

RECOLLECTIONS  
AND  
THOUGHTS

BY  
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HOOKS



## R E M A R K S

These remarks are intended as an explanation for what you see here. In the last years of your father's life, he became an invalid, as you know, and was unable to work--still he could be around all the time. We were great pals and spent some of our time fishing in Cumberland River nearby sometime in late spring--or early summer we'd ramble through the deep rich hollows hunting gingsang. So after a time he became deaf and much worse and we had to give up fishing and singing--time became monotonous.

The loneliness was as a slow poison to a nature like mine and I began slowly but surely to realize that there must be something done or my health would suffer and my mind weaken. There must be some leaven in my life--but where was it to come from? So one day I came across some verses that I made sixty years ago. My mind leaped like a hound on a fresh scent. Why not try making verses for a pastime? So I made Bob White, A Soliloquy, The Old Owl, Notes of Spring, Grandmother's Story, The Dead Dove, and others. And though I must write indifferently against them they proved a pearl of great worth to me.

Some of the family thought, no doubt, I was trying to be smart--while I was earnestly, most earnestly, trying to do my duty and save my health and mind. So fresh from my mind with some sweet old memories I give them by request to Floyd Lester Hooks.

September 15th, 1930

Mother

December 1, 1928

If I live to see January 23, 1929, I will be seventy-six years old. And as I look back over the hill I've climbed, memory unbars the way and I walk again over the weed grown paths of childhood.

Sometime in the forties, my father settled near the mouth of Little River on the Cadiz Road in Trigg County. It was there he lived surrounded by his wife, our mother, and ten children, principally raised on hog and hominy and the Ten Commandments.

My childhood home was a one-and-a-half story log house with four windows facing the mouth of Little River and Cadiz highway. The house was built of the grand old poplar trees that grew abundantly all over the place and was covered with clapboards made from the sturdy oaks. The fireplace was deep and wide and there was always a cricket chirping on the hearth.

Deep in the shady woods it sat, surrounded by great, towering hills, mossy green, and a grand forest sweeping over hill and down hollows, past running brooks, wild flowers, and sweet singing birds; onward over its wide-sprawled way to form part of the beautiful curbing bank of Cumberland River--an obscure but charming nook.. So it seemed, viewed by me from the topmost limbs of a mulberry, servisberry, or persimmon tree. Still I had heard wonderful tales from our old black nurse, Grannie, who boasted of great knowledge "cos she had come along wif' Mars' William and Miss Nancy cross the high Blue Ridge, time they left old Virginnie and come to 'dis no man's land."

I was the seventh one of ten children and it was my time to have been a boy, according to nature. And Dad was mad because I was a baby girl and shocked the good women that were there by stating the fact in

MY BEST THOUGHTS

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for another day,  
Though on a staff I plod my weary way;  
Another day to mend the life I hold so dear,  
To help and cheer someone along the way.

Impulsive and wrong in days gone by, I've been,  
Of times with selfish bent I've strayed,  
In ways I knew were wrong I've sent  
My wandering steps along that way.

Now if, dear Lord, along the way there comes to view  
Some things neglected and undone,  
Some things in life that I should do,  
Help me to do them and atone.

Dear Lord, let me not hold the things of life too dear,  
Veil from my eyes the things I should not see,  
Show me the right way, plain and clear,  
For all my help must come from Thee.

no gentle terms. But, thanks to the goodness of his heart, he relented and gave me a grand old Cunningham name of which I have ever been proud. He proved to be the very best daddy any child ever had.

(DOUBLE NAME)

ELIZABETH

My earliest recollection was the death of an elder sister Ellen in fifty-seven or -eight. I can't remember anything about her, only the red-striped candy Daddy always kept for her. And of climbing on Grannie's lap and listening to her tell of "bars and wildcats and mean Injuns carrying away little gals that were too bad," until my nerves would be strung up like a fiddle string. Then her voice would lower to a soft tone and she'd tell about her little black gal that she loved, whose name was Mandy, that she had to slip away thru the orchard to keep her from seeing me and crying, "Neber expect to see her any more." I was sure to cry when Grannie told that tale. Then she'd hug me in her arms and rock me and sing her sweet old Negro tunes till I'd forget little black Mandy in sleep.

There were no cook stoves in my early days. Mother cooked in the open fireplace; baked bread in a big oven and lid that would turn out a loaf of bread as large as a grindstone crisp and brown and sweet and fit for a king to eat. Game of every kind was plentiful in those days-- rabbits, squirrels, coons, possums, and great flocks of wild turkeys led by prominent old gobblers with flowing beards. They were sometimes caught in traps of pens made of rails with a trench running from the outside under the pen baited with shelled corn and covered over with brush.

Beside the game, one could have for the killing, what every land owner had, a drove of wild hogs or hogs that were raised and fattened on the roots and nuts found in the surrounding forest. And well do I remember on cold frosty mornings, hearing my father's bugle-like notes

sweet and clear calling, "Pig-goo-ee." Time has not, after all these years, dulled that sweet call.

It was early in May and we were making our first batch of mud pies on the sunny side of Grannie's cabin when we were interrupted by a great clattering of horse's feet. And scream after scream rent the air. Out rushed Grannie, greatly frightened, crying while hustling us in the cabin, "Mad horse! Mad horse!" Just then a fine snow-white horse leaped the fence into the yard screaming and pawing and biting himself. He was covered with bees. Over the fence into the road he went for several hundred yards. There he seemed to pause, reared up, and then fell dead. He belonged to one of the neighbors. (*PERIE PEEL*)

I recall an event that happened when I was quite small that made a lasting impression on my mind. There lived next-door to us a family of very nice and friendly appearance. We were all friendly with Mr. and Mrs. <sup>Bobbitt</sup> Babbitt and their several children. His bad fault was drinking and when drunk he was a beast.

So one night we had all gathered around a heaping pile of corn in the middle of the floor to shell five or six bushels to carry to the mill for the winter and to listen to Daddy tell some of his famous Scotch fables, when Tom <sup>Bobbitt</sup> Babbitt came after Daddy. He said, "Pa's whipping Mur (as he called his mother)!" Pa and Ma started on the run and we all followed, big and little. And I saw with my own eyes that beast of a man with his shirt torn from his back with his hands wound round in her hair dragging her over the room and the little children screaming and crying. Ma and Pa soon released Mrs. <sup>Bobbitt</sup> Babbitt and carried them home with us. While Mother <sup>Bobbitt's</sup> bathed Mrs. Babbitt's head, the tears fell from Mother's eyes on the poor woman's head. They very soon left the neighborhood and I was glad.

Booster

Our Daddy was a great boaster and entertainer where we were concerned and could get the most work out of children I ever saw. (Everybody had to work.) If we became weary with the long rows we were working or our hands became sore husking corn, Dad would start and we'd very soon forget the weariness in following the interest of the story. He'd tell us of the old women riding on a broomstick or of the little boy in a big hollow tree with a bear and could not see any way out.

In the spring, when corn stalks were ready to cut and pile, and brush to pick up and burn, there was always the promise of a barbecue and grand dance the fourth of July and if we were smart, he would bet that we'd everyone get to see the big circus show at Cadiz. Dad was our right-hand partner. For a job well-done, he would carry us to the fish trap built in Little River, and what a delightful time we'd have watching the scaly beauties work over the dam into the trap where they were soon secured and placed in a sack. Then we'd have <sup>FRIED</sup> fried fish for a day or two, and what a treat to wade into the water and splash one another with water till everyone would be wet, but such a jolly time we'd have.

Now there was a field of corn to plant and it must be dropped by hand right in the chick, Pa says, and covered with a hoe every hill, covered good too. No fussing or fighting and if it was finished in order we'd all go cut that bee tree Saturday evening. We always went. Mother was bribed with two bits to stay and have corn fritters for supper. So Pa and Sir would shoulder their ax and we'd get a lot of buckets and pans and away we'd go a'laughing, frolicking happy lot who had done their work good and were ready for a frolic.

Thirty minutes of brisk chopping and the tree would come crashing to the ground. And now the sure-enough fun began. Such hooping and



laughing with our heads enveloped with an old dress we'd sneak, sometimes we'd crawl, for the safest place among bees is on the ground, and get our load of honey. What fun to run, dodge, and hide, and get found out at last and stung. So at last the good lot of honey would be secured and we'd go trooping home through the cool dewey twilight laden down with honey, tired but hungry and ready for the corn fritters and bed.

My mother was to me when a child what my Lord is to me today. She was a great Bible reader. Said a great deal of it she did not understand, but tried to live by what she did understand. She taught me to believe in God and to reverence the Bible. She taught me to work and showed me the need of working and to speak the truth and to love it, to keep clean. Showed me the Seven Stars, the Northern Dipper, and the Milky Way. She was my ideal<sup>of</sup> woman.

Our home teemed with life. We raised some of our domestic animals, horses, mules, and cattle. How well I remember Brandy and Lyon, one white the other brown<sup>RED</sup>. Mother and Bell sometimes would hitch them to the ox-cart and we'd go to the Big Hill and get a load of pretty white gravel to put in Ma's walk. There were hogs, sheep, and goats. Many times we children would walk the lot fence with the goats.

Peafowls, turkys, geese, ducks, chickens, and guineas--on a pretty morning you could hardly hear your ears for the scream of the geese, the gobbling of the turkey, crowing of the roosters, and there was most always a fight going on among some of them.

Life was not all play at our home. Everyone that was large enough had to work some. Grandmother Wallace taught me to knit, and when Ma could get hold of me (for I was a tomboy) she set me a task of knitting, by measuring a yard of yarn and tying a knot and when I'd knit to the

knot, I could go play.

My first task in spinning was fifty rolls around on the reel, gradually increasing till I could spin a cwt., which would make one-fourth of a yard of cloth.

For some job well-done, Ma said we could have a picnic. It was to be at the Brewer Spring and was to be on the first Saturday in June. Uncle Mick Cunningham's children were to be invited--Kittie, Bettie, Chastine, and Tishie and Kossie, John, Jimmie and Pimp Orsband.

The table was fixed and a place cleaned off for us to dance was gotten ready on Friday evening. On Saturday morning Bell and Ma carried the baskets and the guests having all arrived the time was ripe for a good time.

*BETTIE* *KETTIE*

Melissie was first fiddler, Kittie and Zee led the dance, Bettie called standing on a stump and how we did dance—balance and swing back step and flatfoot was fun for the Birds.

*MRS. ORSBACH, MAMMA & BELL WAITED ON TABLES*

Dinner was served at twelve o'clock and consisted of boiled ham in liberal slices with light bread and cucumber pickles, baked hen with dressing, and beet pickles, with pies, custard, and teacakes.

*A WASH IN THE SPRING*

After dinner the dancing was resumed with renewed zeal. Kittie and Mick opened the fun with Turkey in the Straw and Cotton-eyed Joe. And how we did enjoy it.

While at the height of fun, Dad and Uncle Jim Cunningham betrayed themselves hidden in the bushes to watch us. So we dragged them out and danced all around them. Dear old Uncle Jim with his merry blue eyes--how glad I'll be to meet him in that good land. And so ended a happy day. Mother, Mrs. Orsband and Bell carried the things home and we followed.

*UNCLE JIM*

We had three months of Free School, usually taught by some cripple regardless of qualifications or someone too lazy to work.

It was two miles from our house and led through an unbroken forest teeming with cattle and droves of hogs. The lowing of the cattle and the jingle of the cowbell with, now and then, a deep bass from an angry bull lent wings to our lagging feet.

About halfway through a deep dark hollow called Haunted Hollow, there grew a tree on one side of the road and bent over the road in a curve like a bow, the arch some twenty feet from the ground. Zan most always carried the basket containing dinner that far. Then he'd have to throw and hit the stooping tree somewhere near the arch before Zee would carry the basket the balance of the way.

I remember the first person I ever saw ducked for hollering school butter. It was Wash Cunningham, a Negro belonging to Uncle Gid Cunningham. He'd been to the mill--it was a cold raw day in March and it was snowing some. Wash in passing hollered, "School butter." The school stampeded--everyone was eager to see the fun. Wash was caught before he had gotten a quarter of a mile. He was tied hand and foot--hands behind his back--and carried to the creek bank and laid down. Begging all the time but no good, he was rolled in the water over heels, head and ears. Allowing him to get good and wet they then dragged him out and stood him on his feet to dress. Untying him, he was allowed to go with many promises of, "No, Sar, No, Sar, I never holler 'dat any more."

Sometime after Wash was ducked, the boys made a ducking stool and set it up on the creek bank as a warning to any and everybody to <sup>beware</sup> beware of giving such an insult to our school. Now, can you believe it, brother Zan was the first one that got in that stool.

He was out breaking a young horse to the saddle, and passing the school house, he hollered, "School butter!" The teacher and all of the boys started as one man. Zan stuck spurs to Ball thinking to escape, but Ball was tired and would not go, but reared up and whirled around and around. The boys drug Zan from the saddle and carried him to the ducking stool amidst promises and pleading on Zan's part and shouts and laughter with the school children. So with great ceremony they placed him in the stool. All was ready for dealing out justice to the culprit.

Now honestly I tried to stand it but could not, so Kate and I began to cry and dance around. And that was more than Zee could bear, so he gathered up a rock and said he'd strike the one that ducked him. So he missed what he richly deserved. He apologized to the whole school, hugged Kate and me, patted Zee on the shoulder and rode off with his hat in his hand.

Now I will tell you something about Christmas when I was a child sixty-five years ago. Christmas was a wonderful time with me, although I had never heard of the good Santa Claus or presents such as children enjoy today. Great preparations were begun weeks before. Wood was sawed and piled in great cords for the holiday. Hogs having been killed and cleaned, away with sausage and spareribs, with pound cakes and pies baked and laid away in cold storage, with dressed turkey and hens--all ready for the day that I thought would never come.

Christmas always began on Christmas Eve, for that was Dad's birthday and there was a big dinner in honor of the day. And they could sure get a big dinner in those days for people never sold anything, but ate what they raised. Pa always raised a peacock for dinner on that day. Everybody was invited from all around and jolly good times we'd have

with songs and games, with plenty of music until the night was well-nigh gone before the guests would go home for a little sleep.

There are very few people now living that know about those good old times of long ago Christmas. There was a party at every home sometime during the holiday. Some would let us dance, but some would not. At a dance, the crowd would gather by six o'clock or early candlelight. The music and dancing would begin with some neighbor boy mounted on a chair or table to call for the set we'd dance. Everybody would take some part in the fun. All of the tunes were played over and over--Shake Rag, Turkey in the Straw, Natchez, Cotton-eyed Joe, Five Points, Old Christmas and others--until far in the night. Boys would kiss every girl there and snowball them all the way home if there was snow.

We'd serenade every house and would get a rousing welcome and a treat of cider, apple cakes, and pie. Sometime our best fellow would take us sleigh-riding. And girls, some of you that ride in your glass coupe behind a gasoline power, will never know the thrill of a sleigh ride through a big snow with your best fellow. He'd be sure to drive under the tree limbs and bushes covered with snow to make you hide your face on his shoulder to keep out the snow.

It is Christmas now of 1928 and I can hear the happy shouts of the grandchildren and wonder if that is not what people call history repeating itself. Oh, how lasting is the joy of youth. Can you recall some of the thoughts of your childhood, the fancies, the longings, the dreams that invaded your mind and trailed along through all of the years for when you would be large enough, old enough and able to bring the fairy land of your dreams into your life!

Hark to the shouts of the happy children. How I love the jolly sound! Here they come in a grand rush to Grandmother's room to show me

what wonderful things Santa Claus brought them and to have me taste this and that.

Bless my life and soul, how homesick one will sometimes feel for the good old days of long ago.

And now there came a time of trouble in all our states. From 1861 to 65, the War between the North and South raged in all the fury of hatred and party strife while the flower of our young manhood was sacrificed on the altar of the wrong.

My father had eight nephews and Mother two brothers and a son in the Confederate Army.

The country was overrun with all manner of people, thieves, tramps, and refugees from every land and country, who claimed the right to every thing they saw and wanted in the name of the government. Women and children worked the land as best they could, almost all the men were in the Army. All of the Negroes were leaving the plantations by the dozens or had become rebellious and unmanageable and no use at all.

Our school was suspended. One morning our teacher Francis Baker (who was teaching our school) called the school to order, then he told us that he had decided to go to the army that was gathering nearby and if he was permitted to come back when he had helped whip the Yanks he would teach our school for us, for we were fine boys and girls. Then he shook each one of us by the hand, told us to go home, and walked away while we stood clustered around the door watching his receding form. He reached the bend in the road, stopped, turned around, and waved his hand and disappeared. He was a son of Father's only sister, Malinda Cunningham Baker, and it was said he made a brave soldier. He never came home. He gave his life like thousands of other brave men

for what they thought was right.

Pa could not stay at home with us for fear of being captured and sent to a Northern prison. Posse after posse came to arrest him, but he was sure to find out they were coming and get away.

Of correct time and dates I do not know, I only know it was some-time in the war. Pa had been on the scout for months, coming home when he could slip in. One time he was at home and had been lying low for a week, and we were crazy with delight. There were no soldiers around anywhere closer than Hopkinsville above or Smithland below. Then one night, somewhere around ten or eleven o'clock, Lewis Standard (a black man whose wife belonged to Pa) came to the door calling,

"Marse Alec! Marse Alec! For goodness sake, get up! There's a hundred Yankees coming after you. I've come to tell you. They got off a gunboat at the Rolling Mill and are riding Hillman's work mules and can't come fast. So I've run most every step of the way to tell you."

So Pap got up and dressed and slipped out and got away. About two o'clock they knocked at the door, never dreaming that with wildly beating hearts we were expecting them. Ma asked permission to dress.

"Yes, yes, but don't be long about it." They asked for Pap and were told he was not at home. They searched all over the place, upstairs and downstairs, in every room, in Bell's cabin, all over the place, emptying closets and garrets. There was nothing more for them to do after they destroyed thirty bee stands but break everything, plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, wiping their hands after eating <sup>honey</sup> homey on the bed clothes.

Pa had a good friend as well as a mean enemy and this friend persuaded Father to take the oath and interceded for him by telling the men in authority that Cunningham was a good citizen and that Thompson was an

enemy and a mean man. So Mr. Peel went with him to Cadiz, and he took the oath. One day brother Sir met a squad of Yanks who stopped and asked his <sup>NAME</sup> hame. He told them Cunningham was his name. Sir said they everyone cursed him up and down, over and over, said they had a strong notion of shooting him, for the country was full of them and everyone a damned Rebel.

Mother always fed Yankees or Rebels when they told her they were hungry. One day Mother was in the loom house weaving. I was lying under the loom on the floor counting the stripes and colors for her to weave. Then someone spoke low and asked to come in. It was a Rebel captain in full uniform. He had escaped capture by leaving his horse and taking to the bushes, and was hungry, wanted to stay hidden till night, then make his way back to some place I can't remember.

She told him where to go stay and she'd bring him something to eat as soon as she could fix it, for him not to let Pap see him, for he was under oath not to aid or assist the Rebellion, but she was not. So she fried ham and eggs, made biscuits and coffee, put it in a long tin bucket, the coffee in a quart bottle. Saying nothing to anyone, she and I went down the hollow out of sight of the house, then climbed the hill back of the graveyard and found our man. He said his name was Price. He thanked Ma over and over. Mother told me to tell no one about it.

One afternoon a squad of ten Yankees came to our house and ordered supper for twenty-five men to be sent to the mouth of Little River by sundown. (How would you like an order like that now?) Pap was at home, so he and a neighbor man killed a goat and dressed it. The wash kettle was filled with water and a half-bushel of Irish potatoes set to cooking. Other things were prepared, but of course I can't remember what

all. *SIR'S WIFE, Aunt Mary BELL & LYDIA  
HELPED MOTHER AND THE SUPPER  
WAS READY IN TIME*



A FRESH LOT OF SOLDIERS  
HAD COME TO CADIZ AND JOHNSON  
HAD REPORTED PAP AS HAVING AIDED  
THE CONFEDERACY

One morning close to day, someone knocked at the door. We awoke to find the house surrounded and the yard and lot and road full of soldiers. They were after Pa but he was not at home. So they ordered breakfast for ten men. (Now Zan and Ehpraim Orsband had slipped in that night and were at Sir's. So Ma told Lewis Standard, our good black friend, if he'd get Zan away she'd give him a new pair of pants. They got away.) Now while breakfast was being prepared,, they ransacked and rummaged all over the place. The Captain, an old flop-eared Dutchman, was sitting before the fire with his chin on his naked blade (we children were so used to seeing them that we were not afraid of them) when I slipped behind him and poked a wooden snake across his knees.

He sprang to his feet, his sword clattering on the floor. There was panic in his eyes and fight in his uplifted hand. I thought I was eaten up when he exclaimed in fierce tones,

"See here, little gal, you better not do that any more."

"Why, Captain," some of the men said that were standing around, "it can't bite."

"Well," he said, "it can scare like hell."

After they had eaten and fed their horses, they formed in line, leaving orders for Pa to report at headquarters <sup>IN THREE DAYS</sup> on penalty of being shot on sight. Dad said when told of the order, with Ma crying and saying they'd be sure to see and shoot him sometime,

"Never fear, pretty Duck, and don't cry and make the children cry. For they'll never get an old Scotch Buck like me in these hills, for I've got too many friends for that."

One time a band of Rebels came to hang Johnson. They frankly owned

that was the business. And oh how Ma and brother Sir talked and begged for his life. Ma said he was not fit to die.

"Well, Madam, he's too mean to live," said the captain of the squad.

Pa had taken the oath twice. That man Johnson would go to a new band as soon as they formed a headquarters with another tale, and here they'd come and do every mean thing they could.

The squad that followed those Rebels that came to hang Johnson  
FROM CADIZ  
came in force of over a hundred.

"Crowd up! Crowd up!" they cried as they went sweeping by to the mouth of Little River, where the Rebs had crossed the Cumberland two days before. Not finding them, they came back to the Rockcastle Road that went by our field, and hailed to ask Ma, who answered the hail,

"Have you seen any ~~raiders~~ pass here?"

"No, Sir," answered Ma, "not since you passed."

"The hell you haven't."

"No, Sir."

As quick as a flash they breasted the fence, a hundred or more came sweeping through a patch of tobacco almost ready for the knife. The captain, flushed with disappointment and anger, threw his pistol in Mother's face. Kate screamed and fell on her knees at Ma's feet. I couldn't move but I tried to get to Ma. Then she spoke and I got my breath.

"Sir," she said, "call you this an act of a gentleman to terrorize little children like this? I'm not afraid of your pistol. You can kill me, Sir, but you can't scare me. I see my mistake now. Or, in other words, I see what angered you. I meant that I had seen no soldiers pass

since you had."

All of this time everything was hushed. Kate still sat on the floor. The captain had lowered his pistol and stood looking Mother in the face. She continued to speak,

"I never try to anger a soldier, but feel a true sympathy for men who are away from home and loved ones fighting in this quarrel. Now, Sir, will you kindly tell me what I can do for you?"

He turned to the men, told them to mount and fall in ranks. He asked something about the Rebs and the distance to Rockcastle, bowed, and walked out, mounted and without a word, save the command to march, rode away--leaving Mother with her head up. Well, there was not a plant of tobacco standing after they passed through the second time, which they had to do or go through the yard to reach the road.

Another time during those dark days of war, just as dawn was showing over the hills, someone called. It proved to be an escaped Rebel, who said he was hungry and tired. He wanted to hide and wait until night, then make his way to Clarksville to join his command. He gave his name as Jibie Clark, his age 18 years. He had been captured a week ago and carried to Smithland. He escaped, stole the captain's horse--a fine fellow, coal black with a white spot in his forehead and one white hoof. Mother hid and fed the lad, hid the horse in a hollow, blacked the white spot in the horse's face. She stuffed the boy's pockets full of grub and as twilight was deepening, with many thanks and a backward look he rode away.

Well, I could tell many more things if I would that comes before my backward look, but sufficient to say, they continued to plunder and harrass us, When a band of Rebs came through, the gunboats would throw

shells as far as they would reach from Eddyville to Canton. One bomb shell caught the top from a cedar tree before Bob Kennedy's door. Without a doubt, there are hundreds of bursted shells and spent balls lying for miles on both sides of the river. King Mitchell found a bursted shell in a new ground, with the balls, a dozen or more in the piece of shell. The little balls were the size of a common-size marble and solid iron.

One day a lone Yank in full uniform rode up to the gate seemingly in a great hurry, dismounted, came in and asked for Pa. Pretending to be after an escaped Rebel, he began opening bureau drawers, and began cramming such things as suited him into his pockets. He rushed upstairs, and we heard him throwing things around. He found the only jewelry there was, <sup>BELONGING TO MOTHER</sup> two sets of earrings and breast pins, with cameo set in one and gold stone in the other. No one wore jewelry then for fear of having it taken away from them. We had this hidden behind the ceiling, but he found it.

Sister Lydia and Bell wanted to hide behind the stair door and knock him in the head as he came down, but Mother would not hear of it and shamed them. So he left. He proved to be Jim Richardson from Between-the-Rivers. I have run into him several times after the war and once he passed our house after I was married.

The gunboats patrolled the river throwing shells on both sides. <sup>FROM KUTTAWK TO CANTON</sup> There was not a boat to be found on Cumberland River. Some few were hidden on both sides. One day a Mr. Batts and his son had been to Canton from the opposite side on some business and had started back across the river when a gunboat slipped around the bend and began firing on them. They became frightened and ran their canoe under the water and both men were drowned.

Well, as I'm not writing a history but recollections, I shall not bother about dates. Sufficient to say, the South's strength was spent and grand General Lee surrendered to grand General Grant and fighting ceased. And boys in grey and boys in blue went limping and staggering home.

Ma and Pa gave a big supper to the soldier boys and everybody was invited, uncles and aunts, nephews, nâces, and neighbors. The crowd began to gather at 2:30 o'clock and it was a sure enough crowd. There was a barbecued sheep and shoat and other things. Supper began at early candlelight and lasted till ten or twelve in the night with singing and playing and fiddle and banjo music. They stayed until most day.

One of Mother's brothers got killed--Alex Wallace. He was an officer but I don't know what. One of Dad's nephews was killed, Francis Baker. Peace was declared but peace was not yet. A feeling was in our hearts of wrong. Homes had been sadly neglected, many plantations left without director except women and children.

One morning shortly after the supper for the soldier boys, Pa called Bell (once our black woman) to his room and told her she was free, her and her children.

"Thank you," she said, "Thank you Mars Alec and Miss Cynthia," and then she walked away to her cabin. *WE CHILDREN ALL CRIED WHEN THE LITTLE NEGROES WENT AWAY*

Just before the war, Pa paid seven hundred dollars for a fourteen-year-old Negro boy, never believing that they would be freed in the war that was coming nearer and in fact was upon us. Slaves were being sold at half their value by those that were posted about the present times; hence the low price that tempted Pa to purchase this Negro. He never did any good, didn't know how to do farm work, and would run away to

*JIM GREEN CUNNINGHAM WITH A PISTOL IN HIS HAND MADE JIM JOHNSON STAND WHILE HE WRUNG HIS NOSE AND CURSED HIM ON THE PUBLIC ST IN CADIZ NOW SO DAMN YOU AND REPORT UNCLE ALEY AGAIN! ONE OF THE SOLDIER BOYS BALAS PEEL GOT SHOT BY A NEGRO AND DIED FROM THE WOUND IN A SHORT TIME*

lie in the woods half of his time. (Whipping that Negro was the only thing I ever saw my father do that I cannot approve of.) I was glad when he ran away with the Yanks.

Our enemy continued to do us dirt by poisoning our stock. With no disease among anybody's stock, we lost five milk cows all leaving young calves, the off ox out of three yoke of cattle, and a fine mare to raise more horses from (for he lost seven horses during the war.)

Our father was broken in health and property too, but we were of the old Highland Scotch and would not acknowledge that we were beaten. So we went to work with a vim worthy of the cows, and very soon had things humming.

It was somewhere about this time that sorghum molasses was made and used in our neighborhood. Some friend living in Christian County sent the Widow Wadlington (one of our neighbors) some seed in a letter. She gave Mother enough seeds to plant three hills. She raised several canes, but had no way of getting the juice. But being anxious for a bit, she bruised the stalks with a pole axe, then wrung the canes over a tub, and she had a quart of more of juice. It was a vile greenish-looking fluid with a sweetish taste, which she boiled down to a tablespoonful of black substance with a salty, sweetish taste. There were several of the neighbors there to see and taste. All got a start of seed, and Pa and Sir planted an acre or more.

To grind the sorghum, they made a wooden mill something on the plan of a cider mill, with three rollers fitted with wooden cogs and a sweep fitted on the middle roller. It took a mule or horse to turn the mill and two people to feed the cane. You couldn't hear a word that was spoken. You had to stop the mill to tell someone to bring a load of cane.

The juice was boiled in open kettles and skimmed with pieces of tin nailed to a stick with holes punched through them. The best of the skimming was saved for the kids to make candy of and many a jolly time I've had making and pulling sorghum candy.

The school district was divided and we had a school house built and named Brewer Spring District. There were several teachers employed, one Mr. McCargo, at another time, a Mr. Walter Cannon. I went some to both teachers, but people had to work and could not do much at going to school. Money was scarce and books were hard to get.

It was as teacher at the Brew Springs School I first saw your father. I went to school to him one term. A Mr. Willie Peel taught <sup>MOST OF</sup> our next school and I attended some. In seventy-one, your father came back and taught a second term but I did not attend that time. My <sup>I WAS MOST GROWN</sup> school days were over, and I had no education but good raising, good common sense, and a happy merry heart.

<sup>April 6</sup>  
In 1873 your father and mother were married--

Samuel Harris Hooks

to

Malinda Cunningham

# THE YOUNG SPEAKER

Now, gentlemen, if you'll permit,  
I'll talk about myself a bit.  
I'm ten years old, and four feet high,  
With tow-colored hair and cat-gray eyes,  
A common-looking nose, a missing tooth,  
So that's the way I look in youth.

When eleven more years over my head have passed,  
And I am twenty-one at last,  
The scales at a hundred-and-fifty I'll tip,  
With a nice mustache upon my lip.  
Then a'sparking I will go,  
And those other boys won't have any show.

(These lines were composed for a speech for  
Rev. L. B. Hooks by his mother in 1897.)

# T W I N K L E , T W I N K L E , L I T T L E F E E T

Twinkle, twinkle, little feet,  
I wonder now who next you'll meet,  
So far beneath your lady's skirt,  
Like two tipsy little flirts.

But you do look so neat and trim,  
Hung to legs so long and slim,  
Still, we know when you're about,  
For sitting or standing, you're sticking out.

Don't think it impossible or strange  
For us to want a little change,  
Soon I fancy we shall see  
Little toes sticking out at me,  
Sweet as lips that cover teeth  
Coyly, coyly underneath.

# A R I D D L E

It's yours, it's mine,  
It's deaf, it's blind,  
It runs, it walks,  
But cannot talk.  
It's large, it's small,  
It's short, it's tall,  
It's low, it's high,  
It's in the air and in the sky.

It is shadows.



## S I X L I T T L E B O Y S

In the silent twilight hour,  
 After the sun sinks in the west,  
 One by one, they come to me,  
 Six little boys that I love best.

Six little boys with tozzled hair,  
 Who grow like nature's rhyme,  
 Till I wonder if these stalwart men  
 Were ever little boys of mine.

Now they are grown to manly size,  
 Independent, happy, and free;  
 Yet they are the same little boys  
 I used to hold up on my knee.

Years have changed their looks, their forms,  
 Unchanged their hearts by time.  
 Yes, they are the same little boys loved,  
 These six grown men of mine.

## O F F T O S C H O O L

The boys are off to school, their trunks are packed and tied,  
 The bright light burning in their room has flickered out and died,  
 The fields are all a'sparkle with frost upon the snow,  
 With a million stars reflected in its glow,  
 And joy and grief are clashing, our hearts and souls to fill,  
 Because the last one's left us, the house will be so still;  
 And yet there'llingers a sweetness, a fragrance in the air,  
 And the music of their voices is lingering everywhere;  
 And in our hearts the chiming of the joy bells does say  
 That parting is not eternal but only a passing day.

## A F A R M E R B O Y

You can't expect a little boy who stays at home to plow  
 Through cold and heat, from morn to night, to make a speech--WELL, NOW,  
 If you do, you'll get disappointed, but this you all may know,  
 Tall oaks from little acorns in all our forests grow.  
 And if I keep on growing, some day I'll be a man,  
 And I hope to be as useful as any in the land.

(These lines were made for Samuel Yarbrough Hooks in 1889 to repeat at  
 school for a speech by his mother.)

H E W A S A G O O D M A N

Somehow the world does not get used to death and at the passing away of such a good man as S. H. Hooks, we ponder in our minds asking how shall we carry on the good influence he so constantly employed in his association with all whom he met.

It is not always nor perhaps common that men carry without a blâmish a name to the end of a long life as did he.

Born January 6th in the year 1843 in Trigg County died September 7th, 1925.

He was a Baptist of sixty years standing, a true christian, a loving companion, a kind father and everybody's friend. Never was man better loved or more tenderly cared for than he.

After an eloquent and earnest talk by Rev. L. J. Knoth, he was borne to the tomb by his six sorrowing sons and followed by a loving companion and two weeping daughters. He was laid to rest in the churchyard at Bethany, amidst the sighing of many friends and acquaintances.

## A FLY IN THE BUTTERMILK

This all happened before the war, as the darkies said, in the days of hoop skirts and scoop bonnets and tallow candles. In those days, we had for divirson log-rolling, quiltings, wool-pickings, and election, when everybody had a holiday. For most always there was a barbecue or picnic in the neighborhood. Sometimes the candidates would give a free barbecue in the sugar grove. <sup>ON DYERS CREEK</sup> Everybody from far and near would be there. Old friends would meet with happy smiling faces and cordial handshakes, sweethearts made up their quarrels, and everybody joined in having a good time. I can remember more than one such day, bright and beautiful, skies without a cloud, bright sunshine, green forest-clad hills stretching away and away in the distance.

Sometimes we'd have a neighborhood barbecue, and it is of one of that kind I am trying to tell you. The neighbors had planned a barbecue in our midst, to be held in a cool shady bottom near a big spring called Goose Hollow. Hogs and sheep were plentiful and every family would contribute something to the dinner. All of the neighbor women would bake pies and cakes, make pickles, cucumber slices, beets and many other good things for the feast.

Fearing dinner would be scarce, the managers of the dinner detailed Jim Wallace, Ephraim and Jesse Orsband, and Zan Cunningham to go some place and buy a sheep or hog, to make the dinner plentiful, and to hurry back in time to cook all the meat together. Jack Wallace always cooked the meat, assisted by Bob Holland, Perry Peel, <sup>RASHIE</sup> Ash Leneves and Sir Cunningham.

Everything was on the way for a fine day, the dancing yard was pre-

pared, a platform made for the fiddlers, the bottom was lit up with bonfires, songs and jokes were passing, when the boys were heard coming back much earlier than expected.

They were in great glee, laughing and talking and singing. As they drew near, they hailed the camp,

"Here's your sheep, come and get him."

"Bring him on," was shouted back.

"Can't. Come help, he's about to get loose."

Then a scramble and a tussle, a breaking of brush, the bleat of the sheep, and over the hill went the sheep, and the boys in hot pursuit, shouting at the top of their voices,

"He's loose."

Then every man and boy were after it in the pitch dark, shouting,

"Which way did he go?"

"Up further on the hill."

"Head him off."

"There he goes."

"Knock his feet from under him, Jim."

"Start him down toward the camp so the light will blind his eyes."

"Shine his eyes," shouted Sir Cunningham, gathering a blazing brand from the fire and starting up the hill, down which the badly frightened sheep was coming in great bounds. Leaping a log at the bottom, the sheep lost his hat and turned out to be Zan Cunningham, who had been playing sheep with them all the time.

For some seconds, not a sound was heard except the loud breathing of the tired men and boys. Then things began to happen. Sir hurled

the blazing brand full at Zan's head, which he dodged and went up the hill in double quick time, crying, "Baa, baa," while the men and boys were rolling on the ground screaming with laughter.

Sir was in a towering rage, swore he would whip Zan and as many as were in it, swore he'd have nothing more to do with the barbeque. Everybody was sorry to have Sir quit. All of the men talked to him, told him it would spoil the dance if he quit. He said he didn't care, hoped it would. Dad laughed at him, told him not to notice Zan, that was all he was fit for.

Zan slipped in the next morning to get his clothes. Daddy told him he looked like a sheep and he'd get into trouble sometime, and for him to keep out of Sir's way.

"Well, we've had a fine time, if a fly did get in the buttermilk," said Jesse Orsband. Well, no one ever mentioned the affair to Sir, and he soon forgot it and was all right.

## B I O G R A P H Y   O F   W I L L I A M   C U N N I N G H A M

William Cunningham was born in Bonnie, Scotland, a coast town, in the year 1765.

He was the youngest of three children--two boys and one girl. The older son died early in life, leaving William and his sister in the home.

His sister, being the oldest child of the family, married and soon after removed with her husband to the United States of America. They settled on the James River in Albermarle County, Va., in 1780.

William Cunningham, the youngest child, at a very early age, received a liberal common school education.

William's father was a tailor by trade and later William was apprenticed to his father's trade. Having finished his education in the town of Bonnie, William was required to drill in the regular army for at least two years.

William was very much opposed to spending that much time in the regular army, so he began studying and planning how he might escape this irksome and fruitless task, and what he considered a waste of time.

William's uncle on his mother's side came to see them in the meantime and he related his troubles to his uncle, and asked how he might be released from the requirements of his government. Whereupon his uncle said that he was soon to leave Scotland for the United States, as he was a sailor, and as he was so much opposed to serving in the army, he could make his arrangements to take the ship to America with him and escape the confinement of the army.

( William began seriously thinking and planning how he could escape his parents and government before he was of age for he had completed his education at the age of sixteen years. He realized his obligations to his parents and also to his government, but he could not resist the call of youth. So when his uncle informed him that the ship would soon be sailing, William began getting things together to take his leave from the old homestead--leaving father, mother, and all the things that were so dear to his heart. The night before he was to sail, he secretly wrapped his little bundle of clothes and hid them away until after night, and when all were asleep he quietly raised the window and escaped unnoticed from his parents. He then proceeded to make his way to the seashore and hid himself aboard the ship among the rubbish and freight. He remained hidden until they had gotten far out on the ocean, for he knew they could not afford to come back to shore to put him off.

The ship sailed to a certain island, taking on fresh water. Then she turned toward the west, the voyage requiring about six months. After the long and tiresome journey over the ocean's crested waves, they anchored in the bay of Norfolk, Va.,

His uncle had informed him on the way over that he intended making a sailor of him, but William was as much opposed to this as he was to serving in the army. So one day he asked his uncle to permit him to leave the ship and go out in the city for some recreation. His request was readily granted with his uncle's caution not to get lost out in the city. But William kept straight forward, not inquiring of his whereabouts until he had gotten beyond the reach of his uncle, for he was determined not to be brought back and forced to be a sailor.

--(

He found his way to Albemarle county, where his sister had settled several years before. He had been corresponding with his sister before he left Scotland. Since traveling in those days was very slow, it was many days before he reached his destination through the fields and woods of Albemarle county. William made his home with his sister for a number of years. He afterward served in the U.S. Army in the years 1792-94. This was during the Whisky Rebellion in Pennsylvania. After the two years he returned to his sister's home and to his former occupation of tailoring. He was then ready to settle down in quiet home life, so he courted a beautiful maiden, Miss Nancy Carr, whose parents were quite <sup>WEA</sup> wealthy in that day as they owned a number of slaves. They were united in marriage in Albemarle county, Va., in 1795. To this happy union nine boys and two girls were born, all of whom lived to be grown and married except one. Nancy died just as she reached womanhood years.

William had bought a small farm which was located between two rich old farmers, and since he couldn't buy any land from either of them to enlarge his own farm, it was necessary for him to sell out and go where he could have enough land for his children and a number of slaves. After a serious talk with Nancy, William decided to go to a new country to seek his fortune. So they decided to go to West Kentucky.

Leaving John, the eldest son, with the younger boys and the negroes to make a crop at home, William took Gideon and a negro and came to Trigg county, where they built a house and stable and made a crop of corn. This was in the spring of 1818, but returned in the fall to Virginia for the rest of the family and to dispose of his farm there and



the other belongings that he couldn't move back with him. They immediately returned to Kentucky to spend the rest of their lives in order that their children might have the opportunity of obtaining the cheap land offered.

On the return journey they were delayed three weeks in the Cumberland mountains inasmuch as Nancy Cunningham, the youngest child, was born.

They settled at Trigg Furnace where the old storehouse now stands. He erected a horse mill near the spot where the old furnace now stands. He and the boys and negroes cleared away the timber and fenced in the farm for the cultivation of corn and tobacco.

He brought young fruit trees from Virginia with him and soon had a great orchard which bore fruit for nearly a hundred years. Trigg county was then a part of Christian county. He was an officer at the first election held in Trigg county. William's farm is now known as the John Crute farm.

William was a member of the third session of the Circuit court in Trigg county in 1820. He was appointed by the Judge as Road Commissioner to open up the public roads on the west side of Trigg county. He figured much in the early history of Trigg county. He did much service as a practical doctor, for in those days a diploma was not required. With ordinary cases in the community, he was quite successful, and served his people to the very best of his ability until his death in 1823. He left his wife, Nancy, and eleven children to mourn for him.

The names of his children are as follows: John, Gideon, William, Jr., Malinda, Dabney, Andrew, Mickens, James, Alexander, Robert, and Nancy.

William Cunningham was buried at Trigg Furnace grave yard, near Trigg Furnace school house, After his death the widow had all these boys and girls and negroes to look after. She did exceedingly well to keep them all together until they were grown and married, all except Nancy, who died in the year 1830, and was laid to rest beside her father.

Nancy Carr Cunningham was born in the year 1770 and died in 1833, having reached the age of sixty-three years. She too, was buried at Trigg Furnace with her husband.

The one girl and the boys married and settled in Trigg county and reared large families, except Gideon, who went to Tennessee and married and reared a family, and then moved back to Trigg county to live the rest of his life at Trigg Furnace.

Names of boys and girls with their husbands and wives:

John Cunningham, born 1796, died 1854. Polly (Gresham) Cunningham, born 1799, died 1870. William, Jasper, Betsy, Dr. John, Mary, Bell, Eddie, and Helen Cunningham.

Gideon Cunningham, born 1798, died 1865. Harriet (Tidwell) Cunningham, born 1800, died 1860. Andrew, Micking, Jack, Nicholas and Beadie Cunningham.

William Cunningham, born 1800, died 1878. Jennie (Mitchell) Cunningham, born 1811, died 1875. Nancy, Andrew, David, Tom, Mickins, Alexander, Eliza, John and Dabney Cunningham.

Tom Baker, born 1799, died 1870. Malinda (Cunningham) Baker, born 1802, died 1870. William, Thomas, Fream, Frances, Blake, Caroline, Adliza, and Alexander Bakers.

Andrew Cunningham, born 1804, died 1879. Nancy (Pool) Cunningham,

born 1806, died 1886. Morgan, Green, Bruce, Mary, Eliza, and Josie Cunningham.

Dabney Cunningham, born 1806, died 1866. Rebecca (Wimily) Cunningham, born 1809, died 1869. James, Jack, King, Clint, Ventura, Emmie, Sarah, Mat and Alice Cunningham.

Mickins Cunningham, born 1808, died 1888. Betsy (Civils) Cunningham, born 1811, died 1899. Robert, Arnold, James, Chastine, Ruth, Eliza, Zurea, Kittie, Bettie, and Tishie Cunningham.

James Cunningham, born 1810, died 1888. Sarah (Wimbly) Cunningham, born 1815, died 1882. John, Perry, Penelope, Polly, Hellen, Malissa, Victoria, Sallie, Nannie, and Bettie Cunningham.

Alexander Cunningham, born 1813, died 1882. Cynthia (Wallace) Cunningham, born 1816, died 1887. Sir, Alexander, Zachariah, Axum, Lida, Malissa, Kate, Malinda, and Duncan Cunningham.

Robert Cunningham, born 1816, died 1884. Mary (Civils) Cunningham, born 1818, died 1890. Leander, William, James, Robert, Mack, Rufus, Washington, Elizabeth, Udora, Aurora, and Signora Cunningham.

Nancy Cunningham, born 1818, died 1830. She was never married. This is the family record of each one of the old Cunninghams.

Some of the Cunninghams are professional men. Dr. John, Dr. Zachariah, and Dr. Cintha and practicing physicians. Dr. Chastine, Dr. Herbert, and Dr. Paul are dental physicians. Superintendents, Alfred and Levi Cunningham. Preachers, J.T. and E.H. Cunningham, Bun Hooks, and Jagoe Washer. Esquires, John, George L. and Nath Cunningham, D.D. Creekmur, and Jack Cooper. Judge Cunningham, Circuit Judge. Commonwealth's Attorney Cunningham. School teachers, too many to name. At one time they gave the greatest number of votes in the county.

One characteristic of the older set of Cunninghams is that they contented themselves to make a good living on the farm. And they are noted for marrying kinfolks, and also for large families. The old set were noted for their honesty. Any merchant was glad to sell them on credit. Very few drunkards among the Cunninghams.

## F I S H I N G   I N   C U M B E R L A N D   R I V E R

Late one evening in early summer, I sought a cool shady nook on the banks of Cumberland River for an hour's fishing. With my hook baited and well down in a deep hole, waiting for a fish to bite, I forgot the intent of my business and began thinking of the part old Cumberland River had played in my life.

I was born and reared within two miles of its banks, crossing it many times in childhood with Mother to visit her people, and in young married life, to my father's home. When a girl of seventeen, I was baptized in its clear deep waters. Many happy hours I've spent in skiff riding and jollyng with young people on its green shores. With the grand old hills it has become the only unchanged landmark of my time.

Still I sat watching as it flowed out from among the Tennessee and Kentucky hills, past meadows, fields and villages, churches, school houses, and happy homes; on it flowed without a pause, with many a twist and turn, to find its way at last to a greater river beyond.

Quick as a flash my cork went under, and with a timely jerk I landed a fish on the bank behind me. Rising to my feet, I soon released the small wriggler, which proved to be a forked-tail fiddler. After regarding it for some seconds, I tossed it back into the river, the only catch of an hour.

The sun had set, twilight was deepening around the place I was fishing. Somewhere in the gathering gloom an old owl was sending forth its lonesome TeeHooTeeHoo in no gentle tone and chuckswill's widow began to weep and the doleful sound filled the place with gloom. Winding my line on the pole, I walked to the house.

## L I N E S   T O   C U M B E R L A N D   R I V E R

Beautiful and calm old Cumberland lay  
In the golden sun on a summer's day.  
Like muffled drums, its waves beat slow,  
The South winds whispered sweet and low,  
Over the waters in harmony told  
Of forces gathered while ages rolled.

From among the mountains you began to flow,  
Springs and creeks gave you a start.  
Then flowing brooks and trinkling rills  
And mountain snow helped to fill  
Your channel running over.

Your waters deep, your channel broad,  
Your banks are lush and green, with  
Sycamore trees and willow bush  
With vines in-between.

The morning winds your waters stir,  
Your waves their songs renew  
With the music of the early birds,  
And the small rills tickling through.

'Tis said of you in Indian lore,  
Who fought upon your unknown shore,  
You echoed to the Red Man's yell,  
And bathed the wounds when heroes fell;  
As onward you flow.

Ever and ever onward you go,  
Broader and deeper your constant motto;  
Day and night with added strength,  
Your time-worn channel throughout its length,  
With never a thought of stilling pride,  
To vaunt itself of either side.

So calmly swift, so deeply true,  
My heart is glad at sight of you.  
So naturally you teach the truth  
My age is forgot, I claim my youth.

Now as I watch you as you flow,  
Swift as time and soft as snow,  
With steady drift and open brow,  
We are coming to our parting now.  
Here you lie and still you drift,  
Your waves in graceful fall and lift,  
And as you merrily go past  
I'll say farewell at last.

## M O T H E R

Old-fashioned is Mother, the children say,  
 But there's none more loyal than she,  
 'Tis the love in her heart keeps the light in her eyes,  
 And that's the reason we love her, you see.

More than seventy years have passed her by;  
 Heaped on her head lies drifted snows,  
 And you will learn by and by  
 There are some things that Mother knows.

## A W I S H

The world is looking its very best,  
 The hills and fields with beauty spread,  
 And golden sunlight on its breast,  
 And green trees waving overhead.  
 Birds are singing, sweet and clear,  
 Brooks are flowing swift and free,  
 And silently, as I stand here,  
 There is a wish that comes to me  
 That three times six, sweet and fair,  
 Again my lover's bride I could be.

## M Y J O U R N E Y

I'm nearing the end of my journey,  
 I've traveled a long weary way,  
 Now homesick love is upon me  
 And I must be up and away.

My life like a small flowing rivulet  
 To earth its glad message did bring;  
 Now old age in the last grip of winter  
 Awaits the glad call of the spring.

## A P R A Y E R

Beyond life's toils and cares and sorrows  
 Lies happiness and joy forever.  
 No weariness, no sleepless nights  
 Beyond life's troubled river,  
 Beyond life's fitful gleams,  
 Its dark reality or brightest dreams  
 Lies a beautiful forever.  
 And now I ask you, Father up in heaven,  
 To listen to the prayer I make;  
 My loneliness must have some leaven,  
 Else my heart will fill with sorrow and break.

## WATCHING

Sitting at the window, as the sun sinks low,  
 Watching the lovely colors of the sunset glow,  
 Watching from the window the rowy-colored west  
 Hang her twilight curtains over the wooded crest.

Listening to the insect in the gathering gloom,  
 Feeling the south wind blowing laden with perfume,  
 Watching the gathering shadows cover the lovely green,  
 Slowly gathering darkness and the fading scene.

While I sit and listen, noting all of these,  
 The wailing of the whippoorwill is borne upon the breeze;  
 The katy-did's argument waxes fiercely warm,  
 Then an old hoot owl over the hill is tuning up his horn.  
 Day at last has ended, twilight's at its close,  
 And tired out with watching, I seek for some repose.

## THE LITTLE PATH

When a little girl, and my play was done, I'd follow a little path that  
 led toward the sun;  
 Through the pasture gate where the cattle come and go, through the or-  
 chard where the ripe sweet apples grow.  
 The little path I followed went over a little hill and with my feet  
 buried in cool gray dust, it made my heart to thrill;  
 Still the path I'd follow along its crooked trail past blackberry  
 briar and grape vines and poplars tall and hale.  
 Up and down over rock and rill the little path led on past heaps of  
 yellow flowers the color of the sun,  
 On through fields of ripening corn and ricks of yellowing hay, and cattle  
 lying in the sun or browsing by the way,  
 Over heaps of last year's leaves the wild things flee in fear, the whip-  
 poorwill begins to wail and darkness draws near --  
 The little path I've followed leads not anywhere, the end is lost com-  
 pletely in a patch of weeds and briar.

## IDLEERS

Why stand you idle all the day--  
 Is there nothing you can do  
 In the vast harvest field of God.  
 Where laborers are so few?  
 The stream of time rolls on,  
 And on its bowom we  
 Are hastening to the falls of time  
 And to eternity.



## C L O U D S

White fleecy clouds in tangled mass,  
 Like snowy mountains and icebergs grim,  
 As ships at sea they meet and pass,  
 Then float away distant and dim  
 To where the storm cloud's gathering fast.

Like the beautiful lie the mirage showed  
 Of castle walls and rocky cliffs  
 Or sheep that's gathered in the fold,  
 Then float away in scattered mist  
 To where the storm clouds take their toll.

From whence to they come and whither go,  
 From mossy bogs far distant lying,  
 Then drift across great hills of snow  
 Where skies are blue and stars are shining  
 To settle on some stormy shore.

## A S O L I L O Q U Y

In the twilight of my three score years and ten,  
 Close to the shore of eternity I stand,  
 With no blighted hopes, or mournful wailings  
 For things that might have been.

Peaceful and content am I,  
 Breathing the fragrance of the wooded hills,  
 For surely I know  
 That I must reap what I have sown.

Some sorrows and some joys  
 Have in my life had a part  
 God grant there be no cowardly fears  
 While I am waiting to embark.

My bark is floating down the stream  
 Of lengthening time,  
 There is a hand upon the helm  
 Stronger than mine.

It holds me when afflictions come  
 That I may not faint,  
 And if it's rough, it will not be long,  
 And I can wait.

And when it's over,  
 He'll take me by the hand  
 And lead me safely into port  
 Of that heavenly land.

## T H E   O L D   R O A D

An old deserted highway may be seen as it comes zigzag from  
among the hills,  
Once echoed to a thousand feet that are now hushed and still.  
Grand forest trees, tall and green, along the wayside stand,  
Wild flowers sweet may be seen growing thick on either hand.  
The setting sun most every day shines on its storm-washed  
walls,  
The night birds flit over the way as darkness softly falls,  
The fox and coon step softly over the yellow dusty clay,  
Scenting, sniffing falling dew as they slip silently away.  
'Tis said by some here before, when storm clouds gather over-  
head,  
That something travels the old road without a sound or tread.

## A N   O L D   R A I L   F E N C E

Where bushes grow thick and shadows dense, along the string  
of an old rail fence,  
Where the fields are green and the hills are steep, the  
hollows below are dark and deep,  
And grand forest trees in lordly pride cast long slim shadows  
over pastures wide,  
Where unmowed grass grows long and slank and alder bushes  
make western flank,  
This old rail fence, as you may see, is covered with limbs  
from nearby trees,  
Scattered and crossed, every one lies rotting in the autumn  
sun;  
While over and under and in-between the rusty lizard may be  
seen,  
And frisky grey squirrels with bushy tails scamper over the  
fallen rails.  
Once upon a time to me it happed to sit and watch the open  
gap,  
Perched on the fence then ten rails high, cattle, horses, or  
hogs to spy.  
It's fallen now, but it's the same old fence--but where now  
lies its strong defence?  
Now as I view the scattered rails and see its broken zigzag  
trail  
In bushes and briars hidden away, I know that all things must  
decay.  
(These lines are suggested by the memory of an old fence I  
used to see at the old home.

## W I N T E R ' S    H E R E

Behold, the winter days are here,  
 The woods and fields look brown and drear,  
 And of the summer's beauty, not a trace,  
 Not a note can be heard  
 From the summer singing birds,  
 Or a glimpse of a wild flower's face.

All of the summer charms have perished,  
 And the flowers we most cherished  
 Lie in a dead and withered heap.  
 Most of the birds we love have flown,  
 None but those we call our own  
 Can we keep.

Bleak winter days are coming on,  
 And we hear the dying song  
 Of the insect in the withered grass.  
 But hopes of joys in coming days  
 Will our patience somewhat allay  
 Till the winter's passed.

## W I N T E R    W E A T H E R

The dreariest season of the year,  
 In all its ugliness, is here.  
 The roads, the fields, a muddy slop,  
 Then down below, the mercury drops.

The sun stays hidden behind the clouds,  
 The shivering stock 'neath shelter crowds,  
 The horses whinny and the cattle low,  
 Fields are covered with ice and snow.

We count the days 'til winter's gone,  
 The groundhog wakes and begins to yawn.  
 He's been dreaming of his furry chums,  
 But rises up, and out he comes.

He looks around with eyes spread wide,  
 And seeing his shadow by his side,  
 Looks long at it before he said,  
 "If that's my mate, I'll never wed."  
 With that ugly thing," and then he fled  
 Back in his hole for six weeks we know.  
 The thermometer drops, and it begins to snow.

## S O M E   T H I N G S   W E   S E E

We see the rising sun, and a sky of every tint and hue,  
We see wooded hills, green meadows, fields, and valleys,  
Pretty birds, blooming flowers, and gay butterflies,  
Happy homes, grand churches, and fine school buildings.

## W H A T   C A N   Y O U   H E A R ?

We hear the roaring of the storm, thunder crashing, winds whistling,  
And the deafening roar of the rain, then the shrill cry of a tree toad,  
Hens cackling, peacocks screaming, and the voice of loved ones all  
around.

## W H A T   D O   I   C A R E   F O R ?

I care for life, for friends, and for all of God's creatures,  
I care for our church, our homes, and the Christian spirit in our  
land,  
I care for our schools, for the training of the rising generation, the  
welfare of our country and community,  
I care for Nature in all its forms, the grand forest, its mighty flowing  
rivers, and the small grass growing along the highway of life.

## W H A T   I   L O V E

I love the hope that never dies, of joys we look for beyond the skies,  
I love to hear the cattle low and watch the farmers plow and sow,  
I love the joys of simple things, like birds and bees on the wing,  
And beautiful flowers one and all, blooming hollyhock slender and tall.  
I love to see the morning glow and feel the breezes softly blow,  
I cannot tell which I love best--the spring birds building their home  
nest,  
Or in the early golden fall, the bob-white whistling his sweet call.  
I love the beautiful and grand, to help the needy if I can.  
I love a good man and the thought of all the good that he has wrought.  
With all of life's strong vigor gone, I love to see the morning dawn,  
May aged shadows in my eyes dim not the beauty of a sunrise.  
And when I watch the sunset glow, I know that I too soon must go,  
And like the sun set in the west, lie down as peacefully to rest.

## H I L L S

If life seems sad and difficult, just face it with a will,  
For others sure have gone before, and God is with us still.  
Press on with zeal toward the end, with faith and love sublime,  
And think no more about the hill that you may never climb.

## T H E   L E A D E R

I wonder how The Leader  
can know so many things.  
Over all the state and county  
its local items ring.

it knows of all the weddings  
And the new babies too,  
Where to find the best beefsteak,  
To buy the cheapest shoe.

From every correspondent  
the news keeps coming on,  
Of people that are visiting,  
Those that have come and gone.

the Pictorial Edition  
That makes so nice a show,  
That Democratic rooster  
Just bursting for a crow.

There's all those little Leaders,  
We get from them extra gain,  
Farm notes and tax warnings,  
When to catch a train.

Farms for sale and farms to let,  
News of the world and so  
There isn't a thing of interest  
That the Leader doesn't know.

It is our daily reference,  
All things in it we find,  
It tells us where to spend our dollar,  
Where to save our dime.

It's got a hustling editor,  
The fact is very clear  
The paper is more interesting  
And we find it everywhere.

If you call upon a neighbor,  
An hour to beguile,  
On every chair and sofa  
There's The Leader in a pile.

For the people can't do without it,  
But where to find the room,  
To put next Friday's issue,  
For The Leader's on a boom.

# NOTES OF SUMMER

Flowers with sweetest fragrance are blooming everywhere;  
 Birds with bright, gay plumage flitting through the air;  
 Martins around the home box, see them wheel and dive,  
 For summer time has come again, and everything's alive.

Hillsides robed in beauty, more than can be told;  
 Woodlands filled with music, full as they can hold;  
 Butterflies are on the wing, see them dive and dart;  
 Oh, the joy of summer time, just to have a part.

Decked with ferns and flowers, every little rill;  
 Full of sparkling water, drink whoever will;  
 Wine of nature's vintage, how it cheers the heart;  
 Oh, it's good in summer, just to have a part.

In the time of summer, nothing can go wrong;  
 Every sigh of sorrow is echoed with a song.  
 Cast your grief behind you, have not a single care,  
 For 'tis sweet in summer time--just to have a share.

Blue skies arch above with stars that twinkle so;  
 Fireflies by the hundreds, they make the darkness glow;  
 Whippoorwills are wailing, owls hoot over the hill.  
 Oh, 'tis good in summer time just to have your fill.

# NOTES OF SPRING

O beautiful Spring, shining through all the day,  
 Then twilight's shadows cover field and lane.  
 It shines on the winter's frost; it melts away  
 And brings back to earth the leaf and flower again.

O beautiful Spring, how it shines in my heart  
 And heals my sorrows and soothes my pain,  
 Causing my sluggish thoughts to start,  
 And brings to me the throbs of youth again.

O beautiful Spring, new life, new hope you bring,  
 Filling the earth with thy joyful strain.  
 Over hills and valleys, sweet music rings  
 And earth with beauty blooms again.

CHRISTMAS MORN  
1933

Junior Hooks came in to breakfast late on Christmas morn,  
His Father said to him, "My son, what kept you out so long?"  
"Oh, Daddy, I will tell you, for Oh it is such fun,  
Only see what Santa Claus brought me--behold it is a gun.  
And I've been out a'hunting where the weeds and brush grow tall,  
And I had a snow bird sighted when I heard my mother call.  
So I came in by Anna Fay's bed, I stopped to take a look  
To see what Santa Claus brought her. It was a picture book.  
And close beside the picture book there was a doll alive,  
With the cutest little hands and feet, and sweet blue sleepy eyes.  
Then I began to look around to see if I could find  
A knife I asked Santa Claus to bring me--see here, and it is mine.  
Yes, Sir, we'll be careful with them; of course you need not fear.  
We'll take them to our little room and keep them most a year."

To F. L. Hooks, Jr. and Anna Fay  
From their Grandmother  
Malinda Cunningham Hooks  
On her 80th birthday

## THE OLD PLANTATION

Now I am going to tell you about a garden I made when I was a little bare-footed girl at home with Daddy and Mamma. It was a beautiful day in early spring, the sun shone bright, the birds sang, the hens cackled while the south wind came softly over hills and fields. And everything was pulsing with activity in the home. Even the frogs in the pond were celebrating the bright spring morning with their cheerful thrills.

It was mating time with the geese, and an old milk-white gander was keeping up an incessant warfare with everything that came near. Now there was an old peacock who, like old satan, was always looking around for meanness to do. Came too near the old gander and there ensued such a fight as was good to see.

Now I had ridden Daddy's horse to the field that morning, stopping to let it drink at the pond, holding fast to the mane to keep from falling off down into the blue depth below. Now on my way back from the field, I fell in with the angry old gander and was disgracefully routed.

Feeling pretty sure that the porch had not been swept that morning, I skirted around the house and went to a swing nearby on a hill. After swinging for some time, I concluded to make myself a garden. Daddy had given me a fence corner close by where he planted peach seeds.

It was a nice garden, I tell you true,  
That in that rich fence corner grew.  
With sweat and toil, I turned the sod,  
Then planted tansy and golden rod.  
Though it didn't smell sweet, I planted rue,  
Lady's slipper and sweet Williams too,  
Blue and pink larkspurs, and four o'clocks--  
I planted where the fence rails lock.  
Some other plants, can't remember them all,  
Then a row of hollyhocks slender and tall.



Now Daddy said when he saw it, it just beat the world  
And that I was his smartest little tomboy girl.  
So my garden was finished, for Daddy said so,  
And I followed him off and left it to grow.  
Work or play was renewed at my will  
As the sun came shining over the hill.  
So I'd climb trees, and I'd whistle--O, but then  
They'd say no good would come to a crowing hen.  
I knew not what they meant nor did I care,  
I had all I wanted and nothing to fear.  
Joying and laughing, anger and strife,  
Made a portion of my life.  
Love and gladness, don't you see,  
Formed the other part of me.  
It was there old bob-white called so sweet  
And without asking he would repeat.  
It was there I first heard the tree frog's trill,  
The hoot of the owl and the whip-poor-will.  
It was in our midsts death came one day,  
Gathered a sweet flower, then went away.  
Time and in season we never forgot  
The pumpking devil at the lot.  
I can still remember the creepy chill  
Of the first one I ever saw glow on the hill.  
At the pond in damp weather, the jack-o-lantern blinked--  
That old Scratch was coming, you'd be sure to think.  
It was there the sweetest joys came  
Bringing love's undying flame.  
When the sun sank down behind the hill,  
And shadows in the house grew chill,  
Then the dearest dear old fireplace--  
We'd gather round it face to face  
And watch the flames that leaped and glowed,  
Drive the shadows out at the door.  
Now of that fire, there remains not an ember.  
Still there's a warmth to one that remembers.

## A SERPENT AND A DOVE

In twilight's shades I wandered, without a thought of fear,  
 In a shady nook I sat me down; no one else was near;  
 But, hark, I hear a voice I love—I looked and lo, it was a dove;  
 In pleading tones she seemed to say, "This monster's carrying me away."  
 I sat quite still in great surprise, as a rusty snake to her replied,  
 "I've found your hiding place at last, and you are now in my grasp."  
 Scream after scream rent the air—I could not speak, I could not stir,  
 Could only pray as we have read, God send someone to bruise his head.  
 Her frantic efforts to escape only increased his anger,  
 And tighter and tighter, the monster snake drew his hateful coils.  
 around her.

So when quite sure she was secure, he stopped to think of what she said,  
 And on her, gently downy breast, he laid his ugly rusty head.  
 This added to the poor dove's fear, to feel his hateful presence near,  
 But all in vain he still held on, without delay we must be gone,  
 Then turning round in triumph gay, the dove arose and flew away.  
 In careless haste he lost his grasp, the dove has escaped at last.  
 Now I will stop, for pity's sake, comparing you to a rusty snake;  
 Be this false, or be it true, I know the one that rose and flew.

(This poem was made in 1870 on a wager. Sister Lydia, Cader Barnes and myself were the parties. Lydia's subject was an eagle and a swan, mine a serpent and a dove. Cader would never show his poem, laughed at us both, asked me where I found my poem, the beast.)

## WILD BIRDS

A visit to where the wild birds live  
 In a lovely shady lane--  
 Now if you visit there a while,  
 You'll want to go back again,  
 Where songbirds flit from bush to tree,  
 And lovely flowers grow,  
 And frogs are trilling merrily  
 Down in the bog below.

It's there you'll see the squirrels at play  
 And hear them bark and scold--  
 It makes me think I'm a kid again  
 And never have grown old.

Go to that lane and sit you down  
 And listen for awhile,  
 And when you are old and cannot hear,  
 Just think of it and smile.

(The old Orsband Lane—I used to love to pass through it and listen to the different birds' songs, and I'm smiling now.)

## THE OLD TRAMP

Oft times I've wondered what has become of the old tramp that was so common throughout the country when I was a child.

Scarce a week would pass without one or more of these gentlemen peddlers calling at the gate or kitchen door for a handout. Mother scarcely ever handed out anything to them, but would bring them in the clean, cool old kitchen and add a glass of buttermilk or a gourd of cool water to their lunch. Where were they going and where did they come from were great puzzles to me, and when I'd ask Mother, she'd say, "I don't know, I only know they are God's creatures and I must feed them if I can.

Daddy said he could never have two pairs of pants at one time, for as soon as he got his legs out of a pair, Mamma would give them to the next tramp that came by; said they were trifling good-for-nothing trollops and should be made to work. Still he never opposed Mother in what she did for them. Sometimes he'd laugh at her when she'd get left. Some of them would have something to sell, but most were tramps and beggars from one plantation to another.

Thinking of them in later life, I've come to the conclusion they must have been of some benefit to the people--breaking the monotony of the community where there was scarce a newspaper to be found. They brought news from the distant towns to the stay-at-home farmers, sang songs and told riddles to us children, and some of the most wonderful boat tales you ever heard. Some of them were fluent talkers and very interesting in their talk. No difference, Mother fed and lodged them as they called. Mother always bedded them between home-woven sheets which

were boiled the next day. And ready for the next trifling, good-for-nothing scamp that come along, Bell would say, who always had that job to perform.

Well, they are all gone now, gone with the wheel and cards, the noisy old loom, the ox cart, the tallow dip. Gone are the armies of tramps that used to pass me when I was a child.

Alone in the gathering darkness he wanders his  
weary way,  
Hungry and in need of rest, he's traveled all  
the day.  
Before the day had vanished in the arms of gray  
twilight,  
He'd been earnestly seeking home for a single  
night.  
Sometimes he'd lie in the dim star light, then  
in shadows black,  
And groan with hate at such a hard fate, but  
something would call him back.  
He'd shoulder his pack upon his back when the  
night began to turn gray,  
And without an aim, hungry and lame, he'd be  
off for another day.

## G R A N D M O T H E R ' S   S T O R Y

Grandmother, tell us a story please, about when Daddy was little and sat  
on your knees,

Tell us please, begged another one, about the time when you were young.  
So, in the fading light, with folded hands, Grandmother smiled and thus  
began.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, I reached this country some life to  
see,

And in eighteen hundred and seventy-two, I'd lived a happy childhood  
through

And started out to win the game and thus achieve undying fame.

A gentleman I chanced to see, of all the world best suited to me,

So in seventy-three we took up the yoke of matrimony--it was no joke.

We shook hands with many friends, boys and girls, women and men,

Gladly receiving their wishes best of holding out in the future test.

Then we started on life's campaign, both riches and honor to gain.

So we both tried to do our best and trusted the Lord to do the rest,

We tried to do the things worth while and to meet the future with a smile.

Now we worked hard, dreamed in our sleep that down life's trail both  
rough and steep

We'd pick up gold for us to use and leave the world what we refused.

No idling, now, no sluggard's sleep, from honest toil our hands to keep,

No shrinking from the desperate fight, no thought of yielding or of flight.

Some disappointments, I should say, we met them all along the way,

But after they were understood, the things that came to us were good.

Most everything along the line, I tell you true, were fit and fine,

We never found a load of care that was too much for us to bear.

Sometimes, most everything went wrong, next day we'd sing a cheerful  
song.

Sometimes we'd make a master stroke as we came on together yoked.

At times with weariness oppressed, we'd stop to take a moment's rest,

And to the column we would add and find we'd had more good than bad.

Our children and our fireside were to us the whole world wide.

A few more years by toil oppressed and we'll have entered in to rest,

Finished the work that life had begun, the battle fought and victory won.

## M Y   F A T H E R ' S   P E O P L E

My father's people were very plain folk,

Not much for show indeed,

They made of their work a kind of joke,

Always went forward, but not with speed.

Some of them chewed and some of them smoked,

Rode fine horses when the need,

Wore homemade pants and homemade coats,

And all stood pat for the same old creed.

For fashion's demands they took no heed,

Drank old rye with graceful ease,

To them it was no harm indeed,

They were very plain folk not hard to please.

# SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

As I sat resting late one evening watching the sunset glow, I  
heard someone singing an old song I used to hear the darkies sing when  
I was a little girl at home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low--  
It filled my mind with visions of a time long ago,  
Causing my thoughts to follow on and on  
To the place where I first heard the song  
Before a cabin door.

If you get there before I do, she sang so sweet and low--  
I think I see the lightning bugs in the darkness glow,  
And the dear old darky sitting in the cabin door,  
Softly singing, "Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low."

I can hear her foot softly keeping time,  
While I follow on and on, trying to find  
The dear old lowly friend I loved so long ago,  
Rocking and singing, Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,  
That chariot coming after me--  
I hear the old chair screeching, as she rocks to and fro,  
I hear old Lep barking, I hear old Pidie low,  
And see the little darkies asleep on the cabin floor.

And the candle light shining through the cabin door  
Shines across seventy years, and past and present meet;  
I cannot stop the falling tears, I hang my head and weep.  
The song has ceased, the vision is no more,  
And time has hidden from my eyes the dear old kitchen door.  
The singer's gone, the night winds sigh and moan,  
The chariot's swung low at last and carried the singer home.

## A MAXIM

Here is something worth a test--  
Always give and do your best.  
In everything, use common sense,  
Whether plowing, hoeing, or building a fence.  
Do what you think best, regardless of sneers,  
One thing well done is worth a bushel of cheers.  
Never give up and retreat in dismay,  
For it takes hard licks to make our way.  
Life is no frolic, I've found this to be true,  
And there are very few people that hold the same  
view.

## A V I S I T T O T R I G G F U R N A C E

On the following Sunday after our visit to Fort Donelson, Floyd carried us to Trigg Furnace, the oldest settlement of the Cunninghams in Trigg County. How I wish that I could weave the actual truths and splendid traditions of that brave old pioneer into a beautiful romance. As that cannot be, I will tell you of my visit there.

We soon ran from Hopkinsville down to the old place and began looking around. This place used to be the stamping ground of my girlhood, but there is scarcely a land mark left to remind me of those happy days.

The old storehouse still stands and tradition says it is the exact spot Grandfather built his first cabin. On the steps of the store, Floyd made the picture of his children and myself. Some enterprising company was blasting the furnace to get the brick. After prowling all over, through and around the demolished old furnace where Floyd made some more pictures, by now the children had my lap and hands full of souvenirs of rocks and small pieces of iron. And we had seen all there was to see.

We then went to the spring that flows clear, cool and sweet from under one of the many grand old hills that surround the place. Here we drank long and deep of the clear cool waters from the old family spring. Then filling our water jar from the spring, we climbed the hill to one of the oldest graveyards in Trigg County. Here is where our first people are buried. After looking at the tombs, trying to read the names of the ones buried there long since grown grey with age, Ileen and Floyd swept the leaves from a green grassy knoll and spread our

dinner which was splendid and consisted of pies, cake, pickles, country sausage, sandwiches, and fruits of different kinds. After eating and drinking to our fill, we sat resting on the grand old hill where we had a fine view of the aged old settlement.

After resting and seeing all there was to see, we continued our way toward the foothills of the Cumberland River where I was born and reared. We soon came to Uncle Mick Cunningham's old home, and as I passed it, the floodgates of memory spread wide, and I could see joys past and gone forever.

We continued on down Dyers Creek to where the school house used to stand where I learned my a-b-c's and played beneath the wide-spreading trees that grew all around. And the dear old creek--what has become of it?--a bed of gravel and a corn field is all that remains of a once lovely place. (And I feel like Bob Taylor, when in the middle of life he viewed his swimming hole, said it looked like the face of a dead friend and he never wanted to see it again.)

The sugar grove, we passed it where we used to celebrate our big barbecues, and on by the Hendrick Orchard, famous in my school days. Down through haunted hollow to the old home place--Here, too, things are all changed.

I've come back to the old home place  
Where in childhood I used to roam.  
My eyes are filled with briny tears  
But my heart sings "Home, Sweet Home."

The rock hills look natural still,  
And the green fields lying below  
While the sun shines--Praises to the One  
From whom all blessings flow.



'Tis with dim eyes each path I trace  
 And note the victory time has won.  
 All that I loved has passed and gone--  
 But let God's will on earth be done.

Gone from the hill the wild grapevine,  
 With purple clusters hung,  
 That furnished us a swing and ridy horse  
 When you and I were young.

There's the place where the Negro cabin stood,  
 But they stand there no more,  
 Nor the good old darkies that used to sing  
 "Sing low, sweet chariot, swing low."

We could not find the deep dark well  
 With its curbing old and worn,  
 But I know it's there beneath a green elm  
 In my old Kentucky home.

There's where I used to hear old bob-white call,  
 My dearest feathered friend.  
 I wonder if he'd be glad to know  
 That I'd come back again.

I climbed the hill where some loved ones sleep,  
 With the tears all wiped from my eyes.  
 Close to the faith of their God I still keep  
 That the circle be unbroken in the skies.

We did not see the old brewer spring--  
 It lay too far from our way.  
 There the lifeline was thrown, with hands quick and strong,  
 When I was drifting away.

° When my life's sun has set, in the cool shady west,  
 And my last battles fought, with no renown,  
 And the trumpet shall sound and I answer, "Here,"  
 Will there be any stars in my crown?

G O I N G   A ' F I S H I N G

Black the fields of early plowing,  
Greening meadows lying near,  
Lovely daisies make a showing  
Where the snow crusts disappear.

Winter's gone, its very coldest,  
Snow and sleet, sleet and snow,  
We had to go through all the blizzards,  
Now a'fishing we will go.

Away across the greening valley,  
And the gushing little rills,  
To the muddy swollen river  
Just beyond the nearest hill.

Through the woodland and briars,  
And the roads now very plain,  
We come out upon the river  
And go a'fishing in the rain.

P I G - G O O - E E

There is a memory that comes from out the past  
That echoes to my heart so dear,  
Of dear old Daddy calling hogs  
In accents sweet and clear.

I've heard the birds singing  
Their love songs to their mates,  
I've heard the barnyard music  
Both early and late;

But the music I best love to hear,  
The echoes bring to me  
Of Daddy's voice sweet and clear  
Calling, "Pig-goo-ee."

Time rolls on and the wonderful phonograph--  
We listen to famed artists sing  
Grand music, but alas,  
The sweetest music borne to me  
Is Daddy's voice sweet and clear  
Calling, "Pig-goo-ee."

## T H E   B I G   H I L L

I'm off to the land of youthful dreams, heart deep  
in memory's thrill,  
Where, in bygone days, we had jolly times, on top  
of a big old hill.  
It's a hill that you'd remember, it is so steep  
and high  
I used to think, when climbing it, it reached up  
to the sky.  
On top there is the prettiest place anywhere  
around,  
And when we'd holler in our play, the echoes would  
resound.

Sometimes the neighbor children would come a day  
to fill,  
Then for a day of pleasure--riding down the big  
old hill.  
Two ash hopper boards nailed together served us  
for a slide,  
Then helter-skelter we were off for a jolly ride.  
Swift as an arrow, of fleet-winged sparrow,  
Guiding our sled with care,  
We'd land with a scramble in buck-bush and bramble,  
With our heels sticking up in the air.

Up the hillside we'd toil with zeal, stopping a  
moment to rest,  
Shouting with laughter, peal after peal, we'd  
reach its high top with a zest.  
Where are the ones that played that day?  
Time has swept them all away.  
Gone, gone--and the big old hill is still standing  
there--  
But where is the thrill!

## F O R T     D O N E L S O N

In the beautiful month of October, I was visiting F. L. Hooks and family at Hopkinsville, Ky. Knowing I had never had any opportunity for visiting, they planned a trip for me to the old battle field at Fort Donelson.

Ileen prepared a nice lunch for the day to be eaten on the old battlefield. Now can you imagine our disappointment on finding it raining on the morning of our intended trip. Floyd and Ileen kept our spirits from lagging by telling us it would soon stop raining, and by 9:30 we were on our way to the old fort.

The roads were fine, the car was spacious, and as comfortable as a parlor, and oh, the thrill of a long car ride through the fine country! We passed many lovely-looking homes surrounded with late-blooming flowers, green pastures with droves of cattle, hogs, sheep and horses grazing in every one. On our way we passed through many villages, the names of them I have forgotten.

We saw several thousand acres of heavy timbered land in a swamp dark and gloomy in the distance. After passing the state line, which Floyd pointed out to me, we found some of the roughest country I ever saw, with not a sign of habitation or human being to break the monotony of the hills and hollows.

All the time we were traveling a beautiful road running on a ridge dividing hollows so deep you could almost break a limb from the top of the trees growing at the bottom. On and on we went, curve after curve we swept around until we came to some better country.

Here Floyd made a detour of some three or four miles to show me Big Rock, Tenn. The village was small and scattered, the big rock was its only interesting feature. Grey, rugged and alone it stood. After viewing it for some time we passed on the end of our journey. Crossing Cumberland River at Dover, we were soon at the end of our journey, where one of the hardest fought battles of the age was fought.

Almost a lifetime has passed since that dark and desperate day I was a small school girl and was sent home from school because of the cannon's roar. We found our mother's face bathed with tears, for she had brothers in the war and she knew not where they were. Boom, boom, boom, all day and for three days and nights the fight went on.

The breast-high ditches were plain to be seen where the brave men made their last desperate struggle. All was overgrown with bush and briars. We selected some gravel as souvenirs, then passed on to the cemetery, a beautiful green hill bathed in the evening sun.

We entered through a big iron gate hung between two large cannons painted black. The graves lay in long sweeping curves, with small white stones at the head of each grave telling the name of the soldier and date of death and name of state from which he came.

Calm the hill where the dead soldiers lie--  
Once veiled in clouds of battle smoke,  
Cannons like thunder crashing far and nigh,  
And swords, flashing like lightning stroke after stroke.  
Courageous they fought, and unafraid  
Strewed the hills and hollows with the dying and the dead,  
While all over the country mothers wept and prayed  
And countless stars shone overhead.  
Night and day, in storm, in calm, the flag, Old Glory,  
Floats over the hill on which they lie  
In bullet-pierced, shell-torn shrouds, all gory.  
Let a nation uncover as it passes by.  
We leave your dust in peace beneath forest trees and grass,  
Fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, all.  
Cumberland River softly whispers as it flows past,  
And golden October leaves cover like a pall.

## R E C O L L E C T I O N S

One day in late June, Kate and I went to an old field to gather blackberries. In wandering here and there, we came to the old Orsband Place, Oh, how sad to view the deserted home place of dear departed friends. We stood looking at the havoc time had made and my thoughts went back to the good times I had enjoyed there.

We stood by the grave of a three-month bride. One of the boys, Kossie Orsband, married in Calloway County, <sup>LINDA WILTON</sup> brought his bride home to visit his people. She sickened and died and was buried there. Then <sup>D.R.</sup> William Orsband came on a visit and buried a little son while there.

Now that's the only sad things I ever knew to happen to the family. They were the jolliest people and the friendliest. I was reared close and intimate ly with them, and loved them like brothers.

I wish I could describe the cool clean shady place as it was when I was a child, some forest trees growing here and there, the green grassy yard sloping down to a big spring that flowed from under the hill on which the house stood. Its clear cool waters flowed over white gravel, and always in summer there were kept a brick red crock of golden butter and pitchers of milk and jugs of sparkling cider.

The orchard was loaded with big yellow sweet apples and cat head apples so ripe and mellow they'd burst open in falling to the ground. And closeby under a wide-spreading tree stood a cider press filled with fresh pumice, streaming sweet cider, and always a tin cup sitting by for anybody to help himself. There was sunshine, and birds, and ever and anon, the soft thud of a big apple. Birds filled the air with song as they flew from tree to tree, tipsy from the juicy apples. Hornets, wasps, yellow jackets fought, tumbling over one another, and countless

honeybees sucked away like old toppers.

Now the Orsbands were our closest neighbors and good friends, and when I was a small girl, I stayed quite a lot of time with Mrs. Orsband. She'd come over on Saturday evening and say, "Sister Cunningham, I've come over to get Malinda to come home with me and stay all night, and tell Miles and me a novel tale. Can she go?"

"Yes, yes, she can go."

So I'd be delighted and help Mrs. Orsband do up the night work, follow her to the spring for the milk and butter for supper, and after everything was made tidy and neat, there would follow one of Jane <sup>JIMMIE AND PIMP IN FROM FEEDING STOCK</sup> Holmes' stories, or an Indian raid, or something I had read in some book or magazine.

I oft times wonder if I will ever see them again, those friends, on this side of the Jordan of death. How glad I shall be to meet them over there.

#### The Old Orsband Home Place

It looks like a century-old bird's nest,  
After the birds have flown to other climes,  
With its broken doors and sagging roof  
Overrun with creeping vines.  
It's almost hidden by rank-growing weeds  
Fed by the summer's rain,  
While the water drips through the rotting roof  
Like someone sobbing in pain.  
Gray shadows gathered and filled  
The rooms and every familiar place,  
Where once the sunshine lit up  
A dear friend's face.  
While we harken to echoes of laughter and singing,  
And whispered messages by memory winging,  
Alone it stands in ruins.  
We leave it without hope of repair,  
With fallen chimney and broken hearth  
And ashes of a long-since dead fire.

## T H E   O L D   M A N   S A I D

Girls of 'seventy were most attractive,  
In out-door work or sports they took delight,  
Could chop and hoe, were strong and active,  
And to all gentler graces they claimed a right.

They could heel and toe old country dances,  
But as a fule were neither pert nor bold,  
Loved the boys, and gave them sweet shy glances,  
Helpful with the little ones, and kind to the old.

Very few of them knew anything about Latin  
But could harness up and drive a team,  
Never owned a dress made of silk or satin  
Nor counted the plain dress cheap or mean.

They could entertain in a very graceful manner,  
Could cook and serve a meal when the need occurred,  
Talked without a blush or stammer  
And never stooped to slander or to slur.

They rode horseback , there were very few buggies,  
Without split skirts or boyish habits,  
Had lots of friends but held no malice or grudges,  
And all the boys loved them and could not halp it.

## T H E   O L D   Y E A R

The sun went down and twilight gray  
Wrapped valleys, fields and hills,  
While all around and over the way  
Man and beast were hushed and still.  
And in the silence one could hear  
The old clock strike twelve--the grand  
    old year,  
With records balanced to a mark,  
Slipped quietly off in the dark.

## T H E   N E W   Y E A R

Between the hours of midnight and dawn  
The new year came to birth;  
Quietly, in its untried strength,  
It holds a draught for all to drink  
Of deeds to do, or courage and might,  
Of conquest great, of honor bright.  
Now in this glad chance and year,  
What shall we do--when--and where?



## L O O K I N G   B A C K W A R D

It was a night in late February, the air was soft and balmy, the clouds gray and lowering. Maybe we will not have any more cold, bad winter, and will have an early spring! But alas for weather prophets and forecasts, on awakening the next morning, we find the earth completely hidden by a twelve-inch snow. How silent it lay on the hills, on the trees, on the housetops. How silent the world! And as far as the eye could see, there was no sight or sound of any living thing. The earth seemed clad in weeding garments of spotless white, making old Cumberland look black and sullen in the distance.

Now there was always a glad thrill in a snow for me, and the feeling seems to have spread. Now, hark to the shouts and the glad cry of the children as they come with their sleds and are gathering in force for a frolic in the snow! As I stand watching them from my window, the voice of my heart is:

Where are the backward paths  
To childhood meadows green?  
I will seek its joys again  
Though on a staff I lean.

Oh, happy childhood hours,  
Unmarred by care or gloom,  
I'll lay this fragrant flower  
Upon thy tomb.

## A TWILIGHT HOUR

It was very late in the afternoon, the work was done for the day. The sun had set in the cool shady west and every nook and corner was lit up with a rosy glow. We had carried our chairs to the front yard, to sit beneath the trees and watch the dying of the day and listen to the night sounds. Our faithful old dog and constant companion would almost always follow and with a contented dog sigh, lie down at our feet.

Now a flock of crows came flapping by,  
 Horse and cattle came the homeward trail,  
 Over our heads the big-faced moon looked pale,  
 And overhead numerous bats were circling high.  
 Now comes the old owl, teehoo, teehoo, from the  
 solitude,  
 And cheerful katy-dids awaken the silent woods.  
 Now the evening star lights up the western sky,  
 Crickets in the grass are chirping nearby,  
 Our faithful dog still slumbers at our feet,  
 The stars come out one by one, and darkness  
 comes on.

## THE OLD GRAY OWL

The sun has sunk its golden head  
 Beneath the storm cloud dark and dread.  
 Over the hilltops day is dying;  
 Bats are wheeling, circling, flying,  
 When out from the shadows an old gray owl  
 Through the darkneww flits away with a howl,  
 To seek a perch on some green tree,  
 There to whoop out his song and laugh in his glee.  
 Birds of evil omen--bats and owls,  
 Through the darkness flit and prowls,  
 So in midnight's darkest hour  
 Witches and wizards work their power.  
 Deep in the silence of the woods  
 Where the old owl as sentinel stood,  
 Safely hidden on his perch,  
 He whoops and hoots while the witches work.  
 Jolly old owl! Holler your fill!  
 Wake the echoes over the hills.  
 He stops not for food, nor cares he for slumber,  
 But watches the storms in big-eyed wonder.  
 And whoops the hours of darkness through,  
 Till day shall dawn and shine a-new.

## D R E A M I N G

I dreamed of the old home far away, where the skies are blue above,  
and the earth below is green. Where peace dwells forever in the quiet  
vales and contentment sings among the hills.

Oh, the dreamy dells and the sunlit hills of my old home among Trigg  
County hills.

I dreamed of the sturdy brother with sun-browned hands and brawny arms,  
gear his horses in the morning and ride to the fields; mingling his  
merry whistle with the jingle of trace chains and the voice of the  
waking world.

I am dreaming yet, with lashes wet, of the hills and the flowery lea,  
Where I used to play through the long, long day in the shade of the old  
home tree.

I have wandered away to our other home, and the joys of youth are passed;  
Loved ones are gone, but the home trees stand unharassed by the winter  
blast.

In them the birds sing in the months of Spring, in my dream the place  
I see;

And I long for the shade where the catbird made her nest in the old  
home tree.

Time rolls on and takes its toll from my heart of song and mirth,  
And in the years, as I grow old, I shrink from the cares of earth.

And merry days in dreams I stray to the home as it was to me,  
And my heart grows sad and I vainly wish for a rest beneath the old  
home tree.

## N O T E S   O F   S P R I N G

O beautiful Spring, shining through all the day,  
Then twilight's shadows cover field and lane.  
It shines on the winter's frost, it melts away  
And brings back to earth the leaf and flower again.  
O beautiful Spring, how it shines in my heart,  
And heals my sorrows and soothes my pain,  
Causing my sluggish thoughts to start,  
And brings to me the throbs of youth again.  
O beautiful Spring, new life, new hope you bring,  
Filling the earth with thy joyful strain,  
Over hills and valleys, sweet music rings,  
And earth with beauty blooms again.

## S P R I N G

Spring has come with bright blue skies,  
 Making the flowers with dewey eyes.  
 The birds are singing their sweetest lay,  
 The brooks go babbling on their way  
 Seeking a broader life.

## S U M M E R

Summer like youth is soon passed over,  
 And nature dons her Summer glow  
 And passes on with even pace  
 Till she meets on the way  
 September face to face.

## A U T U M N

October and November, months of cheer,  
 Of falling nuts and ripening ear,  
 Both move on in stately grace  
 Till they lie stark and stiff  
 In winter's cold embrace.

## W I N T E R

Old age and winter both come on  
 With halting steps and howling storms.  
 The short days merge into night  
 To light us nevermore.  
 Oh, what can stay life's parting flight  
 Or bridge the distance over?

## W H E N   F R I E N D S   S A Y   F A R E W E L L

Farewell, my friend, and sad's the day that comes when we must part;  
 Once together we walked the way, now we must travel apart.  
 Mountains divide us and miles of land, dreary dark ranges and misty plain;  
 But a glad time's coming when, hand in hand, we'll walk the way together  
 again.

There'll be sorrow--I know there will--and sad repining all day long,  
 But hope is trying my heart to fill while night birds finish their slumber  
 song.  
 Over the hills the moonbeams glow, there's sweet perfume on the woodland  
 air,  
 At a cool sweet spring, in the hollow below, oft in my dreams I'll meet  
 you there.

Swift as time, old Cumberland flows on between green banks on either side;  
 'Tis there the wild folks sip their tole, then away through the darkness  
 glide.  
 Bright and twinkling the stars are hung over the place where sad hearts are,  
 Where nature babbles in an unknown tongue--in the spirit of love I'll meet  
 you there.

## I LOVE IT

A place where the wild birds sing in glee,  
 A cabin of sticks and clay--  
 There's a garden too, an honey bees,  
 And the sunshine lingers all the day.

'Tis there the green trees bend and bow,  
 Underneath the crickets sing,  
 Morning's a'glitter, and noon is a golden glow,  
 And night is a flutter of insect wings.

'Tis there always, night and day,  
 The wind goes whispering by the door,  
 Sometimes I listen, in the twilight gray--  
 I love it, I love it in my heart's deep core.

## I LOVE

I love the old home wreathed in vines,  
 The forest trees of every kind,  
 That grow in this old home of mine--  
     Happy Hollow.

I love the tiny wayside flowers,  
 The roses gay in gorgeous bowers,  
 And the rain in copious showers,  
     In Happy Hollow.

I love the grand old rocky hills,  
 The leaping running little rills,  
 And the storm that roars and thrills  
     Over Happy Hollow.

I love the dawning of the morn,  
 And the fields of growing corn,  
 The sounding of the dinner horn,  
     In Happy Hollow.

I love to see the farmers mow  
 Great fields of hay, row after row,  
 And the sun that warms and glows  
     Over Happy Hollow.

## BOB - WHITE CALLING

It was nearing sunset on a summer day, everything seemed to be sleeping. Not a leaf moved or a bird twittered, there was no sound except the low mutterings of distant thunder. While I sat dreaming in the sleepy silence, suddenly from out of the stillness came the call, Bob-white, and my heart beat audibly. Dear old feathered friend, never-to-be-forgotten joy of my childhood, in your call I hear the voice of sister, brother, and playmate, the sound of running brooks and falling rain. How few of you are left to cheer us now. Can something have happened to your mate? I can hear no answering call. Alas, it may be so. While I set my feet in backward paths, the call keeps coming on.

Oft I hear the bob-white calling when the gloaming's  
drawing nigh,  
And the flush of day is dying all along the western sky.  
And the dear old bob-white's whistle carries me back  
to childhood years  
Where I spent the glad days roaming, without a sorrow  
or a tear.  
Hark, I hear him calling, calling--how it carries me  
back today  
To the place of happy starting, over the long and weary  
way.  
And his call is so unchanging, just the same today as  
then,  
Though the stream of time has rippled many a weary mile  
between.  
In a happy home I'm seeing and listening from day to  
day  
To the dear old bob-white calling to his mate so far  
away.  
Oh, that we could as faithful be, as patient and as gay,  
As the bob-white, though he's longing for his mate so  
far away.

# MY SHADOW AND I

We wandered to the top of the hill,  
 My shadow and I,  
 Down where the old Cumberland lies deep and still,  
 My shadow and I,  
 Down where the breeze is whispering low,  
 Over the slope where the wild flowers grow,  
 We watch other shadows come and go,  
 My shadow and I.

While over our heads towering high,  
 The sun passes over us in the sky,  
 Passing on to another day,  
 And we are parted for aye and aye,  
 My shadow and I.

# FIFTY - ONE

The summer of my years has come,  
 Some of its rich ripe fruits I've won,  
 I've plucked youth's flower, I've lived love's rhyme,  
 Led gently by the hand of time.

Now I stand upon the top  
 Of life's steep hill, no time to stop;  
 With strength renewed and hope fulfilled,  
 I'll take my journey down life's hill.

The way has been rough, but did not seem long,  
 I've smoothed it with hope, and cheered it with song,  
 I've counted the milestones as I came on,  
 Up till now, just fifty-one.

# OH, BELOVED

Oh, Beloved, it is plain that never again,  
 This side of the Jordan of death,  
 Will I feel your strong arm clasping my form  
 Or pillow my head on your breast.  
 But, Darling, I'll wait at heaven's golden gate  
 And watch for your coming, my love,  
 And when you arrive, we'll walk side by side  
 Through the golden-paved streets of heaven above.  
 Now farewell, my love, till we meet up above  
 At the place appointed to wait.  
 Make haste and don't stay in the dark sinful way,  
 And keep me waiting for you at the gate.

(This poem was written in 1870.)

## T H E   O L D   F I E L D

It was a beautiful afternoon in late summer and I had wandered from home. In my wandering I came to an old field where there were many beautiful birds of bright plumage that came daily to feast upon the scattered grain left there. The hunters were there in great numbers with their triumphant shout and the continual pop-pop of their fire-arms--and the mad flight and useless flutter of the frightened birds, seeking safety from they knew not what. It is scarcely possible to describe the havoc made in one hour's sport by the lords of our land.

Now I had dreamed that man was the ideal of human greatness. So I cannot fathom the intoxicating secret that causes him to slay the gentle doves or the dear old bob-white. It is the beast that is in man, that thirst for blood, or the savage asserting itself. Now I beg to be allowed to enter a protest against the killing of our feathered friends. They are inmates of our fields and orchards, musicians and poets of our homes.

Now as I stood looking at a dead dove, twilight wrapped the old field in a soft, shadowy night robe. Then I heard a low wail, so like a human moan--Whoo-oo-oo.

### The Dead Dove

The sun behind the western hills  
And valleys green was sinking deep.  
The murmuring winds were hushed and still,  
And at my feet, lay a mangled heap.  
A dead dove lies with plumage torn and dull eyes,  
Herald of the spring, we never will  
Hear you sing your soft sweet  
Whoo-oo-oo.



Dove of peace, your downy breast  
 Is colored like the painter's dyes.  
 Nevermore will your swift wing press  
 Your graceful way between earth and sky.  
 Woe was the mystic way you moved  
 That brought you here to meet your death.  
 Herald of spring, dove of peace,  
 We love your gentle songs the best.  
 Whoo-oo-oo.

You met your death at the hunters' hand,  
 Before the valley you could cross.  
 I find you here all wet with blood  
 And tangled up in grass and moss.  
 Now as I drop a sorrowing tear,  
 I hear a sound sad and forlorn,  
 With a quick and listening ear  
 To hear thy sorrowing mate make a moan--  
 Whoo-oo-oo.

The light is fading in the West,  
 The birdies to their nest have fled,  
 And while they hasten on their way,  
 I still remain beside the dead.  
 For one more tribute I would bring,  
 Never was bird, but thee, so sweetly endowed,  
 Emblem of love, dove of peace, herald of spring,  
 Thy notes were always sweet, but never loud--  
 Whoo-oo-oo.

## A B I T O F A D V I C E

Come girls, I've a question to ask you,  
Come near and I'll whisper it low.  
Don't you all want to get married?  
You cannot deny it--I know.

The boys look very attractive,  
In their new suits they make a nice show;  
But girls, don't they sometime get tipsy?  
Now with them, you'd better go slow.

You call it gossip and slander  
And meddlesome people's talk;  
If so, girls, please tell me  
What makes them reel when they walk.

Now girls, don't get indignant  
At me for telling the truth;  
For I tell you true you'd best be shy  
Of the tipsy spendthrift youth.

You say I'm a weary old lady,,  
And married, too, you say;  
Well girls, young men fifty years ago  
Were quite different from those of today.

They never once got tipsy,  
But were sober-working and true,  
And then they kept asking and asking us--  
Now what else could we do?

Well, then, I'm not going to blame you  
If you all get married in time;  
For I would not take a dollar in nickels  
For this dear old fellow of mine.

## T H E V O Y A G E

My bark is floating down the stream  
Of lengthening time;  
There is not a hand upon the helm  
Stronger than mine.

It holds me when afflictions come  
That I may not faint;  
And if it is rough, it will soon be over  
And I can wait.

And when it's over, He will take me by the hand  
And lead me safely into port in that heavenly  
Land.

## S U N R I S E

We see the sun rise over the hill,  
 Its golden ruddy glow;  
 It shines on a blackbird's wing  
 And it looks white as snow.

It turns its glowing, shining face  
 Upon the land and sea,  
 And wakes the world from slumbering,  
 And shines all over me.

It shows the hungry, waking hawk  
 That roosts on yonder height,  
 And the mouse or mole to satisfy  
 His morning appetite.

It renews our toils of hope and love,  
 Drinks up the morning dew,  
 And paints the floating fleecy clouds  
 A lovely rosy hue.

## A W O O D L A N D

I wandered through a lovely woods,  
 With shades and sunny lights,  
 Admiring, as I passed along,  
 The lovely rustic sights.

On every side great forest trees,  
 With green limbs spreading wide,  
 Sweet-smelling grass and flowering weeds  
 Grew thick on every side.

East and west big rocky hills  
 Like soldiers on parade,  
 With sunny light upon their caps  
 They stand so tall and brave.

And nestling near this lovely woods,  
 What think you you we did spy?  
 It was the cutest little house  
 That ever you did spy.

The house was built of trees grown big,  
 And oaken clapboard roof,  
 With not a thing around the place  
 Of modern style gave proof.

(Up the hollow back of the lot)

T E N N E S S E E   R O L L I N G   M I L L S

Well, we did not expect to come again so soon, but times are so dull up here that we are just dying for a chat. Why don't some of you write and tell us the news. Tell us about your houses and your neighborhood, your prospects and aspirations and your sweetheart, get off a good joke on your next neighbor, and if he gets mad he is not sanctified. The dark dismal days of snow and rain has driven us to the warmth of our fireside. Farming is suspended and disgruntled Lords heap more wood on the fire, sit down and ask when will the moon change. The kids were out in full force coasting last Sunday. Their happy shouts echoed from hill to hill. We watched them from our window, and the voice of our hearts was,

Where are the backward paths  
To childhood meadows green,  
And we will seek its joys again  
Though on a staff we lean.

Oh, happy childhood knows,  
Unmarred by care or gloom,  
We will lay a fragrant flower  
Upon thy tomb.

I know a <sup>young</sup> Yount lady that smiles every time a certain young fellow's name is mentioned.

Misses Minnie and Bessie Hooks visited Miss Irene Ramey last week. One of our best girl anglers landed a large methodist sucker the other day, what luck.

Some of the girls have unconsciously placed cupid's dart on the bosom of one of Trigg's gallant young widows. Somebody's best fellow called last Sunday and he was so covered with snow that at first he was

not recognized and was taken for Santa Claus. Tasco is behind with his visits and cook is a failure. Our prayer meeting is progressing nicely. Preaching at our church on the third Sunday. Now with best wishes to old friends and three cheers for the tales that is well told we will close.

\* \* \* \* \*

May 10th, 1893

EDITOR TELEPHONE--Your paper teams with so many interesting letters that it is with fear that I again attempt to appear in your columns.

Balmy spring is here at last, and lo, a thousand beauties arise to view, and as we behold its loveliness our hearts are made glad, and we feel that it is good to be here.

The church bell swings in its rusty steeple and again sends forth its musical peals to call God's creatures to worship toward the Holy City. We are having a most interesting prayer meeting here. We hope the Lord will smite Satan, and we may be enabled to organize a Sunday School in this place. For why stand we idle all the day? Is there nothing we can do in the vast harvest fields of God where laborers are so few? The stream of life flows on, and on its bosom we are hastening to the follies of time, and to eternity. Come down and help us.

Elders D.E. Bently and John Cunningham are most earnestly requested to send us an appointment to preach at this place at their earliest opportunity.

Everybody is whitewashing and making everything look nice. We hope to be able to meet cholera this year, should it come, with the recommended ounce of preventive.

Farmers are behind with their work.

Girls are disheartened if they hear their best fellow is about to get married. Do not look so sad, Miss A., that report can't be true.

Does anyone know who that was that wanted to get over the river? My! can't he hallo? Come again next Saturday. We like to listen to a good voice.

Miss M. H., don't get disheartened if the wrong fellow called on you.

Miss Bessie Hooks has just returned from a visit to the family of her uncle, Dr. Cunningham.

Miss Alice Campbell has been visiting friends and relatives near Grand Rivers.

Mr. Willie Silles is still very sick.

Talk about hog and cattle speculators--the dogs have quit barking at them down here.

With best wishes to the TELEPHONE I will close.

\* \* \* \* \*

July 21, 1893

EDITOR TELEPHONE:--The busy hurrying world rushes on while we remain quietly in our cool, shady nook down by the river.

We have had a delightful rain, and the hot, dry weather, with its scorching breezes, is broken up.

We are having quite a large number of visitors at present.

Mrs. Elizabeth Silles and granddaughter, Miss Nellie Green, from Louisville, is visiting Rev. James Silles.

Mrs. George Cobb and two little daughters, Misses Ray and Mary, from Canton, are visiting Mrs. James Robertson.

Mr. Samuel Hall and family, from Louisville, is visiting Mr. John Hall.

Misses Cyntie and Hallie and Master Paul, accompanied by their father, Dr. Cunningham, called on the family of S. H. Hooks last week. Misses Cyntie and Hallie remained and had a delightful time viewing the old ruins.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilford Cunningham and Miss Olie Cunningham visited Mrs. Burnett Grasty this week.

Mr. Joseph Campbell, from Birmingham, Ala., is home on a visit.

Mr. Kirk Boyd had a large raft to ground on a sand bar at his place. After three nights and two days (in which we all had to be hotel keepers for the unfortunate crew) they succeeded in working it off, and departed this morning for deeper water and better grub.

The Methodists are holding a protracted meeting at Molton's school house this week.

We have sent no visitors to the World's Fair.

Mrs. George Cobb and Mrs. James Robertson are the guests of Mrs. John Campbell.

Miss Minnie Hooks is the guest of Mrs. James Sills.

Miss Bettie Hooks has returned from a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. Sallie Hooks.

Mr. Charles Cunningham has a horse strangely affected, its head is swollen, it is stupid and will not take food, its body is covered with foul sores that seem to be eating away the flesh, its breathing can be

heard in a rattling sound for some distance. What can the trouble be.

As there is a dear old grandmother in Trigg County that dons her glasses to read the Rolling Mills letter, we hope this will not find its way into the waste basket.

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November 30, 1893

EDITOR TELEPHONE:--Again Thanksgiving morn dawns upon this nation of peace and plenty. The year's harvest has been gathered in and our hearts give glad thanks as joyfully we partake of the good things prepared for dinner.

There is to be a Thanksgiving fete at Hurricane church today, and our little hamlet is most deserted to the occasion. Elder D. E. Bentley will address the assembly, followed by Wm. Campbell. Mr. Frat Holland will deliver an address on the art of producing fine pumpkins and turnips at small cost.

The warning signals of winter are blowing at every conner, and the fire is beating its snow drum, but we are as safe as can be from the coming storm, and as we sit in our cosy corners we can hear the squeal of the big fat porkers as they yield up their lives as the price of three months' good feed of corn. Sausage and spareribs will take the place of opossum on the bill of fare; but L H has ever been too fastidious to love the vermin, and always respected gray hairs too much to pluck one from his venerable back.

Two young men from Trigg Furnace were in here Tuesday prospecting on Shelley's Island. The boatman set them on the island and then went on his way, leaving them to explore the romantic little continent in their leisure, but when the sun began to cast its bright rays on the



western hills they got scared and brought their vocal organs into use, and they hollowed, they tramped, but in vain. Fortunately for them the boatman came along just in time to prevent them from taking to water on a log.

Our school is suspended for the winter, and Prof J. B. Davis is numbered with the absent.

Miss Alice Campbell is too ill to attend the festival at Hurricane.

Now that we have reached another landmark as we climb the hill of time in this our nation's day of Thanksgiving, it makes my heart glad to behold the peace and plenty, and like Bill Arp, I feel almost young again.

Though the summer of my years has come,  
Some of its rich ripe fruits I've won;  
I've plucked youth's flowers, I've lived love's rhyme,  
Led gently by the hand of time.

Wishing the TELEPHONE and its many readers many returns of this happy day, I will close.