world of books, heretofore unattainable to him, brought him far more of the wonders and thoughts of the universe than he had ever dreamed existed. His dreams, and many more, were coming true.

At the end of the regular term he decided to remain and take the summer term. The cost of traveling to and from his home in Virginia was too much for his thin purse. Besides he wanted to save time. He was already many years behind most of his fellow-students. Then he plunged into the next regular term without vacation or rest.

The subjects he studied were debating, rhetoric, algebra, arithmetic, geometry, letter writing, chemistry, physics, trigonometry, Caesar, grammar and music.[8] He stood well in his classes, especially in grammar, debating, rhetoric, algebra and letter writing. In addition to his regular subjects, he spent much of his time in the college library, reading avidly the precious books on many other subjects. He had heard of some of the old classics and had wanted vainly in his youth to read their contents. Now he was meeting old dreams, and he took them to his heart.

So industriously and well did he spend his time that he stood before the college authorities and received from their hands the degree of bachelor of science in June, 1897. Then he came back to his old home on the hill far above the murmuring Frying Pan. He brought back with him the first college academic degree ever won by a resident of the Basin.

VIII. EARLY LEADER IN EDUCATION

August, 1897, saw him again at the teacher's desk at Sulphur Spring. His salary was still thirty dollars per month. Pupils from

other communities, learning of his ability as a teacher, crowded the little log schoolhouse to its limit. The writer yet recalls vividly his thrill in having a college graduate as his teacher. He thenceforth became a hero and a model to his pupils.

One of his rules of life set him apart from his neighbors. In his youth all his neighbors drank whiskey and brandy, most of them in moderation, but some deeply to their ruin, yet he would have none of the liquor. He became a total abstainer. His example caused many of his pupils to shun its devastating influence. He believed a Christian could not play with this "agent of the devil," and his strong religious nature placed him always on the side of Christ, not only in thought and word, but in action as well.

Richard Sutherland's greatest service to his fellowman was his success in instilling in his pupils' hearts a desire to go higher—"to hitch his wagon to a star." He created a thirst for knowledge, much of which was not found in the Appalachian hills at that date. Not only did he show by word and example the great value of a better education, but also he helped to create the will to find a way to secure it.

More than twenty-five of his pupils caught sparks from his flaming forge and went on to secure degrees from colleges and universities. Many more secured more or less training in institutions of higher education. The importance of this service can be more forcibly and clearly seen by considering the fact that prior to his day and example only one person from his neighborhood had attended college, and he for only one year. The fire has steadily spread, and now scores of youths—both boys and girls—go out of the Basin each year to drink deep from the numerous fountains of knowledge throughout our nation.

The next year he widened the field of his labors and taught a school on Garden Creek in the neighboring county of Buchanan. Several of his former pupils followed him to that place, so eager were they to learn under his direction. The next two years he taught school in Pike County, Kentucky, which was just a few miles across Cumberland Mountain from his native community. Again former pupils flocked to his door. His influence became powerful in the cause of better teachers, better schoolhouses, and

better school opportunities for every mountain child. Its effect can be discerned in the fine educational systems now functioning in these counties. His students have been leaders in the new educational era that began in the Basin and overflowed into surrounding communities. He had helped start the educational reformation. He had helped point the way upward and onward.

IX. A BROTHER WRITES

SUTHERLAND remembered his family in the Basin at all times. Their welfare was always deep in his heart. A sample of the letters he wrote to them is shown below. It is well worth reading by any youth of our land.

"Lebanon, Ohio
"Aug. 23, '96.

"Mr. N. D. C. Sutherland
"Colley, Va.

"Dear Brother—Through a friend I perceive that you obtained a certificate in the examination. I congratulate you and all the rest of the boys that got through. It is the reward of an honest and persistent effort. I greet you with a welcome into the grand host of teachers. I trust you will be an honor to the profession.

"Pardon me and I will suggest a little fraternal advice. Now, if you were going to build some magnificent structure, you would first lay a firm, solid and substantial foundation, would you not? Well, you are now, though unconciously perhaps, laying the cornerstone of a structure more grand than any ever built with hands. It is all your own and you will not have the privilege of building it but once. This house is your CHARACTER. The materials you must use are energy, and determination *to be somebody* and *to do something;* adherence to duty and a consecration to right.

" 'Cujar,' shun bad company; you don't know how many bright boys have been dragged down to ruin by evil influences.

"If you teach this fall, do your best. Let foolish pleasure fly to the winds, where they belong, and put your every effort and your love in your school work and you will find genuine pleasure in the noble work you are doing. Do not be deluded by the thought that the

teacher can roll on 'beds of flowery ease.' The true teacher is busy every hour, every minute. You will meet difficulties, but the same have been met by all teachers; ask help of Him who will gladly surmount the obstacles for you and will make your labor a pleasure and delight.

"School here opens up again first of Sept. I then will start out in the Fall Scientific Class, which will graduate in Aug. '97.

"I have been enjoying vacation very well. I have not quit studying however; I have regular classes in Latin and Greek.

"I enclose you a poem (?),—composed by myself—my first attempt.[9]

"Respectfully yours,
"R. D. B. Sutherland." [10]

X. DEATH COMES EARLY

Believing he had performed the pioneering work he had been called to do in education, he turned his attention to another field of knightly endeavor. As much as he saw that his mountain people needed learning, he saw that they needed health more. Heretofore there had been little sickness in the Basin, for there had been only scattered population. Colds, fevers, flux and cramp colic were the usual diseases to combat. Old age was credited with many of the deaths. The pure mountain air and the fresh, uncontaminated freestone water made doctor's jobs light and far between. Only three doctors lived in the Basin to administer to the ills of the inhabitants of its 570 square miles, and only two of them had had medical college training.

But now conditions were changing. The country was being more speedily populated, with the resultant contamination of milk, food and water supplies. New diseases were coming in. Hot, stuffy boxed houses were being built, taking the places of the better ventilated log houses. Wild game was almost gone, and with it went much of the disease-defying outdoor exercises and fresh wild meat. Already there were increasing signs of the need for more and better-trained men of pill and scalpel. So Sutherland decided to go to a medical school and prepare himself

to help meet the new demands for service to his isolated mountain people.

Out of the hills he trudged once more to get knowledge. This time he chose a medical school at Louisville, Kentucky. Here he matriculated late in 1900. He finished the term successfully, and returned to his father's home, where he spent a pleasant summer vacation on the sunny slopes of Frying Pan. Then back to Louisville and his studies of anatomy, hygiene and medicine. Another term was creditably completed. Vacation time this year was spent at Regina, Pike County, Kentucky, where his wife's parents lived. He had married Maggie Venters, a daughter of Adam and Mollie J. Venters. There was no issue of this marriage.

He became ill on the last day of July, 1902.[11] His devoted wife nursed him tenderly day and night. Other relatives and friends added their solicitious care and services. His own strong desire to live for the sake of other unfortunate people he might help buoyed him up in his last days. But all in vain. The ravages of flux could not be overcome, and he passed away on August 15, 1902.

Amid a great concourse of grieving friends and relatives, all that was mortal of Richard Daniel Boone Sutherland was consigned to a grave opposite the mouth of Marrowbone Creek, near Regina, Kentucky.

He was born September 3, 1872, and died August 15, 1902.[11] His span of life was less than thirty years. It is said that "Death loves a shining mark," and in this case death chose also a youthful one. Ability knows not age, nor clime nor environment. Many of the great geniuses of earth found the grave early, and left the world to conjecture and wrangle over the greatness of its loss by each of their sudden taking-off.

Richard Sutherland lived his life patiently, warmly and worthily. Far from the beaten paths of civilization and modern conveniences he walked among his people bravely and well. He saw come to initial fruition his vivid dreams of service to his marooned fellow-mountaineers. He struggled gladly and victoriously against sky-reaching obstacles. His life was gentle, busy and blameless. His words and labors definitely pointed his neighbors

to a higher intellectual plane of existence. He showed them how to go out and get the educational opportunities wholly missing in the Sandy Basin and bring them back to bless the people there. He led them to a better and more just realization of the value of schools and colleges and the absolute necessity of intellectual training in the astonishing new era of industrial and social changes approaching the hills. His acute mind caught a true vision of the changes, the struggles, the fortunes, the disasters, the glamor and the dearth peeping furtively over the mountain-crests that rim all sides of the Basin.

Thus ended the earthly career of one of the finest men who ever lived in Sandy Basin. But his spirit marches on in the hearts of his pupils and the younger generations, whose lives have been made happier, fuller and freer through his vision and services.[12]

William Sutherland

I. A SCOTCH FAMILY

INHABITANTS of the Orkney Islands, looking southwestward across the stormy, fog-enshrouded Pentland Firth, may occasionally catch hazy glimpses of the bare, forbidding promontories jutting futilely into the sea; and as early as 1000 A.D. those Norsemen, as well as their kinsmen in Caithness, were calling a part of Northwestern Scotland *Sudrland* (South Land),[1] which eventually evolved into the present name of SUTHERLAND.

The original inhabitants of this Scotch region were probably Celts or Picts; but during the wild, romantic period of the wanderings of the Norsemen (Vikings), Northern Scotland was repeatedly overrun by the early marauders of the Northern seas, and Danes and Saxons also infiltrated Scotland and its neighboring islands. The early history of this country is veiled in tradition and surmise. Dates are the playthings of various historians, and characters loom large or small as suited the fancy or prejudice of early chroniclers. Saga-time held sway.

As early as 1008 A.D. (other writers vouch for other dates), the region between the Ord and the Oykill had been fashioned out of the confusion and turmoil of that sparsely populated area, adjoining Caithness, into a barony, and it was called the Earldom of Sutherland (variously spelled) by the regal decree creating it.[1] In 1235 William De Moravia, son of Hugh Freskin, was created the first Earl of Sutherland.[1] In the long years of war, rebellions and feuds that followed, the Earls of Sutherland bore a prominent part. Sutherland became the surname of several families, and their descendants have scattered to the four corners of the world.

One of the highlights of Sutherland clan history, giving much pride and joy to members of the family, was an act of John, 14th Earl of Sutherland. On February 28, 1638, the celebrated Scotch

Covenant was read in Black Friars Church in Edinburgh. It was directed against King Charles and his Catholic allies. "The Earl of Sutherland, the first to sign his name thereto, was followed by a long list of notables. . . . The scroll was signed in the church by many who cut a vein for their ink, and copies were taken for signatures to nearly every town and village. It embodied the unalterable resolve of a whole people to perish rather than submit to Popery." [2]

For many centuries the people of Scotland have been peculiarly unfortunate in one respect. Fate has apparently decreed that many of them become a wandering people. Their country has been repeatedly overrun by more powerful neighbors and their captive warriors shipped as exiles into far-away lands. Sometimes they escaped the cruel enemy only by secret flight to friendly foreign countries. The Scotch exile, yearning to his dying day for the beloved crags and heaths of his native Highlands, has become a classic example of the heartbreak of mankind removed from home and kindred.

The Jacobite rebellions in Scotland ended in defeat, and many Scotch malcontents were dispossessed of their property by avaricious neighbors or foreigners, and thus compelled to move overseas to English colonies to begin life anew.

James Sutherland, the ancestor of the Sutherlands of Russell, Buchanan and Dickenson Counties in Virginia, "came across the ocean" from Scotland prior to the American Revolution.[3] Among his descendants he is known as "Jamie the Scotchman." It is said that on his voyage to America he became ill, went into a trance, and was declared dead. The ship's crew prepared to bury his body at sea. However a female relative, in her paroxysm of grief, threw herself upon the coffin with such force that it revived him. He was only a lad at that time. One of his descendants jocularly remarked that she "wished that he had never reached America alive, because, if he had not, there wouldn't have been so many long-tongued Sutherlands in this section." [3]

Where and when he landed in America are not known. The first definite American record about him shows that in 1781 he owned land on Keith's Creek in Bedford County, Virginia.[4] On Febru-

ary 24, 1783, he secured a deed for a tract of 700 acres on Beaverdam Creek in the same county.[5] Here he lived until 1799,[6] when he moved to a farm on Catawba Creek in Botetourt County, about thirty miles westward across the Blue Ridge. About 1807 [7] he moved farther westward two hundred miles to the vicinity of the present town of Carbo on Clinch River in Russell County, Virginia, where on October 10, 1811, John Hackney and his wife conveyed to him a tract of 140 acres.[8] In 1814 he secured a deed from Jesse Fuller for a forty-acre farm covering the site of the present town of Carbo, Virginia.[9] Here he died in 1825.[10] All his three homes in Virginia were amid the mountains.

His first wife was Sarah (Sallie) Buchanan, a member of another ancient Scotch family.[3] Their children were Nancy, Henry, Catherine (Katie), Sarah (Sallie), Daniel, Elizabeth (Betsey) and Mary (Polly).[3]

Late in life, after the death of his first wife, he married Nancy Smith,[10] but they left no issue.

II. TO FRYING PAN CREEK

THREE years before "Jamie the Scotchman" passed on to his future reward, a grandson was born on the banks of Clinch River, and his name was William Sutherland. His father, Daniel Sutherland, owned and operated a good farm at the mouth of Mill Creek in sight of the grandfather's farm on the north bank of the Clinch. Daniel Sutherland was a farmer by occupation, and he built and operated one of the earliest water-mills on the stream that ran placidly by his door after leaping and fighting its noisy way over and around many rapids and limestone boulders in its upper reaches, and offering many ideal sites for the water-driven mills which have given name to this mountain rivulet.

William Sutherland's mother was Phoebe Fuller, also a descendant of an old Scotch family. Her parents, Jesse and Betsey (Lea) Fuller,[2] had brought her as a child out of North Carolina when they came to make their home on the north bank of the

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND AND WIFE, SYLVIA

Clinch only a few miles west of the Sutherland cabin at Carbo.

Here among the Blairs, Countses, Grizzles, Jessees, Kisers, Smiths, and other pioneer families, whose children and grandchildren also moved up Dumps Creek and across Sandy Ridge to people Sandy Basin, this lad grew to manhood. He was reared on a farm, and had few educational opportunities. His native community had been settled scarcely a half-century, and frontier conditions still predominated along Clinch River. Less than thirty years before his birth bloodthirsty Indians roamed the densely wooded hills and valleys in his district, and an old Indian burying-ground was located at the mouth of Dumps Creek, two miles from his home.[11]

One of his tasks as a boy on his father's farm was tending the water-mill near his home. Here many of the neighboring farmers brought their corn, wheat and other grains to be ground into meal or flour. Often several came to the mill on the same day, and on such occasions the sacks of grain were ground in the order of their arrival at the mill. This practice caused a sack of grain to be known locally as a "turn." One day a negro youth brought his master's corn to be ground at the Sutherland mill. He was overbearing, and attempted to get his "turn" in ahead of others who had been there for hours. A dispute arose, and young Sutherland told the negro to take his turn in line, which he insolently refused to do. This conduct enraged the young miller, and he proceeded to pummel the negro with his fists. This action made the negro laugh and talk more loudly. Sutherland grabbed him, and turning him upside down, he smashed his head repeatedly against the wooden floor and log walls of the mill. Though the white boy was very strong, he soon exhausted himself, and at last found that the negro did not mind this kind of punishment, and could not be subdued by physical force. Late in life Sutherland often related that this was the only time that he was ever "licked" in a fight, and strangely enough his antagonist "did not lay a finger on him."[12]

He early developed a passion for hunting. The great "Nimrod of the Woods," Daniel Boone, had tramped the Clinch wilds not threescore years before; and the wilderness, filled with wild

game, stretched almost unbrokenly from his door north and west hundreds of miles over the Cumberland ranges. In his youth most hunters were turning their steps up Dumps Creek toward the waters of Sandy Basin, which was then the "Hunters' Paradise" for all the Upper Clinch settlements.

Dick Colley, some years before, had moved into Sandy Basin, making his three-walled cabin at Sand Lick, and a few other hardy settlers had followed him. One of them was William's older brother, James Sutherland, who built his log cabin on Frying Pan Creek, and another was his cousin, Abednego Kiser, who made his home at the mouth of Priest Fork of Frying Pan, one mile below the home of James Sutherland. About a dozen years after settling on Frying Pan, James Sutherland secured title to a tract of land around his new home, the deed dated in 1852 called for 1,000 acres,[13] but later surveys proved it contained more than twice that acreage.

In August, 1843, William Sutherland married Sylvia Counts, a daughter of Joshua Counts and his wife, Martha Kiser. The Countses and Kisers were of German ancestry; Joshua Counts' mother was Margaret Kelley, of Irish extraction; and Martha (Kiser) Counts' mother was Mary (Polly) Jessee, of English descent. To their relatives and friends thereafter he was "Billy" and she was "Sib."

Already he had made many trips into Sandy Basin, hunting and visiting with his relatives. He liked the country, and he liked even better the opportunities of indulging in the excitement of the chase after bear, deer, wolves, and other "varmints" that filled the forests in Sandy Basin. He soon resolved to make it his home.

After his marriage he bought a tract of 400 acres from his brother James for the sum of $90.00. This tract was the higher land on the Fork Spur between Frying Pan and Priest Fork, and had been untouched by axe or hoe. His deed for this land was dated May 26, 1855.[14] In the spring of 1846 he built a pole cabin on this tract, cleared a small field and put out a crop.[15] In a few months he carried his young wife and their first-born, Jasper, out along the wilderness bridle-path up Dumps Creek, across green-

clad Sandy Ridge, down the tortuous twistings of Frying Pan Creek, and finally finished the 15-mile trip by climbing a steep, new path one mile to his little log cabin sitting bravely in the shelter of a highland vale, which would later blossom into verdant meadows and be home for him and the generations coming after him.

III. A PIONEER OFFICER

THE first half of the nineteenth century witnessed the first permanent white settlement of Sandy Basin; and like all pioneer communities there were meager means of travel or communication in the new settlement. Buffaloes and Indians had well-defined paths across the mountains that encircled the Basin. There were no churches or schools at first. But inevitably they came as settlers drifted into the valley.

True to pioneer conditions always existing early in new communities there were cases of disobedience and ignoring of laws in the new settlement. Theodore Roosevelt, surer of his grammar than his knowledge of Southern Highland history, and citing as his authority the famous New England writer, Henry Cabot Lodge, stated that: "Most of the men who came to the backwoods to hew out homes and rear families were stern, manly and honest, but there was also an influx of people drawn from the worst immigrants that perhaps ever were brought to America—the mass of convict servants, redemptioners and the like, who formed such an excessively undesirable substratum to the otherwise excellent population of the tidewater regions of Virginia and the Carolinas." [16] But few of Sandy Basin's pioneers went there to escape punishment for violations of legal restraints in their former neighborhoods—no more than in any other newly settled communities. No trace, either record or traditional, of ancestral "convict servants, redemptioners or the like" has been found in Sandy Basin. A high percentage of the Sandy settlers were honest, law-abiding citizens in search of cheap land and more favorable

hunting-grounds—the spiritual descendants of Daniel Boone and his wilderness companions.

As the population increased north of Sandy Ridge, the courts of Russell County, in which this territory was located prior to 1856, began to learn of complaints of Sandy citizens that they needed the presence and convenience of local officers to enforce criminal laws and to collect taxes and debts by legal actions. In 1843 James Sutherland, brother of William, and at that time living on Frying Pan Creek, was appointed by the Governor of Virginia, on the recommendation of the County Court of Russell County, as a magistrate, and took his seat on that court. Eleven years later,[17] the younger brother was appointed a constable of Sand Lick District of Russell County, which district was established in 1852 and which included most of Sandy Basin. William Sutherland served in this office until his home was included in the new county of Buchanan, formed in 1858. After that date he continued to serve as an officer in the new county for several years.

During this time he also served as deputy sheriff, and a part of his duties as such official was to assist the High Sheriff in collecting taxes. Prior to 1870 all local taxes were collected by the sheriff and his deputies. The writer has in his possession a small handmade cloth container in which were sewn several smaller pouches measuring 2 x 4 inches. This container was used by William Sutherland for carrying tax-tickets, warrants, notes for collection, and other legal papers. It still holds many of his official papers.

Sand Lick District was sparsely inhabited during that period, and there was usually little for an officer to do. The county-seat was Lebanon, twenty-five miles across two mountains and Clinch River. The nearest stores and post-office were at the county-seat, and many kinds of business could be transacted on a trip to Lebanon. Legal matters would often be side-business on such a journey. However, there were occasions when an officer's presence was needed in the vast, isolated region of the Basin.

On June 4, 1856, the County Court Clerk recorded: "William Sutherland, a constable of this county, presented an account

against the Commonwealth amounting to the sum of $4.40 for arresting Lazarus Hunt, Patsey Ratliff and Richard Coleman, charged with adultery and felony, and summoning ten witnesses, and made oath thereto, which has been examined by the Court, allowed and ordered to be certified to the Auditor of public accounts." [18]

This record is a sample of the many services he performed during the settling of Sandy Basin.

IV. KILLING A BEAR

Game abounded in Sandy Basin during most of the nineteenth century. The Basin was known as a "Hunters' Paradise" as early as 1751, when Christopher Gist came out of Kentucky through Pound Gap into Sandy Basin. On April 1, 1751, he recorded: "Here we killed a bear and camped:" and the next day: "Killed a buffaloe." [19] The Basin was surrounded by high mountains difficult of passage, and was therefore avoided by all except explorers and hunters.

William Sutherland's new home was in the midst of this gameland. His enthusiasm for hunting developed early and remained with him to his last days. He had numerous adventures with deer, bear, panther, wildcat, wolf, raccoon and other "varmints." He often related these exciting incidents to his numerous descendants and visitors to his hospitable home.

One of these stories in his own words follows:

"One day I was driving a sow and some shoats up Frying Pan road. When ferninth the mouth of Breeding Branch, the hogs took a fright and run away. I suspected some prowling varmint being the cause of their scare. So I looked about me keerfully. Way up the hillside above me I saw a big black bear shammicking along up the hill. I raised my flint-lock to my shoulder and fired at the bear.

"The bear doubled up and came rolling down the hill straight at me. I laid my empty rifle aside and drawed my hunting knife.

When the bear reached the little path in which I was standing, it suddenly stopped rolling and sat up. I saw it was crippled in only one hind leg. So I started for it with my hunting knife. But it hobbled down the hill though the bushes too fast for me to reach it. When it reached the top of the cliff along the edge of Frying Pan, it found that it couldn't get down over the cliff to cross the creek. It braced itself against a sapling and turned at bay. Having no chance to get behind it with my knife, I took a big rock and knocked it over the cliff.

"By the time I had run around the cliff and got down to the creek, the bear had crossed the creek and climbed a big spruce-pine tree in the bottom. It was forty or fifty feet up to the first limb, and there the bear stopped, standing on the limb with its well hind-leg and hugging the tree with its fore-legs. I throwed rocks at it for half an hour, trying to knock its one leg off the limb. But I couldn't hit it. What was I to do? I had left my gun more than a hundred yards across the creek on the hillside above the cliff; I couldn't climb the tree to fight the bear; and I had no dog to guard the bear. If I left the tree to get my gun, the bear would come down and run off.

"Then I got an idea. I'd heard that a bear wouldn't dare come down a tree or pass over an object that had the scent of a human being on it. So I took off my red hunting-shirt and tied it around the body of the tree. Then I climbed the hillside, and got my gun, and returned to the creek. By this time it was raining hard, so I had to get under the cliff to load and prime my rifle.

"When I had done that, I easily shot the bear off of his perch." [12]

V. A CLOSE SHAVE

One of the most vicious and destructive wild animals ever to inhabit Sandy Basin was the wolf. They wandered the wilderness in packs and harassed and killed much livestock, especially sheep and calves.

When William Sutherland built his log cabin on the hillside near the head of Grundy Branch of Frying Pan, he was forced to keep his little flock of sheep penned under the house at night to keep the wolves from destroying them. One week end he rode to the Clinch settlement with a turn of wheat to be ground and also to trade some in the stores in Lebanon. This trip required two days; and when he returned to his home his wife told him his ten sheep had not come back as usual to be penned under the house the night before. A quick search in the neighboring woods located them all dead within a quarter of a mile of the house. They were scattered up and down the branch, mute evidence of the visit of a marauding pack of ravenous wolves. Ever after that incident Mr. Sutherland waged unremitting warfare against these forest prowlers.

On June 5, 1856, the County Court of Russell County laid the county levy for taxes to care for various claims, one of which was to pay a bounty to "William Sutherland for one old wolf & 9 young wolf scalps—$27.50." [20] This bare record supplies the date but does not reveal the exciting story back of the bounty allowance.

William Sutherland told the writer the following story of this event on November 18, 1906, which story he narrated many other times:

"Back in the fifties the wolves were mighty thick in Sandy, and they killed many sheep and destroyed much other property of the early settlers. The county put a bounty on each wolf killed whose scalp was produced before the County Clerk.

"On one of my hunting trips I was near where Andy Owens, who married one of my girls—Phoebe—later settled on the ridge at the head of Big Pawpaw Creek in what is now Buchanan County. I found oceans of wolf sign, which pleased me very much as I was still mad at 'em. After tracking around awhile I located a wolf-den in the spreading roots of a big chestnut tree. In examining it I saw only one small opening for the wolves to go in. Wolf-sign was thick all around the tree, and the hole was worn slick. Hearing no noise in the dark inside, I decided that if there was any wolves there they were cubs and asleep.

"So I decided to crawl through the hole into the den and see

what was there. I laid aside my rifle and hunting knife and pulled off my heavy hunting-shirt, and wiggled and twisted my way into the hole. When I got inside, I paused a minute to get my eyes used to the dark.

"Then to my amazement I dimly discerned an old she-wolf with some cubs—all asleep. She was so close to me I could've put my hand upon her back. Seeing my danger without any gun or knife in there if she should wake up and attack me in close quarters, I quickly craw-fished out of the den. I didn't waste any time. It didn't take as much effort getting out as in getting in—I was in a much bigger hurry. Looking closely I found a little knot-hole in the tree-roots through which I could make out the head of the old wolf.

"I grabbed my rifle, and poking it in the hole, I shot her dead. It didn't take me long to kill the nine little cubs. Then I skelped them all, and carried the skelps home to use as evidence of my close shave with the old wolf.

"Later I took the ten skelps to Lebanon and got the county to pay me $27.50 for them. It was the most money I ever made in one day—and it was the most scary day I ever had." [12]

VI. FOR THE LOST CAUSE

The inhabitants of Sandy Basin were almost completely isolated from the surrounding settlements on Clinch and Levisa Rivers in Virginia, and on the headwaters of the Kentucky and Big Sandy Rivers in Eastern Kentucky. High mountains encompassed the whole Basin, with only a half dozen slight gaps in the mountain rim through which energetic horsemen and foot-travelers could climb into its fastnesses. While there were few opportunities to spread outside news as it drifted in with wayfarers, yet the people kept fairly well abreast of the State and National events, albeit some weeks after their occurrences.

Most of the people were political followers of Andrew Jackson, their hero of the War of 1812 and the victor at the Battle of New

Orleans. There were few Whigs, and they stood with Henry Clay of Kentucky. A half-dozen settlers owned slaves, and they were no problem. The new ideas of the abolitionists meant nothing to these isolated highlanders. Neither the State nor the Federal government had done anything for them, and so far this neglect was taken as a matter of course. The election of Abe Lincoln as President stirred no enthusiasm or animosity.

Thus the Basin folk were mildly astonished when Virginia seceded from the Union in 1861. However the authorities of Buchanan, Russell and Wise Counties, along with the whole state began to prepare for the new change in the national government and to envision the possibility of actual war between the sections of the nation. Some of the Sandy people had been veterans of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, in fact most of them were descendants of combatants in these wars, and they had a fair idea of what war would do to the people.

Ezekiel K. Counts lived a couple of miles down Frying Pan from the home of William Sutherland. He and other neighbors made a trip or two to Lebanon and other county-seats where they saw military preparations. In June, 1861, Captain Logan Salyer organized a company, some of whose members lived in the western part of Sandy Basin. A muster ground was established at Sand Lick, where young men met and drilled with squirrel rifles, while John Hay played the fife. Ezekiel K. Counts and Jasper Colley were the moving spirits in this martial display of patriotism.[21] Yet there were not enough young men around Sand Lick to make up a military company at that time.

William Sutherland was nearly forty years old, but he had a desire to serve in the newly formed army of the Confederacy, and drilled with his neighbors at Sand Lick. He was patriotic, as shown by the names he gave to several of his sons: Jasper—for Sergeant Jasper of Fort Moultrie fame; Daniel Boone; George Washington; and Leander, for the Greek legendary hero. So when the war clouds began to gather over the South, he named his young son, William Beauregard, for the general in charge of the Southern troops at the Ft. Sumter fight.

In May, 1862, the General Assembly of Virginia created the

Virginia State Line organization, to be made up of men who were too old or too young, or for other reasons not suitable, for regular military service, and to be commanded by Gen. John B. Floyd, a Southwest Virginia hero. This army was to be used as Home Guards and to prevent invasion of Virginia from the north and west.

Under the impetus of this action a company was formed from residents of Sand Lick and Clinch River in the summer of 1862. Ezekiel K. Counts was made captain, Jasper S. Colley first lieutenant, and William Sutherland first (or orderly) sergeant.[21] It was mustered into service and became a unit of Col. William E. Peters' Regiment. The company marched to Tazewell Court House, and after a few days' training there it marched into Wyoming and Logan Counties (now in West Virginia). Some skirmishes occurred in that section, especially at the salt-works at Warfield, where the Yankees were routed, and Colonel Peters was hit in the leg by a spent minnie ball, but continued to lead his regiment. Sutherland was close to his colonel when he was wounded, and always expressed deep admiration for his pluck and bravery on that occasion and at other times. Military activities having quieted down around Logan, the regiment returned to Tazewell. Before another campaign could be gotten under way, a controversy arose between Virginia and the Confederate government over the control of the State Line troops. The result of this conflict was that Virginia disbanded the State Line organization in 1863. Most of its troops enrolled in the Confederate army. The Sandy Basin company, still under Captain Counts, became Company E, 21st Virginia Cavalry, and remained in active service until the close of the war.

In the re-organization of these troops, William Sutherland was rejected for military service because of his age, and he returned to his mountain home to aid his state in any way he could as a civilian. He served as a deputy-sheriff of Buchanan County and as the local blacksmith. But his eldest son, Jasper, remained in military service in Captain Counts' company until the war closed. His family was represented in the military activities of the South for almost four years.

VII. A NEW COUNTY IS FORMED

William Sutherland's home was in Russell County until 1858, and then in the new County of Buchanan until 1880. During that twenty-two years his activities were concerned with farming, stock-raising and hunting. The wolves were soon exterminated, but bears continued to roam the forests in Sandy, where there were many rock cavities for their dens. Deer were plentiful, but wild turkeys were beginning to be scarce. Many kinds of fresh-water fish filled the sparkling mountain streams.

Life in the Basin was peaceful, with few changes taking place. Schools were almost non-existent, and a few more scratches were made on the hillsides for sled-roads. The people cleared more farm land and built more log cabins. They thought their homes were again safe from the terrors of war and the avarice of men. William Sutherland and most of his neighbors had held deeds for their farms for many years. Suddenly in 1876 these citizens were startled out of their pleasant dream, when Dale Carter, a rich landowner of Russell County, instituted an ejectment suit against William Sutherland and many of his neighbors. Thirty or more miles of bridle-paths separated the defendants from the court house at Grundy, where they had been noticed to appear for a hearing. They employed lawyers with what little money they had and faced the forces that were trying to take their homes from them. They won.

James Sutherland received a deed for his land on Frying Pan from the Warders in 1852, after having occupied and cleared part of it in 1839. Two years later James conveyed 400 acres of this tract to his brother William, who had already occupied it eight years. James Sutherland's original deed was recorded in the Clerk's Office of Dickenson County, Virginia, in 1887, and appended to the deed was the following agreement:

"We agree that the action of ejectment in Buchanan County (of) Dale Carter against James Sutherland & William Sutherland are dis-

missed. Agreed as to all the land conveyed by this deed. Witness our hands and seals this 7 May, 1878.

Dale Carter (SEAL)
James Sutherland (SEAL)
William Sutherland (SEAL)." [22]

However the hardships and dissatisfaction of the ejectment suit spurred the Sandy citizens to take some action to secure relief from future harassment. They finally agreed that their best interests would be served by having a new county created with its county-seat in Sandy Basin. A mass meeting was called to consider the matter at the Mouth of Open Fork (now Nora) on July 4, 1879. Joseph Kelly was made chairman of the meeting, and Elijah T. Sutherland, a son of William Sutherland, was made secretary. William Sutherland was one of the strongest advocates of a new county, and he was very active in the meeting. By agreement he designated the new county lines between Buchanan County and the proposed county.[23] This was in his section of Sandy, and he knew the country and what the people wanted. This line was later included in toto in the bill creating the new county, which the citizens desired to be named Dickenson in honor of the Dickenson family, of which a member was Hon. William J. Dickenson. Mr. Dickenson was a prominent member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Russell County, and he agreed to guide the bill through the General Assembly. This he did successfully.

The act creating the county was adopted by the General Assembly and approved by Governor Holliday on March 3, 1880.[24] It directed Joseph Kelly, James Venters, William Vanover, Simpson Dyer, William Sutherland, Robert J. Phillips and David Smith to lay off the county into three or more magisterial districts, select voting places and appoint election officials to hold the first county election on the fourth Thursday in May, 1880. This commission met at the mouth of Caney Creek on April 12, 1880, and proceeded to divide the county into three districts—Ervinton, Holly Creek and Sand Lick. They also selected seven voting places and appointed the necessary election officials.

Not only was Mr. Sutherland busily engaged in the creation of

the new county, but he was elected at the first election in May, 1880, to be supervisor of Sand Lick District. When the board of supervisors held its first meeting on July 26, 1880, Mr. Sutherland was elected its chairman. He served in this capacity during the next seven years. The supervisors were confronted with many serious problems attending the formation of a new county, and the handling of the public business, such as laying tax levies, supporting the poor, locating, building and maintaining public roads, and the erection of a courthouse and jail.

All these things were expeditiously done, even though there was little money in the county. Everybody was poor, so the first improvements in public facilities in the county were perforce meager and slowly procured. Yet a good foundation was laid for the future.

He often told visitors that his home had been in three different counties, and he had not moved his home-site. It was in Russell County from 1846 to 1858; in Buchanan County from 1858 to 1880; and in Dickenson County since 1880.[12]

VIII. CHURCH, ROADS AND SCHOOL

In a new, sparsely settled community there are few of the conveniences which make life more pleasant in the older communities. The three prime evidences of civilization—churches, roads and schools—must be introduced and improved slowly.

In Sandy Basin these public necessities were gradually introduced. At the time William Sutherland moved to Frying Pan Valley the Baptists had already established a healthy church at Sand Lick, seven miles north of his new home. In 1837 the Sandy Basin members of the Reeds Valley Baptist Church near Clinch River received permission from the mother church to form a church of their own. The Sutherlands attended this Sand Lick church often. Its clerk was William's brother, James, and one of its earliest members was Crissa Colley, an aunt of Sylvia (Counts) Sutherland.

The Reeds Valley Church was near the old homes of the Suther-

lands, and they attended meetings at this church regularly before they moved to Sandy. They became firm believers in the principles of the Baptist Church and enjoyed attending its services. "On the first day of September 1857 the church of Reeds valley met at Joshua Counts' & opened the church Door for the reception of members & received 9 To wit Margaret Sutherland, Sylvia Sutherland, Jane Smith, John P Lambert, Wm Sutherland, Joshua Smith, John Counts, Wm H Sutherland & Mary Sykes," thus runs the church clerk's record of their joining, with other relatives and neighbors, the church of their choice.[25]

They remained members of this church until the third Saturday in October, 1878, when "the arm of the Sand Lick Church" met at the Frying Pan schoolhouse, and "received two by letter William Sutherlin Silva Sutherlin." This schoolhouse was on Mr. Sutherland's land, and about one mile from his home. On February 22, 1879, the Sand Lick Church agreed that a new church be organized on Frying Pan and twenty-one members "left the Sand Lick Church and organized the church on the frying pan." [26] Among the charter members of the Frying Pan (Sulphur Spring) Baptist Church were William Sutherland and his wife, Sylvia, and their son, Newton Sutherland, and his wife, Elizabeth. All of them continued in the fellowship of this church until their deaths.

A few months before William Sutherland moved to Sandy Basin, the Russell County Court had established the first public road in what is now Dickenson County, Virginia. The location of this road was "from the Sand Lick on Sandy River to the present road on Dumps Creek"—about twenty one miles in length. It was ordered that "said road be cleared 12 feet and dug 4 feet." [27] This was the road—still only a riding path—that he traveled with his little family to his new home in the Basin. No part of this road had been improved until years later, and he was to take a leading part in the improvement of this and other roads or paths in his locality. The hardships of himself and his neighbors in traveling in the Basin deeply impressed him with the great importance and benefit of better roads.

In September, 1852, the Court "Ordered that William Sutherland be appointed surveyor of the Sand Lick road from the 9 mile

tree to the top of Sandy Ridge"—about 4 miles—"in place of Abednego Kiser, (and) that he keep the same in repair with the tithables formerly assigned to said Abednego Kiser." [28] He occupied this position for several years. Later as chairman of the board of supervisors of the new county of Dickenson, he was instrumental in establishing many of the early public roads in the county.

Mr. Sutherland had very little opportunity to secure an education. As a youth, however, he attended the "Old Field Schools" of his community for a few months, and there learned the rudiments of the "Three R's." In his busy life in later years he was able to compete successfully with many tough problems of a pioneer community.

There were no schools on Frying Pan for several years after its settlement. A few "subscription schools" were taught in the neighborhood later, but they were short and infrequent. Mr. Sutherland's older children had less opportunity for an education than he had on the Clinch. Jasper and Newton could hardly read and write, and the only one of his ten children to be able to qualify himself as a teacher was the youngest, George W. Through the efforts of William Sutherland and his neighbors the chances for children to get an education were improved slowly in the Frying Pan section, so that in time seventeen of his grandchildren could attend college.

The first schoolhouse on Frying Pan was built in 1875. In the papers left by William Sutherland at his death was found the following striking record of the initial school action of the citizens:

"Article of agreement made and entered into between Wm. Sutherland, Wm. F. Grizzle and James H. Rasnick Trustees of the one part and the under Subscribers of the other part witness that the said trustees for their part agrees to Superintend the work of the Frying pan Church house and for the use of Schools, and the under Subscribers bind themselves to pay the Said trustees the sum of their Subscription and the said Trustees bind themselves to pay the Money received by them for Sawing plank or anything necessary for the building of Said house. The Subscription to be paid between this and the 1st of January 1876. This Nov. the 27th 1875.

"Names of Subscribers

Wm. Sutherland	$2.00 paid
Wm. F. Grizzle	2.00 paid
Newton Sutherland	2.00 paid
James Sutherland	2.00 paid
Elijah L. Rasnick	2.00 paid
J. P. Sutherland	1.00 paid
James H. Rasnick	2.00 paid"

The subscribers and their friends went into the neighboring forest and felled oak and poplar trees, sawed proper length logs, and with broad-axes hewed them into house-logs. These logs were lifted and notched into place by willing hands, and over the log walls was built a roof of rough clapboards riven from the bodies of nearby oaks.

The new building immediately became the community center for the Frying Pan Valley. William F. Grizzle, one of the subscribers and builders of the log house in the forest, became the first local schoolteacher, and short terms of school were held here, at first during alternate autumns, and later longer and yearly school terms were secured.

A free-flowing sulphur spring bubbled up near the house, and it gave the name of Sulphur Spring to the school and to the Baptist Church organized a dozen years later at this place. The schoolhouse became the voting place for the Frying Pan Precinct in 1880, and is still the poling place for the community. The log schoolhouse was supplanted in 1907 by a frame building. Church services had been removed two hundred yards up Frying Pan to the large new church house built in 1898.

The land on which this log building stood belonged to William Sutherland, and he had agreed to give a one-fourth acre lot for this purpose, but following the leisurely custom of the mountains, the deed for the lot was not made until August 7, 1889.[29] Among other things the deed contained these statements: "And it being the duty of the said William Sutherland to foster and promote an educational interest among the people doth give, grant and donate the following lot . . . and further gives, grants and donates the free use of water and timber upon any other land belonging to the said William Sutherland as and for school purposes."

Mr. Sutherland frequently provided a friendly home for students from a distance, enabling them to secure the advantages of attending Sulphur Spring School.

IX. SAYINGS AND ANECDOTES

William Sutherland's paternal ancestry was Scotch, and his wife's paternal ancestry was German. The lore of their forebears came down to them, and lacking the advantages of schools and books of more fortunate communities, they carried this lore with them into Sandy Basin where it became the foundation of their culture and home-life. Their thoughts and talk centered around their struggles to wrest a livelihood from the stern hills and the ideas and beliefs they had inherited.

However they had rather clear-cut beliefs about the things that touched them and their neighbors closely. The Bible was their guide for living, and the Proverbs were well-learned and used. Modern maxims were picked up and made to fit into their thoughts and aspirations. Some of these sayings, expressed in their own language, were: [30]

Actions speak plainer than words.
Beggars shouldn't be choosers.
Come easy; go easy.
If you want anything done right, do it yourself.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Purty is as purty does.
Snatch-cat never gets fat.
You can lead a horse to water, but ye can't make 'im drink.

William Sutherland had the Scotch love for liquor, but he never let it get the best of him. One of his stories about a drunkard's way was: "One of my neighbors told me once: 'If a friend offers me a dram, I'll take a nip to see what it tastes like; then if he offers me another taste, I'll take it to keep the first one company; then if he offers me another. I'll take it to keep the other two from fighting; and by then I don't care how many drinks I take.'

A drunkard can talk mighty foolish and find some poor excuse for getting soaked." [11]

He showed an irascible temper at times, and some of the neighbor children, who were not acquainted with him, were afraid of him when he lost his temper. One winter Dow Owens, a great-nephew, was boarding at the Sutherland home, while going to Sulphur Spring School. One morning it was found that a six-inch snow had fallen, covering up the pile of firewood in the chipyard. Mr. Sutherland aroused Dow and his son George and told them to saw some of the logs up for use in the large chimney. They found the saw and sawed awhile. Some of the logs were too big to use in the chimney, so they began to split them with a maul and iron-wedge. The iron-wedge fell into the snow and became lost. After some time Mr. Sutherland came into the chipyard and asked why they were loafing. Dow was not accustomed to him, and judging by the harsh tones used by Mr. Sutherland, he thought he would be thrashed immediately. George told his father they had lost the iron-wedge in the snow, and they had been hunting for it. Mr. Sutherland directed George to bring him a hoe. Dow thought he would use the hoe-handle on them, and prepared to flee. George brought the hoe, and his father took it and jerked it through the snow a time or two, when they heard the clink of metal on metal. The old man reached down, picked up the iron-wedge and tossed it to the boys, saying with a smile: "Now you see how easy it is done when you know how!"

When a neighbor complained of how cold it was one bitter winter day, Mr. Sutherland shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Shucks, you act like a baby! I could lay in the branch such a morning as this without a shiver."

One day a Mr. Bickley visited Mr. Sutherland, while he was mowing hay. Mr. Bickley introduced himself and stated that he lived in Russell County and wanted to sell him a lightning-rod. Mr. Sutherland had never seen such an instrument, and therefore took no interest in his visitor. So he kept mowing. When he finished the swath and came back up the hill to start another swath, Mr. Bickley said: "Mr. Sutherland, will you let me mow a swath or two?" The old farmer did not like the way some of the Russell

County people had talked about the Sandy Basin folks being poor, ignorant and uncivilized, and he had been mulling over these insults for the last few minutes.

"Huh!" he exploded. "You can't mow! You're like the other Russell County people—big talk and no work."

But Mr. Bickley insisted, and Mr. Sutherland finally handed the scythe to him. Bickley began to swing the scythe in a regular, rhythmic manner, cutting the grass smoothly and piling it in a tidy row. When he came back to the starting point, his breath was regular and his step steady.

"Mr. Bickley," Sutherland said with vigor, "I want to apologize for what I said a few minutes ago." He smiled broadly, and continued: "You do know how to mow! I never saw a man swing a scythe like you and keep his back so straight."

They straightway became fast friends. A few months later a lightning-rod shone from the roof of "Fairview," as we children had named our mountain-top home.

His advice on hiring a new farm laborer: "If a stranger comes and wants to hire for farm-work, look at his pants. If the knees and sides are worn, he's all right; but if the seat of his pants is more worn, don't hire him!"

Sibbie Sutherland often told this story: In the autumn of 1847 her husband went back to the Clinch to get a turn of meal. They knew he would be gone two days. So she and her two-year-old son, Jasper, and her six-months-old son, Newton, spent the night with her nearest neighbor and brother-in-law, James Sutherland. Next afternoon, fastening Jasper on her back, taking Newton on one arm, and carrying a live chunk of fire in the other hand, she walked a long mile up the steep path to her home. She wanted to have Billy a warm meal when he arrived home, tired and hungry.

X. HONESTY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Judge William E. Burns, an old friend of the Sutherlands, lived at Lebanon, Russell County, Virginia. He served as Judge of the Circuit Court of Dickenson County for many years. At the March,

1922, term of his court, while waiting for the jury to report, he told a group in the Courtroom the following impressive story:

"This Fred Martin case and the Will Puckett case, just tried, show very clearly that the crime of robbery is one in which the natives of Sandy Basin are seldom concerned. Both Martin and Puckett are outsiders. I have said many times—and I repeat it—the native stock of the people in this section are exceptionally honest. I have rarely presided in a case of robbery or grand larceny in this Court in which a native has been charged with either of these crimes. The older people were not rich, nor did they covet what their neighbors had. They were neighbors in the best sense of the word. They were friends, and respected the property rights of others.

"I remember that, when I was a young lawyer at Lebanon, I helped buy some land at Cleveland on Clinch River. The Norfolk & Western Railroad was being built down Clinch River from Bluefield to Norton at that time, and we were buying right-of-way for the track and necessary buildings along the proposed route. Aunt Sibbie Sutherland, wife of Uncle Billy Sutherland, who lived on Frying Pan Creek in this county, had an interest in a tract of land at Cleveland—in fact, it was the land that had been left to her and her brothers and sisters by their father, Joshua Counts.

"I came out to Uncle Billy's home to get the deed for this land signed by Uncle Billy and his wife. I brought along a young man named Routh, who was a notary public, and staying with me at that time, to take the acknowledgment. Uncle Billy lived up on a high hill or ridge above Frying Pan Creek, and we had to climb up a rough mountain path to get there.

"After the deed was signed and acknowledged, I turned over to Uncle Billy the purchase money—$1000.00—in cash. We didn't use checks very much back then—about 1888. He reached up to a nail in an old-fashioned joist in the middle of the room, and took down a battered 75¢ handbag. He put the money in it and hung it back on the nail. I asked him casually how much money he had in the bag, and he said just as casually: "About $4,000.00." He told me he had been accumulating this money

for many years from the sale of coal and other items from the farm.

"I was surprised to see it so carelessly exposed, and I told him that it was all right to have that much money openly exposed in his home as long as he was surrounded only by his children and trustworthy neighbors. They were honest, and his money would be safe among them. But now, since the new railroad was being built in the mountains, and all kinds of people were coming into the hills, some of whom most likely would be delighted to hear of that much money carelessly left in his house where they could steal it almost any time, as he kept no locks on his doors. The natives wouldn't touch it, but many of the outsiders would steal it, even if forced to crawl on their hands and knees across Sandy Ridge, and to kill, if need be, to get this money. It was a large sum of money for that day and place.

"I advised him to deposit the money in some bank, as that was the safest place, considering the new conditions brought about by the building of the new railroad down Clinch. He admitted that was the best plan and I was later told that he did deposit a substantial part of his fortune in the nearest bank at Abingdon—almost fifty miles away." [31]

XI. HOME TO THE HIGHLANDS

William Sutherland was first and always a farmer. He owned, at one time or another, over 2500 acres of mountain land. The steep hillsides could not be usefully cultivated, but he cleared and cultivated, with crude tools and no farm machinery, about 80 acres of the best rolling land near his home and on the tops of the ridges. His fields produced corn, wheat, rye, buckwheat, barley, oats, tobacco and flax. In the gardens were grown the usual vegetables for table use. The upland farm produced abundant crops of apples, peaches, pears, grapes, cherries, plums and other fruits. He often had fifty stands of bees, from which the family secured many pounds of savory honey each year. He raised much livestock, especially cattle, hogs and sheep, the sale of which was

the principal source of his scant money income. His farm was a typical mountain unit in the early days—isolated from towns and stores, and it must produce all the shelter, food, and clothing for the sustenance of its own inmates—man and beast.

Like other earlier landowners in the mountains, he did not realize the enormous value of the great forests covering the surface of his large estate, nor the cash that would eventually fill the coffers of the large corporations which began, a short time after his death, to mine vast quantities of coal from under his rough hills. In 1893 he sold 653 yellow poplar trees and 4 ash trees "24 inches & upwards in diameter" for $657.00; [32] and in 1888 he sold 726 acres of coal and minerals for $726.[33]

Mr. Sutherland was the neighborhood blacksmith for many years, making and repairing farm tools and equipment. During that period of life in Sandy Basin the blacksmith's patients were hoes, mattocks, axes, horseshoes, plows and other small items used by his farmer neighbors.

In 1896 Sylvia Sutherland fell on a steep hillside path and broke a leg. Afterwards she was able to walk only with crutches. She could not ride horseback. Her home was a mile from her church—most of it rough and too steep for her to walk. Neighbors visited the shut-in as usual, but she sorely missed the meetings at Sulphur Spring and other churches. She enjoyed meeting and talking to people and to feel the inspiring uplift of the church services.

Since 1884 their son, William Beauregard ("Little Bill"), and his family had lived in the same house with them. Her son was a Baptist preacher, but his mother was unable to go to any religious services away from home. She kept urging her husband to move down to a house vacated by another son, George, on Frying Pan Creek and near Sulphur Spring Baptist Church. He was eighty years old, and climbing the steep hills was not as easy for him now as it was in his younger days. At last he agreed to move from the farm he had lived on for more than fifty years. They made the move in 1901.[34]

They were the parents of fourteen children. Ten of them lived to maturity: Jasper, Newton, Elijah T., Joshua P., Phoebe, (who married Andrew Owens), Martha T., (who married 1—Decalb

Colley; 2—Lemuel Duty), Daniel Boone R., Mary D., (who married James H. Sutherland), William B., and George W. Some of the children lived several miles from the home of their parents, but they attended Sulphur Spring Church often, thus giving their parents the joy of seeing them frequently.

Each year Mr. Sutherland cultivated a garden and planted a small field of corn in his latter years. He often went into the neighboring forest with his double-barrelled shotgun, and brought back squirrels, rabbits, birds or other small game. The public road ran by their door and passersby often stopped to visit with them. This was much satisfaction to the aging couple.

As time passed they grew feebler, and frequently some of the grandchildren would stay with them weeks at a time, to help about the house and do the outside chores. In May 1909, his granddaughter, Phoebe Sutherland, was staying at his home. He had not lost his love for the home of his manhood on the mountain-top, and the Scotch in his blood called loudly for the Highlands. Both of them were getting old—Billy was 87 years of age, and his wife, Sylvia, was 83. He sent his granddaughter up the mountainside to his old home one day to tell his son, William B., that he realized he could not live much longer and that he wanted to come back up the mountain to his old home before he died. His son went down on Frying Pan and stayed the night with him. The next morning he sent word to the folks on Priest Fork and Frying Pan, and several of his relatives and neighbors went to the sick man's residence. Putting him on a cot, they carried him up the steep mountainside to his old home—along the path he had trod when he moved to his log cabin more than sixty years before. He was very thin and not heavy to carry. His devoted wife hobbled along on her crutches.[34]

He passed away on June 3, 1909, aged 87 years, 2 months and 8 days,[35] and was buried on a high knoll that he had long before selected as the family burying-ground. He sleeps peacefully there surrounded by his wife, nine of his children, and many other descendants and neighbors.

His widow lived seven years longer at the old home on the hill, and died on December 26, 1916, aged 90 years, 2 months and 20 days.[35]

Francis Peter de Tubeuf

I. AN ECHO OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

FROM the aristocratic city of Paris to the backwoods of Southwest Virginia was a far cry in 1790. Many people might wonder why an intelligent person would move from the cultured precincts of France's gay capital three thousand miles across the Atlantic Ocean into the wilderness of America. But that is just what happened in one instance. It is a gripping story of tragedy—tragedy stalking even to the portals of frontier solitude. It began in the Old World, when the French Revolution threw terror and death into the ranks of the sheltered nobility of France; it followed a fleeing family across an ocean into a strange New World; and it ended in a final ghastly chapter in a woodland cabin on Clinch River.

Much of the story has already been lost. The swift passage of time and family movements have erased from the minds of the people now living in Sandy Basin all recollection of the incidents of this event. Doubtlessly some of it lives in the traditions of the unfortunate family, now scattered to the four corners of the earth, and some of it has laid forgotten for many years in musty county and state records and in stray bits of written reports and recollections. It is now impossible to reconstruct the story in its entirety. Yet what is left is worthy of preservation and of telling and re-telling. It should be read, and told over and over to the youth in cities, in towns, in valleys and on the far mountain-tops. It has no equal in pathos and tragedy in all the annals of Southwest Virginia.

In the waning years of the eighteenth century Francis Peter (Francois Pierre) de Tubeuf (or Tu Boeuf) lived on his ancestral estate at Arcens in Normandy in Northwestern France. He belonged to the nobility of France. Some records refer to him

as Count de Tuboeuf.[1,38] A brother became a priest, and a sister became a nun at St. Lo in Normandy. Another sister married Monsieur de la Porte de Canule, and one of their daughters, Maria Agatha Henrietta Sophia de la Porte, married William Alexander, a Scotchman, who came to Virginia and settled at Staunton, later moving to Kentucky. Another of their daughters, Marie Victoire de la Porte, married James Campbell, another Scotchman, who lived in Petersburg, Virginia. A son was a cornet in the Garde du Corps of Louis the 14th, married a Miss Vase, and came to Virginia; their daughter, Victoire Laporte, will be heard as a witness later in the story.

In 1863, Mrs. Thomas Hankey (nee Apoline Alexander), wrote the following memorandum about her relatives:

"My grandfather was Monsieur de la Porte de Canule, a captain in the French army in the time of Louis the 14th. He married a Mlle. Tu Boeuf who had a brother a priest and a sister a nun at St. Lo, in Normandy, and an elder brother who was a man of fortune and bought a tract of land in Virginia, to which place he emigrated at the time of the French Revolution, and was murdered there by robbers who, thinking he was very rich, plundered his house.

"They also attempted to murder one of his two sons who was with him, but he escaped. Both his sons afterwards returned to France. My grandfather died young, leaving his widow with two sons and two daughters. The eldest son was in the Garde du Corps of Louis the 14th as cornet. None but young men of noble birth were admitted. He made a mes-alliance, marrying a Miss Vase, whose father was a silk fringe and trimming manufacturer of some town in Picardy, and was the father of my cousin, Victoire de la Porte. He also emigrated to America and Virginia and though rather clever, died leaving his family very poor.

"My other uncle, Alexander de la Porte, was, I have always been told, a very fine fellow indeed. He went as an officer with Rochambeau's Expedition to the West Indies, and then joined his mother in America, where he died young, unmarried.

"My grandmother's two daughters married: one, Agatha, to my father, William Alexander; the other Victoire, married Mr.

Campbell, who, like my father, was a Scotchman, and emigrated to America, living at Petersburg, Virginia, while my father lived in Staunton, Virginia, till he moved to Kentucky." [2]

Francis Peter de Tubeuf was wealthy. He and his family led the leisurely and tranquil life of the French nobility until the peasants of France, smarting fiercely under an accumulation of class burdens and injustices, rose up in an avalanche of wrath that had never been seen before, nor has such a similar uprising been witnessed since. With fire and sword, destruction and death they swept away the wealth, the leisure and the power of the French nobility.

Mr. H. A. Taine, in his famous book, "The French Revolution," painted some vivid pictures of the plight of the French people and the class warfare that made the year 1789 memorable in human history. He wrote:

"In 1788, a year of severe drouth, the crops (in France) had been poor; in addition to this, on the eve of the harvest a terrible hailstorm burst over the region around Paris, from Normandy to Champagne, devastating sixty leagues of the most fertile territory and causing damage to the amount of one hundred million francs. Winter came on, the severest that had been seen since 1709 . . . Neither public measures nor private charity could meet the overwhelming need. In Normandy, where the last commercial treaty had ruined the manufacture of linen and lace trimming, forty thousand workmen were out of work. In many parishes one-fourth of the population are beggars. Here 'nearly all the inhabitants, not excepting the farmers and landowners, are eating barley bread and drinking water;' there 'many poor creatures have to eat oat bread and others soaked bran, which has caused the deaths of several children.' " [3]

"In the four months which preceded the taking of the Bastille, (July 14, 1789), over three hundred outbreaks may be counted in France. They take place from month to month, and from week to week, in Loictou, Brittany, Touraine, Orleanais, Normandy, Ile-Vergne, Lanquedoc, and Provence. On the 28th of May (1789) the parliament of Rouen announced robberies of grain, 'violent and bloody tumults, in which men on both sides have fallen,' throughout the province, at Caen, Saint-Lo, Mor-

tain, Granville, Evreux, Bernay, Pont-Andemer, Elboeuf, Louviers, and other sections besides." [4]

"The Convention, suppressing the freedom of testamentary bequests, prohibits the father from disposing of more than one-tenth of his possessions; and again, going back to the past, it makes its decrees retrospective; every will opened after the 14th of July, 1789, is declared invalid if it is not in conformity with this decree; every succession from the 14th of June, 1789, which is administered after the same date, is re-divided if the division has not been equal; every donation which has been made among the heirs after the same date is void. Not only is the feudal family destroyed in this way, but it must never be re-formed . . . After 1789, they began to feel that their position is no longer tenable. 'There is no safety for us (the nobility or landed class), for our property, or for our families. Wretches who are our debtors, the small farmers, who rob us of our incomes, daily threaten us with the torch and the lantern. We do not enjoy one hour of repose; not a night that we are certain to pass through without trouble. Our persons are given up to the wildest outrages, our dwellings to an inquisition of armed tyrants; we are robbed of our rentals with impunity, and our property is openly attacked' . . . Letter of the Baron de Bois d'Aizy, April 29, 1790, demanding a decree of protection for the nobles, states: 'We shall know then whether we are proscribed or are of any account in the rights of man written out with so much blood, or whether, finally, any other recourse is left us but that of bearing the remains of property and our wretched existences under other skies.' " [5]

"The operation is successful. The Assembly, through its decrees and institutions, through the laws it enacts and the violence it tolerates, has uprooted the aristocracy and cast it out of the country. The nobles, now the reverse of the privileged, cannot remain in a country where, while respecting the laws, they are really beyond its pale . . . During the last month of the Constituent Assembly, 'the emigration goes on in companies composed of men of every condition . . . Twelve hundred gentlemen have left Poitou alone; Auvergne, Limousin and ten other provinces have been equally depopulated of their land-owners. There are towns in which nobody remains but common workmen, a club,

and a crowd of devouring office-holders created by the Constitution. All the nobles in Britanny have left, and the emigration has begun in Normandy, and is going on in the frontier provinces.' " [6]

"The treatment of the nobles by the Assembly is the same as the treatment of the Protestants by Louis XIV. In both cases the oppressed are a superior class of men. In both cases France has been made uninhabitable for them. In both cases they are reduced to exile, and they are punished because they exile themselves. In both cases it ended in a confiscation of their property, and in the penalty of death to all who should harbour them." [7]

II. BUYING AN AMERICAN WILDERNESS HOME

Sensing the extraordinary terror that impended, Monsieur Tubeuf converted his estate into cash or articles easily transportable and came to Paris to live or find some safe means of fleeing his native land before dire disaster befell him and his family. The exact date of this change of residence is now unknown, but he was in Paris in August, 1790. He knew about the meeting of the States-General in May, 1789, in which the Third Estate—the representatives of all the French citizens who were not clergymen or nobles—soon gained the ascendency. Most of the special privileges and emoluments of the churchmen and the nobility were abolished, and in 1790 many of the nobility left France.

On August 7, 1790, "Mr. Richard Smith, late English merchant residing usually in London, Portland Place, Charlotte Street, being this day lodged in Paris, rue Sainte Avoye No. 7, Parish of Saint Nicolas des Champs," conveyed by several executory contracts an aggregate of 54,000 acres of land in Russell County, Virginia, to "Mr. Francois Pierre de Tubeuf, a French citizen, living in Paris, rue Neuve Saint Gilles, hotel de Venis, Parish Saint Paul." These contracts were executed and delivered in Paris,[8] and embraced all of Patents Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 15, 21, 22, 23 and 26 granted to Richard Smith by the State of Virginia. The sale price was nine *livres tournois* per acre.

In 1788 and during the next few years, Richard Smith had secured various patents from the Commonwealth of Virginia, then on the very frontier of the New World.[9] As stated above he sold ten of the patents to Tubeuf; and on November 8, 1792, the same "Richard Smith of Wadden near Croydon in the County of Surrey in the Kingdom of Great Britain" executed a deed to "Francis Peter de Tubeuf of the County of Russell and the Commonwealth of Virginia" for the purpose of conveying to Tubeuf Patent No. 16 in exchange for Patent No. 15, which Smith had conveyed to Tubeuf in 1790.[10]

The land Tubeuf purchased from Richard Smith lay north of and contiguous to Clinch River, between the mouth of Guest River and "a sycamore on the bank of Clinch River near the residence of James Dickenson."[11] Mr. Dickenson lived on the north bank of Clinch River at the present (1961) Castlewood, Virginia. Several of these patents later lay within the new counties of Wise, formed in 1856, and Dickenson, formed in 1880. About one-fourth of the Tubeuf land is situated in Sandy Basin on the headwaters of Russell Fork of Big Sandy River.

In 1790 all this vast boundary of land was in a mountain wilderness. It is still mountainous, but it is no longer a sparsely inhabited wilderness. Henry Smith, surveyor of Russell County, Virginia, certified that he made the surveys on which all of Richard Smith's patents were based, during the years of 1788 and 1789, but more recent surveyors, familiar with the terrain of the Tubeuf land, have expressed much doubt that actual surveys were made for each patent, as the condition of the wilderness would have required several years of painstaking and arduous work for the making of actual surveys of all of Smith's patents. This opinion is strongly corroborated by the fact that, while the patents conveyed by Smith to Tubeuf on their face totaled 54,000 acres, they actually covered at least 150,000 acres.

A town had been projected on this land by Richard Smith, "according to the plan printed for the sale of his possessions in Virginia." This projected town is mentioned in each of the contracts entered into on August 7, 1790, in phrases such as: "Especially in the places described for the projected town, according

RICHARD SMITH'S PLAN OF LAND FOR SALE ON CLINCH, GUEST AND BIG SANDY RIVERS
(*Courtesy of Charles Kinser and Clinchfield Coal Corporation*)

to the plan, printed for the sale of these lands in Virginia;" [12] "Especially in the space described for the projected town, according to the plan printed for the sale of his possession in Virginia;" [13] "Especially in the space described for the projected town according to the plan printed for the sale of these lands in Virginia;" [14] "And particularly described in the draft of the intended City according to the prospectus thereof;" [15] The above statements relate to additional parcels of land conveyed to Tubeuf "to be taken at his choice in the lands granted to said Smith at the junction or confluence of Guests and Clinch Rivers by the State of Virginia, according to Patent No. 16," [16] Tubeuf was apparently buying lots in Smith's projected city on Patent No. 16, but this arrangement did not work out satisfactorily, and Smith conveyed to Tubeuf Patent No. 16 in exchange for Patent No. 15 in 1792.

A land sale plan has been found, which is believed to be a copy of Richard Smith's plan for this town or city, along with a plat of all his patents in Russell County, Virginia. This plat is reproduced on page 192.

The purchase of this land intrigued the fancy of this disturbed Frenchman, who saw in the acquisition of an immense domain in America an opportunity to escape the confusion and destruction in his native country and at the same time to found in the New World a haven of safety for his harassed relatives and friends. He had great faith in the far-off land just recently freed by the help of the brave Lafayette and other Frenchmen.

He had bought a wilderness home.

III. FRENCH IMMIGRANTS

THE New World—which is now the United States of America—had become the blessed haven of refuge for many oppressed and liberty-loving inhabitants of Europe, who were able to flee from their tyrannical rulers. It had especially become a home of peace and plenty for French Huguenots, escaping from the religious persecutions in their native France following the repeal of the

Edict of Nantes in 1685. Some of these early French refugees had come to Virginia, where they were kindly received and cared for by the colonial officials and citizens in communities in which they cast their lot.[17]

The following information is recorded in the Clerk's Office of Washington County, Virginia. It sheds much light on the coming of the French settlers to Clinch Valley.

"At a Court held for Washington County the 20th day of October, 1795.

"An Instrument of writing, purporting to be a safe conduct for Francis Pierre Tubeuf signed by Louis late King of France was presented in Court and ordered to be Recorded.

test

Andw. Campbell, D. C." [21]

With this order the clerk recorded the writing in French, and then recorded an English translation of the instrument, as follows:

"Done By The King

To all civil and military officers charged with surveillance and maintenance of the public order in the different Departments of the Kingdom, and to all others to whom this will pertain; GREETING: We tell and order you that you shall let pass freely the Sir Francis Peter of Tuboeuf (Sr. Francois Pierre de Tuboeuf), going to America with his sons, his niece and five servants, without giving him any trouble whatsoever. This present passport is good for one month only.

Executed at Paris the 10th day of May, 1791

LOUIS

For the King

Montmorin

"Proof—

The Sir de Thubeuf, his sons, his niece and four servants embarked on the ship 'La Petite Nannette' commanded by Capt. Pitalugo, going to Richmond, Virginia, (travelling) in royal class, from Havre on 30 May, 1791." [21]

This record proves the date and place of Tubeuf's departure from France and the number of emigrants sailing with him. No record is available to show the date they arrived in Virginia. Apparently they reached Richmond before December, 1791, for on December 20, 1791, the General Assembly of Virginia passed

"An act for lending a sum of money to certain French emigrants," in the following words:

"Sect. 1. BE it enacted by the General Assembly, That the governor, with the advice of the council, is hereby empowered and required to cause a road to be opened from Russell courthouse to the settlement of De Tubeuf and other French emigrants, the expence whereof shall be paid by the treasurer, upon warrant from the auditor, out of any public money in the treasury, not exceeding the sum of thirty pounds.

"Sect. 2. And be it further enacted, That the sum of six hundred pounds shall be advanced by the treasurer on a loan to the said Tubeuf and other French emigrants, in the county of Russell, to enable them to complete the settlement of their lands in the said county; Provided always, that the said De Tubeuf shall previous to his obtaining the said sum of money, enter into bond with sufficient security, to be approved of by the executive, to repay the same with interest, on or before the first day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine." [18]

They were in Russell County, Virginia, early in the year 1792, for on January 31, 1792, Tubeuf and five other French immigrants executed a bond before Henry Dickenson, Jr., and Nathan Ellerson (Ellington), justices of the peace of Russell County to secure the payment of six hundred pounds, loaned them by the State of Virginia for the purpose of settling themselves on the lands of Tubeuf in Russell County, which bond contained the following condition:

"The condition of the above obligation is such that if the above bound Francois Pierre de Tubeuff, Louisa Deschesne, Charles De Spada, Cesar Lefebre, Eusebe Delaplanche, and Simon Perchet, their heirs, Executors, & administrators, shall pay or cause to be paid to the said Henry Lee, Esquire, the Governor of the said Commonwealth or his successor, the sum of two thousand Spanish milled Dollars, or the value thereof in Gold or Silver coin, as is now received in the Treasury.

"Now, if the above sum of two Thousand Spanish Milled Dollars or their value, in Gold or Silver coin, together with legal interest from the date thereof, shall be paid unto the said Henry

Lee, Esquire, Governor of the said Commonwealth, or his successor, on or before the first day of January, which shall be in the year of One Thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full power and virtue." [19]

From the above bond we learn the names of at least five of the French immigrants who settled with Tubeuf on his new land on the border of the young State of Virginia.

On the next day these six French immigrants executed a mortgage to the Governor of Virginia on two tracts of land, one being the Richard Smith Patent No. 9 of ten thousand acres, and the other being the Smith Patent No. 21 of five thousand acres, both of which were among the surveys conveyed by Smith to Tubeuf in 1790. The mortgage was signed, sealed and delivered by all the grantors in the presence of Henry Dickenson, Nathan Ellington, and "P. Tubeuf, younger," by all of whom it was proven in the Russell County Court on September 25, 1792.[20]

IV. EARLY LIFE ON CLINCH RIVER

THE upper reaches of Clinch River were long a favorite hunting-ground of the Indians. The Cherokees, Creeks and other tribes from the south roamed the wooded hills and valleys in this territory, teeming with wild game and its streams black with fresh-water fish; and the Shawnees and other Northern tribes likewise sought this Hunter's Paradise. It was inevitable that their conflicting claims to this mountain domain should result in bitter rivalry, accompanied by savage battles between the opposing Redmen. It was on the extreme western border of Virginia, and its rough terrain and the dangers of Indian attacks deterred the early coming of white settlers.

White hunters had been exploring and hunting in this section for only forty years before the arrival of the French settlers, and white settlers had not established their homes in Russell County more than twenty years before. It was truly the Border—

AERIAL VIEW OF TUBEUF'S SETTLEMENT AT ST. MARIE
Clinch River winds through the center of this photograph, flowing westward. The town of St. Paul, Virginia, is shown in right center. The John English tract occupies most of the "big bent" in Clinch River in left center.

the fringe of civilization in the New World. In 1790 Russell County contained 3193 white inhabitants.[21] They were mostly grouped around the forts and settlements at Castlewood, Dumps Creek, New Garden and Rye Cove. Among Tubeuf's neighbors were the Bickleys, Bollings, Dickensons, Fraleys, Hamblins, Kelleys, Kisers, McCoys and Smiths. Hunting and farming were the only two occupations followed by the settlers.

In halting, broken-English letters to the Governor, which are now preserved in the Virginia State Library, Tubeuf gave an occasional vivid picture of the strenuous life of the immigrants in the border wilderness.

The first of these letters was dated January 30, 1792, from "Clinch River," and is as follows:

"Excellence,

"The interest that you shew for my settlement penetrate of gratitude no body like me, receive, Sir, my all thanks. I will give all my application to be worthy of your good will, and this of State.

"We have restored to Master David Ward the packet you have sent to me for him. He is ardeathly officious to acquit himself of your intention. One of my friends go to Richmond at this moment, with my powers to receive the Six Hundred pounds that the government has lend to me, which shall prepare them to join me upon Clinch River, whe i am now, and where i make one personal settlement this one month. I will inform your Excellence if she will permit to me concerning the progress of my alls settlement. Your Excellence will excuse the incorrections of translations of my son, that begin to be my interpreter.

"I have the honor to be, Excellence,
Your most obedient Servant." [23]

David Ward wrote Governor Lee from Russell County on February 2, 1792, that the bond had been executed by Tubeuf and his five friends, and that they had also executed the mortgage on 15,000 acres of land lying in Russell County, being the two most valuable tracts held by the French immigrants. Ward told the Governor that he would make a contract with some persons to clear the road from Russell Court House, which was then located at the present Dickensonville, to Tubeuf's station.[24]

This road was cleared during the next few months, and on August 30, 1792, David Ward, the chief magistrate of the county, wrote the following letter to Governor Lee:

"Sir:

"As your Excellency was pleased to appoint me to employ some person to clear a road from Russell Courthouse to the settlement of De Tebeauf and the other French Emigrants, Agreeable to an Act of the last Assembly, I have in obedience to your instructions, employed Henry Dickenson, Esq., to execute that part of the Act, who has accordingly cleared the said road agreeable to contract; and is entitled to the sum of thirty pounds, for which sum be pleased to direct the Auditor to issue his warrant.

"I have the honor to be,

"Your Excellences most obed't and Very Humble Serv't." [25]

The French refugees were keenly appreciative of the unusual marks of favor bestowed upon them by the Governor and other officials. And true to the French instinct of courtesy, Tubeuf hastened to express thanks to their benefactors. On October 29, 1792, he wrote the Governor and Council the following letter:

"Gentlemen:

"Full of Gratitude for the Service I received in this Country both by the decree of the National Assembly enacted to lend me six hundred pounds in order to improve the French Settlement along Clinch River, and by your Kind co-operation in its execution, I begg you, Gentlemen, to receive my most respectful acknowledgements, and to deign to interpret my sentiments to the representatives of the nation.

"Enjoy your own beneficence, Gentlemen—your orders have been readily executed.

"A wagon road from Russell Court to my Lands have been opened, and is now practicable.

"A body of soldiers has been settled two miles from my Plantation, and by their close application to their duty, have saved me from the unhappy consequences of the Indian Incursions.

"I have received the Six hundred pounds you granted me, and nothing will be wanting to the prosperity of my Settlement if the

greatest part of my companions, too easily discouraged yielding to a false terror, and tired at the difficulties met at the beginning, had not abandoned me; this loss, however, is easy to be repared. One word from you, Gentlemen, will do it—by comforting the Emigrants who are to come; and that will be a service rendered both to the country where they will inhabit, and to me—the full success of whose schemes depend entirely upon it. The retreat of some of my partners, the distance of that country, some exageration in the reports of the Indian Incursions, are Enough to frighten those who are not acquainted with that place.

"Therefore I request from you, Gentlemen, that favor of a Certificate ascertaining the true state of that country—that is to say, the Goodness both of the soil and climate, the Legitimity of my possessions, and the facility of keeping ones self from Indians, by testifying my living there for one year one year part, the case will be less doubtful. I request you in the next place to order for my settlement six soldiers from those who are to be sent to Russell County, till our Settlement, becoming more prosperous, may be able to guard itself against Indians.

"The favor is the more reasonable, as our plantations being situated along the right hand of Clinch, are more subject to the Indian Incursions.

"I am satisfied, Gentlemen, that such a declaration will—here a numerous emigration, and that in a short time you will see full of industrious people that vast and precious country which is now wild and uninhabited.

"Frenchmen informed of what you have done for us since our arrival here, and of the last precautions which I hope you will take, will know that they will find here another native country—that to a Frenchman, an American is a brother, a friend, and that in a free country a foreigner is not distinguished but by a greater kindness and regard for him. As for me, Gentlemen, my respect and respectful attachment will last as long as my life.

"De Tubeuf

"To his Excellency, the Governor, and the Council." [26]

Courage and optimism are notable in the above letter. The tenacious and bold leader of immigrants in a new and strange country is meeting obstacles and learning the weaknesses of human resolution and endurance. Tubeuf's references to Indian incursions add a sinister aspect to his prospects. His fears were not without strong foundation, for on August 12th, 1792—about

two months before he wrote the above letter—some forty Indians had made a sudden foray into the New Garden settlement—about 15 miles east of the French settlement—and killed four persons and captured 12 or 14 prisoners. As usual in such cases every day brought more wild and threatening rumors of the coming of new bands of murderous Indians, and the entire Clinch River group of white settlements was in great terror and confusion.[27] The expressions "that place" and "that country" in the above letter, referring to his Clinch settlement, lead one to believe that this letter was written by Tubeuf, or a friend, while in Richmond.

The following is a translation of a letter written in French, which accompanied it to the Governor. It was dated August 16th, 1793, at Ste. Marie French Settlement, on Clinch, in Russell County, Virginia.

"Translated by me—

Tubeuf, Son.

"Excellency:

The facility that you give me prove enough the interest that you take for the settlements which i am doing here to hear with pleasure our success. Our first errors already furnish to an easy life the cares you took for our safety by the fix residence of some soldiers, kept us, till this day, of the Savages, and we have the tranquility. Last April is come with my youngest son, two French families, which gave me the assurance of one considerable emigration, consisting in one part of my relatives & friends. You granted to me six soldiers this year—four of them will be sufficient next one. I pray to give your orders to let me have them. My Eldest son, which will give you this letter, desiring continue for his new Country that military State which he began for his own Country, is going down to General Washington, to solicit employ in the Troops. I will be very much oblige to you to help him of your recommendation and to honor him of your orders. I will keep with me my young son to pursue my project. The Public papers give the account of the kind reception you did to the unhappies french families, coming from Cp. Francais. If it convenient to the purpose that you take for them to send to me, they will find with us, their country people, which will do for them all what is in our power, and I shall give some of my hands to them with great satisfaction. I pray his excellency to continue me his kindness, and

to conserve me the benevolence of the assembly. I have no greater desire than to merit them.

"I am with the Most Respect of your Excellency,
"The very humble and obedient Servant,
"De Tubeuf." [28]

On August 17, 1793, Andrew Lewis, from Mount Pleasant, Washington County, Virginia, wrote a letter to the Governor concerning charges against some Washington County militia. In this letter he states: "I have desired some of the proof, if got ready, to be sent forward by Mr. Tubeuff." [29] This letter indicates that one of the Tubeufs, carrying the letter from Tubeuf, written the day before, had planned to contact Captain Lewis on his trip conveying the letters to Richmond.

Apparently time passed tranquilly during the next year at the French settlement on the Clinch. Tubeuf's name does not appear again in the Russell County Court records, nor in the Richmond correspondence until January, 1795, when a court entry shows this item: "De tuebeuf vs Joseph Kizer continued." [30] On March 24, 1795, the court entered this order in the case:

"Francis Tubeuf vs Joseph Kizer PS
"Judgment for the heifer if to be had, if not six dollars the value thereof, and fourteen Shillings damage for the Detention of said heifer, & the costs of this suit.
"Ordered that Francis de Teubuef pay Henry Smith 1 dollar & 12 cents for 4 days attendance for him vs Joseph Kizer." [31]

The Russell County personal property tax records show that Tubeuf was assessed only one year—1794. The entry for that year contains the name of "Francesed Tuebouf," with 1 white tithable over 16 years of age, 2 blacks over 16 years of age, and 8 horses.

V. MURDER ON THE BORDER

Monsieur Tubeuf had established his new home on the north bank of Clinch River in Russell (now Wise) County, Virginia.

Its exact location has been a moot question. Some say it was at the present town of St. Paul; others claim it was at the village of Virginia City on Russell Creek, about two miles from Clinch River. As shown below, John and David Osborne both said they worked for the elder Tubeuf, and that he lived on the tract of land which John English had formerly owned and had a better title to it than Tubeuf. This statement offers the best known clue to the location of the Frenchman's home site, as John English had recorded title to but one tract of land in Russell County.

In the Clerk's Office of Washington County, Virginia, which county embraced all of Russell County between 1776 to 1786, was recorded the following survey:

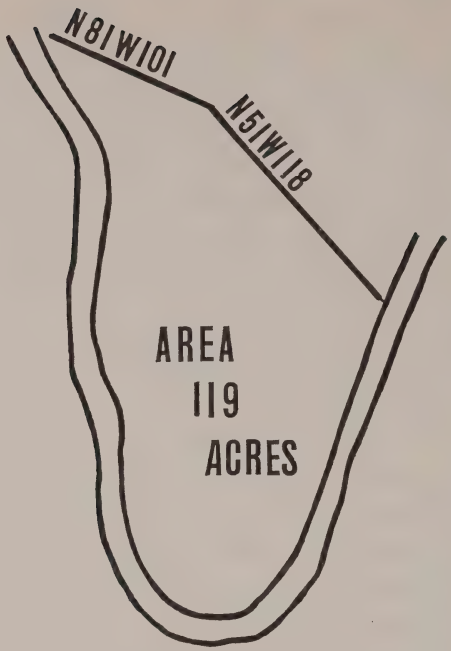
"Surveyed for John English one hundred nineteen acres in Washington County by virtue of a Treasury Warrant and agreeable to an act of the General Assembly of Virginia passed in May 1779 lying in a bend of Clinch River on the north side of the same Beginning at a large Poplar & Dogwood on the north side of a hollow near the bank of the River and up the several courses of the same 559 poles to three sugar trees on a Rocky Spur thence leaving the River N 51 W 118 poles along the said spur to a large Poplar thence N 81 W 101 poles to the BEGINNING.

"Nov. 8, 1782 Walter Preston, Asst
"Robert Preston SWC

"We the Commissioners of the district of Washington and Montgomery Counties do certify that John English assignee of Henry Hamblyn, assignee of Joseph Drake, assignee of William Pitman, assignee of Thomas Pitman who was assignee of Chippy Alley Puckett is entitled to two hundred acres of land lying in Washington County on the north side of Clinch River to include his improvement, he having proved to the Court that he was entitled to same by actual settlement made in the year 1772. As witness our hands this the 29th day of August, 1781.

"Jos. Cabell
"Harry Innes } Comrs [32]
"R Cabell

A plat of this 119-acre tract was recorded on the same page with the above survey, a copy of which is as follows:



Plat John English 119 A Tract

An inspection of a recent topographic map of this territory, published by the Virginia Geological Survey, shows a "bent of Clinch River on the north side of same" very similar in shape, position and size of the above plat between the present towns of St. Paul and Burton's Ford.[33] (See also aerial photograph of the St. Paul area, page 197).

On June 25, 1799, Jesse Fraley and his wife, Mary, conveyed to Peter Francis de Tubeuf and Alexander de Tubeuf, of Dinwiddie County, Virginia, "heirs of Francis Peere de Tubeuf dec'd," a tract containing 119 acres, "the same tract of land being the same which was granted by patent to John English Dec'd and the said Jesse Fraley and Mary his wife heir of the said John English Dec'd." This deed appears to corroborate the statements of the two Osbornes as to the better title of English to this parcel of land. It was later owned by the Bickley family and is now known locally as "Sugar Hill." [34]

With Tubeuf in this border home were his two sons, Alexander and Peter Francis, and other relatives and French friends. He had escaped the terror of the French Revolution by a narrow margin, and had found a new home, full of promise, in a far-away forest. He had good reasons to look with satisfaction and enthusiasm on the quiet life awaiting his declining years.

But Tubeuf's fine dream of a thriving city in the western Virginia hill-country, with his French chateau on the peaceful green hills overlooking it, soon came to a tragic end. On an election day in April, 1795, a band of men brutally attacked the family, killing the old count, striking the son, Alexander, in the head with a club, leaving him for dead, and "took and carried away Sundry Goods of the said de Tubeuf of the value of a Thousand Dollars." [35]

Some recollections and traditions of this event have luckily been recorded, and revealing extracts from them follow.

John Bickley said in a deposition made in 1859 in Wise County, Virginia:

"I always understood from my father and other old persons that Francis P. Tubeuf owned what was then known as the French land. Witness was at the place where Tubeuf lived, and I think Tubeuf bought it of John English that is the little tract (on) which he then lived which is in the bounds of the French survey . . .

"It is the understanding generally that they the Tubeufs came from France, and their language and manners indicated the same fact. I think old Tubeuf was murdered on the day of the election in the Spring of 1795, at the time the old man was murdered the boys were about grown. I should think they must have been from 18 to 21 years of age, though it is only a matter of conjecture with me, as I was only about five years of age, and when the old man was killed, Alexander was struck on the head with a gun barrel, by the men who killed the old man, and he (Alexander) was taken to my father's house where he remained until he recovered, my father was the administrator of Tubeuf's estate. The above is to the best of my recollection and belief." [36]

Jonathan Osborne, at the same time and place, deposed as follows:

"I knew Tubeuf when he lived upon the place where he was killed, and worked for him, I was about 21 years of age at that time, old Tubeuf always recognized the two boys Peter and Alexander Tubeuf as his sons. I knew both the boys and saw them frequently at the home of the old man. He lived upon the little place he bought from John English, which was in the bounds of the land known in this country as the French land, but I think English's title to the place he sold to Tubeuf was a better and older title than that of Tubeuf to the French land, he bought it and settled there, as there was an improvement there, and Tubeuf claimed all the French land around him, and he always exercised acts of ownership on it, Tubeuf remained there some 4 or 5 years before he was murdered, but I do not remember how long exactly.

"Being cross examined by the Plaintiff, says,

"I always understood from Tubeuf & his sons that they came from France. Their language and manner indicated that they came from France. I never knew him to exercise acts of ownership of any kind outside the English tract." [37]

David Osborne, at the same time and place, deposed as follows:

"I knew Francis P. Tubeuf and his two sons Peter & Alexander Tubeuf, and old Tubeuf always recognized them as his sons, I heard them call him Father, & I have heard him call them sons. The old man lived on a little tract of land that he got from John English and which was in the bounds of the land known as the French land. English's title to the land he sold to Tubeuf was a better one than that of Tubeuf to the French land, I never knew Tubeuf to exercise any acts of ownership outside of the English tract. Tubeuf lived there only some 3 or 4 years before he was killed.

"Being cross-examined by the Plaintiff.

"I heard Tubeuf say that he came from France, when they came to the English place. Their language and manners indicated that they were French. None of them could speake plain English but Peter was their interpreter. Peter Tubeuf was out

of the Country when the old man was killed, and Alexander staid awhile after his father was killed at old Mr. Bickley's." [38]

Francis Preston Blair, on November 8, 1863, wrote from Silver Spring, Maryland:

"The grandmother of Andrew Alexander on his father's side was a French woman, a niece of the Count de Tu Boeuf, a gentlemen who fled from the Revolution in France and settled on the French Broad River, a stream near Abingdon, Virginia, where I was born and where his tragic fate struck terror into the whole society and first brought my young imagination acquainted with the horrors of brigandage and bloodshed. He had purchased an immense tract of land in the Clinch Mountains, covering the mountains and streams and their vallies in the neighborhood of the great saltworks, which attracted much population there, and selecting a beautiful sight on a river flowing through the richest valley of his fine domain he built a neat chateau to resemble that of the patriarchal home in France, and had begun to surround it with all the elegance and comforts which French taste and civilization could desire to contrast with the wild romance of the savage wilderness with which he was surrounded. He had brought with him his family plate, much of the furniture, the damask table cloths, fine linens, etc., that struck the rude mountaineers of Virginia with the surprise felt by the mobs of Paris when they first penetrated the palaces of their king and nobility, and it was followed by the same passions that brought about the Revolutionary tragedies. When the Count's family was observed one day to make a visit to the town, several stout men in hunter's gear paid him a visit, told them they would be glad to take breakfast with him, and, having enjoyed this honor, served with all the elegance which French politeness made eager by a little apprehension could command, the well fed guests concluding the repast by wrapping up the plate in the fine knapkins and cutting their venerable host's throat." [39]

The above extract from the pen of Mr. Blair, the celebrated editor of Washington political newspapers, is given here more as a sample of tradition and the hazy recollections of old men,

than as a narrative of historical accuracy. Though Mr. Blair was born in 1791 and reared at Abingdon, Virginia, about thirty miles from Tubeuf's settlement, he was careless with his geography. Tubeuf's settlement was near St. Paul on Clinch River and not on French Broad River, which is over a hundred miles south of St. Paul. His princely boundary of land lay on Sandy Ridge and its foothills and not on Clinch Mountain, which is on the opposite side of Clinch River. The "great saltworks"—now Saltville, Virginia—were on Holston River and forty miles or more from Tubeuf's station. There are other noticeable discrepancies between his romantic story and the facts as stated by contemporaneous records.

VI. SEARCH FOR THE CULPRITS

FORTUNATELY there are some court records and other data written close to the time of the commission of this atrocious crime. They are the most dependable foundation from which the facts may be ascertained.

The County Court of Russell County, on April 30, 1795, entered an order making the first record of this event, as follows:

"Ordered that Charles Bickley be appointed to collect and preserve the Estate of Francis de Tubeuf, Dec'd. Whereupon he together with Henry Dickenson, James McFarlane & Angar Price his Securities entered into & acknowledged their Bond in the Penal Sum of Ten Thousand Dollars conditions as the law directs for his true & faithful collection & preservation of the Decedent's Estate." [40]

Again the same Court records:

"At a Call Court held at the Russell Courthouse the 8th day of May, 1795, for the examination of James Best & Aaron Roberts on Suspicion of their being accessory to certain Felonies and murder committed on Peter Francis de Tubeuf and his family the said De Tubeuf being willfully murdered & his family dangerously wounded, whereupon they Feloniously took and carried

away Sundry Goods of the said De Tubeuf of the value of a Thousand Dollars." [41]

Upon trial the defendants pleaded not guilty and were sent to "next District Court to be holden at Washington Courthouse on the second day of October next." On May 14, 1795, the same Court did likewise with Obediah Payne on the same charge.[42]

Col. Arthur Campbell, writing to the Governor from Lee County, on May 22, 1795, gave an interesting sidelight on the confused state of affairs on the border at that period. Among other things he wrote:

"Before I close this letter, I cannot refrain from mentioning to your Excellency a late atrocious attack made by one Berry, a Sheriff in the Southwestern Territory on a citizen of Virginia.

"One of those unfortunate and perhaps depraved men who are now in jail on Suspicion of being accessory to the murder of M. Terbuff, left behind him a sickly wife and eight small children in indigent circumstances. The unfeeling Sheriff of Hawkins County took his opportunity to pass our boundary (Walker's line) and violently carry off the few cattle the woman had to give milk to her children, for meat they had none, and of bread very little, on pretence of some old claim of fees. The neighbors say the claim is unjust; be that as it may, surely a citizen of Virginia has a right to a hearing; has a right to civil process, being first sworn by one of her own officers, before he is mulct to his ruin." [43]

Two days later W. Tate wrote as a post-script to the Governor from Washington County:

"Mr. Tebuff, a French gentleman, and a part of his family, who lived in Russell County, were lately murdered by a set of rascals, supposed for his money, three of whom are now in the public goal of this district.

"For particulars I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Carson." [44]

Were it not for the fact that Tubeuf had been forced to mortgage part of his land to defray the expences of establishing his settlement, it would seem certain that the old French aristocrat had escaped from his own envious French neighbors with a good portion of his wealth. At any rate it is apparent that his reputa-

tion for wealth brought the desparados to his hospitable door to plunder his home and leave him cold in death.

On October 27, 1795, the County Court entered this order:

"Ordered that it be certified to the auditor of public accounts that Humphrey Dickenson, William Dougherty, Thomas Dickenson and Oliver Hughes were impressed as guards according to law, and the said Humphrey and William served 10 days each for securing James Best, Aaron Roberts, Obediah Pain, Jonathan Prater and John Samples in the jail of this county the said Best, Roberts and Pain accused of being accessory to the murder of Mr. De Teabeuf of St. Mary, Prater for burglary and Samples for Horse stealing and the said Thomas and Oliver were likewise impressed and served 15 days each securing the said Prisoners in said Jail accused of the said crimes and that the said Thomas and Oliver were impressed as a guard for the safe conveyance of James Best and Aaron Roberts from this County Jail to the District Jail, Distance 22 miles, and they were likewise impressed for the safe conveyance of Jonathan Prater and James Samples from the County to the District Jail, the same distance as above & guarded 1 day each time." [45]

The real perpetrators of this fiendish act fled the State, and the local Courts were handicapped in their efforts to bring them to justice by the lack of communications, means of speedy travel and funds to prosecute the search for the fugitives. Apparently at first the actual murderers were not known to the officials, and several persons were strongly suspected of committing the crime or having a part in it.

On December 25, 1795, Alexander Smyth, a prominent citizen of Wythe County, Virginia, wrote the Governor as follows:

"I am informed that the two men who murdered Tubeauf, the Frenchman, on the frontier of Russell, are in the Illinois Country, and I believe that if the Executive will offer a good reward they will be taken.

"As the character of this part of the country is much interested in the punishment of those villains, it is to be hoped that an exertion will be made to compass it.

"The bearer of this, Capt. James McFarland, is a man in ev-

ery way qualified for such an undertaking. If he does not engage, I understand Mr. Henry Dickenson of Russell County will take the business upon him." [46]

Governor Brooke was interested in the matter, but before taking action he requested Captain McFarland to send him affidavits of eyewitnesses to the murder of Tubeuf. McFarland, on his return to Southwest Virginia, secured an affidavit and sent it to the Governor with the following letter, dated at Abingdon on May 3, 1796:

"Compatible to your request, the within is the affidavit of Alexander Tuebeuf and Henry Dickenson, Clerk of Russell.

"You will please excuse me for not writing sooner. The reason why is, I wished to have taken the affidavit of Miss Drushane, who was present when the depredation was committed, but she not being well enough acquainted with Inglish, I could not have it taken.

"Mr. Dickenson, forgetting to bring the affidavit to this place of Alexander Teubeuf that was filed in his office, I was under the necessity of Taking a new one as said Teubeuf being present. If that will not answer, I can forward the original one if required.

"I made mention of what passed betwixt us respecting recommending agents to undertake the business to Colo. Andrew Cowan to nominate some fit person or persons. From the great desire he had to have them apprehended he will undertake it, provided I will go with him. If your Excellency thinks proper to appoint me, we will use every exertion to bring them to Justice. If not, we recommend the following, to-wit: Capt. Nathan Ellington, Captain Henry Bowen, who are gentlemen of Character and can be relied upon. We are willing to undertake the business on the following terms: We will take a minute of our Journal and proceedings and return you a duplicate of the same, and submit it to the government what they will suppose to be a generous compensation for our services." [47]

Alexander Tubeuf's affidavit is as follows:

"Russell County to-wit:

"This day came Alexander Teubeuf before a Justice of said County, and made oath upon the holy Evangelists of Almighty God,

deposeth and saith: That on the day of the election held for Representatives in said County, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, that two men passing by the name of Brown and Barrow, came to the house of the deponent's father, and after being invited and partaking of dinner, and after staying some time and loitering about, taking the opportunity as the father of said deponent turned his face from them, one of the said men (which was Brown) gave him a stroke with a gun that he had in his hand, and the cock of the lock sunk appearingly through his scull which sank him motionless, and in a short time expired—the aforesaid not sufficing their fury, with an attempt they further proceeded to murder the whole family, and fell upon the said deponent with a club, and after receiving several wounds, made his escape out of the house, and Miss Drushane at the same time dangerously wounded.

"A servant maid attempting from the alarm to cross the river got drowned, and also the house being robbed and the trunks broke open and plundered, and this deponent further sayeth not.

"Sworn to before me this the 3rd day of May, 1796.

"John Tate." [48]

In the meantime it appears that the authorities were having trouble in keeping in jail the three prisoners accused of complicity in this murder and sent over from Dickensonville to the public jail at Abingdon for safe-keeping. Best, Payne and Roberts broke jail, but by offering a reward the jailer had them back for trial. This is the story told by William Huston, the Washington County jailer, in a petition to the Governor and the Council under date of May 31, 1796:

"The petition of William Huston, humbly sheweth: That while your petitioner was in charge of the Public Gaol in the Washington District there was delivered to his custody and care several prisoners, charged with Capital offences, namely: Pane, Roberts and Best of being accessory to the murder and robbery of Mr. Tubuff, and John Boyd of horse stealing; which persons on the 30th of July last broke Gaol and made their escape. Your petitioner being impressed with the necessity of making an immediate and speedy pursuit, advertised a reward of twenty dollars for the retaking and delivering each of the prisoners to the Public Gaol. In consequence of which, the above named prisoners were taken and safely kept until they were brought to trial, and the rewards paid agreeable to advertisement, as will appear by the receipts enclosed.

"Your petitioner would have stated the matter much sooner to

the board, but finding it otherwise, your petitioner prays that your honorable body would direct the money so advanced to be reimbursed, or give such relief as you in your wisdom may direct, and your petitioner as in duty bound shall pray." [49]

VII. VAIN TRIP TO ILLINOIS

When Governor Brooke examined the affidavits forwarded by Captain McFarland (the Dickenson affidavit mentioned has not been found), he approved the proposal to send representatives to Illinois to bring back the fugitives, Brown and Barrow. He commissioned Colonel Cowan and Captain McFarland to represent the Commonwealth in the undertaking. Colonel Cowan could not go, so he selected Lt. John Ward to go with Captain McFarland. They made the long and arduous trip, but failed to secure the culprits.

Captain McFarland, under date of January 27, 1797, wrote the Governor the following letter:

"Russell County—James McFarlane to the Governor

"Sometime past I received a commission from his Excellency, Governor Brooke dated the 11th of June, 1796, for the purpose of pursuing and apprehending the perpetrators of the murder of the unfortunate Mr. Teubeuf and family.

"The commission by some means was detained after it was sent from the postoffice a considerable time before it came to my hand. The other person named in the commission (Col. Cowan) declined serving on account of an indisposition which rendered him incapable (as he thought) of supporting a journey of such length, and likely to be attended with hardship and fatigue. However, Col. Cowan appointed Lt. Ward to act in his place, and I was happy in the appointment, knowing him to be a good young man and of approved integrity, though this change, together with the delay of the commission and preparing for so extensive journey, prevented our starting till the time mentioned in our journal.

"Agreeable to my proposition to his Excellency, Governor Brooke, the 3rd of May, 1796, I have herewith enclosed a minute of our proceedings to which I refer you for further information, and hope it will meet with the approbation of Government; and as to compensa-

tion for our services we submit it to the proposition already made, and the sum that Government may think proper to allow us might be forwarded in a bank note or notes by mail to Abingdon.

"I hope that Mr. Ward's serving instead of Col. Cowan will not be a matter of objection with Government, as I have every reason to know that he has faithfully discharged his duty as far as in his power, and we have only to regret that we have been unsuccessful.

"I would esteem it a singular favor if your Excellency would please by some means let us know whether or not Government approves of our conduct in offering a reward to apprehand the murderers, and if they should be taken and confined agreeable to our advertisements whether or not we shall bring them forward.

"I have taken the liberty to enclose one of the advertisements to your Excellency, to which Mr. Ward has set his name as an agent, as I conceived that two signatures were required, but provided it should not meet with the approbation of Government, Mr. Ward is willing to advance his part of the reward, provided the murderers are brought to condign punishment.

"I can assure your Excellency that nothing could prevail with me to make such another journey, only what at first induced me, (viz) the honor of my country and the dignity of the State, as I had to expose myself to great hardships; the weather in those parts being ten degrees colder than ever known before, the effects of which I now feel in a disagreebale, lingering, disordering state which I despair of surmounting very soon.

"I am, &c." [50]

Unfortunately the journal kept by these men on their hazardous mission is missing. However the above letter and the copy of the advertisement of the reward have been preserved, and they give a very interesting, if not completely satisfactory, picture of the situation. The reward notice is as follows:

REWARD FOR A MURDERER

Whereas a certain John Brown (alias Bonds) and Richard Barrow, did in the month of April, 1795, commit in the County of Russell in the State of Virginia, a most horrid and deliberate murder and robbery on the body and property of Francis Peter Teubeuf and family, and have fled and are now fugitives from the justice of that State—

"We do therefore as Agents of the Commonwealth of Virginia, (in pursuance of the laws in that case made and provided) by commission bearing date the 11th of June, 1796, signed by the Governor and sealed with the seal of the said State, offer a reward of Five Hundred Dollars to any person or persons who will deliver the said John Brown (alias Bonds) and Richard Barrow to us, in the county where the murder was committed, or to the Jailor of said county, or any person or persons who will confine them in any jail in the United States, so we can receive them into custody, shall receive a generous reward by us.

"The aforesaid John Brown (alias Bonds) and Richard Barrow, are of the following description, to-wit: John Brown (alias Bonds) is about five feet eight inches high, a thick set strong made man, who would weigh about 180 lbs, black short curly hair, dark colored eyes, of a fresh comely complexion; appears to be a sober sedate man; he hath lost two toes, or one and a part of another off one foot, it is said since he committed the aforesaid crimes; he hath a small scar on one of his cheeks; about the size of a grain of corn, and appears as if it were burnt; he hath a very remarkable scar on one of his legs on the inside of the calf; 25 or 30 years of age.

"Richard Barrow is nearly the same height and age with Brown; slender built, of a pale complexion, disagreeable countenance, and down look; hath a scald head (it is said it is getting better) and always wore a handkerchief about it; he speaks thick and fast, and appears of a rattling disposition, hath fair hair.

"The aforesaid Brown and Barrow were apprehended in the last month of May, 1796 at the Illinois in New Design for the aforesaid crimes—and broke custody.

"The above reward of five hundred dollars will be paid by us at Russell County court house in the State of Virginia, on the delivery of the aforesaid men.

"James McFarland
"JohnWard
"Agents." [51]

Brown and Barrow were never again apprehended or tried for the fiendish crimes they committed on the Clinch, nor were those persons accused as accessories to these crimes ever convicted for their despicable parts in the murder of the brave French Count de Tubeuf and the resulting destruction of his promising French settlement on the Virginia border.

VIII. SETTLING THE ESTATE

THE death of Tubeuf left a string of vexatious lawsuits in its wake. The settlement of his tangled affairs could not be handled by his relatives as they knew little of the English or American laws governing the winding-up of estates of deceased persons. Most of this work was done by the courts and officers charged with disposing of matters of this sort.

It is distressing that the Will Book of Russell County, covering the period of the settlement of Tubeuf's estate, is missing, and the various details in settlements recorded in it are lost. They would most likely provide much information that would illuminate the shroud of uncertainty that now surrounds these transactions. Almost all the recorded data now available are to be found in the Order Books of the County Court, which still exist. They give us only a skeleton of the story.

On October 27, 1795, the Court entered this order:

"Ordered that Jacob Morrell, Henry Dickenson, Samuel Ritchie, Alexander Lefebue and Nathan Ellington be appointed commissioners to divide the estate of Mr. De Tubeuf Dec'd and Miss Duchene agreeable to the Evidence brought before them (any Three of them to act if Mr. Morrell be one) and to return an account thereof to next court." [52]

On November 24, 1795, the Court records that the commissioners had reported:

"Jacob Morrell, Henry Dickenson and Samuel Ritchie being appointed by a former order to make a division of the Estate of P. F. De Tubeuf deceased and Miss Duchene have produced an Inventory of the said Duchene's allotment agreeable to an article of Agreement entered into between the said Tubeuf & said Duchene, which is ordered to be recorded, Miss Duchene giving her assent to said allotment." [53]

On June 28, 1796, the Court ordered the Sheriff to "make sale of such part of the estate of P. F. de Tubeuf Dec'd as is noted in an Inventory of the said De Tubeuf Dec'd." [54]

On the 24th of the next month the Court entered another order:

"Ordered that Charles Bickley be appointed a guardian for Alexander de Tubeuf an Infant of Peter Francis De Tubeuf dec'd to defend a suit in Chancery commenced by Louisa Duchene against the heirs of the said De Tubeuf Dec'd." [55]

No bill or writing has been found relating to the above suit, nor do the court records show the nature or the outcome of this litigation.

The Court entered the following order on April 26, 1797:

"Dr. John Hays produced an account against the Estate of P. F. de Teubeuf Deceased and Louisa Duchene which was examined and allowed by the Court and it is ordered that Charles Bickley pay the same." [56]

On July 25, 1797, this order was entered by the Court:

"Ordered that Charles Bickley pay John English Sixty Pounds of the money arising from the sales of the estate of Peter Francis de Tubeuf deceased, with legal interest thereon from the first day of July 1793 untill paid and that the said Charles Bickley take a bond from said John English with sufficient Securety for making a Legal Conveyance in fee simple for the Tract of Land that is now in the possession of Louisa Duchene; to the heirs of said De Tubeuf, Dec'd." [57]

On September 28 of the same year the Court ordered:

"Ordered Charles Bickley pay Messrs. McCormick & Liggitt eight pounds fourteen shilling and ten pence with Legal Interest thereon from the 12th day of September 1794 until paid out of the money arising from the sales of the Goods of Peter Francis de Tubeuf deceased." [58]

On May 22, 1798, the Court ordered the recordation of a "Power of Attorney from James Campbell to Alexander de Tubeuf, the execution of which was certified by Samuel Davis, Notary Public, of the town of Petersburg, Virginia." [59] The Court also dismissed a suit of Charles De Spado against the administrator of Tubeuf; and further ordered that John Smith, Samuel Porter, Nathan Ellington and Robert Duff "do appraise the Estate of P. F. de Tubeuf dec'd and return an account thereof to the next court." [60]

On the same date the Court records:

"On motion of Alexander de Tubeuf Administration is granted him of Peter F. De Tubeuf dec'd. Whereupon he together with Charles Bickley, Henry Dickenson and John Davison his Securities this day entered into bond in the penal sum of fifteen hundred Dollars Conditioned as the Law directs and thereupon he took the oath prescribed by Law." [61]

On June 27, 1798, the record shows that an inventory and appraisement of the estate of Peter F. de Tubeuf, deceased, was produced in Court and ordered to be recorded.[62] It does not appear why this action was not taken by the Court shortly after the murder of Tubeuf, more than three years before, when the Frenchman's estate was more easily ascertainable.

No subsequent record has been found concerning the disposal of Tubeuf's personal property, and only rare items about his princely domain appear.

IX. THE STATE AIDS THE SONS

The two young sons of Tubeuf made strong efforts to carry on the work their father had begun, but the French settlement on the Clinch slowly vanished. They could not pay their own debts and the several claims against their father's estate. Their kinsman by marriage, James Campbell, of Petersburg, Virginia, was made their attorney in fact to handle their business, and apparently loaned them money from his own pockets.

On January 2, 1799, the General Assembly of Virginia, mindful of their financial plight, passed an act intended to give them some relief. The bond executed by their father to secure the payment of the six hundred pound loan by the State became payable on January 1, 1799, but the young Frenchmen were unable to meet this obligation. The relieving act was as follows:

"1. Be it enacted by the general assembly, That Francis and Alexander de Tubeuf, surviving heirs of Peter Francis de Tubeuf, deceased, be and they are hereby allowed until the first day of Janu-

ary, one thousand eight hundred and four, to repay the balance which may be due of the sum of money advanced by the commonwealth, on a loan to the said Peter Francis de Tubeuf, in his lifetime, to enable him and certain French emigrants, who came with him into this commonwealth, to settle their lands in the county of Russell.

"2. This act shall commence and be in force from and after the passing thereof." [63]

The great boundary of land owned by Tubeuf in Southwest Virginia, since known as "The French Lands," descended to his two sons. These youths, after their harrowing experiences on the Clinch, went to East Virginia. On August 22, 1799, Alexander Tubeuf acknowledged in the Russell County Court, for himself in person and as attorney for his brother, Peter Francis Tubeuf, both of Dinwiddie County, Virginia, a deed to Louisa Duchene for 119 acres "in a bent of Clinch River . . . which was granted by patent to John English, dec'd." [64] John English had died in August, 1797.[65]

The General Assembly again came to the relief of the two French debtors and passed the following act on January 24, 1803:

"1. Be it enacted by the general assembly, That Francis and Alexander de Tubeuf, surviving heirs of Peter Francis de Tubeuf, deceased, be, and the same are hereby allowed to repay by two instalments, the balance, with interest, which may be due of a sum of money advanced by the commonwealth on a loan to the said Peter Francis de Tubeuf in his lifetime, to enable him and certain French emigrants, who came with him to this commonwealth, to settle their lands in the county of Russell; the first instalment to be paid in January one thousand eight hundred and four; the balance in January one thousand eight hundred and five; upon condition that the said Francis and Alexander de Tubeuf shall in six months give any kind of security which the executive may judge sufficient for the payment of the said debt and interest, payable at the periods aforesaid.

"2. This act shall commence and be in force from and after the passing thereof." [66]

The Governor wrote them a letter informing them of what the General Assembly had done, and on May 31, 1803, they answered from Norfolk:

"We have duly received the letter your Excellency did us the honor to address to us, and the enclosure (copy of an act of the General Assembly of Virginia to Procrastinate the payment of money (loaned) to the Colony of our deceased father, Francis Peter de Tubeuf).

"The said act made with the condition that Francis and Alexander de Tubeuf shall give security for the payment of the above debt. Permit us to observe that the loan of this money was secured to the Government by Mortgage of a part of our property in back country, which mortgage is equivalent to four times the value of the amount advanced by the Government. If this Guarantee is to stand good till integral payment, we naturally suppose that it will be deemed a sufficient security." [67]

Again the Governor wrote a letter, and again they answered from Norfolk on June 30, 1803:

"We are honored by your Excellency's answer to our letter of 31st ulto., and we would have replied sooner had we known the nature of the Security requested of us. In this Dilema, Ignorant of what could be agreeable to your Excellency and Council. We take the liberty to ask Mr. James Campbell, of Petersburg, (who is perfectly well acquainted with our situation) the favor to ascertain what could be the Demand of the State, agreeing to ratify whatever the above Gentleman will do for us in this Business." [68]

Then, on December 14, 1803, Thomas and John Higginbotham wrote the Governor from Norfolk that Francis and Alexander Tubeuf had gone to Europe, and that they had sent a letter from them to James Campbell, their agent at Petersburg.[69] They never returned to the land so full of promise in their youth, but which held at last such bitter memories of blighted hopes and murdered relatives.

X. AFTERMATH

Exit the French immigrants; enter the permanent settlers. The absence of the owners of the vast territory covered by Tubeuf's deeds was noted among their Clinch neighbors, and several years

passed before anyone attempted to secure title to or use any part of it. Most of this land was hilly and not suited for agricultural purposes, then the dominating occupation on the Clinch frontier. No one seemed to estimate correctly, if at all, the untold value of this land in its natural resources. Later others, with new dreams of fortunes in mountain land, have reaped vast wealth from the virgin forests blanketing this territory; and the rich veins of coal under it have been, and still are filling the strong coffers of corporations exploiting these natural treasures. Neither Tubeuf nor his sons apparently had any idea of the immense fortune of natural resources so bountifully spread by a gracious God over and under the broad expanse of their hills and valleys.

On November 1, 1815, Thomas Ewing, Sheriff of Russell County, conveyed to Thomas Large the interest of the Commonwealth in the 14,900 acres of land assessed in the name of "Peter F. Debuff" for $41.59, the amount of the taxes due and unpaid on this land for the years 1796, 1797, and 1799.[70] However no evidence has been found that Large ever asserted any ownership or possession of this land.

The sons of Tubeuf had moved from Russell County to Dinwiddie County, where, in the young city of Petersburg, they entered business "in partnership with the relation, Thomas Loraine, who resided in France, and never lived in this country." [71]

On the 20th and 23rd of August, 1803, these young men "executed to Campbell & Wheeler, separate deeds of mortgage, each conveying his undivided moiety—Francis Tubeuf, by his deed, of all the lands in Virginia which descended to them from their father; and Alexander A. Tubeuf, of all the lands situate in the county of Russell whereof his father died seized in fee simple, or to which he was entitled, to secure a large debt which was then due to their firm, and which doubtless was contracted while they were doing business in Petersburg. Alexander had previously returned to France, and executed his said deed in that country, which, with his acknowledgement, properly certified by the Maire of Alias and authenticated, was recorded in the office of the general court of this State; where the deed of his brother Francis was also recorded, by order of the general court, upon a proper certifi-

cate of acknowledgement. After which the said Francis also returned to France, where they both lived until death." [72]

On July 15, 1844, James Campbell and Mary, his wife, of McCracken County, Kentucky, Alexander Wheeler Campbell and Mary, his wife, of the same county, Charles Ardkinlis Campbell and Sarah, his wife, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, Charles Thompson Bronson, and Victoria, his wife, late Victoria Campbell, of Medina County, Ohio, James Robert Alexander, son of Marian Frances Alexander, deceased (late Marian Frances Campbell), of Woodford County, Kentucky, conveyed to William Alexander, of Woodford County, Kentucky, the land contained in the old Richard Smith's patents Nos. 9, 10, 16 (of 10,000 acres each), 21, 22, 23, 26 (of 5,000 acres each), 8 (of 4,000 acres), 1 and 2 (of 1,500 acres each), and conveyed by Smith to "Francois Pierre de Tubeuf." [73]

On September 26, 1845, Clementine Laporte, John Regis Alexander, Charles Alexander, Martha Madison Alexander, his wife, and Mira Madison Alexander conveyed to William Alexander all the grantors' interests in the Tubeuf lands as set out in the above deed "from the heirs of James Campbell, dec'd." [74]

The grantors and their descendants claimed that these deeds were intended to convey their interests to William Alexander in trust for all of them for the purpose of facilitating the division and sale of this large boundary of land. In 1844 William Alexander went upon the land and had the divisional line between the Tubeuf land and the other Richard Smith patents—then owned by the Warders—established by survey. This line later became a particularly important landmark in Sandy Basin, and the expression "The Alexander Line" is still found in many deeds for lands on which they bound. William Alexander acted under this trust in the suits against Luke Wheeler's personal representative and others at Norfolk and at Wytheville. In 1856 William Alexander abandoned his trust, left Virginia, went to Texas, and never returned to Virginia.[75]

In September, 1876, James Campbell, Sr., a son of James Campbell, the Petersburg merchant, instituted a chancery suit in the Circuit Court of Russell County against William Alexander,

trustee, and others, in which he stated that, in certain suits instituted in Norfolk and at Wytheville against the personal representative of Luke Wheeler, (who had been the administrator of the estate of the Petersburg James Campbell), the said Tubeuf lands had been sold and he had purchased these lands and received two deeds for them; and asked that the trust deed be vacated and the lands conveyed to the complainant, James Campbell, Sr. The court granted him the relief prayed for in his bill of complaint.[76]

In December, 1844, Hon. George Cowan, member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Russell County, presented a petition of certain citizens of Russell County asking that the land mortgaged by Tubeuf to the State in 1792 be declared waste and unappropriated lands, because the loan had not been repaid.[77] The State Auditor of Public Accounts reported that Tubeuf's sons "had conveyed to Campbell & Wheeler, a mercantile firm, the whole tract of 50,000 acres to secure a debt due to that firm, and that a suit was instituted in the district Court of Wythe by Luke Wheeler, the surviving partner, who obtained a decree subjecting the land to sale. It was accordingly sold, and Benjamin Estill, the attorney for the plaintiff, became the purchaser for $20,000." The Attorney General was of the opinion that "it would be better for the Commonwealth to take possession of the land and sell it out to purchasers." [78] However, the General Assembly ordered the Attorney General to bring proper action for foreclosing the mortgage.[79]

Accordingly a suit was brought in the Circuit Court of the City of Richmond in which the Commonwealth was complainant and Sebastian H. Bickley and others were defendants. On March 12, 1853, the Court appointed Isaac B. Dunn as a commissioner to sell a sufficient amount of this land "to pay the sum of Six Hundred Pounds Stirling with interest thereon accrued and costs etc which survey was in the year 1791 mortgaged to the State of Virginia by Francis Pierre Tubeuf, to secure the said sum of six hundred pounds stirling, which mortgage in the adjudication of said cause was foreclosed, and whereas the said Commissioner Dunn after having said survey subdivided into thirty-two parcels or tracts, and having complied with the prerequisites of said de-

cree, proceeded on the 21st day of November, 1853, at public outcry to the highest bidders," and sold portions of said land, some of the purchasers being Seth Hill, Henry Adkins, Jr., and A. D. Alley.[80] The land thus sold was located on what is now called Caney Ridge in Dickenson County, Virginia, and in Sandy Basin.

Many other suits involving the "French Lands" have been instituted in the Circuit Courts of Russell, Wise, Buchanan, Dickenson and Scott Counties, among them being "Clinchfield Coal Corporation et al v. James M. Imboden et al," "Clinchfield Coal Company v. Clintwood Coal & Timber Company," "Interstate Coal & Iron Company v. Clintwood Coal & Timber Company," "Dale Carter v. Jacob Blair et al," and "Dale Carter v. James Campbell." [81] It is therefore evident that the Tubeuf lands and their immense natural resources have been the subject of more important and prolonged lawsuits than any other real estate in Southwest Virginia.

Before the Campbells or their assignees attempted to assert any possession of the Tubeuf lands and during the long period of litigation over this land, many "Squatters" settled within its boundaries. Some of them secured title to their farms from Dale Carter. Others compromised their claims to their tracts by making deeds for the minerals to Carter and others in exchange for deeds to the surface. Others secured deeds from the Warders, who owned the remaining Richard Smith patents adjoining the "Alexander Line," and who frequently made deeds for tracts within the "French Lands."

Many persons, now residing in Dickenson, Buchanan, Russell and Wise Counties, live upon portions of the "French Lands" without knowing anything whatever about the tragic story of the French nobleman who once owned the imperial domain of which their homesteads are such tiny parts.

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FRANK MONROE BEVERLY

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16. Noah B. Sutherland: Recollections, November 18, 1922.
17. Noah K. Counts: Recollections, December 24, 1922.
18. Fletcher Powers: Recollections, September 7, 1939.
19. Noah B. Sutherland: Recollections, September 25, 1933.
20. William Sutherland: Recollections, 1906.
21. Robert Enoch Withers: "Autobiography of an Octogenarian," p. 282.
22. Noah B. Sutherland: Recollections, January 22, 1927.
23. Russell County, Va.: Court Order Book 10, p. 329.
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2. Stafford County, Va.: Will Book M, p. 22.
3. Frederick County, Va.: Deed Book 10, p. 401.
4. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 1, p. 228.
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8. A. M. Prichard: "Mead Relations," p. 194, 1933.
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10. Joshua Counts' Bible Family Record.
11. Elijah S. Counts: Letter published in *The Messenger of Peace*, July 1, 1888.
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13. Elihu K. Counts: Recollections, March 3, 1929.
14. Record of Clinchfield vs. Imboden, pp. 1086–1101.
15. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 13, p. 148.
16. Original contract among William Sutherland Papers.
17. Richard L. Counts: Recollections, November 20, 1941.
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20. Minutes of Reeds Valley Baptist Church.
21. E. J. Sutherland: "History of Washington District Primitive Baptist Association," 1952.
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23. Richard L. Counts: Recollections, January 16, 1942.
24. Obituary of Eld. E. S. Counts in "Minutes of Washington Baptist Association," 1908.
25. Minutes of Washington Baptist Association, 1903.
26. Inscription on tombstone in Joshua Counts' Graveyard, Cleveland, Va.

WINFIELD SCOTT GRIZZLE

1. Dr. Emit D. Grizzel, University of Pennsylvania: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, March 12, 1940.
2. George Cabell Greer: "Early Virginia Immigrants, 1623–1666," 1912, p. 159.
3. Russell County, Va.: U. S. Census, 1850; Pittsylvania County, Va.: Land Entry Book, p. 70.
4. Jesse Grizzle: Bible Family Record.
5. William F. Grizzle: Bible Family Record.
6. Jonas B. Grizzle: Recollections, January 28, 1927.
7. Fletcher Powers: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, July 18, 1933.
8. Dickenson County, Va.: Court Records.
9. Fletcher Powers: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, October 4, 1937.
10. Fletcher Powers: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, May 16, 1935.
11. The figures shown in the diary, such as "W 1 da," "23 days," and "W. R. w 17 da," refer to the number of days W. Rieves Wampler worked under his contract.
12. This diary was copied verbatim from the original in the handwriting of young Winfield Scott Grizzle by E. J. Sutherland on July 5, 1937. It was written in ink in a neat, legible hand on a handmade folding record book, 6½″ x 10″, consisting of 40 pages, the diary covering 36 pages. It is now (1961) in the possession of Winfield's niece, Mrs. Iantha (Swindall) Fowler, Chapman Road, Knoxville, Tenn.
13. Winfield S. Grizzle: Letter to his brother, Noah R. Grizzle, November 15, 1886.
14. Mrs. Maxie (Jones) Kelly: Recollections, April 7, 1954.
15. Winfield S. Grizzle: Letter to George W. Sutherland.

HELEN TIMMONS HENDERSON

1. This sketch is based on material collected by Mrs. Grace Mays Hale, a student at the Buchanan Mission School at Council, Virginia. She knew Helen Timmons Henderson intimately. To her material have been added

several items by Miss Ruth Henderson, daughter of the subject of this sketch. Miss Henderson loaned the data to the writer in 1937, from which a copy was made for use in this work. Mrs. Hale's sketch will be referred to herein as the "Hale Mss."

2. Hale Mss.
3. Ruth Henderson: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, January 3, 1938.
4. Ruth Henderson: Letter to E. J. Sutherland, August 12, 1937.
5. Ruth Henderson: Notes, 1938.
6. Journal of the House of Delegates of Virginia, 1924, pp. 33–35.
7. Minutes of the New Lebanon Baptist Association, 1925.
8. Journal of the House of Delegates of Virginia, 1926, p. 191.

RICHARD DANIEL BOONE SUTHERLAND

1. Original poem in possession of his brother, N. D. C. Sutherland, 1935.
2. Noah B. and Jane Sutherland: Recollections, March 18, 1933; and at other times for other facts stated in this sketch.
3. Original letter in possession of his father, 1933.
4. Dickenson County, Va.: Records of Sand Lick District School Board.
5. 1 Timothy, 4:12.
6. S. Walter Deel: Recollections, May 15, 1936.
7. Original sketch in possession of his brother, N. D. C. Sutherland.
8. Report of Registrar of Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio, January 27, 1935. (Report states further that National Normal University disbanded in 1917, and its records transferred to Wilmington College).
9. See Chapter One for this poem.
10. Original letter in possession of N. D. C. Sutherland, 1934.
11. Noah B. Sutherland: Bible Family Record.
12. This sketch is a revision of a pamphlet on same subject prepared and published by the writer in 1935.

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND

1. H. F. Campbell: "Caithness & Sutherland," p. 79, 1920; Sir Thomas Innis of Learney: "The Tartans of the Clans and Families of Scotland," p. 288, 1947; Sir Robert Gordon: "History of the Earldom of Sutherland," p. 19, 1813.
2. Sir Winston Churchill: "History of the English Speaking Peoples," Vol. 2, p. 202; Rev. Thomas Thomson: "History of the Scotch People," Vol. V, p. 27.
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4. Bedford County, Va.: Deed Book 7, p. 99.
5. Bedford County, Va.: Deed Book 7, p. 180.
6. Bedford County, Va.: Tax Lists.
7. Botetourt County, Va.: Tax Lists; Russell County, Va.: Law Order Book 3, p. 184, and Law Order Book 4, p. 90.

8. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 4, p. 452.
9. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 5, p. 108.
10. Russell County, Va.: Tax Lists; Law Order Book 8 (August 3, 1825); Deed Book 7, p. 149; Rachel Kiser: Recollections, November 19, 1924.
11. Thomas Sutherland: Recollections, October 29, 1950.
12. William Sutherland: Stories told by him to writer and others.
13. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 13, p. 38.
14. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 13, p. 446.
15. Dickenson County, Va.: Depositions of William Sutherland in chancery cause of Andrew Kiser et al vs James M. Kiser et al, 1890, Court File No. 2–30.
16. Theodore Roosevelt: "The Winning of the West," Vol. 1, p. 166–167, 1905; reference: Henry Cabot Lodge.
17. Russell County, Va.: Law Order Book 13, p. 109.
18. Russell County, Va.: Law Order Book 13, p. 337.
19. L. P. Summers: "Annals of Southwest Virginia, 1769–1800," p. 52, (Copy of "Journal of Colonel Christopher Gist, 1750").
20. Russell County, Va.: Law Order Book 13, p. 345; Elijah T. Sutherland: Recollections, January 3, 1925.
21. Noah B. Sutherland: Recollections, January 27, 1927.
22. Dickenson County, Va.: Deed Book 4, p. 411.
23. Robert J. Phillips: Recollections, February 24, 1924; Elijah T. Sutherland: Recollections, January 3, 1925.
24. Acts of the General Assembly of Virginia, 1879–1880, p. 25.
25. Reeds Valley Baptist Church: Minutes for September, 1857.
26. Sulphur Spring Baptist Church: Minutes for February, 1879.
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28. Russell County, Va.: County Court Order Book 12, 465.
29. Dickenson County, Va.: Deed Book 8, p. 422.
30. The contents of this chapter were either seen or heard by the writer at the home of the subject of this sketch.
31. Judge William E. Burns: Recollections, March 15, 1922.
32. Dickenson County, Va.: Deed Book 12, p. 47.
33. Dickenson County, Va.: Deed Book 8, p. 236.
34. Eliza J. Sutherland: Recollections, April 24, 1928.
35. William B. Sutherland: Bible Family Record.

FRANCIS PETER DE TUBEUF

1. Dick, Evan R.: Sketch of "The De La Porte Family," (Ms.).
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3. Taine, H. A.: "The French Revolution," Vol. 1, pp. 2–3.
4. Taine, H. A.: "The French Revolution," Vol. 1, p. 9.
5. Taine, H. A.: "The French Revolution," Vol. 1, pp. 156–159.
6. Taine, H. A.: "The French Revolution," Vol. 1, pp. 160–161.
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8. Record of Clinchfield Coal Corporation vs. James M. Imboden, pp. 1086–1100.
9. Record of Clinchfield Coal Corporation vs. James M. Imboden, p. 1082.
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17. Bruce, Philip A.: "Virginia: Rebirth of the Old Dominion," Vol. 1, p. 313.
18. Henning, W. W.: "Statutes at Large of Virginia," Vol. 13, p. 317.
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25. Flournoy, H. W.: "Calendar of Virginia State Papers," Vol. 6, p. 46.
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27. Flournoy, H. W.: "Calendar of Virginia State Papers," Vol. 6, pp. 40–42.
28. Flournoy, H. W.: "Calendar of Virginia State Papers," Vol. 6, p. 484.
29. Flournoy, H. W.: "Calendar of Virginia State Papers," Vol. 6, p. 284.
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31. Russell County, Va.: County Court Order Book 2, p. 198.
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33. Virginia Geological Survey: Topographical map of Wise County, Va.
34. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 3, p. 34; Hamilton, Emory L.: "St. Marie on the Clinch," (Ms.).

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70. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 5, p. 350.
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72. Grattan, Peachy R.: 74 Va. Reports (Grattan-33), p. 434.
73. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 11, p. 413.
74. Russell County, Va.: Deed Book 11, p. 499.
75. Record of Clinchfield Coal Corporation vs. James M. Imboden, p. 1073.
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