CHAPTER I

KNOTTS' ISLAND: ITS GEOGRAPHY

If you will look at the map of North Carolina you will find that Currituck County covers the northeast portion of this map, and by looking at the northeast part of this county map you will see what looks like a square piece of land as if it had been belched forth from the State of Virginia. The western portion of this Island map is the Great Marsh three and half miles acrofs to Morse's Point. This marsh with its knolls and Mackey's Island help to make up this apparently square island map. Knotts Island proper, though, only covers the eastern portion of this square, averaging scarcely more than one mile in width from the bay on the east to this Great Marsh on the west. This Island has always been called seven and half miles long & its area can not cover much over that many square miles. About five miles of this Island is in North Carolina, the remainder in the state of Virginia. The space between this Island and the Atlantic averages from two to four miles, made up with bays, marshes, hummocks, creeks and the sandy seashore; the latter is interspersed with "Washwoods" and other timbered sections; and a channel penetrating the whole length of the Island connecting Long Island Sound in Virginia on the north with Currituck Sound on the South.

There was once a deep creek that entered this Great Marsh, North of Mackey's Island and ran through the Barl's Island Bay, making this Island knolls &c. an Island proper; but this creek called Back Creek has so filled up that a person can walk from the Island to Morse's Point, in a dry time, without crossing the bridge that span it. This creek never afforded much water where the marsh road crosses it, for the surveyors in their report said so in 1728, when the line between Va., and N. C. was ran & settled.

The soil of this Island is a light sandy loam, sand predominating; excellent trucking land, but even now little used for that purpose other than home consumption, yet, I believe some progress is making in that direction. There is no more suitable place in Currituck County for trucking than this Island, and why the whole place is not a truck garden has often staggered the writer.

But recently the writer was informed why the people did not extensively follow this modern industry, was on account of uncertain transportation. Yes, and the same thing works a serious wrong to all the trucking sections of this county, as well. The Island, owing to its soil and situation has always been famous for peaches, apples, cherries and many other fruits. In past days in orchards and yards there were plenty and to spare of all these delicious fruits and they were free to those who would help themselves.

About this Island by the sea.
This book of tales will tell;
The people there alert and free,

In blissful vein cloth dwell.
It's daily washed by bay and sound,
Its shores sometimes in sea,
It extends due north of our sound,
Into Virginia
The west may boast of mountains grand,
Their peaks and gorges show,
But mountain sandhills here we have,
On the Atlantic shore.
The old Atlantic's stormy swell,
When rushing to its strand,
There's nothing more romanic,
When it breaks upon the sand.
Come now ye lads your sweethearts take,
And place them on these peaks,
Their eyes agazing ocenward,
The breakers at their feet;
The moon now flashing diamonds,
On ocean's frothing crests
Pop the serious question boys,
They'll likely answer yes.
Then away with lengthy courtships,
These sandhills being near,
With pockets lined with green-back bills,
The license never fear.

CHAPTER II

FIRST SETTLERS; INDIANS, SNAKES, AND WOLVES; THE REVOLUTION.

When the writer was a small boy there were many startling yarns told, and had been told to many generations before, of the ups and downs of the first white settlers of this Island contending with Indians, bears, wolves, wildcats and numerous reptiles.

This Island in its first settlement by the white race, was peopled by the English from London and Liverpool, that is, they emigrated from these two cities. The writer's family from what he has been able to glean from tradition, came from London. Mrs. Aye, born Jarvis, and English woman from London, told him that his family name was plentiful in that city. These emigrants from London brought with them its local historical tales, the pivot point of which was London Bridge that spans the river Thames, connecting the older part of that city with its southern neighbor; this was the old London Bridge, that once gave rise to so many tales and riddles. A few of these old time tales of the Island's first settlement must suffice here for the amusement of the young only, for the writer takes little stock

in such improbable yarns, as he when young had often heard.

The writer does not believe there were ever many bears or panthers on this Island, but there were once wolves in plenty there, for when a boy he saw many holes like half-filled cow-holes, but they certainly were not cow-holes for they were found in the woods and on very high land. The old people said these holes were once wolf-pits which their forefathers had made to entrap the wolves, and did so to their extermination. There was one near the Joshua Beasley tract and southeast of Nat. Dudley's field,there was another on the old school play-ground, there were many others in the high woods.

WOLVES

It was said, when husband was away and his family-wife and children were alone, the audacious wolves would often appear and approach the home; then the doors would be shut and the family through peep-cracks could see the the ravenous, blinking orbes of the intruders searching for blood. Night falls; the husband has not yet come; the wife and children go to bed; the lightwood knot casts its last flickering rays and the shadowy light in the one room house; soon in the spirit of the haunted night, the lonely family could see in their dreams the wolves and wildcats having a ghost dance in the dim shadows; and they would awake trembling with fear.

INDIANS

It was said wild turkeys and treacherous Indians were plentiful on this Island, at the time of its invasion by the whites. When the white man went out to hunt the turkey; the Indian would precede him, get into the hollow of a large tree and gobble; the white man would creep up to kill the turkey, & when close enough the Indian would let fly his arrow and procure another scalp.

SNAKES

A certain family had built a new log house with a clay fire-place, and unluckily this fire-place had been built over a den of snakes; the family went to bed leaving a hot fire in order to dry the clay; the next morning this family were found all dead and swollen to a puff and snakes in the room a foot deep.

The hoop snake too was a dangerous reptile. This snake when any living animal appeared near, would round up in hoop-shape, give swift chase to the unfortunate subject and over taking it would drive its stinging tail into the pursued man or beast; death followed instantly.

Sometimes a man chased by this snake would get behind a tree for protection; in such case the sting would be driven into the tree, which would at once wither and die. The snake not being able to extricate himself from the tree, and thus it would

be killed.

This snake I'm sure is a fiction snake; yet, now and then, in my youth, I heard some knowing ones say they had seen and killed this snake. There are swamps, knolls and marshes on the margin of this Island, and even now there are abundance of moccasins and other snakes therein; but these are scattered over thirty-square miles; I doubt that there are over a cord of snakes in this area.

The first settlers of this country no doubt had to undergo some hardships; but if any people had a good place it was those who settled on this Island. Fish, oysters, turkeys, ducks, geese and other birds to replenish the tables of the new comers with all necessaries except bread; and soon the corn and sweet potato patches made that wantless. There were millions of acorns and chinkapins, and even if wolves destroyed one half of their hogs, still it required no great effort to have many fat ones.

THE REVOLUTION

Now I will leave the snakes and ravenous wild animals and spin a revolutionary story based on facts, happening on this Island.

There were in past days on this Island many shortstrawed pines so thickly limbed & strewed that the eye could scarcely penetrate them. The English in that war could not get their large ships through Currituck Inlet, but would come through with yawls loaded with armed marines and ransack the Island, taking and destroying whatever came to hand.

So the people were driven to all manner of devices to save their property, and would often put beds and other valuables in the thick-foliage of these trees; and some even were driven to put their wives and children on these beds.

Eventually, Captain Shipp, to stop this worry and havoc, determined to fight. He ordered out the militia, that was still left on the Island, for this purpose, and down to the South End of the Island they went armed with war weapons as they had. The company was placed near the shore, where these marauders usually landed, to await their coming. It was not long before the yawls were seen approaching. In coming towards shore they espied some of Shipp's men behind the shore fences. They stopped, came no nearer to shore but made all manner of vulgar gesticulations in derisions and contempt.

Shipp intended to get them on shore and kill or take the whole party. There was one old negro in a fencelock, who got so mad in viewing the vulgar behavior of the British that he took deliberate aim at the coxswain astraddle of a boat's tiller and fired; his home made ball struck home & Overboard the Britisher went. His comrades hastily drew him in, then lay low, skeedaddled back to their ship, and returned no more. If I remember aright, this old negro was named Paddlefoot.

Negroes bore arms on the Island in those days.

CHAPTER III

BOYS, THEIR OCCUPATION, AMUSEMENTS, BAD PRACTICES-KILLING BIRDS, ROBBING THEIR NESTS: SUPERSTITION SAVED THE WREN: TOP SPINNING: CALEB AND JOSHUA THE TOP AND CROSS-BOW MAKERS.

Of my early boyhood, I have a vivid recollection. The Island was more densely wooded then than now, cow-vines, grapevines and other climers were in profusion on and among thickets of myrtle and papaw and other undergrowth; while the plentiful cactus, known as prickly pear-pads, covered the ground; all overshadowed by the stately pines.

In these places the boys would hunt for birds' nests, and rob the innocent creatures of their eggs; the poor, chattering mother and mate, bewailling the destruction of their offsprings in embryo, would be ruthlessly clubbed away. The boys knew precisely how many eggs each kind of bird lays; and when the mother bird had deposited that number in her nest, which perhaps had been previously found and watched, the boys robbed it.

When a nest was found with its compliment, the eggs were first tested, if sound they were taken possession of; if not, they were destroyed, often with young birds in them. This was especially so as to cat birds for these the boys hated. The wren escaped because a superstition prevailed among the boys, handed down by previous generations, that if one killed this bird or robbed its nest he would suffer a broken limb. The writer never robbed this bird but once, and shortly afterward broke his arm.

Has playmates at the time accused him of robbing a wren's nest; with fear and remorse he confessed the truth, and never again molested a wren.

This coincidence carried conviction to the superstitions. If sorrow and regret of later life can atone for aught, perhaps he may be forgiven for his part in this cruel, boy mischievousness. No bird, except the hawk and crow, is killed at the writer's home, and no bird's nest molested. The people of this Island were and are yet born hunters; while the older heads were killing ducks, geese, swan and other birds, also minks and other furred animals, it was natural enough for their boys to catch and kill birds, and to even deprive them Of their eggs; this they did without parental protest. None looked upon such as very harmful.

Every boy had his myrtle "birding club," his cross-bow and arrows; his springs for rabbits & his traps for birds, in every briery branch and fench-lock. By this means hundreds of strings of dead birds, even sparrows, were shipped to market by the boys, whence were obtained tops and chords and other trinkets. Every boy with top and chord in pocket, would fly out on Sunday mornings to some conspicuous

place on the public road, for top spinning. Every top had a brass head in its crown. Some clear, hard place would be selected; a circle of two or three feet drawn; the chords measured from centre of circle out where a mark was made. The rule was: stand at your mark, throw your top spinning, to centre of circle.

If any top didn't have activity enough to throw itself out of this circle at its dying gasp, it was placed in the centre of the circle, and all the smart ones had leave of one trial to plug at that lazy humiliated top. That top might be fortunate enough to receive a side-box and knocked out without injury; or it might get a hole in its crown, which could be easily repaired with putty, but, worse still, it might be split in halves.

Our friend Caleb Beasley had a turning-lathe, and, with the aid of his brother Joshua, made us every nice tops. These were considered better for plugging purposes than bought. These two good men took a pride in making our tops and good cross-bows and we took delight in doing chores for them in return; but, when in their presence, we had to conform : to prescribed rules of good behaviour, which restrained our proneness for the mischievous. Later on they introduced the tumbler-and-trigger cross-bow which was a great improvement on the trip-with-the-finger one.

Besides spinning tops, birding and bird-egging these were episodes interjected for recreation, to keep monotony away; playing rabbit, fox & dog, hide and whoop, jumping the rope, all manner of ball games, wrestling, boxing, running races and searching yellow Jackets and bumblebees nests; on the Sabbath we tried ourselves to the boat-landing, where we waded in the water and besmeared with mud the Sunday clothes put on clean in the morning. The penalty of this last offence was to dance to the time of a chinkapin switch early Monday morning.

For be it known that while the boys were carousing, the parents were reading the New Testament and Psalms at home, or worshipping at church or at prayer meeting at some neighbor-house. They kept the Sabbath holy, and dared not whip their children on that sacred day.

CHAPTER IV

STORMING YELLOW JACKETS AND BUMBLEBEES NESTS ON SUNDAYS - HEROIC AND DARING BILL WATERFIELD

During the week the boys kept a bright lookout for Jackets and bees' nests which, when found, were reserved for next Sunday's sport, to be then beseiged and stormed.

These nests contained such swarms as the writer has never seen elsewhere.

Since the writer left the Island, over a half century ago, he has lived near large

forests, where naturally the rotten fallen logs, stumps and underbrush afforded thousands of suitable places for these nesters to rear their young, but in all these years he has seen but one nest of these bees, and that was a small one in the deep swamp. They seem to pair here (Coinjock) like birds, get into an old post by boring a hole therein, and rear an offspring or two. Yellow Jackets are less so, but they generally have only a small flock in their nests here. Bumblebees, here then, are not gregarious' but rear their families like birds. On Knotts' Island seventy years ago it was quite different with both bees and jackets, for their swarms were prodigious. I have two hats filled from one nest, on this Island, of comb, bee bread and young bees; the cups are large, the honey of a greenish tint. Some people has said this honey was poisonous and would make one blind after eating too much of it. I have never seen such effect, but have seen a boy sick after eating too freely of it. This large quantity spoken of above, came out of an old manure heap of straw and soil in the woods.

There may have been several reasons for the large swarms on the Island in those days. Probably the first and natural one is that having there a smaller number of suitable places of abode, they must of necessity have a large number of occupants; or, it may be that the various smaller tribes all preferred the most suitable habitation, but since none might be able to obtain it without fighting, perhaps to annihilation, they compromised by occupying the desired abode jointly. Lastly, it may be that they united under a single military leader in mutual defence against the common enemy--the boys. Who knows?

The next Sunday after the nests were found, the crowd of boys were on the ground ready for the fight. The mode of procedure was this: Each boy procured a pine bush, save one, who acted as puncher and was armed with a long pole from fifteen to twenty feet long for that purpose. One half armed with bushes would gather around the nest, bushes erect, while the puncher was stationed at the farther end of his pole, the other end at the nest. The momentous martial question rang out from the puncher: "Are you ready?" Yes would be the invariable answer. The puncher punched a little way from the exit hole; the jackets or bees would swarm out for fight; the invaders would bear down with bushes swiftly and hard, until the bushmen stung sharply, would have to retreat to a pine or papaw thicket in order to brush off the yellow jackets or lose themselves from the hundreds that were on them or following them in the retreat. At the same time, the reserve bushmen took the places of the retreaters, and continued the assault, while the retreating forces rid their hair, collars and pants legs of the dead and wounded enemy, and counting the number of stings. After this they were ready to renew the battle and to relieve the reserve.

Woe to him who said enough--a coward.

If the fort was very strong and well manned, it would often take hours to subdue it, and when done, it was at the cost of many wounds inflicted by the defenders, for with them it was victory or death. They were often found up pants leg, at the

last gasp, still stinging.

BILL WATERFIELD.

Bill Waterfield was a chum of mine, an inoffensive boy, and if an emergency arose at one of these battles requiring grit and sticking qualities, Bill was right there; he would tackle fire when the other boys were lagging. If on the eve of battle, lagging did appear the boys would often suggest that some one perform a rushing feat a particular deed of daring; and it was considered a pressing necessity in order to inspire the storming party with patriotism during the emergency of that day. I knew Bill well in this respect and so did the other boys, for his reputation on this line of work was already made. In order to break him of his headlong recklessness and to curb this his only decidedly foolish quality, we often got him into some very hot places.

Everything being favorable for the storming of a fort of yellow Jackets, especially when a large swarm was in evidence; and scouting parties from the fort already thrown out as feelers and pickets around the full nest; whose occupants in war-like array with wings akimbo, were ready for the assault, then one would say: "There is no one on Knotts' Island bold enough to stand over that jacket's nest when fully aroused, till the puncher counts ten." Another: "No, no, no one can stand that." The writer was almost always puncher. Then the crowd of boys would look at me knowingly, and I would say: "Gentlemen, I know there are but few who would venture to perform such a daring feat; but, sirs, say what you may, I do know there is a boy even here that will do it." Bill during this chat would stand the soldier-head erect, face to the front, and towards me. All the boys pretended to doubt what I had said and to feel assured I should fail in the selection. Bill's shoulders now were shooting up to his ears and down again in quick succession, ready to be named, for he knew I would name him. Who is he? Rang out from the crowd. Pointing my index finger toward Bill, I said with great emphasis: "There he is, there is he, gentlemen, who can and will do it. I know my man, gents." By this time Bill had his jacket off--ready. I liked Bill as a brother and did not wish him badly stung; and, as poke, I was determined to count ten quickly. The rule was, the venturer was not to wade in until the jackets were fully aroused and swarming out. The stump that the nest was under was densely crowded. A blow with a large club was laid on that stump, the puncher put in good work, and the hundreds of yellow-jackets circled around like a cyclone. "Ready." Bill jumped squarely upon the nest. Bill, seemingly, was covered with the stingers. At the word ten," Bill ran to and through the near-by papaw thicket and then rolled over and over in the cow-vines adjoining it; this was the usual mode of getting clear of and killing the jackets that stuck on. Bill came back and testified that he had not received a sting.

In the meantime two outer jacket pickets, seeing the apparent cause of all this great todo-tearing up their nest came up spinning spirally around the pole, singing in rhythmic cadence to the tune of a swarm of gallinipper mosquitos.

Finding the object of their search--zeet' One pierced the poker over the eye, the other on the wrist. The puncher and one other were the only ones stung on this occasion, except Bill--maybe; you know what he said.

Bill and I were playmates and were together daily. At the joint blacksmith shop of Mac Beasley and John Cotton, we were often employed to bring coal and water and were paid for the service; but when not wanted we often received a fo' pence to leave and get out of the way. With this money we bought horse cakes, candy and apples of old aunt Tamar Dawley.

CHAPTER V

JACOB DAWLEY AND WIFE TAMAR.
Arter, Colonel Jones' Trusty Slave

This Tamar Dawley was a colored slave belonging to Colonel John B. Jones, and to Jacob Dawley she was given for a wife.

This Jacob Dawley was a free negro, who, with another free negro named Jacobs (I believe) ran a large establishment of fruits, candies and other sweet meats, tobacco and other notions on the south side of Broad Water Street, Norfolk, on the corner Southwest from the old market square (now commercial place).

This place at that day was one of the best stands in Norfolk. It appeared every body knew and respected old uncle Jacob Dawley, especially the white race, with whom he did a flourishing business, and was a successful merchant. Colonel Jones was a great friend of Dawley, and besides giving him his most trusty slave for a wife also gave Tamar a piece of land near his own residence, whereon her husbnad erected a comfortable house; here Tamar lived and kept quite a store of goods got from her husband's establishment in Norfolk. She usually went to Norfolk about once every ten days to replenish her stock. This Tamar might as well have been free, like her husband, for the Colonel and his family let her attend to her own affairs, and called on her only to superintend in the kitchens in "big meetings" or when foreign company arrived.

Every Christmas, Dawley would come to the Island with a two-horse wagon loaded up with the good things of the earth. On these occasions the white people of the neighborhood were cordially invited to come and partake of his bounty, and the men and boys went, with Colonel Jones with some of his family in the lead, in order to make it a social and friendly gathering. The table would be literally loaded down with turkey, chicken, Pig' oysters and titbits. Besides this groaning table, there was nearby a case of decanters well filled with all manner of liquors, to sharpen up the appetites of the guests. These Christmas lay-outs were looked forward to as much as Christmas itself. How the boys did fare.

There were never many negroes on this Island. The lew born and raised were

known by name by all the white people of the Island, and they were well behaved; but let a squad from Morse's Point or Princess Anne come on there at Christmas time, and the women and children were much alarmed for fear of another "Nat Turner war." Knotts Island is no place for negros. Since the war of freedom, what few were left have been going, going, until the last time I had occasion to notice, only two families remained, one a descendant of this Dawley famely. I believe that now that even these are all gone or dead. These two families, being natives of the Island, lived there in peace with the white people. No strange ones can domicile themselves on this Island; the edict has gone forth.

Colonel Jones had also a trusty male slave named Arter, Tamar's brother. He too might as well have been free, for he was allowed all manner of privileges by the Colonel and his family. He was the family marketer and attended to easy chores around the home-stead. It was said the Colonel even trusted Arter with the pocket book, to settle accounts and make purchases for him in Norfolk.

Arter, though, despite this kindly treatment, got an idea in his head, and told his master that if allowed to live in Norfolk and be a drayman he could make lots of money for both his master and himself. Of course master would do anything reasonable to help trusty Arter. So Arter was furnished with the proper turn-out as drayman and was at once doing splendidly financially, which pleased the master much. But, alas, all of a sudden Arter was missing--gone to New York for his freedom. Jones never made an effort to get him back. Let poor Arter go' I am sure he never done so well thereafter.

CHAPTER VI

TIME SCHOOLS OF THE ISLAND.

The First Day at School; John S. Briggs the Teacher

Before the writer was old enough to attend school, and for years thereafter, the heads of the Island employed well educated, foreign teachers who seldom "spared the rod to spoil the child." One of these teachers who taught there seventy-five or eighty years ago was named Devarough, but for short was called Devnish. Besides being a competent teacher, he was an artist of no little note. On the Island he made many fine pictures with paint and brush--the lord with umbrella over his lady-love dressed sumptuously in the fashions of that day. Next in turn came one named Burke, whom I well remember. He wore side-whiskers and had all the characteristics of the good, but cruety, old-time teacher.

These teachers, as usual in those days, were from Down-East, and I think their families were tinctured with Irish descent.

These Down-Easters, in those days as now, were well educated; and as teachers they flooded the other sections of this country, bringing with them the "blue-book rules."

When the writer was in his tenth year (1842) his father concluded to give his only boy something to do other than killing birds, robbing their nests and prowling around ready for any kind of mischief. So he "intered him forschool," as it was called.

About six miles of Knotts' Island being in North Carolina, the school house was situated near the half-way mark and about a mile north of our home.

This house was made up of two houses put together, or else there had been an addition made to the original north part; for I recollect a long endbrace of the original, then intact, that stretched nearly half across in the center of this long double house. The house was on the east side of the public road with side thereto. It was clap-boarded with rough hand-sawed lumber, was unpainted, and no inside finish. At the south end hung one creaking door and on the east side two others.

On the west and road side were two windows, the upper halves of which were partially paned with wooden slats. One of these windows was near the fire-place near which the teacher sat, surrounded with bundles of seasoned switches ready for use; the other was used to give light to the advanced pupils, who wrote and ciphered on a high long desk at their front.

The chimney on the north end afforded a fire-place six by four, which in winter flamed and roared like the Infernal Regions" painted to the children of that day.

Just opposite the school house on the western side of the road lived an eccentric old man named Southey Waterfield, who could tell some startling stories of events in his young days wherein he took an active part. Although these bordered on the improbable, in the main he was a nice old man. The bad school boys would steal his apples and other fruit, and even make songs about his queer ways. It was said he put toad frogs in his sweet potato hills in the Fall in order to trap insects and other intruders out and to keep potatoes from the rot. Whether toads are a preventive of rot or not, the truth is that this old man always had potatoes to se11 in Spring. To the south of this old man's premises was an open lot, wherein at noon could be found a crowd of noisy, nimble boys playing cat, razor, town-ball, somersaults, bull in-the-pen, racing, hammer-jumping, and leap frog; or storming, like the Allies at Sepastopol and the United States troops at Santiago, the nests of yellow jackets and bumblebees.

The first day the writer strode to school, with his dinner pail and Dog-Primer, he found the teacher already there. His name was John S. Briggs, a Down-East bachelor, clothed with the usual and ever memorable broad-cloth coat and pants

sleek with steady wear. He assigned me a short seat in the opposite corner from his own, and gave me the alphabet for my lesson.

When setting copies, and making or mending quill pens,his back was toward me. The boys near me began to squint their eyes and make faces at those on the teacher's side; this conduct appeared to be the usual thing and I did likewise, all neglecting the lessons. I was in a hidden position from Briggs and thought surely this conduct was the order of the day. Being a new pupil there is no doubt but that Briggs intended to keep a sharp eye on me, to see what materials I was made of.

At this instant his head whirled around, his goggles were upon me. "Come here, Henry" said he.

I went with fear and trembling. He read me the rules; and then said that the next offence would bring those switches into play.

It did appear he knew precisely when those back of him were neglecting their lessons; and around his eyes would come. The big boys told me that Briggs had a masked eye behind and I began to think that this must be true. This teacher whipped and slashed from morning till night for just such offences as I had been guilty of my first day at school. I was afraid of him and needless to say, I behaved well thereafter.

It made little difference with parents in those days, when or for what purpose their children were whipped; they calmly submitted their children to the jurisdiction of the teacher from the moment the children left their own doors in the morning until their return at night.

I think old Briggs, as he was called, was an educated man, and I am quite sure he taught that the Earth is round, turns on its axis and revolves around the Sun. This was in conflict with many of the old-timers who pronounced would--woold, and should shoold, and used "a" in "was" as in "has."

Briggs had been teaching here some time before I entered his school, and it did seem that every one in and out of school hated him, excepting Dennis Simmons, and a few others who had first employed him. I knew the small children had cause to dislike him for whipping them, not so much for misconduct, but over their lessons. He would give the small ones a push from his knees and tell them to go back and have that
lesson in ten minutes. Of course, the child knew less the next time, and received the inevitable flogging. I was a whole "quarter" getting through my Dog-Primer and a few ages in the old blue-back speller. If Briggs had been sympathetic I should have been where I left off in half the time; for other teachers thereafter, dubbed me apt.

CHAPTER VII

SCHOOLS, CONTINUED: RICHARD WATTERS IN BURK'S SCHOOL: THE COMPROMISE

Richard Waters or Watters was a schoolboy, and I thought at the time, in his teens when I entered Brigg's school. He was a nephew of Colonel John B. Jones, in whose family he lived. He was a handsome, light-haired lad, well set up physically, and possessing splendid mental talent. He was not large for his age, but his rubber-like muscles aided him in performing many an athletic trick. From the time he could walk well, he had attended the schools, and was much farther advanced in his studies than others at his age. A jolly, friendly, good-natured boy--comrade; always ready and willing to assist the small children and undergrades in their lessons, even in school hours, if a chance unobserved by the teacher should present itself; he was liked by all except teachers.

Dick, as he was called by all except teachers, had a good lot of funny and fascinating little tricks; and these he performed to please the children.

He had been whipped, stood on one leg on rickety benches, compelled to wear dunce-caps, and punished so many ways that, hardened to it all, it had come to be nothing but fun-for him.

The cause of Dick's mischievousness, mainly, was that these Down-East teachers, with their "blue-book rules" applied the switch mostly to the small children about their lessons, a method that thwarted their progress.

Dick had been brought up on these lines, and it was still in vogue; he had long since concluded to keep even with these unjust and cruel teachers. Burke, the former teacher, had beat and slashed him, but little cared Dick. If the dunce-cap were applied to him he made the others laugh; if he were up on a high desk on one leg, he would "skin the cat" on the joist; this to the merriment of all.

Burke had tried these devices to no good effect, but he had now conceived a plan that surely would work and to this merriment in school hours would put an end.

It was not long before Dick had violated the rules again. Burke took the short seat that had been given me the first day I attended Brigges school, placed it in the fire place and told Dick to mount. Dick did so; his head and chest in the flue and not visible; his legs only to be seen; still as a statue. Good behavior now in school was in evidence, and Burke consoled. All at once squalls and yells came from the throats of the school. Dick had peeped down--what a sight was seen by the young 'uns' Burke was up at once switch in hand. "What's the occasion of all this uproar?" Some little brave said, "Dick. Burke looked at Dick's legs and they were in the same position as before: "Come down here Richard; I'll investigate your doings." With one athletic plunge Dick sat vertical on his seat, face outward,

fronting the school; feet hanging and oscillating uniformly like a pendulum; presenting such a laughing-stock for the school as had never been furnished before.

Dick, while up the chimney, had made a pigment of saliva and soot with which he had besmeared his face, thus: An upper and under curve around the mouth; above the acute angles at the corners of the mouth was a large patch of black on each cheek, a fair resemblance of Burke's side whiskers; each eye was decorated like the mouth; an upper curve near the hair from temple to temple, with a moon in eclipse on forehead; a line down the nose till it entered a circle on its tip, a goatee on chin completed the painting. Then he had taken his bandana kerchief, used to wipe sweat and dirt from fingers in order not to soil too much his books and thumb-paper, tied it on his head, in old-time black-cook and turban style, but with the twisted tall in front like a sturdy horn.

Dick had tried to duplicate the Devil; on the Island about this time, there was a book in circulation containing a picture of His Satanic Majesty with cloven foot and a strong tail spear-barbed at its end. This Devil and his imps were busy around the crater of a volcano in eruption leading to his nether regions, a means of entrance furnished his swift-flying subjects, who were constantly approaching and plunging head foremost into this abyss. Now it was very likely that all these children had seen this devil picture; and, after seeing Dick in this plight, the younger ones especially were fearfully reminded of this horned, fork-tailed and cloven footed majesty and were completely spell-bound. Dick, having no materials for a tail and cloven foot, had to content himself, Rhinoceros-like with one center horn.

It was well that he could not precisely duplicate his Satanic Majesty's picture; otherwise, the small children, seeing a live devil, would have gone into spasms, for these were days of haunts, ghosts, and devilish spirits. The larger pupils were in a circus uproar, while Burke, switch in hand, stood transfixed gazing at Dick's predicament.

Burke: "Richard, go in haste to Mr. Waterfield and get'some soap." Dick started. "Come back and sit down," said Burke. "John you go and get the soap; James you and Thomas, get a bucket of water." The soap and water were soon on hand and two deputies appointed to pour water upon and otherwise to assist Dick in the cleansing. His face was cleaned up in a fair manner, but his clothes were in leopard spots.

It might be supposed that all would receive the lash and Dick a double dose, but not one got a lick. Dick had outgeneraled his teacher; and there could be detected in the countenance of Burke a suppressed smile.

Burke and Dick that evening held a conference, the result, a compromise. Dick insisted upon a reformation in the conduct of both. There was no doubt about the

compromise, for Dick's tricks grew fewer and Burke's harshness abated.

CHAPTER VIII

BRIGGS' SCHOOL AGAIN: DICK IN DETAIL; SALLY AND MARENA

I have given the little stratagems of Dick in Burke's time. When I entered Briggs's school I found Dick then and there its leader. Briggs at the outset no doubt, had heard of the compromise between Burke and Dick.

Dick had "skinned the cat" many times in Briggs' school before I entered it, so Briggs had stopped all other punishments and relied solely on the whip.

Dick, Sally White and her sister Marena got the whip almost every day. Sally and Marena were tempered somewhat like Dick; it seemed that they could not sit still, nor keep from whispering in school; therefore, the whip. Sally and Marena, like Dick, would assist the small ones in their lessons, even though in doing so they could be heard throughout the house.

Half the quarter had passed before I got to the picture of the Bear in my primer, at which place, there were easy words of two syllables and some hard ones of one syllable. Dick had previously told me when I got to that lesson to be sure and come to him and he would tell me how to speak it. For the first lesson of a certain evening this lesson was assigned me. I considered myself now ninety degrees above my former plane and capable to sit with Dick, and to Dick I went.

To shift seats without permission was against the rules. Dick was really glad of my advancement and with great zeal was teaching me how to master this lesson. His whispers grew to an audible talk, so that the whole school, as well as Briggs, could hear him. Briggs: "Richard, what is all that talk about?" Richard: "I am teaching Henry his lesson." "Come up here both of you." Dick went readily--what cared he? Hadn't he scores of times been ordered up and flogged too? He loved the excitement. Henry didn't go till ordered the second time; he was badly frightened for up to this time he had not received a lick in school. He went up, crying, crying, crying. Dick assumed the blame, informed Briggs that he had invited Henry to him, and explained the reason of the talking. With a seasoned reed Dick received three sharp cuts in each hand, and we were sent back to our respective seats; and I was carefully warned not to listen to Dick's advice. Briggs ordered me up to hear my lesson; not knowing it all, I was sent to get it at once. Dick took in my failure and was soon at my side, and as before, the whole school could hear him instructing me in this lesson. We were ordered up again. Dick received six cuts on each hand. "Give me your hand, Henry." Oh, Lord, Mr. Briggs:" Threelight cuts on each hand, yes very light cuts, I am sure, yet, I can feel the pain now.

The ice being broken a dressing or two weekly was received thereafter.

The tinkling of Briggs' brass bell called us to books,and if pupils failed to be in place within, five minutes, likely there would be war.

Girls and boys were not allowed to play together. Briggs could often be found behind trees or fencelocks watching to see if this rule was violated. He was very particular in this respect as to the daughters and grand-daughters of Dennis Simmons in whose family he lived. The girls hated this rule for they often needed the help of the boys in making their playhouses, which, being built of poles, brush and straw, resembled an old fashion potato house.

One day the girls wanted the writer to get some straw to make seats in their house, and promised in the meantime to keep a strict watch for Briggs. He got the straw and help to make the seats, which were overspread with aprons and shawls. We all took seats and were having a good time.

A grand-daughter of Dennis Simmons named "Rose Butler Ann Lewellyn," was watchman, and at this moment gave the alarm, "Briggs is upon us."

There was no way for this helper to escape. The large girls, being equal to such emergencies bad him get under this seat of straw and shawls--quick while two girls lightly sat on this high seat. Briggs peeping in at this moment saw no boys and, much to my relief, went away.

Dick Waters and Sally and Marena White got more licks thrown upon them than any others in school; indeed it was said that never a day passed that these three did not get a brush from Briggs. Sally when quite a small girl had a rising on her arm. It became chronic and supperated and it was said that a piece of bone came out of the arm. Let that be as it may, the writer knows that she suffered from this arm for a long time and perhaps, if living, may suffer from the effects even now. As Sally got frequent floggings, she would invariably holler out: "Mr. Briggs, you have whipped me on my sore arm." Every one in school knew of Sally's sore arm and whether Brigg's switch did whip around that sore arm I am not able to say. I can't think Briggs intended such cruelty toward Sally. Sally by crying in this way may have thought that Briggs would mitigate the punishment.

Every other Friday was preaching day at the Methodist Church, three quarters of a mile away from the school. On these days Briggs would march his pupils in double-file to church; would seat the boys and girls in their respective places; place himself in the altar side to them, so that he could observetheir behavior. After service he would march them back, giving them ten minutes in which to eat their lunch.

On a certain Friday preaching-morning Briggs had got a blow at Dick, but Sally and Marena had escaped. In the afternoon these girls still escaped the switch.

When school closed that afternoon the boys congratulated these girls on their good luck, and concluded that Briggs that day probably had got religion. Dick said that for such an omission a monument should be erected to the memory of such an event and that he would fix it up by Monday morning. Monday morning arrived and Dick was at the school house early.

He took the axe and cut out of that long brace stretched partly across the house a deep chip as big as a pint bowl. He had since last Friday prepared an inscription which he proceeded to tack up over that cut place in the brace. This inscription was in large legible letters. It ran thus: "This deep cut chip is in remembrance that 'Old Goggles' after taking himself and pupils to church last Friday as usual, came back so spiritually minded that he forgot to whip Sally and Marena. We are dead sure he got religion. So, now, upon this, come boys, come girls let's have a rally; Hands around: Sing:

We are all jolly fellows together,
We are all jolly fellows together,
We are all jolly fellows together,
Hi-O: hi-O: hi-O.

When Briggs came in sight of the school, all were hands around singing the above to the tune, "Keep fingers and thumbs a moving. As follows:
1st line medium high,
2nd line still higher,
3d. line very high.
1st Hi-O, rising inflection
2nd Hi-O high inflection
3rd Hi-O, falling inflection prolonged and dying out like near rumbling thunder and the last gurgglings of the bullfrog.

*(When the writer first heard this tune, it was called: "Two fingers and a thumb keep moving." This was a singing play tune and by adding another finger to every round; every finger and thumb would be moving at the finish, so the first name given above covers the ground.)

When Briggs came up, all flew to books and quiet reigned. He surveyed the more than usual quiet, apparently with satisfaction. He gave a short lecture on rules to cover the conduct of the school during the present new week. After this he heard the lessons of the classes, then seated himself to hard work in making and mending quill pens and setting copies.
It was not long before Briggs' every ready ears heard some giggling near that brace, which was close to where said Sally and Marena sat. Briggs took a chinkapin switch (he never whipped girls in the hand), went that way and inquired of these girls and others who was the guilty party. Of course, the answer to this pressing question none knew. All eyes were now fastened on Briggs, for at this moment, his head andbody bent forward about forty five degrees from the

vertical, he gazed searchingly at something in his front. Briggs: "Who did that dastardly piece of work?" All pretended they did not know what he meant. "Who cut that brace and posted that infamous writing there, I say?" At once all the pupils were gazing at the cut and script declared they had not seen it before. Dick to the front. "Mr. Briggs, I am quite sure no one here did that; and I am satisfied that some of those Williams boys who wanted to whip you here last Saturday evening at your singing school did that, and not your scholars." This was a stinging sentence, for Briggs was a singing master, and had instructed his class here the previous Saturday evening, when two or three of the sons of old man Billy Williams threatened to drag him out and beat him, so that Briggs had to keep his class in singing motion till the sun had gone down behind the piney woods, and the Williams boys had left.

Briggs: "No, that piece of work was not there Saturday evening and to get the right party I'll punish you all." We all stood in line as directed except some of the older boys he dared not whip. Dick caught the fun lively. Thereupon Dick said: "Mr. Briggs, where is the justice in whipping these small chaps who can neither read nor write; surely they could not have done it." Briggs: "No more of your slack jaw, Richard, or I'll double your dose; these small one told lies to screen you, who, I am sure, are the real offender." Dick: "Justice demands proof before punishment." This judicial hand-out brought Dick another slash or two, but it shielded the others, even Sally and Marena.

Almost all the boys on the Island had nicknames, and seldom were they called by their proper names. A particular girl, the oldest one in school, seldom or never called the small boys by their proper names. Dick and I had become worried at the name she applied to us. The older boys told us what to call her and we did so. She informed Briggs the morning of our conduct and we were called up.

Dick verified the accusation and imputed all the blame to himself. Dick caught it sharply, for Briggs never let a chance slip when Dick was before him on a charge. It now looked as though I was going free, since Dick had assumed all the blame. I was sorry for Dick and was tired of seeing him whipped, not only for his own faults alone but for mine and others. This was the first time in my life that I wished to be flogged, and I said: "Mr. Briggs, I was just as much in this affair as Dick, or even more so." The girl said: "Yes he was. n Briggs: "Well, really, the truth for once:" I got it, and not very lightly.

Many in this day might take Dick as a dare-devil. Where was it? It was true his young blood flowed swiftly through his veins; his keen voice could be heard farther in play than any other's; his rubber-like muscles rendered him an athlete of the first order; he could jump higher and farther than the other boys; and he was an instructor and leader in all games in vogue at that day.

Dick was never seen angry with play-mates on the play-ground; the whole school respected him; the children, big and little would rather suffer themselves, than to

do or say anything to Dick's injury; his only faults, if any, were the mischievous tricks he played on these crusty, cruel, unjust, Down-East teachers, who slashed only the small of their flock. This he considered not only unjust but unmanly. He intended at all hazards to thwart them. He proved a success.

If he ever told a falsehood it was to screen others,not himself. His sweetness of temper was unbounded; his mental qualities, far above the ordinary, consisted of good, sound sense; his education evolved practical usefulness. In short, Dick was a bold, fearless, truthful, sympathetic, and friendly lad, always ready to contribute help, aid and benefit to others when in his power, and in doing so, many times hazarded his own good. It can only be said by the most scrupulous that he may have been rather rough in his scheems to keep even with these teachers, but his good traits out-weigh these a hundred fold.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII

Dick's visit to Norfolk in 1854; Had been to Calaforana with his step-father and his mother; Mother had married again; The blending of the Watters and Jones families; Dick's or Dr. Richard H. L. Watters Genealogy; Dicks marriage; Family; Death.

The time, the above school narrative is based, was, during the first half of the '40's of the last century. After this I lost sight of Dick or his whereabouts for about ten years.

However, in 1854, Richard came to Norfolk from New York, to visit his relatives and friends in Virginia and Carolina. He soon found out that I, at that time lived in Norfolk.

He sent me a message by a young clerk Tom Hunt to meet him at lO O'clock A. M. the next day at Gronor's tailor shop on Main Street. I gladly went and found Dick already there. After the greeting, we sat down for a joy chat as of yore.

We canvassed our early school days; its joys and mirths, yet, often tinged with unhappy moments.

But the recounts of our activities in the aforesaid school days, so excited our facial muscles in spasmodic laughter, especially so, and increased apace, when Richard recalled the Keen cuts of the seasoned reeds applied to our palms by teacher Briggs, we could scarcely contain ourselves. In the meantime Dick had become fatherless, at what time, I do not know. However Dick's mother had married again to a Captain T. B. Lee of New York. This Captain Lee was a seafaring man and had taken after this marriage his wife and her son Richard around Cape Horn to Calafornia and back again prior to this visit to Norfolk as above set out.

Dick was still jolly, and had grown to be a bright add handsome man.

To the best of my recollection of this our last talk together, he said, he thought of going back to Calafornia to traffic on that coast, as business was plentiful and lucrative there then for the gold fever was at its height. After this, I was sure he had gone back to Calafornia, and I had lost sight of him for over fifty years.

A few years back a Mrs. Mulligan wrote to the Clerk of our Court an inquiry about the Jones family of Knotts Island but did not give her post office address. After this, I inquired of Mrs. Mary E. Spruill, Colonel John B. Jones's grand-daughter, among other matters about this Mrs. Mulligan and she informed me that this Mulligan was our Richard's grand daughter and she informed me a good deal about Dick's life and death in New York and gave the post office address of some of Dick's family.

Since I have had quite a friendly correspondence with Dick's daughter, a Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Halsted, Brooklyn,

So instead of our hero going back to Calafornia, he went back to New York to his mother and step-father and here he studied dentistry and became a successful practitioner in that profession. He married a Miss Corneliar Toombs of Brooklyn N. Y. and from this union they were parents of four children, two of which are now living; one the Mrs. Halsted aforesaid of Brooklyn, N. Y. the other a son, a singing master of New York City, who is at present holding forth in his profession in Atlanta, Georgia. This Elizabeth Lee Watters who is Dick's daughter, she married a Halsted, which union resulted in two children, daughters, both married, the older to a Hill, the younger to a Mulligan named before, each a child I believe. Their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lee Halsted, has been a widow for some years, and has had the care of her mother, who was Richard Watters widow, who was an invalid of at least two years back and about the first part of January, 1913, as Mrs. Halsted has just informed me, she died.

Our friend Richard following his profession in Brooklyn,N. Y.; his health failing somewhat, he was advised to take a more active out-door life, and he did so. He went to Jackson, Miss., here he superintended the building some large bridges in that state and made a success of it. He then returned to New York City, and followed his profession there as long as he was able to do anything; In 1896 he was attacked with pneumonia from the effects of which he died.

The correspondence between the writer and Richard's daughter, Mrs. Halsted, are very friendly, interchangable mutual and she wished me to note the genealogy of her father Richard H. Lee Watters and how of the linkings of the Watters and the Jones families came along. I'll try and give an epitome the blendings of these two families.

The Genealogy of Richard H. L. Watters
with the Jones Family

Richard Watters great grandfather on the mother's side was Taylor Jones, a Revolutionary patriot; he held many positions in that struggle for independence. He was before this or at its commencement captain of Knotts Island militia; was in 1776, a Justice of the Peace--a war Justice; in 1775 was appointed a major--a Field Officer of 1st Regiment of Militia. He was also Field Officer of the minute men as well as of the militia--interchangable. December the 20th, 1777, was elected by General Assembly at Newbern, Marshall of the Court of Admiralty of the Port of Currituck; he held is position till he died about middle of summer of 1780. His will was dated 11th Nov., 1777, Probated 11th, Aug., 1780. Will can be found in Clerk's office of Currituck County. His sons Malachi, Cornelius, Jonathan, David & Taylor; daughter Charlotte, wife Sarah.

He gave his homestead to his son Malachi. This Malachi Jones died in 1822. His will can be found also in the same office that records his father's will in will book No. 8 page 121. Recorded Feby. Term 1822.

This Malachi Jones had two lots of children. One set Colonel John B. Jones is all I find; the other set, Albert G. Jones, Jerome B. Jones and Catharine Jones; there may have been some others who may have died young, but the last three named I have seen. Jerome B. Jones was a famous medical doctor, at one time, located in a nice white house at Great Bridge, Va.; Albert Jones was a sea captain running large mail steamers to South America and I believe around to Calafornia. He was captured on the high seas by a Confederate privateer in the war between the States in the last '60's, but he and his ship and cargo were allowed to go their way to New York. It was said at the time this leniency shown to Capt. Jones was because he was born in the South. This Catharine Jones was mother of our Richard the school hero. It came along this way: Colonel John B. Jones married the first wife, a Catharine Watters of Princess Anne Co., Va. She lived but a short time; then for a second wife, he married the cousin of his first wife, Elizabeth Watters; this wife Elizabeth was the mother of all the colonel's children, viz: Sally, Mary, Lydia, Elizabeth, Ann, Georgia, Jenny and Edmund W Jones and William Jones. The last was educated for a doctor but died young; his brother Edmund took charge of his medical books and practiced medicine till his death. Now this Elizabeth Watters, the colonel's wife who bore his children had a brother John Watters, he in turn married Colone1 Jones half sister Catharine Jones, and from this union our hero Dick Watters of our school narrative appears; so now we see the blendings of the
Watters and the Jones families.

Now I have given the children's names (that is, the Colonel's children) and for the benefit of either of these families that may not know I will go a little further: Sally married Davitson Morris, both dead; three children, Mary " James Bonney, both dead; only three out of seven children live. Elizabeth married ___(?)____Woodhouse, both dead, result one girl child, she is a widow having married a Spruill who died; result two children both dead. Ann married Calvin B.

Cason, both dead; result a girl and boy John C. Cason lives on the parents old homestead on Morse's Point: he is about sixty years of age, has never married. His sister married an Heistand, he died recently but his widow still lives. Lydia, married a Whitehurst, no children, husband dead many years back, the widow still lives and is now, 1912, about 87 years old. Jenny, Married a Wilkins I believe. She died long since childless. Georgia never married and died, 1912, at the age of 75 years. Edmund W. Jones, married and lived on Morse's Point. I don't know of any children; he is dead. Dr. William Jones, I don't think ever married. He died young. The name of Jones, in this large family of Colonel John B. Jones' is it appears gone forever. It has been a very notable family from Revolutionary times down to recent date, and it is a great pity that the name of that family should die finally out, yet I think the David Jones' set on the Island now sprang from the old ancester Taylor Jones, for Taylor Jones had a David in his family of boys.

As Dick our hero, and Briggs the teacher, are prominent actors in this Knotts Island School narrative, I will add the following chapter, showingBriggs' lash career in this tale.

CHAPTER IX

BRIGGS ONCE MORE, HIS SICKNESS, CONVERSION, RELIGION AND PREACHING; LICENSE ASKED SOME POETRY. DENNIS SIMMONS BRIGGS' HELPER.

It was said Briggs had a severe spell of sickness, after the writer attended his school, when it was said he professed a religious conversion.

Now the Knotts Island way to obtain pardon for sinful offences was to prostrate yourself at the mourners' bench, in the open, and there seek forgiveness. They did not believe in this sly, sickbed, repentance, especially so,as to the conversion of old Briggs. "Old Briggs" was the general appellation applied to this teacher of thirty five forty years of age, by the Island people.

This doubt as to the conversion of Briggs soon culminated into a solid disbelief. Congeniality always existed between a good preacher in the pulpit and the people of this Island. Briggs had long since found this out, and a gratifying thought on this line had now entered his discerning mind. He wanted to become a preacher. The affinity between him and brother Dennis Simmons made this desire possible.

Brother Simmons magnified to the people of the Island the moral and religious qualities of this intelligent man for a preacher, in order, if possible, to soften the prejudices existing against him.

After working hard diplomatically, Brother Simmons proposed that the church on the Island should give brother Briggs in fraternal love, a hearty send-off, by approving the granting of license for him to preach. But the church said: No, no,

no, never. Simmons was non-plussed.

As the proper recommendation could not be had on the Island, Briggs and Simmons had to betake themselves to Bethel Church, in Princess Anne, County, Va., to get the proper credentials; and, finally Briggs was licensed to preach.

Briggs now having his send-off, this shrewd old brother Dennis Simmons wanted him to preach his maiden sermon on the Island, and designed a plan which he thought would work to this end.

Simmons knew if he called a meeting of the church to hear Briggs preach, Briggs would have to preach to Simmons and empty benches. So he called a meeting of the church the following Saturday-night for business of importance. These Islanders, then as now, were punctual church-goers, most especially so on specific occasions. No doubt the church expected the presence of its presiding elder, and, if so, he would likely preach for them the next day (Sunday). The strength of the church was there that night and sang lively in opening the meeting. But soon the query arose, what is the business to be looked after? Presently their brother Simmons arose and told the congregation that brother Briggs would hold service for them and that he desired the people to pay due respect to what they would now hear. After this announcement there was a buzzing stir in that church, and in ten minutes there were not enough left to fill a good sized dinner table. So brother Briggs did not preach. Thus these two brothers had, once more, to betake themselves to Bethel where the first sermon was preached. Briggs had it canvassed on the Island that "the still small voice spoke peace to him in his bed chamber. Why not?

At the following Virginia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, Briggs was properly endowed by this body, and was appointed preacher in charge of Currituck Circuit for the ensuing year.

In the year 1859, the writer took wife in Coinjock, and about the first thing he heard at the wedding was that his wife's sister, Ann Simmons, and N. L. Walker were married long since, by minister John S. Briggs, of Currituck Circuit. This was in the last half of the last '40's in the 19th century.

From what the writer knows of Briggs' characteristics, his sermons must have been formal and dogmatic; old fashion revivals could never have followed him.

In those days loud preaching and great gesticulations in the pulpit, painting Hell with its horrors and heaven with its glory were the order of that day; indeed the ability to preach well was somewhat measured by such pulpit demonstration.

Briggs did not measure up to such demonstrations as were then practiced, but being a doctrinarian, he would have filled the pulpit well in this 20th century.

The old heads of the Island,
Good teachers once they sought,
The teachers whose ancestors,
Had sat on Plymouth Rock.
These Downeast tutors surely,
Were estimated smart,
Were found to be well cultured,
In pedagogic art.

One teacher Briggs about the year,
Eighteen Hundred and forty,
On this Isle he domiciled,
To teach its sons and daughters

As Burke, he taught the Earth is round,
And in space on nothing hung,
The moon around the Earth doth run,
Both whirlling around Sun.

Old-timers fought Briggs, tit for tat,
His system round theirs the flat,
For they had eyes could see Earth shape,
Flat it was as a pancake.

The crusty, Downeast teacher Burke,
Unfairly the lash applied,
Until Dick Watters bravely fought
Him, into a compromise.

Dick soon thereafter charged on Briggs
In diplomatic order,
With Sally and Marena's help,
Briggs sought some other quarters.

So in sick bed Briggs lay and prayed,
For his past sins' remission,
He claimed to be converted there,
And all his sins forgiven.

Promptly with pluck he license asked,
The Gospel for to proclaim
But the Church upon the Island,
Very promptly gave the nay.
To Bethel Church then Briggs did hie,
With friend Simmons by his side,
After earnest solicitations

There, the license was supplied.
Briggs had a studied plan to serve
This Island and Princess Anne,
But sent he was to Currituck,
To warn Currituckians.

"I'll firmly test this Gospel scheme,
I will" said Briggs the preacher.
"But should it fail in pocket fees,
Once more I'll be the teacher."

Now Preacher Briggs no doubt he sleeps,
In some far distant clime,
No smarting switch has he in hand,
As used in days gone by,
But as teacher and as preacher
I'm sure he made a socre,
Then bid adieu to Dick and schools,
Of the Island years ago.

Read Remarks by the Writer -- it explains.

Notice, My red ink is almost out and it blotches worstthan black, not so easy to read. This book as you will see was intended to incorporate the history of Currituck County from its first settlement up and including the Revolutionary War, culled from the Colonial Records and State Records. The first ten volumes compiled by Secretary Saunders and the State records by Judge Walter Clark; and these volumes are of recent date. North Carolina to get any history of itself had at the late date of 1885, get copies of transcripts from London, and through these transcripts, Secretary Saunders compiled the ten volumes aforesaid from which we can glean some of the proceedings of the people of North Carolina up to and including a portion of the Revolutionary War. And Judge Clark has tried his best to find out what was going on in North Carolina from 1776 to 1790, but with little success. To tell the truth, N. C. history in the far past day, is quite poverty stricken.

Now take particular notice that from these many volumes the writer has tried to cull from them what is said of Currituck and has tried somewhat to glean its history in her far back past days; and tried to write a summary of her proceedings in those days. It was found quite impossible from these volumes to cull much of a history of any isolated place in North Carolina; I have done my best, however to get what was possible and have in a crude way pinned a portion in this volume, which can be found in each of its right hand pages. I soon found every other page would not hold it all, so I got a larger book and have put all I could get of Currituck County into it. So the blank pages of this book I concluded to put the history of Knotts Island also into it and commenced with Red ink, so as not to confuse too

much the reader. My red ink getting low and it does not show as well as black, therefore I am going to finish Knotts Island history with black ink.

Now take further notice that every left hand page in this book is the history of Knotts Island and every right hand page that of Currituck. Now this is plain enough and need not create any confusion. Read the history of Knotts Island throughout to its end; any one disposed to read what is said of Currituck, let him begin on page l and read every right hand page through as far as Currituck may go etc.

Begin at page 4 in Red ink which reaches to page 78, then the Red ends. Read what the writer has to say on page 78 and 80 in black ink and after this the remainder of Knotts Island history will be written in black ink on every left hand page throughout till the Currituck portion may end.

I will write "Knotts Island over every page of Knotts Island history from now on. I have written up to Chapter IX in Red, the next will be Chapter X on page 82 in Black ink and on to its end.

Again take notice after page 261 where Currituck stops; after this every page both left and right are allKnotts Island to its end.

CHAPTER X

FAMILY NAMES OF KNOTTS ISLAND SEVENTY YEARS AGO; ESPECIALLY AS TO THE WATERFIELD & BOWDEN FAMILIES.

In my earliest remembrance the inhabitants of this stand were made up of the following families: Waterfield, Litchfield, White, Ansell, Williams, Beasley, Jones, Simpson, Wicker, Bowden, Capps, Dud1ey, Spratt, Simmons, Caffee, Bonney, Newman, Cooper, Whitehurst, Etheredge, Miller, Davis, Grimstead, Holly, Heath, and Ayres.

The last three either left the Island or died out. The numerical strength of these families range approximately in the order named. The Waterfield family still leads, but I doubt whether Jones, Ansell, Beasley, Litchfield, and White have done little more than to keep pace with the Island's increase. The Bowden, Bonney, Newman, Simpson and perhaps some others have likely increased, while others have decreased, and some, through death or otherwise, have disappeared.

When I could first recollect the Bowden family, there were only two males--Timothy and Thomas; if there were another he left no offsprings. But this Timothy Bowden (called by the young "Old Man Timothy") begot a numerous progeny, such as had never been seen before nor since on this Island. I doubt that his equal on this line could have been surpassed in Currituck and its surrounding counties, or even in the Old North State.

He married twice, and his powers of generation were amazing, marvellous. He was the father of twenty six children, and it became a question among the Islanders: Would not the predominancy of the Waterfield family be driven to show the white father. If these younger Bowdens had followed the footsteps of their sire, I am sure a compromise now would be in order between these two families. It must be remembered that the Waterfield family was numerous long ago, while the present Bowden family have mostly sprung from this old man Timothy, aided by a fair springklin from Thomas to help the process on. There are, no doubt, enough Bowdens from this sire and his brother to police a large city.

These two progenitors were the greatest old time hunters of that day, and geese and ducks stopped honking and quacking when their old flint and steel muskets bore upon them.

In those days to hear of another heir being born in the family of Timothy Bowden, created no surprise, not even among the female population, for it was an annual occurrence. When a young Bowden arrived at the teens there were a dozen below. It became a problem with the busy bodies, how this old man could provide for so many young ones; he grew in experience by degrees. With his small farm products; with ducks and fish at his door; with hogs in the marsh that required little from his hands, he amply raised and provided for this large family, to perpetuate his name forever.

CHAPTER XI

OLD-TIME GUNNERS: THEIR DUCKING MODES. A NOTABLE SHOT. THE REASONS WHY LESS DUCKS NOW THAN IN EARLIER DAYS. COMMON DUCKS THEN, NOTABLES NOW. MODES DISCUSSED.

The most efficient and persevering gunners seventy or more years ago on this Island--I mean those that followed it for a livelihood--were Wilson, Cooper, Thomas Bowden, Timothy Bowden, aforesaid, Zechy Simpson, Rol Grimstead, Leven Ballance, Fred Davis, Edmund and Jereman Litchfield, two or three Ansell trained by Cooper through family relationship, John Dudley and likely some others.

Of course there were scores of others that followed fowling but none so constantly as these.

Don't make as mistake and get mixed by taking the Wilson Cooper and Timothy Bowden who are famous gunners on the Island now, for the former were the respective parents of the latter two.

In those days the mode of duck shooting was not as now. Ducks was shot sitting and at the rise. The crawling practice in vogue. Go into the marsh with noiseless care; look over the coves, creeks and ponds; see if any of the feathered tribe have

ventured near enough to shore for a shot; if so, down on hands and knees, often in mud and water; crawl to the water's edge; peep through the marginal marsh or galls; see where ducks were thickest. Ready--aim--bang. Fuss and feathers, what clatter and scramble: There might be three or four or a score of dead and crippled ducks. In went the hunter attending to cripples first, often chasinga wing-break a great distance. He would then gather up his trophy, return to the shore wet from waist down.

When two hunters were together, often one would shoot at the sitting the other at the rise or flirt.

If the flock were sprigtails, which feed with tails up, heads down, the most of those left after a shot would be cripples. To avoid this, it was custom to give a keen whistle so that the old duck policeman, sitting off a good distance, keeping watch over its flock, would give the warning quack and flirt: immediately heads up--bang, bang at the flirt.

The guns used then were English and French muskets, about as large as the modern No. 10, and were of the flint-and-steel, cock-and-pan make.

These guns often missed fire, especially in damp weather. The steel being dampened the flint would fail to knock fire in the pan; and if it did, the powder in the pan might be moist or corroded about the touchhole, then there would be a missfire--"a flash in the pan" as it was called. If this occurred when a good bunch of ducks was in front likely some cuss words against gun and powder would be uttered by some, mumbled by others.

To be sure the next time, the dry part of the woolen coat tail or the under part of the sleeve was applied to the steel till it glittered; the flint ragged with jackknife; touchhole opened; dry powder put into the pan with dry tow thereon and clamped down; then gun lock under coat-tail and arms, the hunter was off for better luck.

The marshes were interspersed with coves, ponds and creeks, where if permitted, ducks frequented nights, to feed and rest; these furnished other of duck hunting: On the east side of pond or cove before night; build a blind so that the reflection of the departing sun glazed a path to the west; lie down and wait the coming. Whir,--down-flat;--pish-shu-u. If near dark and the ducks swam across this glazed path,--bang. This went on from sun-down till dark. A chance shot from an expert might kill in the dark. Those who followed this mode seldom went home without a mess of ducks.

Wild geese tamed or raised and also ducks raised on the premises were used in those days for decoys; and in strong westerly winds and a high tide, with these geese decoys, two persons would often kill a hundred geese in one day at the margin of the sand-beach or on some conspicuous shoalnear by. With tame decoy ducks near marshy Islands or pointsthey often did well. This was before the

modern wooden decoys were known.

A NOTABLE SHOT,

The old man Zechy Simpson made one of the most notable shots ever made on the Island, and it is doubtful if it was ever surpassed anywhere with a common shoulder gun. He lived on a point of land that jutted into the bay. In a certain hard freeze there was an air-hole near his house; the ducks were so thick in that open space there was not room for the hundreds that, failing to get in, still hovered around. He charged his old musket, went down, and drew a bead on them, and killed forty seven malard ducks that he got, while some others dropped on the ice which he failed to get.

This air-hole ran from the shore outward, and while he was gathering up his forty-seven ducks some criples went ashore, and a boy by the name of Henry Bright, who lived with Mr. Jesse White near by, went directly afterward and got five more that had come ashore, making fifty-two in all from that one shot. It was said there were a few black ducks among them, if so, they didn't lessen the magnitude of the shot for both blacks and malards are very large ducks.

This is no fiction, but a true story.

Ducks and geese in those days were in solid rafts. One bitter cold Sunday, the writer with others, was on the bayside up in Jones's wind-mill; the wind was blowing a galefrom west; the ducks and geese ran from the fence locks outfor a hundreds of yards, wedged so closely together that scarcely any water could be seen among them; but not one man among the half dozen present would dare shoot them on the Sabbath, although there were guns in the miller's house. How would it be now.

I have seen many larger rafts than the one spoken of above, in Knotts Island Bay and its adjacent shoals and Swan Island (once called Crow Island) waters. When they were distrurbed and arose the noise made was like distant rumbling thunder.

The honk of geese, the clatter of ducks mixed with the sonorous tune of the swan, all quickened by fright, made a deafening din. The large raft would go and join another and this would be repeated every time they were disturbed.

It is amusing to hear some people at this day say, there are as many ducks frequenting our waters now as ever in years past. Now the writer will say right here, that during any winter now there cannot be over twenty-five per cent of the fow1 that frequented our waters seventy years ago. There may be as many killed now as then, more money realized, but this does not prove that there are as many ducks now as then. Seventy years ago our country was thinly populated: our gunners used the old flint-and-steel muskets to kill ducks; crawling, killing and wading waist deep after them was the mode the kind of duck then sought for

family use and to supply a small near by market was what is now called common The few killed for sale then were dragged through mud and mire with team and cart miles away, and for a small price. The ducks in those days had only to watch the margin of coves, creeks, ponds, bays and other shore lines for the shooters.

Now let us see why the millions of wild fowl that once swarmed our waters have wonderfully decreased--all but disappeared.

There are fast lines of steamers and railroads that care little for distance; these and most all commercial houses have refrigerators to keep ducks from taint; with the product of the ice plant ducks can now, if needed, be kept for months as hard as a rock.

The population of the United States has immensely increased; hamlets and villages have grown to large cities; the then cities have grown in population till some have passed the million mark; the whole country has increased about in the same proportion.

So there is a market for everything; a person living away back in the country may order a mess of ducks from these market cities and have them conveyed to him in a jiffy.

Now, as to the latter-day mode of slaughtering the fowl that still venture to visit us in winter: They scarcely have the privilege of flying within one hundred yards of the surface of the water. There are numerous boxes, called "batteries," sunk even with the surface of the water, with floating wings water-colored, riding the billows; the gunner crouched in box, surrounded by hundreds of wooden decoys, with few iron ones perched on box for ballast as well as to deceive. Here comes a flock of deceived birds and if they approach within one hundred yards in air, a part of this flock is likely to come down after several explosions from that box. If this box does not sweep them all there are fifty other boxes and blinds in their path to hammer the life out of this little venturesome flock. I have frequently been informed by gunners that wild fowl, finding no resting place on the feeding grounds in the day time, have to betake themselves to the Atlantic Ocean and sit there resting on its swells till night, when they venture back, to stop hunger: even then they are killed by some fire-lighting dare-devils.

This mode of killing fowl in Currituck prevails throughout this land of ours where wild fowl abound.

Now, let me give the unvarnished truth why wild fowl in Currituck as well as elsewhere are becoming scarcer and scarcer.

This country has six times the population that it had when the writer was born. There are millions of wealthy people of speculative habits roaming the country, some for pleasure, some for both pleasure and lucre. Among these are many

sportsmen with gun and tacklings, hundreds of thousands of them. These hunters hail from everywhere, and go whereever wild birds or beasts are found, especially so, in the United States and the British Possessions. They not only kill these birds, but go North in the frozen zone during Summer where these birds lay their eggs, encamping themselves for the season, and live on their flesh. While many make it a lucreative business by securing the feathers, others stuff and preserve the feathered skins to sell to curiosity seekers; others, still, collect millions of eggs, preserve them by modern processes, and sell them in the markets when cold weather comes.

Then why should there be as many now as then? There is every reason to the contrary.
In his youth the writer could see in two miles square, more ducks then than can now be seen in going from Vanslyck's to the Virginia line. If these brooding places North are not protected, soon there will be neither ducks nor other like birds to visit us. As I have said before the ducks sought in those days were what are now called "common," such as sprigtail, black, creek, mallard, ball-pate, blue-wing, teal and some others.

In those days little notice was taken of the canvasback and red-head (then often called "bull-necks"); and as to the booby, now grown so famous, a raft at hand would not have enticed a shot; they were considered a nuisance; once in a while the boys would take a shot at them for fun, to see them dive at the flash.

The canvas-back and red-head were not very plentiful in the shallow waters frequented mostly by oldtime gunners, but they would be found in large numbers in the deep water of the sound and on its margin; also, in the deep, muddy waters of Bellow's Bay and Back Creek. It did not pay to seek these now famous ducks, which involved in shooting them at long range and wading to the armpits after them; there were plenty of the common ones to be had with far less trouble. Furthermore, these two notables could dive at the flash, as well as the booby. These famous Bull-necks were always sold in Norfolk; one dollar was the maximum price for the canvas-back, about one half to three quarters of that price for red-heads, and usually from twenty-five to fifty cents for a pair of the common ones. So it did not pay to hunt for a pair of bull-necks when perhaps a dozen pairsof the common ones could be had with much less trouble.

But few of the old-time hunters purchased powder and shot by the keg and bag; some like Cooper, Bowden, Simpson I and some others may have done so; but the majority sent to Norfolk for ammunition in small quantities, when it could not be had at the Island shops.

Those shops could often furnish the majority of small gunners with ammunition. The call would invariably be: Half pound powder, two pounds shot. By a peak in my makeup, I hear that call yet.

CHAPTER XII
WHAT TWO OLD GUNNERS DID THAT REVOLUTIONIZED THE OLD GUNNING CUSTOMS OF THE ISLAND: YOUNG COOPER AND BOWDEN

In the course of time, say, seventy years ago or thereabouts, the two old gunners, Wilson Cooper and Timothy Bowden, took it into their heads, in order to perpetuate their names and occupation, each to beget a boy to receive his father's name, Wilson Cooper and Timothy Bowden, both juniors, and it so came to pass. These two boys filled the bill that parents allotted for them; they were found, even when boys, over abundantly endowed with hereditary leanings, and each now bears the appellation of his ancestor "Old man Wilson Cooper"and "Old man Timothy Bowden." The inherited ducking knowledge and instinct of these two boys expanded amazingly from the first, and soon improved the ducking language and the practices handed down to them by their ancestors; the way they did honk and quack fowl into their snares was surprising; but it must be seen that these commenced where parents left off, thence the evolution was a rapid progression.

Young Cooper when only a tot, and, being too small to steady with his arms his old heavy musket, carried with him a crotch, this he stuck into the ground, upon it rested his gun, and banged away; he thus did good work from the first. It was not long, however, before this youngster had a small, new percussion gun, for he was the first to take hold of any new invention.

It was amazing to see the crowds of the careless ones throwing up hats to see what Cooper could do with his new gun. His quick and dexterous aim did such execution that had it not been speedily stopped the neighborhood would have soon been hatless. Then the old-time copper cents were introduced; he shot them away as readily as he ragged and demolished old hats; therefore the coppers began to grow wonderfully scarcer around Cabe Beasley's store, and the crowds congregated there to be thus amused, grew poorer each day from their loss.

So this youngster, after bankrupting the young sports of the neighborhood, had to betake himself to shooting ducks on the wing, and even at first trial he took them down easily enough.

This was a great innovation on duck killing of that day; indeed there were protests against this radical departure from the old method, mainly on account of waste of ammunition, for this chap Cooper would shoot a single duck on the wing as readily as a flock. Furthermore, the protectors asserted that shooting ducks in the air above would cause them to go elsewhere. These protests came from the old gunners who would not shoot until several ducks were together or in range. This opposition did not amount to much, for others of the progressive youngsters--Bowden, the Simpsons, and some others, fell in line and revolutionized the old methods; and this before their parents had passed over the river.

CHAPTER XIII

YOUNG BOWDEN AND COOPER IN COPARTNERSHIP; WHAT THEY DID IN THE GUNNING INDUSTRY

The old modes being now in a great measure revolutionized, it was not strange that these two progressive young men should enter into a partnership for fowling purposes. That is just what they did. After this, such a slaughtering of the feathered tribe had never before been seen. They grew rapidly in fowl and weather knowledge. They soon became astronomical prognosticators and weather-wisers.

The writer has seen Cooper, before retiring at night, go out, sniff the air, view the stars and seldom or never erred in predicting from what point the wind would blow the next day.

Before closing his eyes he would plan the next day's work. In this respect Bowden was not much, if any, behind Cooper.

When off the next day they would compare notes and as a usual thing were found together. There never could be a partnership that sailed through smoother waters; if one were sick though a week, he got his share of the net proceeds. Indeed they were captains of the gunning industry. At first they used live decoys and stooled them near points of marsh or by marshy Islands; after being deprived of many such places by owners, they resorted to wooden decoys and bush blinds placed in deeper water. Wing shooting with them had long since become the order of the day. They procured larger guns than others and woe to the wing that fluttered within one hundred yards of them--likely it would flutter no more; with these guns to kill at one hundred yards was not unusual. At the present time there are scores of expert wing shooters--indeed now it is the only mode, practiced from batteries and blinds--yet as I have said before, Cooper and Bowden followed it for years, before adopted by others. They still stick to the bush blind, and taking their lives, throughout, I doubt if others have done better or even as well as these two old gunners.

Taking these Islanders as a whole, there are but few that can compete with them.

It is bang-pap, bang-pap, as regular as a clock; neither difficulties of place, distance or weather, stop these Island hunters; they are to be found wherever the duck flies, though miles and miles away from their homes.

Cooper and Bowden long ago could kill ducks in the dark from the whir of the wing; there was no law then against duck-shooting at night, except fire-lighting.

The writer has dwelt somewhat in detail on the ducking qualities of Bowden and Cooper, and did not by so doing intend to ignore the younger experts of this Island; but by describingthe ups and downs, the ins and outs, of these two old leaders you have in a nut-shell the lives in common of thehunters of this Island.

Now these two old weather-beaten foulers, like their ancestors, have grown old, their eyes are dim with age; and this is perhaps the reason why they had to dissolve and each take a younger blood as partner, who doubtless lightens the old man's labor.

It does seem as though they would have to stop shooting qame; but no, their inventive genius is equal to the drawbacks of old age. When eye-sight is failing, they only have to apply microscopic glasses and the same bang-pap goes on.

Where are the Island gunners of sixty years ago? Almost a11 have laid aside their guns and emigrated to that Country Beyond. What was Bowden and Cooper doing when the writer was in his last teens? Shooting ducks. What at thirty? Killing ducks. When at fifty? Killing ducks. What at sixty? Killing ducks What at the scriptural mark of longevity? He only has to turn his head, look over his shoulder, there they are just behind, gun in hand blazing away, at the same old routine business.

They will not stop, they cannot stop, it would be a pity, if for any reason, they might have to stop. In the opinion of the writer it's best for their health and peace of mind not to stop. The writer, not many years since, inquired of an expert gunner, how his two old friends were getting in their vocation. He said he had heard that Cooper on account of eye failure thought of stopping. Mark these words: he will not stop as long as he can see his boat and feel his gun. The clinging qualities of Bowden is ditto.

The fingers and needles of the old knitting woman fly in the dark; and dropping a stitch is seldom known. The pianist traces the keys not with the eye, but by practice and intuition. Buffalo Bill does not have to sight, sight, sight his rifle at the dollar between the fingers of the mounted passer by at full speed, but by intuition the rifle as by magic is brought into line with the swift passing dollar and it is plucked out without injury to the holder.

So these two worthies of whom I am speaking, can, I am sure, do the same for ducks.

Long may they live to enjoy the lucrative pleasure.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TAKING OF FISH IN THE FAR PAST; THE MODE OF TAkING FISH AND MARKETING THEM SWIFTLY TO NORFOLK

I have in the foregoing, described somewhat in detail the means used in killing wild fowl; and now I will take up the fishing industry which was far back, beyond seventy years ago, second only to fowling, if not its equal.

Be it remembered that sixty years ago or more the people of the other portions of the country thought of catching fresh water fish for market. The Islanders had been and were then abundantly supplying, with chub and perch, Norfolk, Richmond, and other adjacent markets.

After caught, the fish were strung into bunches; ten perch, more or less, according to size, constituted a bunch; while one large chub, or two small ones, made a bunch. A large load of these fish for a market cart was two hundred and fifty bunches; medium, two hundred bunches; a small load one hundred to one hundred and fifty bunches; indeed, some to straine a point, with an able team, would carry three hundred bunches; but too insure quick transportation and speedy sale one hundred and fifty bunches were considered a fair load.

There were regular catches and regular freighters; the latter attended the landings to load up and thence hasten away to Norfolk.

It was custom for the freighters to go early in the afternoon to the landings; and when loaded up would hie away and be in Norfolk early the next morning. Sometimes one boat might load two carts, at other times it might take two boats to load one cart. The freight charge for carrying these fish to market (as I recollect it) was a third part.

At the start of this business, likely a hundred and twenty five, or more years ago, the fish, so I was informed, wore sold in the market at retail by the bunch by those who carried them to Norfolk; or sold in bulk to the hucksters for like distribution. Later on, however, and within my memory, a change took place in the fish market.

A man by the name of Howard made arrangement for the transportation and sale of these fish, in Richmond and other places in Virginia, and I believe in Baltimore as well; thereupon, Howard became the sole purchaser, and to his place of business on Union Street all the fish were carried.

Of course Howard had his own way in fixing prices, yet to keep fish coming, he generally gave a fair price--from five to eight cents per bunch, according to the condition of the weather. In cold weather with fish scarce as much as ten cents per bunch was often realized.

There were thirty freighters who made a fair livelihood by carrying fowl, fish, poultry, eggs, etc., to Norfolk. They often carried mixed loads. Howard made money fast and became quite independent. These marketers by selling their loads at once to Howard got back home the next night; by this quick mode they often made two trips a week.

This selling to Howard went on for some time, when a radical change took place.

Miles Taylor, a huckster in the market, seeing Howard making a fortune on fish, added that to his business, and came a strong competitor of Howard.

Their places of business were adjacent to each other, and the fun commenced. The one that gave the most got the fish and ducks. Fish now often went to twelve cents bunch, and ducks advanced accordingly. Thus trade went on in this way for some time, apparently satisfactorially to all parties, untill the two great storms, came along, in March and September, 1846, which destroyed all fresh water fish in Knotts Island waters; for the breakers of the Atlantic washed the Island's shores. It was some years before the chub (welshmen) came around again; when this time did arrive the same business began and continued as before.

Although after these storms, of which I will have more to say presently, the waters about the Island remained a long time brackish, consequently unsuited to the chub's taste, yet these Islanders, always on the alert, soon found in the fresher waters of Coinjock Bay and other remote places abundance of chub and other fish, and went thither.
Often two in one boat would take another boat in tow, hie away to Coinjock Bay ten miles or more away, load up both boats and be off for home by noon.

To verify this, Mr. John Simmons of Coinjock told me that one day while working on his windmill on the bayside, he saw two Knotts Island fishermen appear near by; two were in one boat, with another in tow; and that in three hours; to his great astonishment, they had loaded both with fish and were off for home. Now these fish were surely in Norfolk early the next morning. There were no people in Currituck prior to the '50's, except the Islanders who ever thought of catching and marketing fish to Norfolk in a fresh state. Of course, there may have been an inconsiderable number of fishermen on the water courses in their respective sections who peddled a few fish to supply the home-stayers. In the southern part of the county some caught herrings in Spring, and shipped them in boats to market in a salted state. Prior to 1850, it would have consumed nearly the wholeof a week for a person from Coinjock and south thereof to make a trip with a load to Norfolk and back again. Some people who followed occasional marketing in this slow way covered their carts, in order to protect them from a week's weather, thus making them resemble a peddler's wagon. This plan was almost always adopted by the people of Poplar Branch and Powell's Point. If these people started on Monday evening, after having prepared their load in the morning, they might be home again the last of the week. It was quite a task for those who had to market their pork, poultry, and sweet potatoes. About ten bushels of potatoes made a load. But with the marketers of Knotts Island, time was well utilized and space little considered; ducks and fish had to go, and they went.

Thirty six hours was all the time wanted for a trip to Norfolk and back and when pressed for time if the load were light this could be somewhat reduced.

Long before the writer was born, and up to and including the '30's and '49's, and

'50's of the last century the people of Knotts Island, in the way of fishing, fowling, chicken raising, and rapid marketing were far ahead of the rest of the people of Currituck County, especially of the southern part. About 1860 other people, bordering the water sections of the county, began slowly to see the light on these lines, and now, of course, since marketing is done by steamers, Knotts' Island has plenty of helpers in killing ducks and catching fresh fish for market. But these Islanders cannot and never will be downed; they have no superiors in this respect and few equals.

Why were the people of this Island so far ahead of others of their county, in the past, in fowling and fishing business? Its people were always and are now more in touch with the people of Princess Anne County, Va., than with the people of their own county; for their only way by land to Norfolk was through Princess Anne County; and the people of that county were following the same fowling and fishing business as the Islanders. Their fish and fowl were gotten out of Back Bay and others of its eastern waters; so the interest of the two sections were identical; and, no doubt, the people of this Island took their first lesson in this trade from the people of eastern Princess Anne, perhaps a century and more ago.

To show the friendly relationship which has existed for centuries and is still existing between Knotts Island and Pricess Anne, I will point out one circumstance: When the General Conference of the M. E. Church South took thisconference district in North Carolina, several years ago Knotts Island Methodists gave it a solid no; and there is no doubt but that if arrangement had not been made for the Knotts Island Church to remain in the Virginia Conference, Knotts Island would have seceded; for did not their preachers alway come from and belong to Princess Anne circuit; hadn't they preached to their great-great-grand parents, and fromthem down to the present generation; and were they not, enerally, from the most intelligent class of preachers of the Virginia Conference which as a body is the equal of the United States Congress? No; no change or barter for them! On this line, the writer, being born & reared on this Island, is impressed with the same sentiment as these Island people.

CHAPTER XV

THE TWO GREAT STORMS OF MARCH AND SEPTEMBER. GREAT DAMAGE. 1846 SET OUT IN POETRY.

Let me degrees for a moment to tell you about the two "great storms" of 1846, which did so much damage to Eastern North Carolina and Virginia. I do this more for the information of the young of this Island and county than as a reminder to the old. For the old of this Island to recall the dire, terrible and still-lasting disaster of that year it could bring nothing but depression; for I believe that this Island suffered more misfortune from these storms than any other portion of this county. The oldest inhabitants of the Island had never before seen such desolation before; and I am sure there has not since been a storm on our coast to compare with

either of them; there had been no storm their equal since the Revolution. I the early days of March of that year the wind blew from a north-easterly direction, a stiff breeze, and increased in veolcity daily for about a week. The old and knowing ones said: We are going to have a storm after all: Others said: Oh, no; who ever saw a gale after the wind had blown a week from the storm-point, for a storm generally comes after a calm or on the first of a shift! The wind increased, the old Atlantic was plunging on its shore with a mighty roar, as if a squadron of modern war ships were practicing their heavy artillery; its waves were angry and strong, breaking on the shore with a tremendous jar that sent air-waves across this Island tending to put infants to sleep in their cradles. The wind still increased and the storm was upon us. The creaking joints of the house tops and the roaring of the blast in the tall old trees mingled with the ocean's roar were appalling. All stood aghast: This was noon of the first day of real storm. It continued through the night and all the next day and night with increasing fury. During the third and last night the wind veered farther north without abating; it became colder, and the previous torrential rains turned to snow. The next morning found devastation complete--trees uprooted and in confusion; the earth strewn with limbs and boughs, and covered with three inches of snow. The wind now North by East had somewhat abated, but was still blowning a strong gale. The people living in the midland of the Island did not know what had taken place on its water coast, but the news spread that the Atlantic was breaking on the Island shore. The writer went with his father and others to the bay-side; such a sight was never seen before. No marsh, no beach, nothing to be seen oceanward except the tops of the few large, mountain sand-hills, the tree-tops of Fresh Pond Island, and Washwoods.

The great salt waves were breaking at our feet. The sea ebbed and flowed on the Island shore; high water must nave been from six to eight feet higher than the usual high water mark and it had been higher even than now, as could be seen by the sea-drift upon the shore. It was not long before there were a score or more of men with us, each dwelling on the calamitous situation. Hogs, cattle, sheep and all other animals on marsh and beach dead; fences blown flat; and water fences carried with the tide down the sound, to be cast with the dead animals and debris on some distant shore.

The seriousness of the situation was apparent. In canvassing the calamity, there and then, the query arose what had become of Wilson Cooper and Thomas Bowden and their families who lived on the banks opposite the center of the island. Cooper lived on a knoll or Island separated from the beach by a creek where recently lived William Evans; Bowden lived nearby, probably Deals Island and nearer the sea, where Captain Corbell now lives. (Corbel has died since the above was written.)

These two families were really Knotts Islanders but for the better advantages of ducking they had domiciled themselves on the banks. Colonel John B. Jones had, under the cedars at the landing, a large twelve-oared boat used for sea-fishing. At once thirteen men volunteered to launch this boat to try to stem the flood, and, if

possible, to rescue the two families, if they were not already drowned, for the water during this gale must have been to the eves of their houses; and it was very likely they were out adrift by the tide.

The boat was manned; the wind was blowing a gale dead ahead; with steady oars these men rowed against waves and flood and gale over marsh and bay to Cooper's house, which they found floating among a clump of live oaks deserted. Over to Bowden's they went, and found his house anchored and tied to the surrounding live oaks, tumbling about, but being kept on its balance by many devices. Both of these men with their families were in the garret of this top heavy house with salt water, at the moment of rescue, near the joist, with nothing to eat or drink. The rescurers took these frantic families out of the one garret window and in a jiffy landed them safely on Knotts' Island. These men soon purchased homes on the Island and bade the banks, as a permanent homes farewell.

Besides the losses above named, the people of the Island had not yet foreseen their main loss, and did not do so till some months thereafter. This Island is bordered on its west side, almost its entire length, by a swamp or low woodland which was then set densely in good timber of heart pine. When it came time for these trees to commence their summers growth they died, together with all the fire wood and rail-timber on the adjacent knolls; from this loss the Island to this day has not recovered, nor can it ever recover.

This timber produced large quantities of lightwood; such needed in those days; and, after these storms, it grew scarcer and scarcer as the years rolled on, and at present little can be found.

In the following summer, by some freak of nature, a lone pine here and there could be seen dressed in living green standing like a solitary sentinel guarding his dead comrades under a flag of truce, waiting for the burial party. Six feet of salt water had stood among these trees, as could be ascertained by the drift lodged upon their trunks. So the injury could now be seen to be complete:--hogs, cattle, sheep, fences, and timber, all gone, and the "chub" with them. It was said there were enough chub (welchmen) run up by salt water into Dennis Simmon's "Peter Tract" to load the old Pennsylvania, a government receiving ship, then lying at Gosport Navy Yard. This ship was the largest in the Navy at that day. She had so many decks above water, she was found top-heavy and unfit for the sea; hence she was used as a training ship. Every one within one hundred miles of this ship had seen or heard of her, for every night she bellowed forth the nine o'clock gun, and a day-break one the next morning, which guns could be heard in calm weather to Roanoke Island.

People in Currituck who had no time-piece knew by this gun when bedtime had come; indeed, clocks and other time pieces were regulated by these guns.

Before this storm the beach opposite the Island consisted of high sand-hills and ridges. The height of these ridges had greatly increased since the war of 1812. This I ascertained by the following facts. This storm tide had cut these ridges away and in their stead, at a certain point on the beach, appeared, to the great wonder of the young, a large thicket of dead cedars, whose giganic arms stretched impressively heavenward.

Uncle John Beasley knew all about these cedars for he had boiled salt under these trees in the war of 1812. Their thick foliage had screened him and others from the view of the British as they passed up and down the coast. He said he had left his salt pans there; they had been sanded up and the cedars with them; now he could get them. He got some help and went over, the writer along with them. He pointed out an old stooping cedar upon which he had sat when boiling salt, and pointed out the place of the pans. Two of the pans three feet by six feet, and ten inches deep, were found a little below the surface at the place pointed out. He carried them home after they had been buried over thirty years. These cedars were dug up by the industrious ones, prepared for vessel timbers, and sold to B. T. Simmons and Wallace Bray for that purpose.

THE OTHER STORM.

On the 8th day of September, of the same year, another storm arose. It blew stronger, it was said, than the previous one, and would have done the same damage, if there had been anything left to damage. The few cattle and hogs put on the marshes and beach from the high land and gotten during summer from elsewhere were swept away as before. This storm had the same staying quality as the former one, and blew with more force, but the wind ranged farther north, consequently the tide lacked two feet being as high as it was in former one. Also, the former was in spring-tide the latter in neep-tide; so said the believers in lunar influence. The Sound, and especially the Island bay, kept salt and saltish for years thereafter, so much so, that small oysters were found on the bay shore.

Schools of porpoise promenaded daily the Island channel and all kinds of salt water fish were abundant. The day before the night the storm set in, the writer caught six flying fish with hook and line, the first I had ever seen.

John Ansell, larger than myself, was with me. We tried Island sloughs and channel and did not get a bite. We then decided to stem the head wind to a slough under the beach of Martin's Point where fish were generally found. To do this we had to cross a great shoal the depth of which ranged from one to two feet of water. Often at low tides small boats would have to be pulled over this shoal. The tide at this time was about two feet. In crossing this shoal we saw that the water was very thickly stirred by something;not only was this unusual but we had never seen that hard, clear-bottomed sand bar in such commotion before; further, who ever saw fish on this hard sand shoal, except occasionally a mullet? John said this stir was caused by fish. We bored pole down into this hard bottom and tied our boat. We

found the water teeming with fish, and such biting we had never enjoyed before. We soon caught more than enough, and then played with the fish for fun. We soon dispensed with the bait for it was not needed. We could draw hooks swiftly through the water and hook them in all manner of ways and bring them in. While using bait John caught two in one draw--one in the mouth, the hook protruded out far enough to hang the other in its abdominal regions. The fish were so numerous in that shoal you could seldom miss one in drawing the hook threw the water. This fish swarm was the fore-runner of that swiftly approaching storm.

Stingers were now plentiful in the bay, and many fishermen were stung by them. When thrust into a person's leg, these sharp and back-barbed stings would often break off thus rendering a surgical operation necessary.

VERSE

When such storms come the ocean waves,
Jar this Island when they break,
Their air-waves cross this Island swing,
That puts the cradle babe to sleep.

In eighteen hundred & forty six,
This Island was ne'er in such a fix,
Never 'd been such desolation
Wrought upon the Island's rations.

The ocean rushed across the beach,
And plunged upon the Island shore,
Its tide swept fence, chub, hogs and sheep,
And down the sound with current flowed.

In salten sea the Great March lay,
'Twas left in drift, mud, mire and slime,
A paradise for 'skeeter braves
Where millions bit both calf and kine.

"Skeeters in tune in rhythmic time,
Sucked the blood of human kind,
All but future crops had faded,
The Island's rations to be aided.

But next September came along,
And brought with it a tidal storm,
And swept away what March had left,
Which added more to its distress.

Away such storms as well its floods,

The Island now may rest content,
It takes a hundred years or more,
To provide for such events.

(Some Astronomers say.)

The sun brings storms, he's losing caste,
A million years may end his task,
The Earth around the sun doth whirl,
The sun grows colder as earth runs.
Let's see next July!

CHAPTER XVI

KNOTTS' ISLAND POLITICS A HUNDRED & MORE YEARS AGO, AND LATER; THE MEXICAN WAR; TRAGIC DEATH OF CAPT. HENRY WHITE; THE JEFFERSONIAN IDEA; FEDERALISM, COLONEL JONES AND OTHER NOTABLES; JOSEPH GRIMSTEAD THE HERO OF WAR, 1812.

The politics of Knotts' Island was Jeffersonian to the core. The more of Thomas Jefferson which revolutionized the politics of the States in the campaign of 1800, and which landed him in the presidential chair, carried the people of Knotts' Island with him; and up to my first recollection the political cry on there still was "Jeffersonian Democracy."

Of course there had been a few dissenters from the Jeffersonian idea, who called themselves Washingtonians, who clung to the federal idea, and who, with their like, formed later on the whig party So when I first saw the light the democratic and whig parties were in full blast.

The whigs on this Island numbered but few and had but little showing in the arena of politics; but they were a Intelligent and as good citizens as the Island held. They were mostly, if not all, found in the Smith and the Williams families. They knew as much about politics of the country asany others on there, yet it was somewhat dangerous to be other than democrat; therefore, in the political sphere, thesefew whigs were gloomy and isolated. Colonel John B. Jones led the majority, the Smiths the minority.

Colonel Jones was a large, tall man, a man of leisure, a warm politician in the county, who kept the inhabitants of Island well informed upon the political issues of the day. The colonel had large family connections in Virginia wither he traveled repeatedly, thereby gathering a good deal of the news of the day, touched up with many anecdotes to please.

This mode of gathering news, coupled with his newspapers kept him well stored

with knowledge of current events. but few of the Islanders in those days took newspapers, except the Colonel and William Smith, the post master; preachers did entice some to take the Richmond Christian Advocate. So the Colonel took delight in seeking crowds (especially on arriving home from Norfolk and Princess Anne) to unburden his budget of current events. Uncle Cabe lived and had a workshop within one half mile of the Colonel's house, where could be found, almost any day in the week, many grinding at the hand-mill, to replenish the chicken-feed box, or simply playing the idle. Indeed, it was a great resort, second only to the meeting-house, and seldome was the Colonel at a loss to find there the usual crowd. He would almost always commence by spinning a laughable yarn on some friend of his, accompanied with the injunction: "Boys, say nothing about this, not a word". The fact was well understood that the Colonel wished to tell these funny yarns to every one himself, hence the Injunction.

I well remember, in 1847, when the war with Mexico was going on, how the Colonel and shop gatherers could often be found at this rendezvous, all talking about the war. It must (? below) gathered there, anxious for war news. Every one on this occasion had an extra dose of patriotism. Jones sent some boys to the post office to get his "Norfolk Herald."

Here comes the paper; Colonel Jones stands in the middle the road, unfolding it; the crowd gather around agape, the writer in the midst.

The first thing that attracted my attention were the large head-lines on the first page; they went thus: "Victory: Victory: Victory: Good news from General Taylor:" This paper gave the details of the battle of Beuna Vista which had been fought 22-23 February, 1847. The Colonel read the details, the editor's comments, and then seated himself, spun a few remembered in those days that news didn't go by electricity or fast mail as now; it took weeks to get the news from our own frontier. So one day--mail day it was--they were all yarns, expatiated again upon the war news, then all reluctantly went home victorious. Mexico was farther away then than the Philippines are now. The Country was flooded with startling pictures of desperate hand-to-hand conflicts:--the red-coated Mexican Cavalry, with yellow distorted faces, running their sabres through and through and cutting off the heads of our blue-coats' and vice-versa; all the while the streams of blood running down the horses' sides to the ground. I can see those pictures yet, for many of them were nearly life size and vividly colored.

Colonel was most always a Justice of the Peace and chairman of our county court wherein Justices had jurisdiction. What Jones said in this position, on petitions and accounts presented to the court for consideration, was considered all right and went through. But there was often on the bench quite a wise and judicial old Justice from Powell's Point the name of Joshua Harrison, who would often scrutinize a petition which likely had been affirmatively considered, and bringing the paper near his eye, (for he was near sighted) he would find some reasonable objection to it in whole or in part; then Jones' tact in diplomacy would be brought

to bear, generally resulting in a compromise. Jones was a rigid democrat and represented his county many times in the General Assembly of North Carolina, indeed as often as he saw fit to be a candidate. He could always poll his party vote, the independents, and some other votes of a different political faith. He spent all the money he got in this position for board and almanacs, which he distributed throughout the county.

He never forgot Knotts' Island--every one had an almanac, and often two in the same family could be found.

He was very charitable; the poor never went away empty, and in all his glory he never went back on his native Island. He had the quality of compromising the disputes and differences of its people, and would force the poorest and most ragged Islander (against the latter's will) to his hospitable table, even though he had there a refined class of visitors from Virginia or elsewhere, perhaps his daughters' sweet-hearts. I mention this to show the characteristics of the man. Every one, poor or rich, refined and educated or eliterate, was welcomed and fared the same under his roof.

JOSEPH GRIMSTEAD.

One of the first old men whom I recollect taking particular notice of, was a tall and wiry old fellow named Joseph Grimstead. This old man made no pretension as a leader in shaping society; but he helped to make history, for which the Island people paid him due respect. He had been in the Navy of the United States, in its infancy, in the war of 1812. It was twenty-three or twenty-four years after this war when I first knew him; yet, with groups of the Islanders, he would sti11 sit and recount the agetating scenses of that war as though they had happened but yesterday. For be it known that Grimstead was gunner or the frigate Constitution, with Captain Hull, off the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, August 19th, 1812, when that desperate and bloody engagement took place between the Constitution and the British man-of-war Guerriere, which resulted in a great victory for gallant Hull and his crew. So you see he helped to kill the British Captain Dacres and forty of his crew, while sixty-four more lay bleeding from wounds; he also did his part in blowing up the disabled Guerriere. So this old man was a hero. His graphic description of this battle and other engagements in that war were immovabely fixed in the minds of the people of this Island when I was born. On the Island, even as late as my birth, if any person in
the Revolution or the War of 1812 had drawn British blood, he was considered a hero. I am quite sure Grimstead was quite a boy in the war of the Revolution; for he could recount vividly the capers cut by Paul Jones and other celebrities in that war. All the national airs and social play-songs were drawn from the ever memorable events of these two wars: as, "Yankee Doodle," we are "Marching dowm to Old Quebec," "John Anderson my Joe Jone, Oh John, don't cross the main," etc.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF CAPTAIN HENRY WHITE

About 1839 or 1840, a great and tragic event happened on the Island which made a lasting impression on my young mind. The Island was strewn with saw-pits where the people of those days sawed lumber with the whip-saw. There was one on my father's premises within fifty yards of our home, there neighbors brought hewn timber to be sawed. One day Captain Henry White, with oxen and carry log, brought a stock to be sawed. He was standing by the aft chain, in order to undo it, talking with some friends; by mistake the fore chain was unfastened first, the tongue flew over swiftly, struck him on the head between the left temple a forehand, and felled him senseless to the ground.

I, a mere lad, was soon on the ground where he lay groaning up unconscious. He soon became half-conscious, put his hand on his head, and asked what was the matter. He was told of the accident and that his hand was on the wound. He said his head was benumbed. If the stroke had not been a glancing one It would have killed him outright. An easy conveyance was brought and he was carried home, where he died that night. This old man (he appeared old to me) was one of the Is1and's best citizens,--righteous, charitable, unassuming-- a good man, and missed in many ways by all his neighbors, who held him in great respect.

I went with my father to the funeral at Mr. White's home. I think the local preacher, Strawhand conducted the funeral services.

The large congregation had assembled, but the preacher somewhat despondent. There happened to be present an old wiseacre, no doubt there, even on this occasion, to practice his wizardry. He was well known on the Island and surrounding country as a "fortune teller." His name was Whitmore. He told the anxious assembly that for a half-dollar he would tell them whether the preacher would come or not. The amount was forthcoming and passed over. He said the preacher would come. "Now," said the wizard," If you will give me another half dollar I will tell within ten minutes when he will arrive." This was quickly collected and passed over also. "He will be seen coming within ten minutes," said the wizard-teller of future events. In one minute thereafter by the watch a buggy hove in sight at the big bridge a hundred yards or more from the house, and in that buggy was the preacher.

That fellow, always on the alert for the superstitious pennny, while sitting on the near-by fence doubtless saw the buggy slowly meandering through the tree openings in the woods; but many there and then believed this old pretender could foretell future events.

As young as I was in the last few years of Mr. White's life, I have an indellible remembrance of some circumstances connected with it. He invariably went to church with some of his family, in a large, old-fashion buggy, or barouche, drawn by a white horse that made a peculiar noise in travelling when passing on home.

Indeed, among the very things I can remember, was that old white horse tied to a tree on the church ground, one Saturday evening, when I was taken by, so small I scarcely could toddle.

This Henry White had his counterpart in a son of the same name who was still living up to May, 1905, when he died, drawing near his ninetieth year.

The old man Henry married twice and his last wife was half sister to this son's wife. The outcome of these two marriages was a lot of children on both sides, by which consanquinity and affinity got the relationship and kin of those two families perplexingly mixed and confused which gave rise to the questions: What relationship do the older father and mother bear to the children of the younger ones and the children to them and vice-versa and their children to each other?

The name "Henry" in this family of Whites seems to be perpetual; this old man "Henry" that died in 1905, as above stated, was named after his father, as we have seen and this "Henry" is the father of two sons and each a "Henry" and to distinguish one from the other William is coupled with both, thus: William Henry and Henry William. I reckon these two may have some Henrys in their families.

NOTE

There was a Capt. Henry White that represented Currituck in the General Assembly 13th April 1731, under Governor Burrington, the first Governor under the Crown. Then again he represented Currituck in Genl. Assembly under Governor Johnson in 1746. This Henry White was from Knotts Island, for that name from then till now has been continuous on the Island. Henry White sometime dubbed Colonel was most always representative from 1731, till 1760.

CHAPTER XVII

LIST OF OLD PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND SEVENTY TWO YEARS AGO; AUNT TISHY, THE HERB DOCTOR, AUNT MOLLY, THE TEACHER; THE THUNDER STORMS; LYDIA WHITE, LYDIA BEASLEY, PEGGY WHITE; HENRY BEASLEY FRED DAVIS, THE MOON IN BLOOD; FRED & JIM; FRED AND THE JUDGE IN BUSINESS; JIM THE JURYMAN, POTATOE FRIES; COLONEL JONES AND DENNIS SIMMONS AS OFFICIALS; WHAT THE OLD THINK OF THE PAST TIMES; EXAGGERATION OF BOYS. IT STICKS WHEN OLDER.

Boys are boys the world over; everything looks large to them; they swim in exaggeration. It is a long time from Sunday to Sunday, an age from Christmas to Christmas; a ten acre patch a large farm; a gray bearded uncle of forty a very old man. When these boys have grown old it is just as natural for them to retain their youthful exaggerations as for water to seek its level. That ten acre lot is still a large farm; and that uncle of forty is still a man of

seventy five years old; everything else expands in about the same ratio, except space on the public road, where they skipped and jumped and ran a mile in a few minutes in play. But in that field patch where work was required, great length and breadth still remain.But there were some old people in my youth of whom I have a vivid recollection, and I am sure I am not mistaken in calling most of them very old, for I can see them now bent with age; some of them left children who have long since died of old age; viz: John Beasley, called "Uncle Johnny;" Malachi Beasley, who lived near Colonel Jones's; Henry Beasley, after whom I was named who lived up in the field north of the church lot; David Jones, who lived at the water at the South End; John Newman called Jack, of whom it was said, when he sloughed out of a terrible case of small pox, that he shedded the outside portion of his legs, and hung them on a fence stake like boots. Of course this was not so, but this with other impossibilities, was canvassed on the Island when I was a child. I can just remember him; his face was pitted worse than that of any other small-pox subject I have ever seen. Tully Capps, who lived on that jib of land opposite where the Bonney store recently stood; William Dudley, who lived on the now Bonney farm; Dennis Simmons, who owned the Peter tract in South End, and the tract on which Elias Williams died in the North End; Robert White called Bobby who lived on the land now owned by Rebecca Ansell and her son Alonzo; John, Stewart and Billy Williams, brothers, who lived in line from the Virginia Line South; Zechy Simpson who lived on Knight's Point where his son Albert now lives, he was the one that made that notable duck-shot noted elsewhere.

William Smith, post master who lived at the half-way mark of the Carolina part of the Island.

William Litchfield, the father of James, Jake and others; John Litchfield the father of another Jake, John, Jerryman and Mary; Michael Beasley, who lived here and there; Michael Waterfield who with others found a chest on the sea shore containing a large lot of money. To distribute his share liberally, said Michael, at dancing polics while "Swinging corners" would turn inside out his coat pockets filled with this metal, so all could chance a grab; he also put a shot-bag full of this coin in the crotch of a tree in Holly Tree Branch for safe keeping and never saw it again. The men who were partners in this find, once when going away, gave their shares to their wives, respectively, for safe, keeping. It was said that one Tom Williams, of Coinjock, went on the Islands as wreck master, laid claim to this money frightened thete women holders, took it from the places of deposit, and carried it off; that was the last heard of it except Michael's part as aforesaid. After the money of these poor fellows was thus snatched away from them there was a sad decline in purchasing power on the Island, but bounced up at once in coinjock. Major Whitehurst & son Leven, who owned that nice bank-head farm at the South End; Malachi Ansell, the veterinarian, and believer in "hants." Caleb and Newton Capps; Caleb Ansell, the gifted in public prayer; another Tully Capps, Walter's father; John Simmons; and William Etheredge; N. W. Dudley, my father's neighbor, born 1796. All of these were born in the 18th century. Samuel J. Ansell, my father born September, 1803, and many others the first of the 19th century. These and

their families mostly, made up the large congregations of Knotts' Island, three score and ten years ago.

I must not pass without mentioning a few of the good old women of my neighborhood who helped the young ones in any ways: Aunt Tishy (Letitia) White was a good and kind widow lady. She had married twice, and by her first husband (Beasley) had at least four children, two of each sex. The boy, Caleb and Joshua Beasley, were the top and cross-bow makers mentioned elsewhere.

Aunt Tishy attended our mamas at our births and did not forget the offsprings thereafter. She was a great herb doctor--second to none in this respect, so thought the people; especially efficient was she in preparing the proper teas for the mamas, and doctoring the young ones for stone-bruises, boils, sore throats, and many other maladies. From her herbary, with her skill, came a balm, "soothing and curing the young ones. For sore throat, rub it upward with mutton suet, followed by a poultice of febrifuge stewed in vinegar. For stone bruises, apply fat, salted meat; boils, a poultice of low life-ever-lasting."

When suppuration was produced in boils and bruises to the breaking or picking point, apply a sweet scented salve composed of sweet gum, beeswax, and the buds of the balm of Gilead which assuaged, soothed and cured. This good woman never made a charge for her services in this respect, but we boys would go and help her and her daughters to pick cotton and do chores.

AUNT MOLLY BEASLEY

This lady was the second wife of Uncle Johnny Beasley aforesaid. His first wife was my real aunt. Both of these marriages were consummated before I was born. A large family was the outcome of each union, the last set growing with me. Aunt Molly (nee Wicker) had a fair amount of the school lore of that day; and this, coupled with a large amount of common sense, made her knowledge of the world and its affairs above the medium. She had a bright little boy named John, who loved his books. He was younger than I, and soon caught up with me at school, and then we were in the same class. He was tutored at home, and soon would have been put in a higher class. His mother saw this state and arranged for us to stand together. She took us both in charge as to spelling and reading, which qualifications were a large part of the educational make-up of that day. With har help we got quite efficient in these two branches. At school we tugged with figures and some other studies and we were equals all through. She made us tackle the two volumes, "Tales of a Grandfather" by Sir Walter Scott. She could sit at her knitting at night and make us read by turns, until we could almost read these books by heart, as she had already done. She could sit with her knitting, and correct our mistakes in modulation and pronunciation, with the greatest ease.

These tales told of the ups and downs of Robert Bruce, James of Douglass, MacBeth and the prophecies of the three o1d witches, the murder of good old

King Duncan by MacBeth, according to the third old witch's prophecy, how the black Douglass was a terror to the English on the border, and how an English woman to quiet her child was singing the famous Douglass border song:
"Hush ye: Hush Ye: Little pet ye;
Hush Ye: Hush Ye: do not fret ye;
The Black Douglass shall not get ye."

When Douglass, among them as a spy, came at that moment, and laid his iron hand on her shoulder to her great terror, he at once quieted her fears. When the fort was taken, Douglas spared this woman and others of her sex.

Along came the flux and John died, to the great grief of his parents and friends. The mother gave the two books to me, her dead boy's classmate.

There was no one, except Mr. Luke White, more afraid of thunder storms than Aunt Molly. Her husband and eldest son followed the water, and in the squally season were usually away. When hearing thunder, she often came over to our home, with her little children, Jane, Dicy, Frances and John, and would remain till the storm was over.

My father was not afraid of these storm, and would try to que11 her fears. About dark, one hot, sultry August evening, (at the same hour that Johnson White and the daughter of Southey Waterfield were to be married), in fodder-saving time, there came two thunder storms, from the west, the first quickly followed by the second; the last, one of the worstI ever saw. Aunt Molly, as usual, took to the bed; her daughter Jane and I were rocking in the cradle. The storm now upon us; the whole heaven was ablaze with the most vivid lightning; after each flash the pealing thunder seemed to tear all the trees around the house in twain. One could smell the intensely, vivid flashes as they shot across the room; it appeared all nature had turned wild and was going to consume us.

Aunt Molly could pray as well as read, and while this unusual electrical display was playing its pranks, she was putting up one of the greatest petitions to the Ruler of the elements that I have ever listened to. Her fervent appealto Him who rides the storms to protect her, her children, the family whom she was now with, and for the safety of husband and son on the seas, was touching in the extreme. Jane and I still rocked in the cradle, retarded only a second after each flash and peal, to fall back again to our former gait. Were we afraid? No, not so much as you might suppose. We knew no harm could come to us, when Aunt Molly, petition in hand, was pleading for us. The elders of the Virginia Methodist Conference could not cope with her in prayer. In that storm there were five trees struck within one hundred yards of herhome. Old uncle John Litchfield, who was miller of Colonel Jones's windmill, said, that in that storm the clouds were so low as to cover the upper portion of the mill shaft. On such occasions we were always glad to have Aunt Moly with us.

I have little fear of these storms, yet, I have a great sympathy for those who have. Since I have been married and reared quite a large family of children, mostly girls, I have had a striking verification of this fear. I have, as far I have been able, tried to explain to my family the laws of condction and nonconduction, the most suitable place in the room to sit, etc.; but let an electrical explosion take place, it strikes terror to the most of them from mother down, and a sudden hustling takes place seeking places of safety, with apron covered eyes, hand stopped ears--there will be no company for the father but the storm.

The fear of these electrical storms is a characteristic common to most women. No doubt, the cause of this, in a great measure, is, that they are mothers of little ones growing up under their apron strings, the care of whom often taxes the mother's nerves to the utmost. Unlike the men, they see little of the comedy of life found in society and the world outside their homes and neighborhood; hence, these sudden thunder bursts strike terror to their already over taxed nervous system. Girls, more closely under the care of the mothers than are boys, imbibes their mothers' fears more readily, hence, more women fear these storms than men.

MRS LYDIA WHITE

This lady was the second wife of Captain Henry White whose death has been set out elsewhere. She was a Dudley before marriage and was half sister to Susan Fentress, who married the Captain's son Henry as noted before. This Lydia White was one of the most sweet-tempered old laides I have ever known. A winsome twinkle could always be detected in her eyes. She could always be found and depended on to aid and comfort, when sickness and distress had settled down upon a neighbors family. Indeed her whole deportment denoted a high standard of refinement. Her sister Susan and brother William Fentress partook in great part of these same high qualities.

LYDIA BEASLEY

This lady was the second wife of Malachi Beasley; she had been married before to a John Litchfield and by him was
the mother of three children, whom I recollect, --Clarrissa, Caleb and John. Caleb died when a boy, the other two married and have children and grand children now living. By Beasley she had at least one, Edmund, who lived till he died, on his share of his father's land. All her children by both husbands are dead. I can see this old lady, as if living and before me today neatly dressed, with white-bordered cap on her head covered with her tidy bonnet. I still see her come into church, and walk slowly up the aisle toward her church corner. I can still hear the squeak of her shoes as she walked down the aisle, for most shoes in those days were pegged.

Margaret White, called Peggy, the wife of Luke White was a good Christian

woman, and, like Lydia Beasley above mentioned, was a punctual church goer; she sang her doleful, plaintive minors out of her "Pious Songs." hymn-book.

Well, I shall have to quit on this line; for I could fi11 many pages in naming and describing scores of the good old mamas of the Island of this past time.

HENRY BEASLEY;

I must not pass, however, without mentioning an unmatched and exceptional character, Henry Beasley, familiarly called "Hen" Beasley. His whole musical make-up was exhibited in the cadence and harmony of the fife and drum.

He played well the fife and beat the drum; and he hummed, talked, sang and marched in unison with their music; they furnished a martial heaven on earth for him. He kept the Island boys in steady nightly drills, and did more than the parents to cure their unruly dispositions and to implant patriotism in its stead. He had a boy named William Johnson, who could also beat and blow; indeed, as said Henry could not perform on both these instruments at one and the same time, there was usually a boy who could hammer the drum and some who could trill the fife; so he could always find helpers to his nightly parades, though all were subordinate to leader Henry.

Almost any night about the premises of Justice John Jay Waterfield (this being the election and muster ground, where stores and merchants now abound) could be heard the silvery notes of Henry's fife, and the quick roll beat of the drum calling the boys from two miles around to ranks.In thirty minutes a score of the boys would be on the ground with firey patriotism, the seeds of which had previously been implanted in them by their leader. These boys would now be arranged in double military file, officered and marched down the road, following the blast of music with lively exactness. This music of drum and fife sent waves of patriotism to the old folks at home, and added no little to their contentment, for they knew their boys were there with "Hen" Beasley, their efficient leader; every one knew whence this music came.

What the Island boys would have done without this military leader is hard to guess. If said Henry ever saw any trouble, others never knew it. This world is full of trouble, but Henry did not partake of it; however, even if trouble had have seized him, the drum and fife in one minute would eraticate it. His turn was to please others, hence the boys in military jollification.

Hen Beasley now is dead and gone;
His place will never be filled;
He's singing now the loved refrains
Of the songs in life he trilled.
And if the boys he taught so well
Upon the Island plain,

Will like their leader do the right,
They'll meet him once again.

FRED DAVIS

Fred Davis was a peculiar and comical old fellow, foolish, coarse and rugged, one that would be apt to frighten children that met him on the highway. He drank liquor excessively, when he could get it, especially so at public gatherings; when in this condition, he was pugnacious and quarrelsome, and all manner of silly, jeering and mocking expressions were thrown at him for fun, after which a fight might ensue. His wife was named Harriet. One evening, about twilight, his wife came in the house much agitated and said: Mr. Davis, did you ever see the new moon in the eastard?" Fred, "no, no one ever did; what is it that ails you Harriet?" Harriet, "come and look through the trees and you'll see." Fred went out and exclaimed, "Great Jupiter! there is the now moon in the eastard and it is turning to blood, it is. The world will son be in flames, Harriet, it will." Harriet swooned on the floor, for the end of the world was at hand she thought. Fred ran through the woods to the house of Uncle John Litchfield and said: "Uncle John don't you know we all pretty quick will be in 'tarnity." Uncle John: "You fool; what is the matter with you now? n Fred: "The new moon is in the eastard and is turning to blood, she is, and I--ah am sure we shall soon be burned up." Uncle John: "Well, if you think that and you are not prepared to go, you had better be on your knees." Fred: "I'm not ready to go, I 'arnt." Uncle John went out, (he perhaps had seen the moon just before) and returning said: "Fred, you are a fool, the moon is eclipsed." "I have seen her in that fix many times before." Fred rushed through the woods home and said: "Harriet, Uncle John says the end of the world is not coming now, it 'aint the moon is only clipsed, it is. I forgot to break the jug before I went to Uncle John's, I did, I didn't want to die with that jug under the bed, I didn't. Uncle John has saved it, he has." Fred proceeded to draw his jug from under the bed and was soon himself again.

Fred and Jim Ansell, one election day, had been to the election, and were returning home together; and while on the road Fred remarked: "Jim, 'aint it a shame and a disgrace that the whole of this election day has passed and not a fight?" Jim: "Perhaps it is best for you, Fred, for it there had been a fight it is likely you would have got a pommelling." Fred: "Jim, I don't take such chat as that, I don't, we'll soon see who'll get the pommelling;" and for Jim he went. So Jim, compelled to take Fred down, gave him a good thrashing, afterwhich he let up and asked Fred if he was satisfied. "I am Jim, the credit and glory of Knotts Island is saved, it is, and the disgrace wiped out, Jim, it is." Fred went over to the Courthouse during one Superior Court. After arriving, it took but a short while for him to become groggy. Fred saw many, two by two, going aside talking to each other. Fred: "I never so many people taken off for business in my life--no body has taken me off, they 'aint, and can't see into it." Some bystander hearing Fred's remarks, told him if he wished to get into some business, he could tell him how. "I do," says Fred. Bystander: Go up to the Judge, in the courthouse, and toll him you

are a horse and no doubt you will get into some business." I--yah will do it, I will." Away went Fred, steeped In grog, up to the Judge, and said: "I am a horse, I am." The Judge, not quite understanding Fred, turned toward him and said: "What did you say?" Fred: "I said I was a horse, I was." Judge: "Sheriff, take this horse, lock him in that stable over there and give him dry fodder till further orders." Fred got no more grog that day, but may have got the fodder. The Islanders got him out at night and carried him home. He said he didn't any more business with Judges, he didn't.

This Jim Ansell, just referred to, was a large, strong man, and quite a "bruiser" when he had tipped the glass too much. He was once and for the first time, on the grand-jury. He was a colt, the jury told him, and as such he should according to custom treat. Jim forked up the treat, and that in the jury room. After this the whole jury were in for fun and frolic. They told Jim that it was also custom for colts to treat the body on pies; that they wouldn't insist upon chicken pies, but would be satisfied with potato-pies, which were cheaper. Jim went down to the booths and wanted to whole-sale the pies of an old lady who had them for sale. She didn't wish to dispose of her pies in that way, for as usual she had to supply her many customers. Reckless Jim took his fist, buried through fourteen potato pies, strung them on his arm, and into the jury room he went, and told his comrades to help themselves.

It was not long before he was arrested for contempt and warranted for the payment of the pies. It cost him only $16.00, the Judge being persuaded to leniency for be it known in those days, that a man steeped in liquor, even in the courthouse, was not an uncommon sight. The grand-jury helped him to pay out in equal shares. In the foregoing I have named a score or more of the old family heads, who lived on the Island during the first half of the last century, when I was a child. Some were tykes of their times, and, however eccentric, were only models of our race and our state of society, influenced by surrounding circumstances; showing into what fashions the human race may be wrought.

These old people are still marked as monuments in my recollection, and seem to me to have been an essential part of the social and religious atmosphere that encircled my youth.

I know not there be such men now. They were wise in the day in which they lived; yet simple, lowly and generous.

It is doubtless the inclination of old age to magnify the past and belittle the present, perhaps because the heart is sickened and jaded with disappointments which press heavily upon it, and from which it turns with disgust, to bestow worship on the far past remembrances.

There may be in this process something personal and selfish, for vanity often lingers in the ruins of old age. Thus, often an old man tottering to his end boasts

of the feats he performed when he was young; and his help-mate, also aged and tottering parades the charmes of her girlhood. Doubtless, there is a deception in this glorification of the past; yet I cannot help thinking that, while their book learning was small there was something grand in the old men of his country three score and ten years ago--a grandeur that does not now pervade society. The great masses of society now, though, may be and probably are elevated in many respects above the community of the early days of which I speak.

I have before told you something of the characteristics of Colonel Jones and Dennis Simmons; because these two were officials and held more than others responsible for the peace and moral conduct of the Island. Jones as I have said, was a compromise man; he mollified the bad feelings of neighbor against neighbor in their disputes and quarrels; more over, as Justice of the Peace, he was quite lenient with offenders against the law.

Simmons was also a Justice of the Peace, and respected the law, especially as it was administered in his own person. He was quite severe on those who violated the statutes of the state, but one who violated the statutes of Justice Simmons committed the unpardonable. He was the entire Justice and police of the Sunday meeting-house, and not a boy or girl, nor even a Knotts Island bumblebee that had escaped the boys, could offend, without condign punishment. Simmons, perhaps was not so well beliked, take the Island through, as Jones; as Judge he was more strict than Jones; in wordly affairs, as well as spiritual, the path of Simmons was straight and narrow; he was frugal by habit and disposition, a successful farmer, honored by the church and society. He was a worthy old man, who, like Jones, loved to give in charity, though he told not the world of it; his mould in a business capacity might seem austere; he seldomed laughed, but could detect often a suppressed smile; in short, he was a good man, possessed of a generous Christian nature.

This good old man Simmons, besides these qualifications, was also a doctor. He possessed his deceased son's (Dr. Dennis Simmons Jr.) medical books, and became quite a success in malarial troubles. Calomel quinine and many teas of herbs, were generally given to his patients. Go into that bottom, my boy, gather the leaves of the boneset weed for a decoction; you can tell it from other similar weeds because its leaves grow opposite each other and hug each other around the stem. Boil it to the proper strength, and drink little else till come again. If the patient feels qualmish put a little jamaica ginger in the extract.

So, you see, the old man had something else to do besides church matters farming, and dealing out equity and justice. As he was one of the Island's main leaders and as plain as an old shoe his family of children was somewhat aristocratic; Knotts Island was too far from Norfolk and they wish to live nearer to that city and persuaded the old man to sell out on the Island, and he did so.

He purchased a farm on the north side of Tanners Creek and moved there; his

daughter' sweethearts I believe lived in that section and perhaps one or two had married men from the neighborhood of Norfolk, hence the move. He married, I have been recently informed by an old lady on Knotts Island, Judith Haines the beautiful daughter of Ras Haines or Haznes). The following are his children from this union, given to me by Mr. R. L. Upshur of Norfolk:

1st. Sarah W.--who married Abel Lewellyn, hence her daughter Rose Butler Ann Lewellyn men tioned as police in the writer's school narrative.

2nd Martha J.--who married Caleb Littleton Upshur.

3rd Amy D.--who married Andrew Jackson Denby.

4th Eliza--who married John F. Wilkins.

I believe there was another daughter that never married, I am not sure.

The young doctor, Dennis Simmons, was located at Currituck courthouse, by his father and soon after died there. I am sure he never married. This old man Dennis Simmons was the head of the building Committee that erected our first brick C. H.. part of it still remains in the present one. That Court House was built in 1842.

CHAPTER XVIII

MYTHOLOGY; WITCHCRAFT; SUPERSTITIONS; THE ROMAN CHURCH, ITS MISDOINGS; LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION; WITCHCRAFT, CONTINUED; THE COUNTERPERNE; THE READING OF THE BIBLE; THE WITCH SUFFERERS

Two thousand and more years ago the Greek and Roman States were presided over by mythical deities under whom all lived, moved and had their being. In every vocation of life there was a myth that presided its destiny. These myths presided over religions school where the power of these gods was taught. Doubtless, these schools had many participants and graduates from the governing class; but the poor and ignorant were not allowed to enter these mystic religious orders, for thus could the common people be better governed end led. But the masses were allowed to attend the outside exhibitions, the sacrificial dances conducted by these wise old pagan priests.

These priest-actors resorted to all manner of ways to stupfy and bewilder the audiences, thus demonstrating the power of these myth-gods. The people were made to hear mysterious voices, singing, whispering, sighing, and mystic, gleaming lights. This power of the gods, so set forth, kept the masses from revolution and bloodshed.

Later on when Christianity made an entrance in the Roman states and eventually took charge of its heads, it appears the Roman Church began trying slowly and

softly, to rid the people of the popular tendency to myth worship; and, in this manner, it adopted many of the former mythological wonders and phantoms and side-shows handed down from the great storehouse of mythology and paganism. It might appear that as the Christian became fully established in Rome, myths would have been eradicated; but no; ghosts, haunts, witchcraft, and other hallucinations grew up instead. These superstitious ideas overspread all Christendom and were little less hurtful than the former practices of paganism. All such doctrine held to by the early Church and state, helped in a great degree to blight Christanity, retarded its development, and finally helped to bring about the dark ages.

After the early Christian Church became fully established in Europe, the popes ruled not only spiritually but temporally throughout all western Europe up to and after the 12th century; later on the machinery of the Roman Church became so merged into external government and took such little in its proper officia1 religious duties, that in 15th century its spiritual life began to decay even in Rome itself. Rome was the center of this vast church and state system, and its spiritual decay began to show itself in many forms. The priests, both high and low, became ignorant bigots; and gave themselves up to worldly life and to the abuse of spiritual privileges. The papacy itself became half pagan. The Church, having already forgotten its religious mission was now used not even for governmental purposes but for the extravagant and selfish luxury of the executive heads of the Roman Catholic Church. The Church now granted indulgences for the commission of crimes and sinful offences; the friars or preachers were going through Europe disposing of papal indulgences; in other words, you could indulge yourself in crime to any degree whatsoever by paying to the priest a little money, to help build Saint Peters' or for other even less worthy purposes. Such a scandal had the pernicious practice become. So in the 16th century Luther and other wise heads of the Church and of educational institutions, protested and rebelled against the thousand misdoings that were now prevalent and predominant; as a result, the wars of the Reformation came on, and blood-shed in the name of God was the order of the day. In this war, murders in all manner of ways were committed, as first one and then the other party rose dominant. After a long contest in Europe came out of this conflict double-creeded--Roman Catholic and Protestant.

Now, is it not astonishing that these great Roman superstitions cheats, imbedded so long in the mind of all Europe, were not all wiped out in this fought-to-a-finish Reformation? But no so; the old cherished superstitions, especially witchcraft, haunts, ghosts, spirits, visions, etc., still hung on with a tenacious grip, as they had been hanging on for centuries past and as they were to hang on for centuries to come, even following our worthy English ancestors to this land. The tenacity of such superstitions is one of the wonders of the present enlightened age. Even those who should long ago have known better--Judges, clergymen, generals, statesmen, lawmakers, those that have led the society of the nations--were all imbued, little or much, with these hallucinations.

When a reformation, led by some wiser heads, did set in to annihilate this great incubus upon society, one is reminded very much of trying to rid a kerosene cask, after emptied of its contents, of its previous smell; it requires long soakings and many washings. It is as easy to rid the fishy taint from fishy meat as to rid the ignorant of these superstitions.

Now, as all Europe and America were saturated with them, why should not Knotts Island, in and before the first half of the last century, have its share of witchcraft,--visions, ghosts, haunts and warning dreams? That is precisely what it did have.

When the writer was a child and often carried visiting at night to neighbors homes, or when visitors would come to our home to sit till bed-time, a cricket in the corner would be his place; and, perched on that cricket, with hair standing perpendicular to the scalp, he took in many horror striking tales about "haunts," witches and ghosts.

After this he would be afraid to go to bed, for he had to sleep alone; and if he didn't get to sleep before his father did, he could often hear witches and haunts coming from the stairs, across the room toward him, cracking the sand on the floor under their feet. Then he would squall out for his daddy. The father would get up and assure him no witches were there. Now, if the boy could get to sleep before his father did, he would be all right. But frequently this squalling out would be so often repeated in one night that his daddy would get worried at his son's pranks and would make him dance to the the tune of a privy-bush switch; and the fright would be over for that night. The witches always came from the stairs and acrossed the room step by step to the bedside. The boy got many a flogging for disturbing his papa on this account.

These coming bedside witches, had never got on the bed is strangle this youngster, nor to ride him out to a witch ace as they had others; perhaps they no taste for cold riding; he began to think possibly there might be some mistakeabout these bedside witches.

His father told him that if he would uncover and look when the witch got over him at the bed side, he would see nothing. He had suffered so much he had determined to look the next time.

It was a lovely moon-light night; he could see almost everything within the room; his mind was fully prepared for this severe testing trial. By and by he heard the witch coming, as often before, and when at the bedside; tremblingly be looked. No witch there. This somewhat assured him. He covered up again, and again the witch arrived: again he uncovered: and no witch there. He lay there and tried to unravel the mystery. His covering was a woolen counter fram in winter and a cotton one in summer; lying flat-a-back; the counterpane; now you have it.

At first the eyes would open and close slowly, the witch far away; then as he got more frightened and winked faster, the witch came nearer and nearer, until she came to the bedside; then he shut his eyes expecting to be grabbed; andsqualled, and of course the witch stopped or went away.

The counterpane and eye lashes brought him loads of trouble and many stripes; he was only a small boy then, and he long ago bade farewell to all these superstitious crafts.

The witch-ridden people who were continually seeing haunts and ghosts received false impressions, so that a great many ordinary objects seen and noises heard in the dark became hideously "haunty." The whole brain was enveloped with layer upon layer of ghostism.

When any noise struck the ear or a ray of light the eye it had to penetrate these layers; there the mind received a series of these false impressions, or phantasmagoria.

It should be remembered that the people in those days had but few books other than the children's school books; these latter consisted of the Blue-back Speller, Walker's Dictionary, a Popular Lesson, and from this, they graded up to an English Reader which, to render its lessons clear and plain, would have acquired a Harvard graduate; but in the highest grade you could find a Murray's Grammar; and, in every house, a Bible, or at least the New Testament with Psalms. These last bought, paid for and read; and no dust accumulated on them as now. Almost every family on the Island at leisure hours, especially Sunday mornings, had some lesson in the New Testament read aloud. Many a Sunday morning, when the writer was a child in bed, his father would get up, do the chores, and then sit and read aloud some of the Saints, while my mother-in-law with an attentive ear, reverential demeanor prepared breakfast; and very likely, at this same time, there were scores of others doing the same thing, for the good and the bad read this book.

As I have said before, these people read the Bible, and after Tom Jones's meeting, their personal magnetic needle pointed toward the "meeting-house"; but now-a-days in every house may be found stacks of newspapers, magazines, novels and other literature in immense quantities and qualities; the Bible appears to have been assigned to a back-seat where dust and cob-webs gather; and, if placed on a center table, it is there only for ornament. Reading the Bible has grown wonderfully less outside of Sunday-schools. In olden days, all the old people in coming home from church of preaching days, could in one minute by the watch, find the preacher's text it would be marked for future reference, and seldom ever forgotten. Now-a-days, I doubt if, one in twenty, recollects anything about the text when arriving at home but can tell in detail of dress lectures and of the hats worn.

The old-timers though not only read the Bible but they argued the Bible. Should

one have the temerity to tackle one of these, who believed in witch-craft and ghosts, and overtake to convince him of the fallacy, he would soon cite to the 28th chapter, first book of Samuel: "See if he was not, after having been dead two years, raised from the dead by the witch of Ender, to have a chat with King Saul, face to face, sir." "For does not the Devil enter people and make witches of them to torment us?" "Is not the Devil let loose like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour?" Over hearing such strong proof, and that from the Bible, you very likely would find yourself squelched.

I forgot to mention in the proper place some other books read here besides those already named:--Book of Martyrs, books of Sea-Tales, the latter giving accounts of pirates and sea phantoms. These books, and their like, were second only to the Bible; and reading these startling phantom-ship tales helped the people to keep in line with spirits and religious mysteries.

What a misfortune it was for a woman to arrive at old age with dark eyes and hair, dark and wrinkled face for she would surely be dubbed "witch." They were not so particular and rigid about the complexion of a wizard, for I am sure there was a light-haired man on there who was accused of wizardism and of having turned many of these wizard-ridden subjects into horses and then riding them spur-speed to a witch dance in the forest. I was young then; yet, I knew this good, inoffensive old man well--there was none better. There were several witches, so called, on there good old creatures. Most of the houses, on there, at that day were clap boarded, shingled, floored, windowed and accompanied with a chimney. There were many cracks and peep-holes in this whip-sawed lumber for weatherboarding and also in the doors, made of the same lumber. Many had peep-cracks for knott holes near the beds, where they might be used to watch for the dawn of day; for it must be understood that seventy and more years ago, clocks were not so plentiful and cheap as now. The time of night was pretty accurately guessed at by the different cock-crows, the going down of the evening stars and the first dim glaze that precedes the morning light hence the peep-holes. The people of those days were our superiors in guessing the time of night. The moon also was a great factor in their guessing the time of night.

These witches and wizards, it seems, operated thus: They would first turn to a bug on the outside; they would then utilize these cracks and knot holes and enter the inside. The subject to be ridden very likely had eaten much supper or was in a sickly state; and soon he would be in nightmare land. In this condition the crack or hole would be seen to darken; in would come the bug, fly around with a roaring noise, dab on the floor near the victim; going through the retransformation, there would stand the old witch or wizard wel1 known to the victim on the bed. Grinning fiendishly and with a satanic spring it would land with a heavy thud on the victims abdominal regions. Then with knees on the victim's stomach, elbow on his breast and hands on his throat, choking, horribly, the unfortunate was soon overcome; a sense of the most oppressive helplessness set in; he could neither move, nor speak, nor breathe. When the subject was near death's door, the witch lightened

up, went out as it came in, and departed to wreck vengence on some one else; unless per chance it took a notion to ride the victim out to a witch dance. This seldom happened with women victims; but when a disciple of his Satanic Majesty tackled a male, the subject was almost always turned to a horse and ridden under spur to a dance and tied to a tree until the dance was over at dawn.

Let it be understood by those who may read these stories that the appellation of "uncle" and "aunt" (used much herein) applied to old people which I may speak about, is not intended to convey blood or marriage relationship, but these words were considered by all, when I was a child, and it hangs on me yet, to convey a tender, reverential respect for the old. So when I say "uncle" or "aunt" the person referred to, may or may not be a kin to me. After this explanation, I will go on with my story.

CHAPTER XIX

HAUNTED PLACES ON THE ISLAND; THE GOOD OLD MAN THAT EMPLOYED THE CONJURER; CHICKENS BEWITCHED; WITCH PICTURE SHOT WITH SILVER; SPELL OFF; MAC AND I; UNCLE JOHNNY BEASLEY THE STORY TELLER; WITCH DANCES AND WITCH RIDINGS.

The people of this Island, as well as the county, indeed I may add the greater portion of the people of the United States in those days, were and had been saturated with the haunt, ghost and other like illusions; it was born in them, and remained in them, up to and after the writer was born.

There were some notable places on this Island that were haunted." Some of these follow:

The Bridge on the public road through the Dennis Simmons' (Peter Tract), where, in the night time, when people were passing by, could be heard a noise as if all the limbs of the surrounding trees were breaking off and coming down with a tremendous crashing; Second: Another place was at the north east corner of the field of the Joshua Beasley or Malachi Waterfield tract, at the turn of the path that led by Uncle Johnny Beasley's home, where something resembling a large black sheep or yearling could be seen and heard coming with a rush; it would jump over the traveller's head and be gone; Third: This place was at the "bear-tree stump" on the public road near Uncle Mac's home, where one stormy evening, about sundown he saw a fodder stack planted squarely in the road in front of him; it kept ahead of him for some time ere he took fright and left. Uncle Mac and family had been at our home that day, it being a better storm shelter, and had started home to "feed up" when this fodder stack challenged him--he didn't feed up. This stump was nearly opposite where the house of the present Cabe Ansell now stands; this stump was what remained of the ancient "bear-tree." Other sights also were seen there. Fourth: This haunted place was at a cluster of oak stumps on the public road near to and north of the Methodist Church, called the "Wash

Oak Stumps," where it was said, the female population thereabouts in olden times did their washing, at a spring; shrouded female ghosts could be seen leaning against these stumps; old time washers come back to terrify and "haunt" the then present inhabitants, who had stopped the washing, cut the oaks, and neglected the spring. Fifth: The fifth place for "haunts," ghosts and unearthly noises and Jack-with-his-lantern (which betokened a place of spirits) was on the road leading through "Holly-tree-branch." While there are many other places deserving the name of "haunted," those mentioned were so well known that scores of people could be found to verify these places as such, persons who themselves had seen and heard. Besides, many old haunted houses were here and there (as in Coinjock) to be found, where doors flew open after being locked or latched, and where unearthly footsteps could be heard coming down the stairs.

A CONJURE YARN

In the writer's first recollection, there was as much ado on the line of conjuration as of witchcraft; indeed, the craft of the conjurer was continually invoked to take off "spells" that had been put on persons, stock, chickens, and other living creatures. Dozens of startling yarns of general circulation could be brought forward in this department.

I will give you one which will afford a clear insight into the many demands for conjurers and the methods of relief practiced by them.
There was a good old man on the Island, a leader in the church, who handled not and touched not the things unclean; yet, he believed in conjuration, and on one occasion went across the sound to Currituck court-house to get an old guggler residing thereabouts to go home with him and take a "spell" off his chickens.

These old conjurers were always prepared for such calls, and their pockets and wizard sacks were habitually stored ful1 of bundles, great and small, wrapped up with unsightly rags, and containing hair, toe-nails, salt, feathers, rusty nails and other conjuring materials.

I recollect the evening that this good old man arrived with his wizard name "Blue Foot." The old fraud surveyed the premises; crawled under the crib or barn, and when he came out he had a bundle wrapped and stuffed as aforesaid. He then told this old man that it, this bundle, was put thereby a witch, that had so affected his fowl; and he then named the witch that did it. It was not hard work for this faker to pump dry this old man while journeying home with him; and at the time of performing the operation he, no doubt, could have named every one on the Island accused by this credulous old man.

He now told the old man to draw the witch's picture on a board, and shoot it with silver money cut in pieces. The pictures was roughly drawn and shot with the fragments of a nine-pence, and the figure was struck on the knee. So, itwas said by the believers, upon that very night this witchwas taken with a pain in the knee,

which continued to her end.

The writer, then a small boy, knew this person called witch, and he now knows it was a case of rheumatism pure and simple, just like scores of others, and knows that she was suffering from it long before the shooting.

No more chickens died, it was said, for there was no bundle of witchcraft for them to walk over.

MAC AND I; UNCLE JOHNNY THE STORY TELLER
THE ROSE BUSH

Mac and I were cousins and chums. We were small boys and lived near each other.

We would seek the company of the old folks of the neighborhood, who would spin us yarns about Indians in the first settlement of this country, Jack and his house in the bean-stalk, and of witches, haunts and ghosts.

Often at nights we could be found at the home of Uncle Johnny Beasley, who would tell us many old English legends and stories, purporting to have happened in the olden time, about London Bridge, stories that were brought over by our forefathers. He told us why some people in scenting their lard at hog killings would not use rosemary. It was because the bush was brought to America by a witch, in a small bark boat. One morning, at the rising of the sun, this witch in her bark boat with the rosemary bush, was seencoming up from the ocean, through old Currituck Inlet. ThisInlet was not the old Inlet we hear so much about now, butwas about six miles north of it, and where the North Carolina and Virginia states' line now is. This rosemary bush was set in the soil of Knotts' Island by this old witch; hence, many would not use it for the purposes above indicated; it was witchy, and many, no doubt, to this day will not use it onthis account; and Coinjockers don't like its flavor--ah.

The stories brought from England by our forefathers delighted us, but when Uncle Johnny began to unravel his experiences with the witches, "haunts," and spirits that had harrassed him and others in his young days on Knotts Island, we would be found in fearful gloom, so that often he would have to see us home. Witches and wizards, as has been stated before, frequently turned their subjects into horses, if they wished to ride to one of their jollification meetings in the near-by woods. So, one night Uncle Johnny had been expatiating on these meeting places of the witches and wizards, and he told us, if we wished to see a notable place of this sort, come next Saturday-evening and he would show us one.

When it arrived we were on time. He carried us to a place on the margin of the "Dry Swamp," about one hundred and fifty yards southeast of the present

Methodist Church, where stood a cluster of dwarf white oaks, and said: "Do you see that oak limb and that hole under it?" We saw the oak limb and by imagination, likely, a depression in the ground. "I have been hitched to that limb a dozen times in company of a dozen other horses hitched around to other limbs." Then again: "You see that clear place out there?" Yes, we did. "In thatclear place the witches and wizards would have a fire in cold weather, around which they had their jollification dances, while we horses were shivering and shaking with the cold. When the first dawn of day was observed, their merry-making came suddenly to an end and each one would straddle its horse, apply the spur and in swift run would land us to our respective homes and then and there transform us. If they were belated in finishing the last turn of the dance, the transformation would take place on the dance ground; in that case we had to make our way home in our night-clothes."

Such tales hatched in dreams were more vivid and real in those days than now. Dream events became real, and immovably fixed in the minds of the dreamers; parental tuition was responsible. These people did not mean to err; they were telling the truth as they saw it; they were held in the neighborhood as upright, truthful men, and they were. These fancied visions with them became real, that's all.

No wonder then, children hearing such startling yarns when young, would grow up with the fear of witches, ghosts and other hobgobblings. Then what a task, if ever, to eradicate its tendency.

CHAPTER XX

WITCHCRAFT; HALLUCINATIONS; OLD DOG RING; NIGHT MARES; THE FRENCH FRIGATE AND THE ENGLISH; CLARENDA, THE CONJURER, HER CRAFT AND INCANTATIONS, OFFSPRING OF THE CUFFY FAMILY; OUR CIVILIZATION; SUPERSTITION; A STARTLING DREAM; OLD MILLEROF THE ADVENT BAND, AND HIS PROPHECY; THESE BANDS SANG THEIR BELIEFS.

A WITCH FREAK DREAM.

My real Uncle Mac was full to the brim of illusions, ghosts and wizardry. He had a large family of children; and almost every year brought its baby; and, of course, it slept with its parents. One night the baby, being thus couched,was heard to cry as if under the bed--baby gone! Up got Uncle Mac, under the bed he went, among some myrtle bushes put there keep fleas away; no baby there; the baby cried again; surely it was under the bed; he bent there again, found it sitting erect among the myrtle bushes where he had searched before.

The baby now, for security, was placed between parents with arms around it; all at once the baby was gone again. Its whining could be heard but not located. A lightwood blaze was made, to aid the search, but no baby found; as the lightwood

torch was placed in the fire-place, the child was heard as if up the chimney; lo and behold; there sat the baby erect on the lubber-pole. First-class dream. This child lived to three score and ten years of age, and has recently died.

I do not pretend to be either a metaphysician or psychologist; I am sure that I understand the operations of the mind of these haunt-seers whereby they become sensable of these imaginary phenomena as being real. Go to that conspicuous room where the family photos are framed and hung: there will be found father, mother, children; do you know them? Of course you do, for they are as plain as in real life; go away from them and your imagination is so vivid that you still see papa, mama, and children. Are these objects seen by imagination real? No, but they are as natural as life, for the mind calls up the dead to animated existence.

Now this is the case even with those that believe no in haunts and ghosts; now multiply the imaginative element of their minds by a score and you have the minds of those who see so many sights. The questions arises, Did these people see the objects and hear the noises they said they did? Yes, their brains were shrouded in hallucinations; their minds were in a condition to receive the impression, and the circumstances of life did the rest. Their minds dwelt much upon the dead and their coming back to earth.

A ghost would always be wrapped in a shrouding sheet, and, if seen by a female, was generally of the female sex; but when seen by a male, it often changed to a male-ghost; usually with its head cut off.

Women, as a rule, saw these sights more frequently than did the men; and some were regarded by most people as specially endowed with the "sight to see spirits." There was little argument against it. A dark drizzly night, a span of bark off the end of a fence rail or a stump, its place watered by vapor and lighter than its surroundings; in a second, this would be a ghost, and would, at once, become life-size.

To verify this conclusion as to the true view to be taken of the mind of these sight-seers, I will relate a true story that came under my own observation: Mr. Leven Ballance lived just across the way from and near our home. He owned a white-and-yellow dcg, with a white ring around his neck, named "Ring." I had been over to Ballance's house, on one occasion, and was coming back, when I saw this dog climb over our yeopon fence and pass by me, going home.
As I came up to the place where the dog got over the fence, I saw a woman of our house-hold only about twenty yards away with a gazing stare directed toward me. When I got to her she appeared to be much agitated. "Did you see that woman, just as you were coming near here, get over our yeopon fence, and immediately vanish?" I told her no, it was not a woman at all, but it was old Ring. "Oh, no: You could not have seen that woman; she had a dark calico frock, with a white handkerchief tied around neck." Yes, I said, "and old Ring was dressed that way

too; I saw him get over that fence at the same time you saw the woman." I doubt that I ever thoroughly convinced her that it was old Ring. When Ring jumped over,the fence hid him, and then her woman vanished in spirit-air, you see.

My father, to allay the fears of his family on this line, would tell us there were no spirits around that could be seen by the human eye; and further there were no witches , that rode folks; that it was a nightmare people had, as a consequence of over-eating or lying flat on the back. He would prove his assertions by the Doctors from Princess Anne, who attended on the Island.

This evidence had convinced me long ago; but father had nightmares frequently and to keep it away my mother-in-law kept a Bible under his pillow. This somewhat staggard my faith; for I had heard that when a witch came and found a Bible under the pi11ow, she had to read it through before she could tackle the subject. Nor did my father believe in spirits and ghosts; but his father's house had the reputation of being visited by a spirit, walking on the house-top, and groaning. It was said to have come along in this way: In a war between England and France, that ended about 1815, some two or three English men-of-war ran a French frigate ashore on the beach opposite the South End of Knotts Island. The French grounded their their ship on our shore, and stark naked waded and swam across the bay to Knotts Island. My grandfather's house was near the bay and was the first house approached. My grandmother took in the situation at once, and threw to them every bit of men's clothing in the house, and not having enough, threw them her own garments and bed clothing for hip garments, and also gave them what she had to eat.

They went their way, getting a garment here and there, unti1 they could get to Norfolk.

It was said one poor fellow comrade died or was drowned before reaching the Island; and, ever after, his spirit went foaming around hunting for his comrades; and as that house was the first stopping place, his spirit was frequently heard here moaning and groaning for his absent shipmates.

Now it was said, that each one of this large family, at same time had heard the groaning and audible walking to and fro on the house top. Father being the youngest of the family, had, himself, when a child, heard something groaning and walking which he could not account for. So you can see the "haunt" and other like "isms" pervaded the minds of the ignorant and education, the wise and the foolish, and stuck there like a tar-plaster to the skin.

This English and French war was fought after our Revolutionary war; indeed, I judge in the neighborhood of the dates 1800-l8l0, for the United States had to pay for that French frigate, as she was chased within the three-mile limit.

There was a chest of money on board, and to keep the British from capturing it,

the French tried to get it into a small boat, in order to get it on shore; but the chest either went through the boat bottom or capsized it, and was lost. The French set their ship on fire, when leaving, and at lO:00 o'clock that night it blew up with a terrible noise and made so vivid a light throughout the Island that a pin could easily be seen on the ground.

Now, if haunts, witchcraft, and the like were believed in as true, as described above, in the first half of the 19th century, what must the condition of things have been hundreds of years ago? It is true in the last century, the courts had quit hanging, drowning, burning, and otherwise murdering these poor innocent creatures called witches; but did this stop the popular belief that witches, etc., did exist? I say no, there are today hundreds of thousands, yea, millions, in this country who believe in such; and to verify the truth in what I assert, I will spin you a yarn, and a true one, that did not happen on Knotts' Island, but in Currituck County, and in that portion nearest to Norfolk City, and of recent date. Parden the digression. When the writer was County Surveyor in the last '70's, about thirty years ago, I was called to do some surveying in Moyock Backwoods. While surveying near the public road, I saw, during the day, where half-dozen carts, loaded with people, both male and female, going south and I believe they were all whites. Being a stranger in this section, I inquired where all these people were going (it was not a "big meeting" season), and was informed that they were going to consult a conjurer by the name of Clarenda Cartwright, who I learned was an offspring of a family of famous conjurers by the name of Cuffey. The old man Cuffey, perhaps the father or grand-father of Clarenda (who was aCuffey before marriage), lived in my early life in Backwater, Va., and administered to the "spell" subjects of Currituck, Camden, Princess Anne, Norfolk and perhaps other counties.

This old man Cuffey in Backwater was considered by the people of a large range of country, to be the most famous conjure-doctor of that age. He was over-run with patients, some of whom, being ashamed for people to know that they sought the old conjurer's aid, would arrive there at the hour of midnight, when the old man would tip them with a flagon of grog; for the subject was often jaded down having travelled many miles through mud and mire; and Cuffey was now ready to diagnose the case.

The crowd with us in that survey told me that these visits to consult Clarenda was of daily occurrence and these loads I saw were from Virginia, the land of "F.F.V's." These all came from the north; now the query arose with me, how many that day were going there from other points of the compass? I learned she was over-run with patients every day.

A while thereafter, I was called to run a line for Clarenda. She had purchased a tract of land from one Powers; another party had laid claim to a portion of her cleared land; hence I was employed to run the line. When I drove up to Clarenda's there were plenty of negro servants to wait on me. I took my compass to the road, awaiting orders; and, looking south, I saw a negro man coming with a bundle in

hand and a woman in tow, a white woman at that.

I was told that she was a subject whom this negro had brought to have a "spell" taken off by Clarenda. I was asked to listen and I would hear and see her practicing her art. I did so, and went into the yard to observe the proceedure. I saw the patient seated on a stock or log, and in front of her was Clarenda with a circle drawn on the ground in front, blowing her incantations. She would turn her face north, east, south, west, cut all manner of figures with her body and hands arms, her eyes following her extended fingers, and all the while making mumblings that I could not understand.

I put my compass on the line, pointed out to me, and found it would cut off a portion of her cleared land, even part of her yard. She thereupon heaped Dante's Inferno upon Powers, and prophesied his near downfall. Strange coincidence,Powers did soon die. She sued Powers before death or his estate after death and won. I know Powers was dead when the suit ended. Eventually the more intelligent class in Moyock ran her away, and she domiciled herself on the outskirts of Berkley (South Norfolk now) where she got plenty to do in the craft.

Since I have lived in Coinjock, very frequently subjects have passed my home, travelling thirty more or less miles to Clarenda to enlist her crafty aid; but this was before she was driven off.

This doesn't look as if our "skin-deep civilization" (as the Atlanta Constitution calls it) has done such wonders as isgenerally attributed to it. One step backward would land us where we were a hundred years ago.

Education is the only thing that puts a blot on superstition; every other institution, it appears, has tended to foster it. Education of the ignorant masses will eventually eradicate the unreasonable promptings on this line of thought which have hung on for ages; for the ignorant man both loves and fears superstitious doctrines, and is obedient to its every suggestion.

The tunes sung by the people in olden-times were rendered in solem dirg-like funereal minors; the aged love these tunes yet, I do; but the young--no. Some good people, who have had courage enough to introduce sprightly, lively, child-like songs into the Sunday Schools, which are now sweeping the world, have done a great amount of good; this has a tendency to draw the children from the control and influence of superstitious parents; so some progress in this respect is being made.

There are people by the thousands, and some are found in every district, who tremble at the weird caw of the raven on the chimney or house-top before breakfast--a bad omen; and if a member of such family be taken sick before night of that day, dire prophecies are made by the score.

Screech owl, don't come with your shivering song; Don't carry that axe through the house; Don't take up ashes between Christmas and New Year's Day; man, don't you first meet a woman, when starting on a journey; Be sure and see the new moon, first, over the right shoulder, and in a clear sky; be sure in castrating hogs and other animals, to consult the almanac to see if the signs are right; plant seed, for a crop to be raised under the surface in the dark of the moon, for one above the surface, in the light of the moon; People who teach such are just as harmful to the young of society as the conjurer whose willing subjects they would be.

I have seen an almanac, the age of which is over a hundred years old; its maker and compiler said he put these superstitious signs and wonders in it for a speedy sale; of course he did, such stuff make a speedy sale yet.

Back again to old times on the Island Even Colonel Jones, who had represented Currituck County many times in the General Assembly of the State, and who was the Island's reader, socially and politically, after having two horses to die about the same time, was accused of going to the famous Wizard Cuffey of Blackwater, to ascertain the one who poisoned or bewitched them. When accused of this by his admirers, the Colonel would laugh and say: "You know, boys, that is not so." But the most of his friends believed it, for the news came direct from his friends in Princess Anne.

DREAMS--VISIONS

Besides witchcraft and spirits both dead and alive to be contended with, when I was a child, the nether world was revealed through dreams. I will relate one story which will serve as an example, for most of the dreams of that day was on a line with this one, which struck me with wonder and alarm. The dreams always represented the dreamer in extreme weal or woe. The children of that day would often be frightened, by parents and other, when they missed doing the right thing, by telling them the Devil would get them and pour hot lead down their throats in place of water, etc.

One morning one of these dreamers, a neighbor woman, came hurriedly over to our home while we were eating breakfast; distress and melancholy were pictured on her features. "What now Betsy" asked father. "Oh! What an awful dream I had last night." My mother-in-law, full of sympathy, said, what was it?

"I dreamed an angel came and carried me away to show me torment. Before we got there, I could see the smoke of that place ascending from a deep hollow; and when we arrived there, the angel told me this was the place where the wicked go after death, and the Devil served them just as you see him serving them now.

"I saw a dilapidated house, a very long one, covered with slabs, under the eves of which were hooks; on these hooks, hanging by the hair of the head, were many

new subjects come from our world to this bottomless pit. The Devil, from a scaffold in their front, was giving them a foretaste of the lake that burns with fire and brimstone; by pouring hot lead down their throats. The mouth of the crater of this pit, boiling and belching forth a liquid of fire and brimstone, was about one hundred yards below this old house; and when the devil had tempered these hair hanged subjects sufficiently with the heat ascending from below, and the hot lead poured within them, he cut the victims down. After turning several somersaults, they swiftly plunged into the gulf below whence arose noises as of human beings in agonizing torture. Hot sulphurous vapors and smoke hung over this region, and a rumbling noise accompanied with sharp explosions came from the pit below.

With these and a multitude of other sounds my inmost soul was stirred with horror. If, in coming away, the angel had not given one a glimpse of the good place (Heaven) I surely would have died. When I awoke, I almost died in fright and fainted."

This was about the drift of dreams in those days, for the reason that from the pulpit rang out the lake of fire and brimstone, the worm that dieth not, the unquenchable fire, and the rattling of Satan, chains in the pit. All of this, and more like it, was heralded from the sacred stand.

Hell has grown wonderfully less frightful now-a-days, until there is scarcely any hell at all. One more translation, and it may be a thing of the past.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on superstition because am sure that, more than all other causes combined, it has kept the human family in ignorance and away from englightened progress; yet, in our past ignorance, without education, how could the masses be governed except by superstition and war. Many a nation has been driven to war, to allay revolutionary tendency within; war neutralized it.

Who can give a definition, a natural philosophical definition, of man's physical organization and the workings of the mind, brains, soul therein? The evolutionary mind, in the far-off future, may develop a definition.

It is said that in the Bible, somewhere, can be found, "As you believe, so be it unto you." I do not know whether it is there or not, but nevertheless I believe it is so, in many instances.

Those that believe in haunts, ghosts, etc., can see them; those that do not, cannot.

We have eyes and ears, two of the most important organs of nature; and it does appear that other laws of nature deceive them, especially the eye. To the eye, is the earth round? No, it is as flat as a pancake. Does the sun stand still? Of course not, she has moved fifteen yards, west, in the last hour. On a still cloudy morning, look across the sound or bay to the opposite shore, do the land, bushes, trees

look higher or lower than where you stand? Higher, but they are really lower.

The writer has had occasion to ask scores of people of good hard sense, which way does the moon run? The answer has always been, west.

This old world has no doubt been going around the sun millions of years, and been globe-like; and if man has not inhabited it but six thousand years, as some have it, about five thousand and eight hundred years of that time the earth was flat and still with the sun whirling around it like a comet. Is it not a singular coincidence when a Country is impregnated with hallucinations and mysteries, and filled with preternatural "knowledge," that its subjects should have so many mysterious ailments which baffle the diagnosis of the most skillful physicians? Diseases of the mind are worse than those of the body, but they soon reach the physical organization; then the patient is sick all through and through. I have known people of this class to lie in bed for a year or more; they could not be persuaded to an attempt to rise; and they would talk but little; all at once through some freak of their makeup they would arise-the "spells" had left. The medical books I presume, have no set names for these mind diseases and the doctors, not wishing to hatch out new ones, are compelled to resort to the old chestnuts: women, hysteria; men, hypochondria. These diseases in women, may not always arise from the hallucinated tendency in them but may arise from their peculiar, internal arrangement.

Get lost, and you always go round and around, or precisely backward from the way in which you wish to go; when you get out, your own house stands on the opposite side of the road. All at once your brain whirls around as on a spinning button, and you are yourself again. So it is with the mind--sick folks. Such people believe in signs and wonders; they have wondering and diseased minds. There are many who have this diseased perception now; the old backtraining still hangs on. Are we very far advanced from the days of witchcraft, ghosts and conjurism?

In the writer's first recollection the people of the Island, especially the women and children, saw great distress, not only because of the Devil and his torments and the worldsoon to be destroyed by fire; but also from the no less mightyfear of another "Nat Turner war" prevailed not only on Knotts Island, but pervaded north eastern Carolina and south eastern Virginia as well. Indeed it made the whole South uneasy.

MILLER THE PROPHET

Old "Prophet Miller" of the "Advent Band" frightened the ignorant and superstitious all over this country. His prophecy of a certain named day, near at hand, when the world was to be deluged in flame, followed by the judgment-day, enhanced these fears. This day of consuming fire was to come I think the latter part of April or the first part of May, of the year, I think, of 1843. I cannot precisely fix the day or year of the prophet's great catastrophy but I am satisfled it was not

later than 1843, and was in a late Spring month.

A thunder storm was to come from the west at half after l:00 o'clock, p.m., another from the east was to meet it; and then the conflagration was to take place.

It did appear nature gave Miller a helping hand on this Island; for before 12:00 o'clock, noon, on that day (I recollect double-headed cumuli were seen in the west, lazily drifting horizontally southeasterly and coming nearer as they drifted. At one o'clock p.m., thunder was heard in northwest and a dark cloud hung over there. I lived near by, and Mrs. Ballance called me to come and stay with her children till the squall was over. I lived near her door and played with her children daily. Mrs. Nancy Ballance was a good woman and believed in Miller's prophecy; and these squalls floating around, as Miller had said, gave her a dreadful fear. Mr. Malachi Beasley had sent his boys in the field, a few hundred yards from Mrs. Ballance's home, to cut and pile cornstalks. There were a hundred piles, maybe, and Beasley, seeing rain on hand, ordered his boys to burn them.

The squall from northwest came, with rain, hail and a shift of wind. Mrs. Ballance, at the window, saw these numerous piles of burning stalks beyond her Yeopon nursery. She thought the world was in flame, as old Miller had said, and had it not been for me and her son Alexander, she would have gone into spasmodic convulsions. We told her it was nothing but corn-stalks buring in Mr. Beasley's field; this reassured her. I was very young and was not afraid of Miller's fire; my father, some time previous, had taught me better; but even yet I can see that good woman, a picture of despair. These Advent Bands expressed their beliefs in poetry and music, as

"I will be in that band, hallelujah;
For the Second Advent Band, hallelujah:
My leader tells me not to fear,
I will be in that band, Hallelujah: etc.

The people of the Island would get some of this music from Norfolk, through curiosity or belief, and sing it. I know the tune to this day. Even when Miller's prophecy turned out untrue, it didn't create disbelief in his followers. No, such will not receive the truth! Are not some of these bands in the land yet, as well as the mormon. Yes, indeed, there are plenty.

If I am not mistaken, a religious fanatic set, of deciples of Miller no doubt; their prophet had set a day that they were to be caught up in the heavens to meet the son of man and Gabriel, to be by them wafted away to Heaven without dying: It was in a large city or village Church, with large windows above the basement room; when the hour arrived to be caught up in the heavens, they were so selfish each wanted to mount first; so the windows from which they were to rise, were so

crowded, they were pushed out by those behind and fell to the ground, and those made a leap to fly upward fell downward, on brick walks or pavements, with those who had been pushed out before. I believe it was said a score or more were killed and others seriously injured. This was in the 20th century.

CHAPTER XXI

THE STATE OF SOCIETY ON KNOTT'S ISLAND IN THE 18TH CENTURY AND THE FIRST HALF OF THE l9TH CENTURY; TRAFFIC THROUGH CURRITUCK INLET; GROGGERIES; FIGHTS; THE FIGHTS OF JOHN POTTER WHITE AND TAYLOR JONES; TE AND SHADE KILLUM; WHITE'S DEATH, ITS CAUSE; INLET CLOSED; LESS TRADE AND FEWER FIGHTS NOW; SOME GOOD OLD CHRISTIANS

To show the change in habits, customs, and the moral andnreligious condition on the Island during the 18th century and the first part of 19th century, and the inroads of the church on Satan's Kingdom, I shall have to go back generations before I was born, the doings of which time were handed down to him by the forefathers of this Island.

The old Inlet filled up in 1828, four years before the writer was born. Prior to that event, perhaps during a century or more, there were many small vessels carrying staves, shingles, corn, wheat, etc., from Currituck and other North Carolina counties, through this Inlet, to Norfolk, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and other northern markets; and bringing back sugar, molasses, cloths, calicos, and other drygoods and notions, and all kinds of liquors; these latter to replenish the grog shops of Currituck, and especially those in full blast on and about Knott's Island and the one on Betsy's Marsh, these being the first landing places after leaving the ocean. Many of these vessels were built and manned in Currituck and adjoining counties, but there were many more from Baltimore and the North, built and manned in their respective hailing places. In coming in, these vessels would anchor at. Betsy's Marsh; the crews would go up, and have a tip to initiate themselves; after this, with their needles pointed Islandward, they would weigh anchor and be off to the Island grog-shops, and there would be found congregated daily, sailors both Southern and Northern, and likewise citizens. Generally, after a drink or two, bragging, quarreling and fighting ensued.

These were days of "bull-godism"; every crew and every neighborhood had a fighting champion. To hear these oldtimers, even in the writer's remembrance, spin the tragic yarns of these fights and exploit, their champion's virtues, was indeed amusing.

After a few drinks of Jersey-lightning, balanced with cuss words, these "homers" and Northerners would wade in, in the usual sport, fist cuffing,hair pulling eye-qouging. The home champion always won; the other fellow went down.

JOHN POTTER WHITE AND TAYLOR JONES

John Potter White and Taylor Jones were two of the leading and most efficient champions on the Island, though there were a great many lessor lights. This was before the writer's existence.

White, being a scientific boxer, had boxed these Yankees all about, when they came on the Island for a tilt; so these Northerners had ill-will against White, and informed him that the next time he came to New York in his vessel they had a fellow there who would give him the dose he deserved.

In the course of time, White made a visit there, and the New York boatmen at once recognized him: they straightway told him to prepare to take his medicine, for they were going up town and bring their man. Soon, came they did, with a 250 pound mulatto, stripped for the fight. White suggested the knock-out to be over a line; this was agreed to.

White knew that if the pugilist should land him a powerful blow upon the face it might fix him. First round: White by his science, skill and well-aimed blows laid his antagonist on the ground. Great rejoicing with the Island and Currituck crowd.

Second round: The mulatto put in a good swing on White's nose that laid him out. Great hurrahs went up from the New Yorkers. White recovered however from this stunning blow and determined it should not be repeated, for White's blood was up now, and likewise his adroitness in evading blows.

Third round: White now planted blow after blow in the giant's face in quick succession, until he was blinded, then White with his last desperate swing sent him to the ground with a heavy thud. It was over. The mulatto was taken away by his chums, and John Potter White was declared the victor. So ended the fight between Knotts Island & New York.

Though White was the victor in that tug of war, the blow he received on this occasion from this mulatto broke his nose and drove it in, of the effects of which he afterward died.

The writer's father help to nurse him in his last sickness, and White told him that the blow he received in New York was killing him; that it broke his nose and drive it inward; this induced inflamation in its upper parts and in the brain, from which he was now suffering, and of which he soon died.

After White died two blow-herds, brothers, came from Coinjock to the Island, to "thrash it out," they said. These two brothers were named Te and Shade Killum, and called themselves the bull-champions of Coinjock. On the evening of their arrival, they talked and acted vulgarly in the presence of women of the Island; and with oaths remarked there were little chance to use their muscles in a fight on there. The news of their proceedings flew, and Taylor Jones sent them a

message to present themselves on the premises of Malachi Jones (Colonel Jones' father) the next morning and they should be accommodated. All understood what would likely happen and both men and women were out to see the fun. The women, particularly, wished them well pummeled for their vulgar conduct the previous evening.

The Killums were on time and each wanted a man to fight. Jones told them it was not necessary for each of them to have a man to fight; that it only required one Islander to whip two such as they were. The fight was to be over a line of bandana handkerchiefs tied together. They came up to the line with great anticipation to annihilate this, a single, antagonist. Jones's first blow laid Shade out; this so frightened Te, that Jones only got in a half stroke on him; he ran away leaving his brother, who had now recovered sufficiently to run also. Jones told them they were of no account, that he had only condescended to give them a blow, each, for their ill manners the day before, and that if they were caught on the Island an hour hence, he would not insure them a whole bone. They went in haste.

I have heard of these two Killums from the old people of Coinjock--John Simmons, Levi Walker, Old Aunt Lydia Poyner and others; that they were vulgar fuss-breeders, of little account for anything else, and that if they ever whipped any man it was by doubling on him. Mrs. Poyner told me that the last fuss these two bravadoes had was at a muster at the Nathan O'Neal place in Coinjock. They were abusing some poor, old, inoffensive fellow, and the sympathetic women present paid the bill for a good fighter present to pummel their faces to a pulp. He did it, and forever after they kept aloof from public gatherings.

After white died, Jones was growing old, and the Islanders were looking around among the young and lesser lights to fill their places. Even Uncle Mac, though young, tipped the scales near the two hundred pound mark. He was anticipating a championship; for was he not quite an athlete, and a skilled veterinarian, who with little help could take down horses or other animals when a cutting operation was necessary. Late one evening he happened at one of these rendezvous on the Island, where a crowd of Northern sailors came up for a drink and a spat--the usual thing. Jones was away and Uncle Mac was the only lesser light present.

One New Yorker remarked how quickly he could put out Jones's light, if there, and how cowardly the others were that he couldn't even get a brush out of them. By this time Uncle Mac's dander was rising; even the witch and haunt fear was fading; but he did fear, somewhat, this bullying fellow, but was determined to fight him though he get thrashed. Off went his coat, into the ring he went, apparently with great confidence in his ability to tag this Yankee; but within all was fear. When vis-a-vis he waded in and licked his man; great rejoicing with the Islanders, of course.

The most important groggeries where sailors and citizens met to see and carry out their hurly-burlyings, one was near and southwest from where Walter Capps

now lives, the other on Betsy's Marsh on the north side of the South Channel of the Inlet. At this latter place, besides drinking, fighting and gouging eyes, there were music and dancing frolics, here crowds of both male and female gathered from all points of the compass. Of course there was a family or two living here who kept a groggery and always prepared for these almost nightly bouts. Knotts Island furnished only its quota; they come from all the country; from Pasquotank east, anxitirated by a good slice of southeast Princess Anne.

The people carousing at Betsy's Marsh came from all points of the compass, so there were room only for a few of the Islanders; and that few were there mostly as detectives to give the news of the proceedings. Knott's Island, however was well represented at the Island grogery near Walter Capps' present abode as aforesaid.

Sailors from North and South met here, as well as the Island citizens, where they drank grog, fought and caroused.

Gross immoralities were practiced at Betsy's Marsh frolics, resulting in the birth of children with unknown or unlawful fathers.

Whiskey in those days was cheap--twenty-five to fifty cents per gallon--, hence a great deal of drunkenness could be found everywhere; Knott's Island had only its share. I do not say that all the men on the Island were in these drunken brawls, but I do say, from what I have heard from those old who knew, that there were so much drizzle and fog in the social and moral atmosphere that the ray of the religious sun penetrated the Island only feebly. But among the Island people there were many truly religious, of the old Lorenza Dow type, who read their Bible and drank in its precepts; who sang their plaintive minors out of the Zion Songster and Pious Songs, and who kept themselves, as far as their surroundings permitted, unspotted from the world.

The men in those days, with fish and fowl in plenty at their doors, and chinkapins and acorns for hogs when taken from the marsh, could provide eatables for their families with but little labor; and so they had plenty of spare time to visit the resorts aforesaid. But the women's work was not so easy as that of their lords; picking cotton and wool, carding, spinning, weaving, cutting, sewing and making clothes for the entire family, fell to their lot; besides there were other household duties.

Now this chapter gives a glimpse of society on the Island in the 18th century, and I am sure it is true of the first thirty years of the 19th century, as handed down by tradition.

Now, I will come down to the time of my birth, and tell how the church revolutionized Knott's Island; how it progressed, and became, through great difficulties, fully established; how its entering wedge split, tore assunder and almost annihilated the old-time customs.

CHAPTER XXII

THE OLD FREE CHURCH; THE METHODIST PREDOMINATE; THE FIRST REAL CHURCH ON THE ISLAND, ERECTED IN 1836. THE METHODIST PRESTIGE ON THE ISLAND

I have heretofore told you something of the politics of Knotts Island, that Jefferson, in his campaign of 1800, infused into it, and I will say, there has been but little, If any, change in this respect, on the Island since.

Now, I will try to give some account of the Island in a religious way, beginning far in the past.

I am satisfied prior to 1832, there was not a church building on the Island worthy the name.

My father and other old people told me that there had been a shanty on the public road about two hundred yards northerly of the present Methodist, on or about, the Scadlock lot. This no doubt had been a dwelling, donated or purchased by the people for a place of divine service; it was dubbed Free Church," that any and all creeds might set forth their respective doctrines therein; this soon brought forth jarrings, disputes, and bickerings, as such churches always do. Doubtless these disputes arose between the Baptist and Methodist creeds, for before and up to this time, these two denominations were trying to establish themselves in the by-ways and out-posts of civilization; and I am sure from what I have heard of their history, they had a hard time of it. I have some evidence from which to form the belief that the Methodist eventually subdued all opposition from all sources on the Island.

I have no date to fix the beginning nor the ending of this old Free Church. The Methodist, spoken of above, prior to 1784, were Wesleyan Methodist after that date, Methodist Episcopal.

This denomination planted itself firmly on this Island to the exclusion of all others, one hundred and fifty years or more ago; and there remains but little doubt they took charge and ruled the old Free Church building or buildings to its end.

It seems almost a useless effort for any other denominaion to try to establish itself on this Island with the expectation of any great amount of influence.

The Methodist Protestant, another branch of Methodist, called Reformers, tried this in the last '40's, it engendered a great deal of ill-will and fussing as you will find in another chapter; in about ten years it withered, and this church in a body went back to the mother church--Methodist Episcopal. The Baptist, it is true, has a church on there now, of recent date; it may do better than the Reform one. The

church prestige of this Island though is Methodist. So it is: democrat, born; democrat, die; Methodist, born; Methodist, die.

I could not have been over four years old, when my father took me, one Saturday evening, to the church lot, where Methodist Church now stands.

I was carried into an old dilapidated house and I think it had a shed, and the floor of this part apparently had just now been taken up, there were many long, pine poles and other lumber scattered around in great confusion; in one corner of this house stood a speaker's stand; this old house was the only building on this lot that evening.

It strikes me very forcibly, that the people gathered then and there that evening, were preparing to erect a suitable new church and these poles had been brought there that day to erect scaffolds and the floor taken out of that old house to complete them; & further, it strikes my mind, like the glow of a bright May morning, that a new church was erected in 1836; still further, I do know it was a new church in 1840, for it had been furnished with nice, substantial and well made seats, altar and pulpit, and the workmanship was commented upon in my presence then and there. I am sure now, also, that while this church was being built, that the workmen used this old house for a workshop and that was the reason the old house and its surroundings were in such a state of confusion and disorder that Saturday evening.

In the Register's office of Currituck County, in Book 11, page 199, is the record of a deed executed third day of January, 1811, by Henry Beasley to Jesse Taylor, William Dolly (Dawley), Joel Wickes, William Beasley, Commissioners of the Methodist Meeting house. There may have been a meeting house then, 1811, or this land was bought to erect one. This old house that I was carried to that Saturday evening was the Methodist Meeting house, and likely had been there since, 1811.

I think from what I can recollect, this old house was a poor substitute for a church, but I am quite sure Tom Jones held his big meeting in and around it, and this meeting had stirred the people up to build a better one--hence the most spacious, proper and suitable meeting house ever built on Knott's Island, worthy to be called a church, was then & t**here** built.

"Church" is now popularly applied to all places of worship, but in olden times, the Episcopalians claimed the word "church" as their exclusive property, as the Catholics do now, other denominations held "meetings" and their places of worship were called "meeting-houses"--hence the Commissioners of the Methodist meeting house on Knotts Island.

That new church built in 1836, was torn down thirty or more years ago, to give place to a more modern and larger one; and in turn this one was also torn down

very lately, and in its place, so I have been informed, is reared one of the most modern, and one of the finest church buildings in this and adjoining counties.

CHAPTER XXIII

TOM JONES, BIG MEETING; ANDERSONS REVIVAL; THE CHURCH PREDOMINANT; DENNIS SIMMONS AND THE CHURCH DISTURBERS; THE COMPROMISE.

In the writers first recollection, Tom Jones's big meeting was on every tongue; it was a great event on Knotts Island. It was the first great religious entering-wedge ever driven home on the place, and its tendency was to change the whole religious aspect of the Island. I was too young to recollect the details of this meeting, yet, I am sure I was in the world when this meeting was going on, and I am also sure that the material effect of this religious wave was the building of the first church just mentioned.

Tom Jones "came, and saw, and conquered." He was a war-horse, with plenty of the fearless courage and tenacity that characterized the frontier preacher of that day. He assaulted the vices of the sinner, and laid siege to their rendezvous; they surrendered, he conquered. In that meeting many were converted and joined the church; the mark of division between the past and the future was now visibly drawn. It is not to be said that Tom Jones demolished all the tendency to sin on the Island, but he did clear away a good deal of sinful rubbish; he fenced his religious lot for the production of future fruit, to be cultivated by other Tom Jones's to follow; and follow they soon did.

ANDERSON'S GREAT MEETING

The summer of 1842, was, and always has been, called the wet summer." I am sure that no crop, since that summer, has suffered so much as did the one of '42; fortunately though, this wet did not extend far inland--perhaps fifteen or twenty counties in Eastern North Carolina, and about the same longitudinal distance in Virginia.

There was barely one-fourth of a crop of corn raised in this wet territory; yet there were bountiful crops raised elsewhere in the United States. The reason for the fear of starvation the following year was very apparent, and this worked the people into "the blues." It was very natural in such calamity for the mind of the people to revert to The One Who rules the rain and the storm. There is nothing more efficient in bringing the carnal mind of the masses to spiritual meditation than present or expected sorrow, trouble, disaster and adversity. So during and after this calamitous flood, everything looked propitious for making additions to Preacher Jones' former work; and no one saw this clearer than Preacher Anderson of Princess Anne Circuit.

The flood being abated, a protracted meeting was at once commenced which

lasted a month or more. I was a ten-year-old youngster and am satisfied I attended every meeting during this revival. Bench upon bench would often be filled with "mourners". I can hear even now these mourners praying aloud, if it were but yesterday. These mourners could be heard not only in church, but they could be found in the fields, woods, and the Dry Swamp--everywhere in the vicinity of the church. They didn't get religion in those days, as they do now, by shaking the preacher's hand; nor were they taught such methods; but they prayed in a loud, earnest and beseeching voice, that they might receive the faith that dislodged the Devil and admits the Nazarene.

All the mourners didn't "get through" at this meeting, for they were taught that the change from nature to grace was as instantaneous as a flash of electricity; which would prostrate some as in a trance and produce in others amazing activity.

I heard from some who were converted in this meeting that at the moment of conversion they felt as if they could jump over the joist of the church connecting its high walls. Therefore' some, seriously seeking religion and looking for this sudden outburst or Paul-like prostration failed to "get through", and mourned on from year to year disconsolate; for they were told that if not converted in the prescribed way, and death should find them though on their knees, begging for mercy, they would likely inherit their part in the lake of fire and brimstone.

To show the influence of such notions and beliefs had on the times; During a revival about ten years or less after is meeting at the Reform Church, a nice and refined lady, who had just become a resident of the Island, sought and professed conversion at the mourners bench; but because she didn't exhibit her conversion by great activities, it was said. to her great discomfort, that she had no religion. That gentle, small voice was not heeded in those days. Anderson's meeting was one long to be remembered.

The marsh road was sunk under mud and water and could not be used in safety; so during this big meeting Anderson had to be boated to Morse's Point, and back again if perchance he had to fill an appointment in Princess Anne. This meeting made radical changes in the customs and manners of the Island people, and better discipline was observable thereafter; it might be said now that the church in a great measure had its way, and the reformation was complete.
The writer lived near the church, and it did appear in his neighborhood that Christianity had rivited itself upon all; even the worldly were solemnized and calmed; well-attended prayer-meetings were held nightly in neighboring houses; sin had taken a back seat, and nothing but the roll of the mighty Christian sea was to be heard, or seen, or felt. It did seem that bickerings would never appear again. But this reckoning was premature: There was still left however a set of mischievous chaps who later on would sit in the gallery or back of the "blue posts" thereunder and disturb the congregation. Colonel Jones and other leaders of the church would often remonstrate with them in a persuasive way, to little purpose;

but a good old churchman named Dennis Simmons had seen a great deal of the deviltry of these boys, and determined to stop it. This old man led in prayer, and always prayed with open eyes, and always repeated the same prayer. These bad youngsters knew the old brother's prayer by heart and would pray in unison with him. The old man took his time in praying and these boys would often get through before the old man did, and one by one of them, when through, would hold his head up with a saucy smile, as much as to say, I've beaten the old man. This old man had often seen their mischief, even while praying, and he considered their conduct ripe for plucking.

One Monday-morning this good man had some four or five warrants issued against the leaders of these church disturbers; there is no doubt but that he could have had as many against each one of them, for they were repeaters. They were arrested, rought to trial, found guilty, fined stiffly, and I believe to suffer imprisonment. I cannot call to mind why this imprisonment was imposed; it may have been in default of paying the fines and costs; however, they were marched down to the South End landing to be conveyed to jail; When the boat to convey them to jail was ready, these disturbers and their friends came suddenly to their senses and begged for mercy.

This old man Dennis Simmons in former days had been a sailor; his demeanor was, to all appearances, coarse, severe and unfeeling; in fact, when he undertook a task he meant business.

The friends and relations of the prisoners besought the old brother to lighten upon the culprits, as it would be a disgrace to fill our jail with Knotts Island church disturbers; especially so, after the great revivals of recent dates; and that now, they were all repentant and would promise never to so offend again. This had some effect on the blunt old man and he had the crowd, and prisoners among them, drawn up before him. "Now," said the old man, "if each of you disturbers will pay a fine of two dollars and the costs of this action, I will carry this no further, upon your promise to behave well in church ever hereafter." This was gladly agreed and the compromise completed.

CHAPTER XXIV

DIKE INCIDENTS; THE OLD AND NEW ROAD QUARREL; PETITION FOR NEW ROAD PUT THROUGH BY JONES; RAPID WORK ON NEW ROAD; WHEN MOST COMPLETED A LULL CAME ON; FORMER ORDER VACATED: NEW ROAD GONE. QUARREL RENEWED

After these two great revivals of Tom Jones and Anderson whereby the church was fully established, was it not a pity, even a calamity, that anything should arise to mar the religious serenity of Knott's Island. But deviations from the straight and narrow path were soon in evidence and on hand for investigation.

The Devil, having been disconcerted and his working plans upset by the recent religious wave, had now determined, as usual in such cases, to disarrange the present order of the Island; and he soon saw the means to do so.

As has been said before the Marsh road, the only highway to get off and on Knott's Island, had often been and was then completely submerged in mire. This road across the Great Marsh, with its meandering, is four miles in length, and is laid across north from the center line of the Island to Morse's Point through a sunken Marsh; and at that time it ran in many places through the arms and coves of Barl's Island bay, which bay had a tendency in wet weather to flood the road.

The people of the South-End of the Island had to travel from three to six miles to work and patch this road, which required many days work during the year; and notwithstanding all this work, in a wet season it was still found in an all but impassable quagmire.

The people of the South End had often discussed the propriety of cutting another road farther south than this old roadway, and some two miles or more from the South End of the Island.

They declared that a road cut there would be on higher marsh, would be clear of the inundations of Barl's Island bay, and furthermore, there would be timber in plenty for puncheons from the knolls of the marsh and from Mackey's Island nearby.

So a petition was gotten up to carry out this plan by the southern part of the Island, the list of signers comprised more than half of the men of the Island; against this move the people of the north-end of the Island arrayed themselves in bitter opposition. However, when Colonel Jones, who lived in the new road district and who was chairman of the County Court, wished to have anything pushed through this court, he always met with success. So the Colonel laid this petition before the court, advocated its adoption, and it went through like wildfire.

The people of the South End of the Island from WilliamSmith's gate South, were to build the new road, beyond this line North the people could continue to work the old road. The people on Morse's Point by vote were to work on the road that each preferred.

Now everything was ripe for a general Knott's Island row. Nothing could have culminated more effectively to this end. The old road men said that the road men had no right to pass over the old road as they did not help keep it up, and went so far as to say, coupled with an oath, that they should not do so, without suffering the penalty of a thrashing. The whole Island was now thrown into a clamorous and hostile state giving rise to wrangles, tumults and fights, which nothing apparently could restrain, with now and then a pistol muzzle poked under the nose of a disputant. This state of affairshad a tendency to weaken, if not to crush,

the religious feeling recently taken hold there.

The men of the South End of the Island went to work with an energy unparalled on the new road with Leven Whitehurst and Mordica Beasley in turn as overseers. They commenced at the Goosepond as a base, where E. D. Bowden now lives, west of the Methodist Church; thence westwardly through the pond and swamp to the Round Knoll; thence, as the crow flies, to Morse's Pint and had completed it with puncheons and dirt thereon to Back-Creek, and had bridged that creek and had ditched it to Morse's Point. They had also hauled a good many puncheons for the unfinished part. With this unfinished portioned puncheons and with some soil thereon the road would have been ready for use, and would have appeared to a spectator a second Chinese Wall. The road, so far was creditable and would have been a good, serviceable, marsh road; and doubtless a fair better one than the old road can ever be made.

The North End people though could not be blamed for their opposition to the new road, for many of them would have had to go from five to six miles to and from this new road, before crossing over to Morse's Point; and this distance directly out of their way.

At this stage of the new road work, time had somewhat lessened the bitterness between the opposing parties and a calm was on; the people had tired fussing about the road matter; their tempers had receded nearly to the normal. The Devil and his co-workers, after being so successful in sowing and cultivating a large crop of strife in the road matter, now seeing this turn for the better, laid a plan to thwart it, by introducing the unexpected.

It is a law of nature that the energy which these Southenders commenced their new road and the constant and persistent working of the same for quite a time, would at last be succeeded by laxity; and so it was a halt took place on that road, the direct cause of which I cannot recall. It may have been on account of the cultivation of their crops, but I have a faint recollection that the overseer cut his foot, which may have been the cause of the halt.
The old man Dennis Simmons, about whom I have had something to say before, lived in the North End of the Island and was opposed to the new road. This man was a Justice of the Peace as well as Colonel Jones, and was often made chairman of the aforesaid court in Jones's absence.

While Jones was on one of his pleasure trips to Norfolk or elsewhere, a court came on. Simmons was not a compromise man like Jones, but made up of the qualities of energy and persistence; he now thought it a good time to put a quietus to this new road business. He took some witnesses, and over to Court he went; he stated and proved that this new road was a sham contrived to get rid of working the road that they were using every day; that it was a great hardship for the few to keep up the old road for the benefit of the new road men, who didn't work at all; thereupon he asked the Court to have the former order of the Court granting a

new road vacated and annulled and it was so ordered.

When this court proceeding was heralded to Knott's Islanda smile of satisfaction was observable on the faces of the Northenders, while a violent hurricane of furious rage over-spread the South-End.

"We will tear up that order made upon such false evidence and representation, at our next court, said the men of the South End. The next court was three months away. The next court they did go with Colonel Jones, their spokesman, but never could undo what Simmons had done. Jones was accused of waning interest in the matter; anyhow the new road was gone!

In the meantime the overseer of the old road warned the men of the new road to present themselves on the old road with prescribed tools for work. He got many cursings in carrying out this duty. There were some who never did work on that road any more; they paid their fines to the end; but be sure and give these the lawful warning or they would get clear of both work and fines, which was often the case. Lack-a-day: Oh: Lack-a-daisy:

Of course there were many whose feeling for the church was stronger than for this road quarrel, who had tried to allay the bitterness that had taken hold of the people church members as well as others; but their disinterestedness in suggesting rules of forbearance toward one another would often subject them to accusations of old or new road partisanship which placed them on the defense. So you can see blood was in the eyes of this religious people, all on account of the roads.

So has it ever been: Man's materialism modifies, even controls, his higher sentiments. A few days' labor, a littleadvantage or disadvantage, an insignificant gain or loss--before these poor mites of earthly materialities the lovable and essential Christian virtues of forbearance and toleration have been known to perish.

CHAPTER XXV

CHURCH PROCEEDINGS; THE HAD-UPS; UNCLE MAC AND N. W. DUDLEY'S QUARREL; CHURCH TRIAL, BAINE THE PREACHER IN CHARGE; WALKER'S DICTIONARY AS A WITNESS IN THE TRIAL; THE RESULT.

In days long past (it is different now) if members of the church had a quarrel and rough and insulting language was used they were, even if women, "had up", as it was called, and the case laid wide open in church, with closed doors.

So it came to pass that Uncle Mac, of witch fame, and Nat W. Dudley, both church-members, had a funny little altercation, which doubtless would not be noticed now by the church; but they were "had up." I was young and not present

when this laughable trial came on for investigation, but I was informed of the evidence brought out at this trial, and it was substantially as follows: One rainy evening Dudley was spinning a yarn before a crowd at Mac Beasley's blacksmith shop, to the effect that he had in some of his travels seen corn grown so large that he could sit a-straddle of the ears and cut its tops. Uncle Mac being present remarked "any cat could do that," which remark angered Dudley. Uncle Mac was a large, bony man and would have weighed at least one hundred and seventy five pounds; while Dudley, I am quite sure, would have weighed scarcely one hundred pounds.

But Dudley was grit all over and cared little for thepreponderance of Uncle Mac, and went for him. I don't recollect precisely the result but I am sure there was no fight. This affair got before the church; the preacher in charge was named Baine.

From the evidence procured, it turned out that Uncle Mac had called his brother Dudley, that which was not his name, and which to say the least, was unbrotherly. Uncle Mac, in explanation, said that he had said "cat" because Dudley was so small; he considered the comparison allowable; that he did not call him cat, but only said any cat could have done as Dudley did in straddling said ears of corn. It was evident that Baine, who was boss, was defending the side of the smaller member, and had Walker's Dictionary to define the word "cat," out of which he read: "Cat--a four footed, domesticated animal; a kind of ship; a combination of pulleys; a double tripod having six feet and which falls like a cat" (that's it!" shouted Uncle Mac.) and so on to the end; then the preacher said brother Dudley was neither. Thereupon Uncle Mac bawled out the interrogatory that locally became so famous thereafter on the Island: "What has Walker's Dictionary got to do with it any way?"

Neither of these brethren made any overtures to the other, nor were they turned out of church, but the case was left open for a near future reconciliation.

The road matter was not in this trial, as both were Southenders. It was said that Baine carried this trial beyond the usual limit for the fun he got out of it, and the church enjoyed it to its fill.

It strikes me that the word "cat" as applied to Dudley had a teasing and tantalizing definition, not found in Walker's Dictionary. About this time sixty five or seventy years ago, the quarrels about the roads had become tiresome and matters looked promising for peace.

Looking in the path of this cyclone nothing but social religious derangement could be seen; hence, all fair minded people welcomed an armistice.

The truly religious portion of the Island were glad once more to see the gleam and feel the impressions of the past revivals of Tom Jones and Anderson. It apperas that when war first comes everybody takes a hand in slaughtering the enemy,

especially those who stay at home; while there are not five per cent in the field, doing the real work of war. Even in such a war as Napoleon's French War, a long and bloody tug will lessen the ire of the best fighting soldiers. Such was the case in this road war; those that did not fight in the open covertly encouraged the fighting crowds, until, as in nature bound, they became tired of the conflict.

The Devil, so far, having been quite successful in the road matter in mixing up both Church and world in a general row, and every thing in the field appearing so satisfactory, concluded to take a little rest on the hill-top of Mount Ease, leaving his cause in the hands of his trained and efficient of ficers.

He was so satisfied in viewing his troops carrying out his instructions that he must have dropped into a slumber; suddenly was waited on and informed of the armistice.

The Devil, now looking from his height and accusing himself of negligence and seeing his troops as on the eve of surrender, flew into a furious rage, determined to end this armistice by throwing a burning charge into the very heart of the enemy, stir up a Waterloo in the church, and retrieve his lost ground. The following will show whether or not he was successful

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ORIGIN AND RISE OF METHODISM; THE NATIONAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND: THE MISSION OF JOHN WESLEY AND HIS FOLLOWERS; THE WESLEYAN METHODIST; THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN THE UNITED STATES, AFTER THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE; A SPLIT IN 1830; THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH OR REFORMERS; THE CHURCH QUARREL, ITS AIDERS

Methodist, the name originally given, about the year, 1729, to the brothers Wesley, and several other young men of a serious turn of mind who used to assembly together of particular nights of the week chiefly for religious conversation. The term selected, it is believed, in allusion to the exact methodical manner in which they performed the various engagements which a sense of Christian duty induced them to undertake, such as studying the scripture, visiting the poor, and prisoners in Oxford jail at regular intervals. Subsequently it came to be applied to the followers of Wesley and his coadjutors when these had acquired the magnitude of a new sect; yet the founder himself wished the very name never to be mentioned more, but it finally come to be accepted by most of the denominations who trace their origin to the religious movement commenced by John Wesley.

The methods of Wesley and his followers in their Christian effort to evangelize the neglected masses of England, met with remarkable success both at home and in her American colonies. Wesley nor his followers desired to consider themselves a "sect" but was warmly attached to the old National Church. The agitations

preceding the war of Independence which soon afterward broke out, interrupted the labor of the Wesleyan Methodist preachers who had come to this country, all of which, with the exception of Asbury returned home before the close of 1777; but their places were filled by natives, so they continued to prosper and at the end of the Revolutionary struggle they numbered forty three preachers and 13,740 members. Up to this time the American Wesleyan Methodist had laid no claim to being a distinct religious organization. Like Wesley himself, they regarded themselves as members of the English Episcopal church. But the recognition of the United States as an independent country, the difference of feelings and interests that necessarily sprang up between the congregations at home and those in America rendered the formation of an independent society inevitable. Wesley became conscious of this, and met the emergency in a manner as bold as unexpected. He himself was only a presbyter of the Church of England but having persuaded himself that in the primitive church a presbyter and a bishop were one and the same, and he presumed the office of a bishop and ordained Rev. Thomas Coke bishop and he came over and was recognized as such in the Baltimore Conference December 25th, 1784, and Coke in turn ordained Asbury bishop. Wesley also granted the preachers permission to organize a separate and independent Episcopal Church, under the Episcopal form of government; hence arose the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

The membership of this church became very numerous in the United States as every one in this country now knows. But fate had decreeed that this church should not be freer from dissensions and splitting issues than many other sects. Wesley having established this church under the Episcopal form of government, there were a few that were dissatisfied with this Episcopacy for anything about this time tinged with English sentiment was repugnant to many of the people of the United States even in matters pertaining to religion.

This feeling grew stronger and stronger, until, in 1830, a secession took place, and a new ecclesiastical organization was formed, called the Methodist Protestant Church. The ministers who withdrew or seceded from the M. E. church to establish this new one, from what I have been told and seen of them, were a very intelligent class of preachers. They called themselves Reformers. Soon there were several churches of this denomination established in Princess Anne and Norfolk counties, with a membership composed of some of the best families of their respective sections: Burroughs, Hunter,Wright, James, Woodhouse, Berryman and many others.

There were two preachers in the Berryman family, father and son, John and Edward. They lived in Bear Quarter in Norfolk County. John J. Burrough, who, a long time was Clerk of Princess Anne County Court, was a member of this new church and had a son (Edgar) who was a preacher in the same.

The membership of this reform movement were very enthusiastic in its democratic doctrine and whenever they saw a chance to plant a church they did

so. These people had heard of dissension on the Island and being encouraged by some of its people on they came with their preachers. This church at this time about 1840, being in its infancy, had, perhaps more preachers than churches.

The ministers preach in the woods, a place prepared for them. The first time the doors of the church was opened for membership, it booked forty members and these were mostly, if not all, from the membership of the M. E. Church, then arose another tumult, second only to that of the roads.

The people who came from Virginia with their preachers were mostly wealthy people, or appeared so to be, and they said to this membership: "We will furnish the money to build a church if you members will erect it." This was readily aceded to and it was not long before there was a church dedicated to the Methodist Protestants on Knotts Island. While preaching in the woods at this first meeting there were at least five preachers, McGwiggan, the two Berrymans, Tom Jennings and a small-built, red-headed young man by the name of Jones. In those days loud preaching and great gesticulations in the pulpit, austerely presenting Hell with all its horrors, and Heaven with all its glory were the order-of the day; indeed, the ability to preach well was somewhat measured by such demonstrations but the most of these preachers mentioned were mild and persuasive, except this red-headed young man Jones; and as to him, he could be heard one and half miles away. Mr. David Jones who lived at the southend of the Island, while sitting in his yard one calm night heard this man Jones preaching, that is to say, he heard the noise, a mile and a half away on a straight line.

This church was erected near the writer's home, and his Uncle Cabe Ansell, living near by, generally entertained its preachers; thus he had a chance to hear a good deal about their church government from them. It was said by the knowing Reformers of Princess Anne, who appeared to be well acquainted with this secession, that the cream of the Methodist preachers had seceded; as to that I cannot say, but those that came on the Island were educated, very intelligent and bright; besides preaching well could unravel in detail any and all matters pertaining to Church history from the far past to the present. Large congregations poured out to hear them preach, the Methodists as well as others.

These preachers, at first especially, would explain the difference between the old side and new side Methodist with energy unparalleled. In soliciting members, they would give the reasons why, the democracy of the new side Methodist should take solid hold of the minds of the masses of the free people of these United States in America. They would expound in a descriptive way the difference between the two respective churches in substance thus: Did not our colonies rebel against old England on account of being taxed without being represented in Parliament? Don't you recollect the great noise about the Stamp Act? Don't you know the Episcopal Church is the Church of England, supported by the government, and that we had a tax laid on us to help to pay for that church? Is not that church of England a child of the Roman Catholic church? Don't you know the great John

Wesley saw the many wrongs in his church (Episcopalian) which had the taint of Popery? Didn't he create a reformation that culminated in a church in the United States named by him The Methodist Episcopal Church? While this was a great reform, did it not hang on to many principles of the Episcopal church as the Episcopalians did to the Roman Catholicism? The Methodist Episcopal has its bishops, its elders, its preachers; and are not these officials the governing power of that church today, and are not they laymen of that church compelled to do their bidding without a voice in conducting the affairs of the church other than to gingle their pockets, and hold still tongues.

Now on account of this English-like government, we have split off from that church and formed one without any Eposcopacy; one, my friends, based on democratic pricniples like the government of the United States which was obtained by suffering, bleeding, dying in the Revolution; while the government of the Methodist Episcopal church is precisely analogous to that of Great Britain.

Our church, you can see, has a president like the United States; and each member, equally with the preacher, has a vote in all things that pertain to the welfare of the church; besides each church elects delegates to go to our conference, who can select, their preacher for the coming year; and the president, as he is bound to do, sends to that circuit the one selected, unless another circuit should want the same preacher, in which case, the president hears the claims of each and decides the matter by "a casting" vote.

Now the War of the Revolution had not completely died out; the war of 1812 was still fresher, and anything English was still thoroughly repugnant. Therefore, these argumentatives discourses found reasonable lodgment in the minds of the people who came to hear them; especially so, with the reform members, those of the Baptist persuasion, and scores of outsiders. Though there had never been a Baptist Church erected on the the Island, yet there was quite a number of families of that belief as good and influential as any of the Island.

So the Reformers, with influence of the Baptist element and a fair sprinkling of outsiders, joined in aiding the church dissension on the Island, and the war was on!

There is no doubt but that many encouraged this secession as a diversion in order to change and mitigate the previous excitement in the road squabble, which had not as yet totally died out; and others did so for the mere fun of it. But as it turned out afterward it was not all fun, nor was it altogether successful in mitigating the road broil as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER XXVII

METHODIST PROTESTANT CONFERENCE; DELEGATES ELECTED; MORRIS J. LANGHORNE; THE REFORM PREACHER; THE GOOD SISTER NANCY BALLANCE, HER

DEATH AND FUNERAL; WILIAM WARK STONE, THE METHODIST MINISTER, HIS YARN; THE CHURCH QUARREL PROGRESSES; GENERAL WOODHOUSE AND JONATHAN HUNTER; BABEL

A year or so after the establishment, this new church elected a delegate, and the churches in Princess Anne two others to go to Conference, now close at hand, and select a preacher for the coming year.

They went to the Annual Conference--(and let me say this was a new thing in the church at this period, and was one of the great causes of the secession movement and split in the M. E. Church) and got the preacher wanted. His name was Morris J. Langhorne, a brother of the presiding elder George Langhorne of the M. E. Church. An excellent preacher, pleasant to every one, he preached to the satisfaction of all and everything went on smoothly for the year. This Langhorne was a good and worthy man in every respect, as the following will show: There was a nice old lady in our neighborhood named Nancy Ballance; she was not a native of the Island; her parents had moved to Knotts Island, and she and family had followed. I do not know that she belonged to any Church prior to this move, but I am satisfied she was of the Baptist persuasion. In the last year of Langhorn's charge, this lady was in the final stage of consumption. During his sojourn on the Island, Langhorne had paid special attention to her, especially so in her last sickness, on religious subjects. Just before she died Langhorne on leaving for Conference went to her house to bid her farewell. She told him that she was reconciled and ready to pass over the river, and the only regret with her was the he was going to leave and could not preach her funeral. Langhorne replied: "If you want me to preach your funeral and if your friends willinform me of your passing away, I will come and do it, though I be in the mountains of Virginia". After ascertaining his new station he sent this family his post office address. She soon died and this preacher came as he had promised from Lynchburg, Virginia.

One beautiful Sunday he preached her funeral sermon to large congregation and did it without money or price. This preacher, at that day when transportation facilities were so few, underwent many difficulties and much expense in getting from Lynchburge to Knotts Island, to preach a poor woman's funeral; for which he refused any compensation whatever. A purse had been made up by her family, friends and congregation, to pay the preacher for his trouble and expenses; and when it as offered to him, with tears in his eyes he said, "Never, never; I would not dare take a cent for this service; I shall never be the poorer for coming to encourage the family and friends of this good Christian sister. How I wonder would it be now? That and such is the reason that I have said before, there was a grandier in society in the past, with all its rough edges that does not exist now.

Langhorne was the first Methodist Protestant preacher sent to the Island by the reform Conference and the building of the Reform Church was in his time. During Langhorne's last year, the Methodist got a new preacher, and it was said that he was got by an exchange from Currituck Circuit for the special purpose of tearing

up this new beginning of the Reformers on Knotts Island. Now it made little difference whether this report was true or not, for these two denominationswere ripe for a religious war, and were gradually drifting back into the throes of the old and new road quarrel, or, if possible, something worse.

What developed that year indicated the truth of this report, as we shall see further on.

I was told, as news from Princess Anne, that this new preacher was a fighting man calculated to down all obstacles in his way, as he had been a missionary among the Indians beyond the Mississippi. His name was William Wark Stone.

Now this man Stone, as far as preaching went, was right
there. He was fight, in countenance, tongue and action; and I am sure but few could surpass him in a tug of war. At his first appointment on the Island all wished to see him, as his reputed qualities had already preceded him.

He had a packed house. He stated he had been many years a missionary among the Indians beyond the Mississippi and had gone through many dangers and mishaps; being in civilization once more he was going to put his talents andenergy to work for the good of this circuit and solicited the aid of this church in his work.

Stone proved a doctrinal preacher, his manner generally fiery; but he could change at will, and with the greatest ease, like a trained actor, to the mere amusement of his audience and again back to ridicule or other quality. Furthermore he was an orator, and as a political stump speaker "A-1".

It was soon narrated that he had prophesied the total failure of the Reform Church; that its members were seceders and rebellious; that they had gone into a wicked conspiracy, and against the mother church at that; such always should and would be crushed and brought to naught. He would tease the Princess-Anneans about furnishing the money for building this Island church--"what a failure: Money gone"' etc. To verify his prophecy, once when he had been on the Island and had one back to Princess Anne, he told "General" Woodhouse (ashe was called) and Jonathan Hunter and others, that just as he had predicted their money was gone; for he had just been on the Island and at a brother's on the southend of the Island be had been informed by some of the Reformers themselves that the work on the building had stopped and would not be continued. This news was soon spread broad cash in Princess Anne.

So a delegation of Methodist Protestants from Princess Anne came to the Island to see about this matter, and when there, to their great surprise, the church was already "shut in" and carpenters hammering away to completion. They told what Stone had strewn through their county, which they now found to be false. One of these carpenters happened at this brother's house at the time Stone referred to,

and Stone had asked him why the carpenters were not working on the church that day as he passed by; he was told that they had been waiting two days for shingles with which to cover it; that the shingles had just arrived at the landing and were then being hauled up; and that work would be
resumed the next day.

Stone, by telling this yarn, doubtless to nettle these Princess Anneans who were aiding in building the church, got himself into a very close place; for this brother of his knew there was nothing of the kind said that day in his house.

This delegation, when it returned, reported Stone's falsehood. Stone to a-lay the feeling of his church on the Island that such a report would be liable to make, informed some of his brethren that he had never said such things as had been reported, and that at his next appointment he would clear it up to their satisfaction.

All knew Stone was going to give some kind of explanation at his next appointment, but neither he nor his adherents knew that Hunter and Woodhouse were to be there to face him. Before Stone's preaching day (Friday), on came Hunter and Woodhouse, to face Stone in case he denied telling this yarn.

There was a dense crowd on the church ground that day, Hunter and Woodhouse among them, all seated under the oaks; while the women pews were packed--all waiting for the preacher; and they did not have to wait long for the preacher as usual was on time.

Stone drove up in a glittering new sulky hung to a fat, skittish and well groomed nag equipped with brand new harness. The preacher looked his best when driving up near the oaks; his whole turnout looked dressy, clean and prosperous. He drove right up to the oaks under which the men were shaded, his horse ablaze with spirit but under control. He spoke to the people from his seat; in doing so his eyes rested for a moment on Hunter and Woodhouse, when his mouth went awry and a flash of red with small protuberances shot out upon his face as was usual with him when in argument or earnest exhortation.

While hitching his horse he told the men to go in and be seated, which they did. Woodhouse took a seat in the "amen corner," while Hunter took one along the aisle about half way from the "blue posts to the altar.

Stone came in, sang, prayed and preached a very touching sermon. Just before closing his warm sermon and while bringing the house down with his usual oratorical power, a wasp darted and aimed for the window back of Stone and in a line precisely with his face. Every one saw this and expected a sting and a crisis; but with the alertness of a stage actor, he dipped his head aside without disturbing in the least his subject, just as if he might have dodged many an Indian arrow out West with much more danger.

After preaching he sang another hymn and every one began to think there was no church matter to be discussed; but they were mistaken in the man. After singing was over Stone arose and said: "I have been informed that a story has been in circulation on Knotts Island that I had said that the Reformers had stopped work on their church had quite the job, and that I had heard it from the Reformers themselves at Brother _____'s house; and I say, (lifting his clenched fist heavenward) that the person who said I ever told such a story (here he lifted his fist higher) is a liar, is a liar"--twice bringing his fist down forcibly on the Bible and causing it to bounce from its position.

In an instant both Woodhouse and Hunter were on their feet and said in unison: "You did say it, you did circulate that falsehood, and there is plenty of proof even from your own members in our county; and says Hunter "if that word lie comes out of your filthy mouth again, I will drag you out of that sacred stand which you are disgracing and beat that foul mouth of yours against this floor."

I had never heard the like before nor have I since in church or elsewhere. Every one was on foot, the men with clenched fists; the women were up, even standing on their seats waiving their handkerchiefs toward Hunter; just such a confusion of tongues had not been heard since the days of Babel. One could understand a flock of blackbirds in full blast as readily as one could understand this large, tumultuous assembly. The parties that interested themselves and took sides in this tumult were about equally matched; for although the Methodist Protestants were in the minority, those of the Baptist persuasion and others sympathising with the small side, were all there. Any one who had read Dante's inferno had plenty of grounds for suitable comparison. Just such a row could not have been beaten, not even in the afternoon of and old-time election day, when the suffers steeped in Jersey-lightning were, as I one case them, fighting six deep. Of course, in such an assembly there are always to be found some conservatives who regret such conduct; and there were some of these on both sides when the tumult was raging; fearing it would culminate in a sweeping conflagration, and that in church too, they began diplomatically, as if agreed upon to quiet this tumult.

The Methodist persuaded Stone to go no further that day in this matter; the Reformers begged Hunter not to whip Stone in church, but you could not hear them in this confusion. Hunter was to whip Stone, though, when out of the church. This roaring flame, like a pile of corn-stalks on fire, slowly began to settle; but there was no dismissal doxology sung that day.

When out of church there were such gatherings around Stone and Hunter that there was no chance for a fight.

Eventually this small conservative element got the hot heads to cool down; the noise abated somewhat, and all departed.

If there had been one blow struck that day, likely there would have a hundred fights, and our Solicitor would have made enough fees by submission to have purchased a farm and bankrupted Knotts Island; fortunately it thus passed away.

If true religion in these partisan church-brawlers of that day had been water there would not have been enough to moisten a glass. It must have required many prayers like old David's to rid these two churches of malice, prejudice and ill-will. The religious pretensions of these churches at this time, were truly amazing, while Satan doubtless smiled.

When men get as religious as some of these pretended to be, the Devil begins to look them over to see if they are not about ripe enough to pluck.

The people of Knotts Island today have better sense, more tolerance is now put up with, and I am sure such a tumult that arose seventy years ago by the churches will never more be repeated.

CHAPTER XXVIII

STONE AND WOODHOUSE; A FIGHT NEAR KEMPSVILLE AND A NOL PROS; THE CLEARING UP PERIOD; TWO REVIVALS AT THE SAME TIME; OLD AND NEW ROAD FUSS NOT YET DEAD; COMMENTS

In this chapter you will find the culmination of the church row in a fight; but that of the roads still in tact. Both Hunter and Woodhouse were bony, tall and muscular, and looked to be men of great strength and were so counted; while Stone was not so tall, but better proportioned--broad shouldered, well built, and carrying the right amount of bone and muscle to make an all-round fight, and I am sure he was pluck all over. So this feud terminated in a fight near Kempsville, Princess Anne. General Woodhouse (I believe his proper name as Hunter Woodhouse) lived near this village and rode horseback a good deal; in riding out one morning soon after the Knotts Island carousel, he met Stone in his sulky. Stone halted and exclaimed: "You dare not get off of your horse." Woodhouse was called a war-horse in a fight, when a fight was required or forced upon him by a challenge. So he proceeded to get off his horse and in doing so his back was turned towards Stone. In a flash Stone leaped from his seat and had Woodhouse fast behind. Stone was a strongly built man and one most people would have dreaded to fight; but Woodhouse was the stronger and reach Stone's hair in the rear with his long arms; brought Stone's head in his front; threw Stone face downward in the sandy and dusty horse track, took him by the ears, and pummeled his face in the sand till Stone cried for mercy. Woodhouse let up-without striking a blow. Woodhouse thereupon gave Stone a lecture; that he should be thankful that he had caught it so light, for he (Stone) deserved a good thrashing for telling that lie; and, furthermore, wearing the robes of a preacher, and daring people on the public road for a fight, called for a double dose, and the next time he was guilty of such conduct he would get what he deserved. Stone,

preacher though he was; had got the best of Woodhouse in this affray, probably he would have been satisfied; but in being otherwise, he straightway swore out a warrant and got it into the courts of Princess Anne. This was precisely the place Woodhouse wished to show up Stone. The Methodist members of this county didn't wish this affray and its causes to be openly canvassed in the court-house; for the testimony alone of both Hunter and Woodhouse, two well know respected citizens, would be unimpeachable; so Woodhouse was seen relative to a compromise. To this Woodhouse said no, for, said he, a man like Stone who was full of falsehood and deception and who had brought so much disturbance not only in the church but outside as well, should be shown up, and the court-house was the only proper place to do so.

It was now well known that there would be an abundance of proof of Stone's misconduct; and, to save the county such a spectacle, there were influences brought to bear on the prosecuting attorney to lighten up, so the case never came to trial. It strikes me that I have heard that Stone, the main witness for the state was absent when the case came on for trial--hence a nol prosequi was entered. However, whatever turn may have been taken in this case, it was never heard in court. So ended this tumult.

As far as the writer's recollection goes he has tried to pen down this fighting affair substantially as he heard from all sides, and have tried to narrate the points that had become so notorious in this fight, for it was an affair and canvassed for fifty miles from this battle ground.

CLEANING UP PERIOD

Princess Anne circuit by this time had had enough of this Knotts Island wrangle; and, if my recollection serves me, Stone was relieved of his charge the next conference year.

Knotts Island, though, stuck to Stone to the last, and named children "William Wark Stone," and there is still one Stone or more there yet.

Princess Anne circuit; having had enough fuss, quiet began to prevail, a better feeling ensued, and spread evento Knotts Island.

The preachers sent the next year and years after this advocated peace, and these preachers were apparently friendly. Tom Jennings for the Reformers and one Gibbsfor the Methodist were very friendly, and Jennings preachedfor Gibbs more than once. This brotherly feeling between the two preachers had its effect on the disturbing elements.

The M. P. Church got a young man from Westmoreland County, Virginia, named W. W. Walker. A brighter young man, it was said, never graced a Virginia pulpit, and I had reasons afterwards to think so. He was an orator of the first class,

thoroughly educated, and a leader of the masses. Everybody liked Walker, even the Methodist.

This Walker thereafter became famous not only as a preacher but as a lawyer and politician. Virginia, when under carpetbag rule after the Civil War; when looking for bright, progressive men that could lead the masses, never done a better thing than selecting him to stump the state in behalf of the democratic nominee for governor.

There was no doubt, from what I heard, that he did as much as or more than any other man in making that campaign a success, which resulted in placing another Walker in the governor's chair, and making the carpet-baggers hustle out.

Walker preached two years on this circuit, and was compelled by the rule of the church to leave; but after the absence of one year he was returned for two more years.

BIG MEETINGS ON THE ISLAND

Big meetings on the Island in those days often lasted four weeks; any meeting that didn't last two weeks was considered a small affair.

Often the two churches would have their big meetings going on at the same time, for all of the prejudices had not as yet disappeared. So the Rev. W. W. Walker appointed his meeting and when it came on he had at once a stirring revival. The Methodists commenced their meeting a week thereafter, the time looking propitious, and they also had a big time.

The two churches were about a half-mile apart and dense meetings in revivals often lasted till morning. If a crowds travelled from one to the other all night, for these meetings in revivals often lasted till morning. If a controversy should arise, however, even at one of these revivals and even among church members, about this same old and new road matter, the disputants would be ready at once to pull hair. So Joel J. Wicker and William Fentress, the latter one of the most peaceable men on the Island and a church member in good standing, had to be separated about the half-way mark between these two revival grounds, about where William Cooper lives or did live, This is mentioned not because it was an isolated case but because it shows the sentiment in both church and state even in the midst of two revivals.

After this, when some years had rolled by, the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Virginia Annual Conference so amended those rules and laws which primarily had caused the split that the Methodist Protestant Church became reconciled and joined itself again to its mother, the Methodist Episcopal.

While all the Reformers were not satisfied with this move, yet most of the old

class of both sides who had fought so bitterly were dead and few were left for bickerings. So ended this crazy church war; and, it is hoped, forever.

COMMENTS

Now I say, and let it be expressly understood, that all the people of Knotts Island did not rock and nurse this Church quarrel, for there were conservatives on both sides that regretted such a tumult; but there were enough religious pretenders and fanatics on both sides, who gloried in disputes and quarrels; and it had a tendency to draw many better people into these brawls: for, according to the times, a church quarrel might be precipitated there perhaps as quickly as a row in politics. At any public gathering for political purposes let a few, though half drunken and of the most ignorant class, get in the road, throw up their hats and hurrah, even for that which they know not the meaning of, and it has a tendency to fire up many more of the crowd present and a tremendous noise may result.

Such crude shows, taken for patriotism, always inflames the small boys.

Well does the writer remember when he was but eight years old, and Harrison was running for the Presidency, (1840). The writer was born and rocked in the democratic cradle, but he didn't know the difference between the democratic and whig parties, and knew as little about geography; nevertheless he beat his finger-ends and knuckles till blistered, on tin pans, that General Cass might down "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' with their helpers--log-cabin, hard cider and green gourds. When news came that Harrison was elected he said no--impossible--for he knew that that hero got scarcely any votes at the Island election for he was there.

Now, my friends, aside from the preachers and a few others perhaps, those who entered into these church brawls and kept them aflame knew as little about creeds and their government they were fussing so much about as I knew about political parties and geography when Harrison was elected President.

Just one month after his inauguration (April 4th, 1841) he died. Harrison was a General, a military leader, and I suppose a good man; but the hot politicians and news-papers that opposed him declared that the Almighty brought him speedily to his end, on account of being a whig and to thwart him in carrying out the whig doctrine in his presidential term. Such stuff was preached by the democratic stump speakers after their convention in 1844, that nominated Polk and Dallas as their leaders, against Clay and Frelinghuysen of the Whig party. The whigs to play evens on this line put in their campaign songs and sang:

"James K. Polk and George M. Dalls;
One for h__l and 'bother for the gallows."

Such puffs that the democratic gave to account for the death of Harrison, as aforesaid, sometimes make great changes in the political sphere with the ignorant

and the superstitious, for methinks thereafter the whig party began to dissolve.

Politicians should never infuse such doctrine into the crowds, neither should preacher be culpable in church rows. If Stone had stuck to the work he was commissioned to do; and the fussy members of these two churches had stuck to their vows, there never would have been such disorder as herein set forth.

In this road war both sides had a reasonable sense for the dispute that arose; but this church war there was little sense with no reason at all. The Reformers, or the M. P. Church split off on account that none but bishops, elder and preachers had a say-so in church affairs, the laymen being kept in the background to do nothing but jingle their pockets in Church support etc.

Now both sides worked a wrong in this church war. The M. E. Church in their Virginia Annual Conference, after a war of Twenty-five years or more so altered their Church rules & laws to admit the laymen to have a vote and now they have laymen delegates even in their Annual Conferences-- on paper if nothing else the most important thing that cause the split & secession to take place in 1830. Now, why had not the M. E. Church have so altered their laws at the time of the split, if so likely there would have been no split at all, and this twenty yeras of war and fuss breeding would never have been. There where the old side Methodist werewrong. Now, what is to be said of the new side Methodist--M. P. Church--Reformers; they were wrong also; they preach against bishops, elders and preachers, that were rulers of the church and called such episcopacy, and by the laymen having no voice in the church, the M. P. Church called this monarchism, etc.

Now what did these Reformers do, after the Mother Church had somewhat changed their rules as to allow the laymen to vote and to be delegates to their conferences, they all in a body went back to the mother church with its bishops and elders etc. Now two thirds of the causes of this split, methinks, were freakish and trivial. Suppose the heads of a church are called bishops. I think bishop, in religious matters, is more ecclesiastical than president. What's in a name anyway.

I think the best officials of the Methodist today are its bishops and elders. An elder has a circuit of circuits; goes the rounds of each circuit four times during the year, and if the preacher in charge of a circuit scarcely fills the bill, the circuit can at least hear 8 or 10 good sermons from the elder. The information the elder gets from the preacher in charge, the church officials, and viewing the Congregations he addresses, he can come pretty close to the kind of preacher needed on each circuit. These elders talk such things over with their bishop at the conferences before the appointments are made and generally the appointments turn out satisfactory. So the Methodist denomination always have a preacher without hunting up one, and there you are without worry. This church war was creedism, pure and simple.

A good thing perverted is doubly dangerous: Politics and religion so necessary to man's moral and social state are subject to terrible abasement. How apt we are to ignore the substance and grasp the shadow; to quote the precept and dodge the practice; to worship the creed and forget the Christ!

CHAPTER XXIX

KNOTT'S ISLAND IN THE LONG AGO; STUFFS FOR DYEING AND DYE-TUBS; LYE STANDS; WOMEN'S WORK ABOUT THE SAME AS IN THE PAST. NEW FASHIONS INTRODUCED; THE BROADCLOTH COATS; THE EFFECT OF TOM JONES'S PREACHING; MANUFACTURED GOODS INTRODUCED, EFFECTS.

In the foregoing chapters I have told of the gunning and fishing industries and of the other work of the men; the getting of cloth from cotton, wool and flax by the women; the women also wove beautiful counterpanes and comfortable blankets for the beds.

I will add that when I was a lad a lye-stand could be found in every outward chimney corner, with a dye tub near-by; a log of log-wood in every family; piles of maple and oak bark and wall-nut hulls for dying purposes, and a pound of coperas to help the process on.

The women's work at this time was about the same as in the past days. They still spun and wove; and were very particular in preparing a nice homespun winter suit for the husband and grown son, each vying with the other in producing the cloth. Ezekiel Beasley was the tailor that usually made these Sunday suits; and when made to fit well the wife could fully enjoy her meeting-house trips with her husband on Sundays. The men would allow no innovations on the previous fashions and the big-leg trousers prevailed, especially, the home linen ones in Summer.

With an eye to the past I can sit now and see one of these old-timers coming down the road to church on Sunday, with a pair of these big-legged, home-linen pants on; when ironed the wrong way, as they frequently were, the resembled a schooner coming bows-on with a full-set sail on either side. When the new fashions came along of wearing pants with a single vertical opening in front, as they have now, these old fellows made bitter protests and could not be induced to change the flap let-falls for this vulgar innovation; none, they said, but a Britisher or a Downeaster would introduce such a fashion. They continued till death to wear trousers with the single side-flap; and a few of the older onescontinued to wear double let-falls that looked like a large door with a window in the center.

Tom Jones, in creating his reformation had pointed out, in vivid colors, the place where the drunkard and the wicked must go after death; this had caused deep thinking among the bad element of the Island and a halt was very perceptible; so wives who had drunken husbands did not have to contend with so much

boisterous conduct; nor did the wife and children have to resort so frequently to the fields and pine thickets as a hiding place, whence they had been wont to hear the smashing of dishes and the upsetting of tables and chairs by their liquor-steeped husbands.

As time wore on foreign manufactured goods became more plentiful; people began to purchase for the boys Kentucky Jeans for Sundays, and "shall-you-go-naked-or-will-you-wear-that" for every day wear; there were calico and other fabrics for the girls; so carding and spinning grew less.

These manufactured goods were mostly from Downeast; for there were little wanted from England, except the blue broadcloth coat. To wear one of these coats was considered patriotic and heroic, for didn't General Washington wear one in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars and also in civil life? Further more, didn't our grandpapas and great grand-papas bring these coats with them in coming over to this country from England? These coats were held in great reveration; they were passed down but little the worse for wear, from generation to generation. Some of these coats were brought from England to this country for sale; others were made from this lest-forever-cloth, in this country, especially for officers in the military service. I should not wonder a coat of this cloth could be found in Currituck to-day, in some old chest long stowed away in garret, for who would dare help out rag carpets.

The foregoing was Knott's Island in the long-ago. What is it now?

CHAPTER XXX

NEW TIMES, NEW MANNERS; THE SLIDING SCALE OF TIME; THE LARGE CONGREGATIONS OF KNOTT'S ISLAND; THEIR GIFTS; PUBLIC PRAYER

In viewing Knott's Island now, but little can be seento remind one of the long, long, ago. The relics of old time, if any, are but few--the world hurries, and time has about finished its work along the olden times. The lye stand, the log of log-wood, the carding and spinning and the weaving, are no more. In garret or out-house one may still find an old spinning-wheel and here and there a loom; these are mere curiosities for the young; it would take an old grandmama to give them the proper turn and motion; and these grandmamas are gone. There may be some ancient mama still left on the Island, as elsewhere, and if she still has her old companion piece with her she may yet spin a little yarn for socks and stockings; for to these old ones old-time work is still alluring and facinating. There may still be one who would not scruple to weave a web from cotton warp and woolen woof, just to please the old man, or to thwart a rag carpet from that old, old loom; but all this I doubt.

Go to church now, not only on Knott's Island but in all portions of this county and you will find no one bedecked in the old homespun; instead, you will find the

young women and their mamas arrayed in latest fashions, in the latest style fabrics--a bevy of butterflies; while the boys strut around in their best.

Mail and press facilities, aided by efficient art and skill, bring for a song the latest styles and patterns from New York, or Paris even; and so artistically are these fabrics made, who can tell the ten cent cotton gauze from the dollar a yard, except on close inspection.

The sliding scale of time has truly worked wonders in the past seventy five years; and few but the very old can fully realize the great changes within that time. To a boy or a girl then a dollar was a big thing and a few of them were a fortune; but now--old man, be quick, get within the fence-lock and let that little, tight-ankled, and well clad urchin pass, astraddle his $30.00 bicycle. Lads and lassies attend Sunday-school now, sing their songs, vie with each other in making speeches, and then make love in their attended homeward march.

Well, this is far better than killing birds and robbing their nests.

The old heads, who don't feel disposed to keep up with modern ways, look on with wonder at the head-long rush of the present young race and cry "halt you are approaching a precipice;" but these old ones are left unheeded still farther behind--wondering what can the matter be.

Knott's Island, of course, small as it is, and cut up into lots and small farms to accommodate its 600 inhabitants, cannot furnish a wealthy class of people. These people earn their living by the sweat of their brow; but a more hospitable and charitable people, according to their possessions, cannot be found in the old North State. It is astonishing how such a mass of people can get a fair living in such a small territory and its surrounding waters and marshes; nevertheless they do, and three or four merchants are kept busy in supplyingthese people with the good things of Earth. What the men lack in making a year's score, the women supply with chickens and eggs.

This is a place where an honest way-farer without a cent in his pocket will find food and a friendly lodging; it always was so, and it is so yet.

Go to this place look at the large congregations that at the ringing of the bell or the tooting of a horn gather at church or picnics in their proper seasons; they are there: Where do they come from: Yes you may be sure they are there, and if a hundred dollars is wanted for church purposes, Sunday schools, or a lodge, I cannot put my eye on a place three times its wealth and population that can be induced to respond so quickly.

At these gatherings, the poor and more wealthy are all alike as to dress.

These people are in many respects peculiarly gifted in carrying on Sunday Schools

and church worship. This Island has had the good fortune, for seventy-five years or more, to be furnished a very intelligent class of preachers, as intelligent as Virginia could afford, to take charge of the membership and instruct them in church work; the Island has been quick to learn of them, and in such work it inflow very efficient.

PUBLIC PRAYER LEADERS OF OLD

Within my memory this Island had raised more public praying people than any country place, I am sure, within fifty miles. Here are some of the old-time exhorters and prayer leaders who, these many years, have passed away: Timothy Bowden, Caleb Ansell, Dennis Simmons, John B. Jones and son E. W., N. W. Dudley, Wateman Waterfield; and many others in revivals when the spirit moved them. Later on came others, but few of them still live: another Timothy Bowden, Devana Waterfield, and maybe some other Waterfield, John Waterfield, Andrew Ansell, Thomas White, and a Miller or two, I believe, Wilson Cooper, Tully Capps, another Caleb Ansell and son Caleb, and I am sure those are not all the list, but they are all that occur to me now. There may be a half score or more who lead in this line but as to them I don't know of.

Go to church most anywhere in our County, let the preacher call on a brother to lead in prayer, and four times out of five you will hear the same prayer you heard this brother pray a year or so ago. They don't pray to suit the occasion. There are very monotonous and tiresome public prayers in most country places, and Knotts Island may not be entirely free; but I do think the most of these old-timers did not repeat the same prayer every time they were called on to lead, except good old brother Dennis Simmons, he did.

I always thought that Caleb Ansell, of old, could put one of the best prayers, one that best covered the situation, that I have ever heard; and, with the proper amount of pathos, that moved the congregation to sympathy and emotion. The above named John Waterfield was this old man's grandson, and prayed very much like the old man. The last time that I recollect attending a revival meeting on the Island (it was a night meeting) there were some mourners at the "mercy seat." Looking on, as in past days, it struck me that the meeting was somewhat in a lagging state for Knott's Island.

Their brother John Waterfield had been absent a day or so in E. City to obtain the usual certificate for Life Saving Service, and just arrived at this night-meeting. The preacher in charge saw and felt the drage, and at this moment he found the arrival of his brother John, and he helloed out, "Brother John, brother John Waterfield, come right here and pray for these mourners; come along."

His brother John went at the call, for on the Island there is no backing out at a big meeting.

I had heard him pray before, and his prayer throughout resembled his grandfathers so much as to impel me to listen attentively.

It reminded me of prayers prayed for mourners on that Island seventy years ago. The preacher had, mind you, invited his brother John to pray for these mourners, and that is just what he did. He didn't pray for the heathen; he didn't pray for the whole world; he didn't pray for the whole population of the United; he didn't pray for the whole state; neither did he pray for Princess Anne circuit; he didn't go around his elbow to get to his thumb, but a more earnest and soul-stirring petition for the conversion of the mourners assembled there, was seldom heard elsewhere than on Knott's Island.

In five minutes, every phrase of that meeting was changed; mourners were converted, the church was moved and singing rapturously.

Later

News has just been brought me that John Waterfield is dead; he was found in his boat dead, this Fall 1907. He was buried in the church lot, the spot he had selected while he lived. This lot is not a burying ground, but the church submitted, and there he sleeps in the soil that was so sacred to him. Wilson Cooper died also a year after 1908.

CHAPTER XXXI

CHANGE IN CHURCH WORSHIP. TAYLOR WATERFIELD, THE SINGING MASTER; THE ISLAND AN EARTHLY PARADISE; THE AMEN CORNER.

During the last thirty years great changes in the mode of worship have taken place in the churches; these radical changes are still progressing, and old people can see them more plainly than others. In former days, as has been herein set out, those seeking religion were told to get on their knees and pray earnestly until "converted," and to be "converted" consisted of an instantaneous radical change accompanied by the proper demonstrations.

Now, if they kneel at all it is erect from the knee up; and the later usual way is to set on the seat in a cool, indifferent way; easier still, shake the preacher's hand, confess, make some acknowledgments and promises, join the church, the thing is done.

Has this mode reached Knott's Island? If so, it is a tremendous stride from the former way. It may be touched in this direction, for, perhaps in the amen corner there is less religious fervor and demonstration than of yore.

In days long ago at the commencement of a protracted meeting, when the

preacher would close up and round off each encouraging sentence, in exhortation or in prayer, numerous and hearty responses would resound from the amen corner; and generally the success of that big meeting could be foreshadowed by the warmth of these amens. Has Knotts Island lost any ground in this direction? I hope not.

I suspect-that there are many now-a-days who sit in the amen corners crying "Lord, Lord," who are not saints.

This late mode may be all right, for the world now runs on newer and swifter lines, and this evolution in religious worship is only one evidence of it.

The people of this Island can carry on church work unexcelled by any elsewhere, and as to Sunday Schools it is hard to find their equal. Taylor Waterfield is a creditable and inspiring leader in conducting the Sunday School singing, and has for years past led the ruddy-faced swain and rosy cheecked lassies of this Island in "do, ra, me, fa, sol, la, ti, do;" he has trained their voices to an octave above the medium, producing the sweet lofty notes of the singing-bird, and, down again, to the profound depths of the base-drum or the gurggling bullfrog. The Island would do well in its duty to reward this singing master with a good living, in order that, until his death, he should do little else than keep the young folks in singing motion.

This Island cut off from the outer world--the "lost Eden reclaimed"--where moral goodness and contentment should reside as in one perennial summer. On this Island will be found no monopolistic palaces, but scores of humble cottages, surrounded by their own vines and fig-trees, breathing "home, sweet home."

The meeting house is the place where the people are instructed by competent teachers, in moral and religious duties; therefore, the inhabitants of this Island are in an ideal situation not vouchsafed to many other places, and should (and I am sure they do) get more happiness and contentment out of life, than the richest shylocks of this material world.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE INTEMPERANCE OF THIS COUNTRY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A DOZEN GROGGERIES IN ONE CHURCH TERRITORY; CHANGES LATER ON. WHAT WOULD WASHINGTON, ADAMS, JEFFERSON LIKELY THINK IF BROUGHT FORTH IN THIS COUNTRY NOW: THE OLD TIMES AND THE NEW COMPARED

I have endeavored, truthfully though crudely, as gained by tradition, to tell the people of this Island and the people of its adjacent territory, what was going on, on this Island vicinity, a hundred and fifty years ago; of the grog shops and the past times of those who visited them, consisting of people from North, South, East and West, who were trading and trafficking through Currituck Inlet. So you can

see that these drinking rendezvous and brawling resorts, the people of this Island furnished only their quota. This whole country a hundred years back was in the thraldom of intemperance, and Currituck County had its share; for the writer had pointed out to him, by the old and knowing ones, a place in this county where less than seventy years ago within a distance of one mile were three grogshops dealing out the fiery liquor. There is little doubt but that in many places in our county, where there was one church there were a dozen groggeries.

So Knotts Island really did not excel on this line in those days, and need be aggrieved but little. Furthermore, in the year 1828, the inlet filled up with sand, traffic stopped, foreigners stopped coming to the Island and the few groggeries waned.

I have told you about witchcraft, haunts, ghosts, wizards, conjurers and dream subjects on and about the Island; and I will say right here that Knott's Island was only in line with the rest of this county, and this county was no worse than the remainder of the state, and this State was no more steeped in witchcraft and incantations than others states for did not Massachusetts a few centuries back, upon the verdict of jury and sentence of court, murder their supposed witches; and did not Princess Anne county, Virginia, drown a witch, and was not this place of submersion ever after this called "Witchduck"? Witchcraft germs in this country were as thick one hundred and more years ago as yellow fever germs were in Norfolk in 1855.

I have told you how a great change took place after Tom Jones and Anderson had somewhat mauled the Devil in submission; how the old and new road quarrel began and how it ended (if it ever has ended); how some church quarrels came along and how they ended, after which, peace and quiet reigned once more. Great changes in this country since that day have taken place. If Washington, Adams & Jefferson were to arise in Boston and get on a fast train for Washington, passing through the busy mar between these points, with every factory and workshop on the way in full blast with their clangings, puffings, snortings, squeakings, with steamers and engines blowing their blasts, and with the confusion of tongues among the tens of thousands of people hurrying and rushing in pressing masses, and when arrive at the Capital to find motor cars shooting about like meteors, moved by a power not perceptible to them; would they know where they were, or could they ever find their old homes? No, they would as lieve believe they had been transported to Venus or Mars as to the Earth. They would not know the Capital nor even the White House which each had once occupied.

Let one, who a hundred or more years ago was familiar with this Island and its locality, all at once now return; he would look for the Inlet and the many vessels that frequented its waters. but would find a blank; he would go to a place whre a groggery once held forth, no groggery there, not even a champion; even the haunted bear-tree stump and the wash-oaks by the spring of water, all gone; the old free church, gone; even the peep-holes through which was first seen the dawn

of day and which served the witches as means of entrance are found no more. The public road, would very probably be the most familiar thing in sight. He would listen in vain for the past familiar thwack of the loom, the whir of the spinning wheel, the grating of the cards; his eyes would discover no lye-stand, nor logwood, once so common; the people whom he would meet on the highway are bedecked in fine fabricks and linens cut in a fashion strange and new; It would require a long time with an experient teacher for the old soul to understand.

One hundred years ago or the beginning of 1800, the people of the United States then were as a whole crude, awkward and unpolished, Knott's Island had its share of these elements as these local tales will tell. Great changes for the betterment of society have since been wrought, by which the Island, as other places, has been greatly benefited.

This Island is not compelled as of your to go, through mud and mire to market; its people can now jump on boat or car and can be landed expeditiously in the new Norfolk where the streets are ablaze with the electric glow instead of gummy oils. The old tallow candles which the Island and others once had to make and use, are no more; tropical fruits and useful things from distant lands are swiftly put by steam to our very doors; you once dispatched your letter to New York in a weekly mail bag and expected an answer in a month; now you can read the events of the world in a few hours after they happen; you can in a few minutes send communications around the world through a wire; and now even the wire isto be dispensed with. Education almost everywhere is improved; the dark places of slumbering ages are lighted up; charity is greatly enlarged; the standards of humanity and morals are more elevated, not only in Christendom, but throughout the world.

So we can see the progress of the world for the last half century or more has tended strongly toward the better; despite this, there are many good old people who, wedded to ancient ideas, think the world is growing worse day by day.

One reason for this is quite plain. In past days there were few newspapers and they were mostly weeklies; the subscription prices were high and few people subscribed; if a heinous crime were committed a hundred miles away the news of it, if published at all, was stale by the time the slow mail brought it to the subscriber's post office, and not one in fifty ever heard of it. How is it now?

Thousands of different newspapers are published daily and there are few so poor they cannot get a sheet or two. If one dose not take a paper he need but step to his country store at night and get the gist of the days new gratis. The majority of these papers are sensational; they contain all manner of crime and misdemeanor, thefts from a sixpence up to a train or bank robbery, murders, assaults, etc. Those who live outside this busy life think by reading such news daily, that we are going to the bad.

They should recollect that in the United States there are 90,000,000 people; and according to the population now and that of Washington's time,there is less crime now than then. There were more abuse of Washington, Adams and Jefferson when each was filling his presidential term than of any President now. Political stump speeches in olden days were barely anything else than abuse, this appeared to please the masses; it is less so now; people read and reason for themselves now.

Let me pen a paragraph in an editorial in a newspaperpublished in Philadelphia early in 1797, was levelled against no traitor or demagogue but it was levelled against George Washington the father of his country. It was one of many schorching denunciations of that day heaped upon the hero of the Revolution, the man whose genius had freed the United States, had given the helpless young Republic a place among nations.

HERE GOES THE EDITORIAL:

"The man who is the cause of all our country's misery is this day reduced to the rank of his fellow-citizens, and has no longer the power to multiply the woes of the United Sates. This day his name ceases to give currency to injustice or to legalize corruption. It strikes us with astonishment that one man could thus poison the principles of republicanism. This day should form a jubilee." This was clipted from the historical writings of Albert Payson Terbune--New York World.

So we can readily see that there were more wrangling and abuse then than now.

So, everything in old-times was not sunshine and content; but there was not so many seeking notoriety then as now (called cranks) or Washington would have been assissinated as many Presidents are now.

The old people may be much mistaken in worshipping the past. For instance the good food prepared and eaten in old times. The old Dutch oven corn pone--so sweet, was there ever any bread so nice, especially so, when good sweet country butter was spread upon it? Then that big pot of pork and greens cooked over a six by four fireplace; no, nothing like this bread and greens comes from these modern cooking-stoves. Then that greasy stewpie cooked over the fire, with pie bread covering the inside of the pot, filled with ducks, geese, chicken or pig, with pie-bread balls intermixed; then the hoe cake and biscuit made of wheat ground at the country wind-mill, how delicious! They have not had a taste of these biscuits since the war of '61. The writer for the last forty or more years has in dreams been eating out of some of these old time dishes; but very recently he had his desires gratified as to these brown wheat biscuits; he ate one at one meal, a mere bite at another, and wishes no more. He could scarcely believe his own taste. It may be so with all the old things the aged love so much to talk about and honor. Taste in all things has been educated up to the present and it spurns the past.

But doubtless in past days many good things prevailed in society. In this country,

in the prime val days of its history and even up to the war between the States, there were bonds of sympathy between all classes of its people, which led to confidence and familiarity. Equality of intercourse, real or seeming, was the result; besides, wealth had not accumulated in the hands of a class or in a society generally. The peoples' habits, therefore, were simple, and prevaded all classes, and their tastes called for little beyond a comfortable living. All classes were frank and confiding with one another; the educated and rich gave a helping hand to the ignorant and poor; the ignorant looked up to the wise for social protection and direction, which they seldom failed to get, especially so if they remained humble and grateful to their directors. All, in a measure, were impressed with the same simplicity and equality of rights in this country where rights appeared mutual and inter-dependent up and prior to the war of 1861. This war produced radical changes, both socially and politically of which I will endeavor to give a summary in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII

RADICAL CHANGES IN THIS COUNTRY, EFFECTS OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES; RACE FOR WEALTH FROM MONEY LORDS DOWN TO DUDES AND SNOBS. MILLIONAIRES, MONOPOLISTS, TRUSTS, GRAFT; THE OUTCOME; THE BAD, THE GOOD. RANK AND CASTE; OFFICES BOUGHT AND SOLD; THOSE WHO PAY MOST MONEY GO TO CONGRESS: LAW MAKERS CONTROLLED BY RICH FIRMS: COMMENTS.

In the foregoing chapter, I have told you of the good and-the bad that surrounded the people in the past; now, I will try to show the difference in society which arose from the effects of the war between the States, 1861-1865, and the radical changes that followed in the wake of that four years death struggle. Neither side at its commencement was equipped for such an emergency, as is always the case in this country when war is declared.

In this war the government of the United States had little time to wait and choose, materials had to be had and many things at once had to be done, no matter what the cost.

Soon scores of rich men and rich firms were on the spot to enter into contracts; contracts for this and contracts for that were speedily entered into, and a large fortune in each case realized.

Before this war the rich firms counted; but when it ended there were hundreds of ponderous and pompous millionaires. They had
been for years in lucrative positions and now--their brain a wonderful workshop--they were looking in all directions for the investment of their capital.

So they went to mining, manufacturing, and digging oil wells, and above all railroading. With fertile brains they saw that through skill and labor, and with

government aid in lands and loans if needed, they could stretch railroads across this continent from ocean to ocean and a network of the same throughout the States. Their heart's wish has been realized.

Now their iron horses cannot be numbered, with trains behind a mile long, darting over hill and plain like shooting meteors, as if imbued with the power of miraculous life.

These money lords have turned to monopolists. They not only monopolized mining, railroading and oil-wells, but they control interstate commerce. By special privileges granted them long since, they have become so powerful that through them legislatures, Congress and other political bodies live, move and have their being.

Small firms that try to raise their heads in trade of any kind in competition with these magnates, are crushed out. Almost all the business of this country is put in motion or stopped at their bidding.

They are using their power in restraint of trade and they go under the appellation of "trusts." The tariff is a great bonus for these trusts; it carries in its wake the proper restraints in aid of them to the injury of the masses.

They have introduced such a craving after wealth in this country that it has become a fashion, and has taken solid hold of all classes from the money lords to the dudes and snobs of society. This systematic rush to get rich fast produces not only robbery and murder but a nation of nervous dispeptics as well. The mansions these magnates erect for themselves outlive the nobility of Europe, and none but their like frequents them. Except on business relations, they associate with none but their own kind and perhaps smart and intelligent officials.

There is about as much rank and caste in our country, say what you may, as in Europe, and it is of a worse type; for in Europe it is not so much in money as in ancestral blood, while here money makes clean cut character.

So this frenzy after wealth has corrupted many of our lawmakers from Congress down, hence lucrative positions are bought and sold. Scarcely any but the liberally wealthy can secure a paying off. The man that pays the most goes to Congress. They are forced to spend their thousands to get there. Now all that these trusts need is to get a score or so of the smartest and most crafty lawyers in the upper house of Congress who are to see to their interests and who are expected to pile patch upon patch on every bill from the lower house intended as an expose of the trusts until it would take one well versed in political regime to see its meaning; and thus many may vote for it blindly. This bill may and often does turn out in its workings to be precisely what these trusts wanted. These trust lawyer legislators continue on this line soon to be come millionaires on $5000 a year. These evils are only a wave in our evolution.

Now while these trusts combines make millionaries of themselves and their smart helpers, they have helped to make this country what it now is. They, with their electrical and steam plants, make business boom.

What should we do now without them?

Don't they make our net-work of railroads, dig our canals, so as to make passage quick and easy? Besides we do not have to consume a week to have ten bushels of sweet potatoes to Norfolk, through mud and mire to sell them.

So this whole country is more prosperous than ever before. Monopolies, besides being a bane, are sometimes a blessing.

The Northern States, as ever, are one of the most busy centers of the world; and the South is also hustling and, considering the condition she was left in after the war, has and is doing wonders in progress and thrift. With its own help, and the help of these combines and northern capital, she is making unprecedented progress. All this country needs are laws to regulate these combines not to destroy them. Let this country see to it that no grafty person is sent to its legislatures to make laws and elect Senators to represent the different States in Congress let no such be elected to Congress, then all will be well.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SCIENCE, ART, AND INVENTION; PHOTOGRAPHY, CHEMISTRY, ENGINEERING AND OTHER BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE; CARRING FOR THE SICK IN PAST DAYS; EFFECT OF STUDY AND RESEARCH UPON CONSUMPTION AND CANCER; THE INVENTOR THE TRUE HERO; TELEGRAPHY; TELEPHONE; AND OTHER ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES; BOB TAYLOR PREDICTS FOR THE FUTURE

Particular Notice

Every left hand page from here back to the beginning is the history of Knotts Island, and every right hand page is the history of Currituck. Further, every page from here to page 328 is Knotts Island; then Currituck Commences again and goes to the end, page.

What is said of Currituck up to this page 317 where it stops' as my book would not allow me to go farther, so I concluded to finish Knott's Island and did so up to page 328; now there being some blank pages left, I have added others and Continued Currituck again from page 329 and on.

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Go on with Chapter XXXIV

This is the golden age of science and invention, and great strides recently have been made therein for the betterment of the world. I will name one product--kerosene--that every one knows something of which in a crude state is pumped out of the earth with improved machinery and by modern processes is clarified for use. It affords a vivid light and takes the place of the old tallow-candle. There are scores of other efficient helps and all manner of cleansing processes. Besides these helps, in clarifying this oil, many useful inflammable elements are derived therefrom which were once thrown away as useless, but have now been made useful in many ways, as, for instance, in propelling boats on every sheet of water.

There is amazing progress in potography, chemistry, engineering and other departments of knowledge; all of which redound to the benefit of all trades and all conditions of the human race.

At the chemist's bidden pain vanishes; constant study and research in minutest life are resulting in the discovery which promise to rid the world of consumption itself.

Prevention of disease has become the ruling note of scientific medical progress, and the skillful physician's aim is not merely to restore lost health but to maintain the health still unimpaired.

It has become an easy task for the surgeon to cut into the inner cavity of a human body, take therefrom abscesses both small and great, cut and mend the intestines with the result a large percentage recover and suffer but little pain in the operation.

Almost every nation has a score or more of scientific experts whose aim is to find the cause, cure and prevention of the deadly cancer, which has been for ages, and still is afflicting and killing people of all nations. There is little doubt, in this scientific and progressive age, but that success will soon appear.

Once sick people were put in closed rooms where they were allowed or compelled to breathe the foul gases therein especially was this so with consumptives and women in child-bed; now it is precisely the reverse--breath fresh air--fresh air continually. Many persons who are inclined to consumption now-a-days eradicate its dendency by breathing cold, fresh air.

The inventor perhaps is the true hero of the age. He multiplies the working value of life in thousands of ways in the management of household concerns. He ousts the scythe by devision a mowing machine, and in connection with this, a thrasher and a bagger, so in a minute the wheat is ready for the mill. He created a device whereby at his bidding the human face, the landscape, the sea, were depicted on a photographic plate. Then again, the telegraph, the telephone, the talking-machine and other electrical appliances.

Then came the dynamo and motor, the X ray, etc. These inventors have exhausted the Greek language to find names for their inventions, and will undoubtedly exhaust the prefixes and suffixes of the English tongue, in tying them to "phone" and other roots, so as to distinguish one from the other.

Daily inventions little less than miraculous are crowding on the capital. What astonishing inventions may come in the future no one now may tell, except perhaps some New York papers and Ex-Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee. The following in part is what Governor Bob says the dreamers will unfold: "It may be that another magician, greater even than Edison, the 'Wizzard of Menloe Park," will rise up and coax the very laws of nature into easy compliance with his unheard of dreams. I think he will construct an electric railway in the form of a huge tube, and call it the "electro-scoot," and passengers will enter it in New York and touch a button and arrive in San Francisco two hours before they started!

I think a new discovery will be made by which the young man of the future may stand at his "kiss-o-phone" in New York, and kiss his sweetheart in Chicago with all the delightful sensations of the "aforesaid and the same." I think some Liebig will reduce foods to their last analyses, and by an ultimate concentration of their elements, will enable the man of the future to carry a year's provision in his vest pocket.

The sucking dude will store his rations in the head of his cane, and the commissary department of a whole army will consist of a mule and a pair of saddle-bags. A train load of cabbage will be transported in a sardine box, and a thousand fat Texas cattle in an oyster can.

Power will be condensed from a forty horse engine to a quart cup. Wagons will roll by the power in their axles, and the cushions of our buggies will cover the force that propels them. The armies of the future will fight with chain lightening and the battlefield we'll become so hot and unhealthy that,

"He who fights and runs away will never fight another day".

Some dreaming Icarus will perfect the flying machine, and upon the aluminium wings of the swift Pegassus of the air the light hearted society girl will sail among the stars and "behind some dark cloud, where no one's allowed, Make love to the Man in the Moon."

The rainbow will be convereted into a Ferris Wheel; all men will be bald headed; the women will run the Government--and then I think the end of time will be near at hand.

"Man's a vapor full of woes,
Cuts a caper--down he goes.

"Whether all Ex-Governor Bob Taylor's funny and Mirthful prophecies, as he peeps into the future will ever come to pass we cannot say; but the wireless telegraph, the automobile and plenty of lately made phones are now with us.

We may be quite sure though that during the present twentieth century will be developed in the scientific mind to astound the world. The telegraph, the telephone and the phonograph--one after another, were marvels when first introduced, and the steps that have been taken since to improve the wonders of each, still keep us in a maze; but their magic workings have prepared our minds to receive other inventions and discoveries, though apparently touching the miraculous, with less ado.

CHAPTER XXXV

CHANGE OF THE ISLAND FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE; SOME LINES TO OLD FRIENDS AND SOME ON OLD SCHOOL-DAYS; THE CLOSE

Not long ago, I wondered back to the Island of my birth, paying as usual my almost yearly visit that for the last half century has been my wont to make; and while there I went around alone to observe the changes of the old landmarks that still remain riveted in my memory. I stopped at the spot where I first saw the light, where the roar of the breaking waves of the old Atlantic had often lulled me to sleep.

Everything had changed; the papaw thicket and the big pines of ancient growth were not there; the old Reform Church gone; Jones's wind-mill, which once ground our corn, and the miller's house--gone; the old family grave-yard near where the old mill once stood, wherein all the writer's ancestors lie buried, is still there, but there are few if any marks to denote the spot where any individual lies. I left this sorrowful scene, went back to my old home and to the Chapel Lot near which once stood Cabe Beasley's store. Andrew Ansell, Sr. lives there now in a structure so modern as to wound my memory. (Since the above was written, Andrew Ansell, Sr., has died and his widow and son Alonzo Ansell and family live there, still in a more modern structure).

I passed on to the stores which are on the old time muster ground; on the opposite side once stood the dwelling John Jay Waterfield, Esqr., and his yard was the election ground. That high old dwelling-house, and the two rows of tall poplars, that once stood on this famous place were gone forever.

On this ground in olden times occurred many amusing incidents on election and muster day,--latter came off from six to a dozen times in each year.

I recollect that on these days, all turned out. There was an old darkie--Peter

Jones--with a campfire near the house, over which hung two large pots--one was filled with pig meat, the other with chicken or other fowl, and in which were greasy stew pie. The meats in these two big pots were generally furnished by Mrs. Polly Waterfield, the proprietress of the premises, and said Peter was a sharer in the net proceedes. Besides these two big pots of stew pie the dutch oven pone and pies were in plenty. The aroma fuming from these pots about noon on these public days gave an appetizing sensation to all for rods arounds, especially so to those that were steeped somewhat in grog. About noon said Peter began to dish out from these pots from a fo'pence worth up to a fifty cent plate. White Johnny J. Esgr., took little care of domestic animals,
said Polly his wife always had on fat fowl as well as pig for these special occasions.

When the day's proceeding was about at an end and Peter had a dram or two on top of his full stomach, he would sing to the tune of "Old Uncle Ned,"

Lay down de shovel and de hoe, ho,
Take down the pots from the poles,
For ole Peter's work has all been done,
Now home to ole Massy Jones.

I left the muster ground and the greasy pots and went northward where once had stood the haunted wash-oak stumps; time had done its work here as it will to us all. On the high bank by the road side of this famous place of haunts stood a large Lodge-house and a neatly kept grave-yard. Not a more suitable place to deposit the dead can seldom be found. If there is any old timer still left who believes in ghosts, take care, lest you hear the groaning and see the horrid phantoms once so prevalent here. The writer would like to be buried on this bank.

Whether you are superstituious or not, when passing this place in the dead of night a piteous and sorrowful melancholy is apt to seize upon you.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, when coming from the aforesaid family grave-yard, the haunted bear-tree stump where one stormy evening where Uncle Macle Mac was challenged by a fodder stack planting itself squarely in the road in his front and kept ahead of him till he took fright and left. This haunted place is on the public road near opposite the house of the present Cabe Ansell, which is off from the road. Other sights were seen here, it was close where Uncle Mac lived.

From the wash-oak stumps, the writer passed half-mile or more farther north, to the ground where the old school house once stood. There was no school house now but in its place fruit trees grew. The Southey Waterfield house was gone and the school-children's play-ground and its bordering woods are a cultivated farm.

Here is the place where many school rules were broken--and,

Where once I joined my school comrades,
In happy boyish games.
But no more can we ever play,
Those stirring games again;
Hark! do I not now, once more hear,
Vivacious Dick in glee?
Now I call and I listen--but
No answer comes to me.

When thus in melancholy mood,
I bid this place adieu,
The game-ground of this old school house,
To get there once I flew;
I found no one there to greet me,
For none were left of those,
Who played with us upon that spot,
Near eighty years ago.

This ground is now a cultured farm,
Where Dick and we once played,
No sporting now as we did then,
No spirits half so gay.
Depression now it seizes me,
A hush surrounds my soul,
When thinking of those old school days,
Near Eighty years ago.

We ne'er can play the same old games;
Nor new ones in their place,
But two are left--both old and gray,
The rest are in their graves.
The old school-house and squeaking door,
The chimney's sissing roar,
Are gone with Briggs' tinkling bell,
These many years ago.

The Island bay still glistens east,
As once, in swinging seen;
When hoisted beside our sweethearts,
In,the long grape-vine swing;
There's no pine limbs now at this place
To tie the wing as once,
When Dick and I we swung the beau
About Eighty years ago.

I hear with sorrow Dick is laid

In a cemetery spot,
Into the city of New York,
In which he cast his lot,
This leaves only me and Sally,
Of Brigg's famous school,
He taught upon Knotts Island,
Near Eighty years ago.

Note

Since the above was written, I hear Sally is also dead; it leaves only my lonesome self.

The following lines just expresses the writer's sentiments towards his old friends of Knott's Island, and for them he thanks the author whoever he may be:

There are no friends like old friends
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam;
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends,
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,
When shadows fall and deepen

Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps,
Approach the Great Divide
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait on the other side.

THE CLOSE

Now as I leave the scenes of childhood and come to the end of my remembrances of Knott's Island, my mind is filled with both cheer and melancholy, as if drawing near the end of a difficult yet pleasant journey. In viewing this Island, I see nothing to discourage any of the people that dwell on this small pleasure spot; but, instead, I see abundence of improvement at present and much hope and anticipation for its future welfare.

Should the fish and fowling industries grow less--I hope they may never--let all start the intense farming system, so successfully practiced by the Japanese, and Knott's Island will amply support two to an acre--ten thousand people. Don't let this prediction startle you, such has been done elsewhere. In the future, if conditions demand it, this Island will be made to produce per acre: corn, 75 bushesls; wheat, 60; sweetpotatoes, 400, or more; cotton, on high land suitable for this crop, 3 bales; Irish potatoes, 300 bushels and ten tons of pea-hay as a second crop on the same acre. Then, boys, if the fishing and fowling industries do grow less remunerative, you will always find there a bountiful subsistence; and if you have no land, buy five acres from those who have, erect thereon a neat little cottage, take to your bosom the girl of your choice, go to work on the intense farming plan, and within five years you will be living in comfort with a happy family. I say to the young: "Don't leave the Island; you'll miss an earthly Paradise."

I hope there may not be found in these "recollections," anything to mar the good feelings of any one on this Island, for the people there, above all others, have been my friends during my long and wearied life for which my heart beat is gratitude. I have no excuse to offer for the writing of this little volume; written in odd times in my declining days, with no attempt at literary merit or even attractiveness of presentation, it is simply intended to be a plain, quiet talk with my own Island people.

My mind ever leads me to the place where my early life was spent; it ever swings, to and fro, from my own family home to this Island, where all my ancestors for two hundred years back, were bred, born and reared.

As extreme old age grows upon me, I live more and more in the past; in the morning of life everything is expectancy; we look out upon the future; it appears as bright and enchanting as southern, dew-laden fields at early morn in May; it beckons us thither; it leads us we know not where; we follow the enchantment

until extreme old age stops us; our warfare in life then closes in upon us; our work is done.

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Here the history of Knotts Island ends--see above.

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