The Kentucky Highlanders

From

A Native Mountaineer's Viewpoint

By

JOSIAH HENRY COMBS

Member of the American Folk-Lore Society

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APOLOGIA

"The Kentucky Highlanders" was published, in part, in Tom Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine, for March, 1912. With the permission of this magazine it is here published in full. My only apology for publishing a brochure of this sort is an attempt to correct, what is in my opinion, some erroneous impressions under which the outside world has long labored, with regard to the Kentucky Mountaineers.

In my discussion of religious conditions in the mountains, I trust that my Primitive Baptist friends in that section of the state will be fair-minded enough not to consider it as a thrust, or a challenge. Further, I would add that the contents of this brochure have reference, not especially to the towns in the mountains, but more particularly to the outlying sections.

I would be ungrateful if I failed to acknowledge my sincerest thanks to the following friends, for their assistance in the preparation of this brochure: Dr. Hubert G. Shearin, Professor of Old English, and of English Philology in Transylvania University; Dr. A. S. MacKenzie, Professor of English and of Comparative Literature in the State University of Kentucky; Clarence Campbell Freeman, Professor of English Literature in Transylvania University; Senator H. H. Smith, of Hindman, Ky.; Roscoe C. Kilgore, of Hindman, Ky.; Mr. Desha Breckinridge, Editor of the Lexington Herald; to my mother, Mrs. John W. Combs, and to Mr. Monroe Combs.

J. H. C.

Lexington, Kentucky,
September, 1913.

To

Hubert Gibson Shearin

SUBJECTS TREATED

The Kentucky Highlanders

THEIR ORIGIN, EXTENT AND NATIONALITY.

"HIS (the Covenanter's) race had defied the Crown of Great Britain a hundred years from the caves and wilds of Scotland and Ireland, taught the English people how to slay a king and build a commonwealth, and, driven into exile into the wilderness of America, led our Revolution, peopled the hills of the South, and conquered the West.

"The breed to which the Southern white man belongs has conquered every foot of soil on this earth their feet have pressed, for a thousand years. A handful of them hold in subjection three hundred millions in India. Place a dozen of them in the heart of Africa, and they will rule the continent unless you kill them."

These words from the pen of Thomas Dixon, Jr., in "The Clansman," may be somewhat overdrawn and far-fetched. They are quoted here, however, because the Kentucky mountaineers are of that breed which is spoken of as "peopling the hills and conquering the West."

An area of nearly thirteen thousand square miles of mountainous country extending northeast and southwest along the eastern part of Kentucky; ridges and peaks rising from an altitude of from five hundred to three

thousand feet; comprising a population of more than four hundred thousand; with an area of coal beds sufficient to supply the world for the next half century, besides large areas underlaid by excellent clays of several sorts, commercially important deposits of iron ore and of ochre, superior sand for glass-making and other purposes, proved fields of oil and of natural gas, pure limestone for iron furnace flux, and stone well suited for structural purposes; the reputed pre-historic dwelling-place and scene of sanguine encounters between the Atalans and Cutans, Telegans (long-headed mound-builders) and Apalans (round-headed mound-builders); the Istacans, a Mongolian race; the Huasiotos and Zulocans. This is the land, and this the people about whom so much has been written during the past fifteen years. Yet, with such a long chain of history (?), and with such a pedigree, United States Senator "Jo" Blackburn once said, in a heat of political frenzy, that a stick of dynamite ought to be put under this section to blow it into hades!

Now, since the writer is a Kentucky Mountaineer, both by birth and by adoption, he seeks your indulgence and pardon in attempting to add to the long list of those who have discussed the social, political, economical and anthropogeographical status of the Kentucky mountains. Much has been said by various writers concerning the descent and nationality of the Kentucky mountaineers. Fiske, the historian, says they are of Scotch-Irish descent, and that their fore-fathers came down from Pennsylvania into the Southern Alleghanies early in the history of the Republic; Thomas Dixon, Jr., in "The Leopard's Spots," and also in "The Clansman," calls the Southern high-

landers Scotch and Scotch-Irish; Dr. Guerrant, of Wilmore, Ky., a whole-souled and good old Presbyterian "missionary" to the mountains, and President Frost, of Berea College, without any reserve whatever, class the majority of the mountaineers as Scotch Highlanders.

The prevalence of a number of Scotch and Irish cognomens in this section no doubt has prompted the above writers to reach their conclusions in this matter. A saner view, and, in the opinion of the writer, the only correct one, is taken by Ellen Churchill Semple, writing in the Geographical Review, June, 1901. Here the view is taken that the great majority of the Kentucky highlanders are of pure, Anglo-Saxon or old English extraction, with a minority of the Scotch-Irish, largely Teutonic in origin. We are confronted, then, with three theories, as follows:

1. Scotch-Irish.
2. Scotch-Highlander.
3. Old English, or Anglo-Saxon.

We shall use the two methods of reasoning—the Destructive and the Constructive, and class the first and second of the above theories under the former of these methods, and the third theory under the latter, or constructive method.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH THEORY.

The prevalence of such names in the Kentucky mountains as McCoy, McDowell, McIntosh, McIntyre, McGuire, Campbell, Calhoun, Callahan, Duff, and a few others, has given rise to this first theory. Dr. A. S. MacKenzie, Professor of English and Comparative Literature in the State University of Kentucky, declares that the term

"Scotch" is out of the question, since it is a brand of *Scottish* whiskey; that no such element as "Scottish-Irish" exists; that the term "Scotch," or "Scottish-Irish," is unknown both in Scotland and Ireland, and is spoken of only in America. The term Scotch-Irish derives its name, perhaps, from the Scotch Protestants who were sent over to Ireland from Scotland in the latter half of the seventeenth century, in order to convert the Romanists in the ancient realm of St. Patrick. But the followers of the legendary saint were incorrigible, and the Scotch Presbyterians left the island in high dudgeon, and consequently, practically no amalgamation of the two peoples took place. Many or most of these same Scotch Presbyterians, on quitting Ireland, came over to America, largely to Pennsylvania, thus giving Mr. Fiske his clew. Perhaps the Scotch and Irish cognomens mentioned above are identical with these same Scotch. Now, if the majority of the Kentucky Mountaineers were Scotch-Irish, the majority of the cognomens of these people ought to be either Scotch, or Irish, or both. Let us see. Out of four hundred surnames collected from Eastern Kentucky by the writer, it is difficult to find an aggregate of twenty per cent. of Scotch and of Irish cognomens. It is evident, then, that this Scotch-Irish theory cannot be taken seriously.

THE SCOTCH-HIGHLANDER THEORY.

2. Scotch-Highlander. This is the favorite theory of President Frost and Dr. Guerrant, and is widely prevalent. The adherents of this theory base the authenticity of their claims largely upon anology, as follows: The Scotch Highlander inhabits the highlands of Scotland;

the Kentucky Mountaineer inhabits the highlands of Kentucky. Ergo, the Kentucky Mountaineers are of Scotch Highlander ancestry, because the Scotch Highlander *must* have highlands in which to "live, move, and have his being." Further, that, since the Scotch Highlander, in his hilly, craggy retreats, was something of a feudist, the Kentucky Mountaineer, who inhabits surroundings the topography of which is similar to the highlands of Scotland, and who is himself something of a feudist, must be of Scotch Highlander ancestry.

It is a mistaken impression that the Scotch can live nowhere except among hills or mountains. It is an historical fact that the majority of the Scotch Highlanders who came to America are found today in the lowlands of Nova Scotia, eastern and southeastern Canada. Again, the per cent. of the Highland population in Scotland itself was never large, the majority of the population being found in the lowlands.

It is further claimed that the characteristic tendency of the Kentucky Mountaineer is to "exterminate" his neighbor. The great plains of the West have given the United States this unfortunate reputation. According to Dr. MacKenzie, for every one man killed in the Kentucky mountains, one thousand lose their lives on the plains! It is assumed, also, that quarrels, feuds and vendettas are especially peculiar to the mountaineers of Europe and America. Whereas, history shows that the most bitter feuds of Europe were waged in Iceland, along the valley of the Rhine in Germany, and on the islands of Corsica and Sicily. Reasoning from this theory, then, the Kentucky highlanders might be dubbed "Icelanders," "Corsicans," "Sicilians," or even "Germans!"

What a pity M. Prosper Merimee never visited the Kentucky highlands for the setting of "Colomba!"

Let us account for some of the lawlessness and bloodthirstiness among the Kentucky Mountaineers. In the pioneer days these people were compelled to bear the brunt of fighting the Cherokee and other Indian tribes, while the people of the plains were molested with comparative rarity. A mere handful of red men could guard a mountain pass against a large body of whites, and it was the strategic importance of the highlands that made them a favorite fighting ground between the pioneers and the tribesmen. Woe to the pale face that had not learned to use the rifle! And this state of affairs reaches back not three generations in Kentucky history. It was the pioneers who settled in the hills, that saved Kentucky for the whites; but this does not prove that the people were Scotch Highlanders. Bravery and patriotism are common enough among all sections of the English-speaking world. If the Kentucky Mountaineers are of Scotch Highlander origin, they have been infamous enough to discard the surnames of their forefathers.

OLD ENGLISH AS A THEORY.

3. Old English or Anglo-Saxon. As was said above, this is the theory of Ellen Churchill Semple. It is also championed by President Thirkield, of Howard University, who has given a quarter of a century to mission and educational work among the Southern Alleghanies. James Lane Allen is not the only gifted writer who is positive that English is the ancestry of the majority of Kentuckians in *every* section of the state. A long chain of cold

facts, and not a mere hypothesis, establishes the truth of this contention. The Kentucky Mountaineers, themselves —their customs, dialect, linguistic characteristics, folk-songs, play-and-dance-songs, child-rhymes, superstitions and riddles, nursery rhymes and the like, and above all, their cognomens, speak most loudly in the matter. First, then, the unanswerable argument in favor of this view, is that it is endorsed by the science and study of English philology. Every honest man bears the surname of his father. An analysis of the list of four hundred surnames referred to above elearly demonstrates that at least eighty per cent. of them are of pure Old English origin. Then, how did this English element get into the Kentucky mountains? Most of them came from Virginia and North Carolina, and some maybe from Pennsylvania. Three-fourths of the old "citizens" of the mountains will converse with you for hours, and tell you of their people in "Ole Virginny" and in North Car'liny." In this connection, and since there is an insignificant element of French Huguenot parentage in the Kentucky highlands, it might be well to quote a paragraph from Ellen Churchill Semple's story in the Geographical Review. She says:

"They (the Mountaineers) formed a part of the same tide of pioneers which crossed the mountains to people the states on the southwest, but they chanced to turn aside from the main stream, and ever since have stagnated in these mountain hollows. For example, over a hundred years ago eleven Combs brothers, related to General Combs of the Revolutionary army, came over the mountains from North Carolina. Nine of them settling along the North Fork of the Kentucky River in the mountains of Perry County, one went further down the stream into

the rough hill country of Breathitt County, and the eleventh continued on his way till he came into the smiling country of the Blue Grass, and here became the progenitor of a family which represents the blue blood of the state, with all the aristocratic instincts of the old South; while their cousins in the mountains go barefoot."

Even a careless perusal of the telephone register in almost any Kentucky town will reveal a majority of English surnames. In the early migrations across the mountains and into the plains, many a pioneer no doubt was compelled to remain in the mountains because one of his wagon or cart wheels ran off, one of his family became sick, or some other little hindrance interfered. And here, attracted by the abundance of game, fish, and the natural scenery, he was content to remain and make his home. Does this severing of ties and relationship make the blood of the inhabitant of the refined and cultured Blue Grass any bluer than that of his less favored, but virile and sturdy brother of the highlands? Let John Fox, Jr's novels decide.

FOLK-LORE AND PHILOLOGY AS AN ARGUMENT.

And now we come to the folk-lore of the Kentucky mountains. The folk-songs, play-and-dance-songs, child and nursery rhymes, "jigs," superstitions and riddles strongly corroborate the theory that most of this folk-lore came directly or indirectly from England. In this instance the proof is so overwhelmingly conclusive that only a few examples will suffice. If reference is made to Alice B. Gomme's monumental work on "Traditional Child Games of England and Scotland," practically all of

the games and play-songs of that work will be found to be common, also, in some form, if not exactly, to those of the Kentucky mountains. For example:

England	*Kentucky Mountains*
Blind Man's Buff	Blind Pole (Fold)
Chickamy	Chickie my Crany Crow
Drop Handkerchief	Drop Handkerchief
Frog in the Middle	Frog in the Meadow
Green Gravel	Green Gravel
Green Grow the Leaves	Green Grow the Leaves
Jolly Fisherman	Jolly Fishermen
London Bridge	London Bridge
Hewley Puley	(Same game, different title)
May I Go Out to Play	(Same game, different title)
Round and Round the Village	Round the Levee
Three Dukes	Three Dukes
Hooper's Hide	Hoop-Hide

The larger number of folk-songs show local touches dealing with some part of England. That is, of course, those songs that are traditional, and can be identified with Child's collection. A comparison of these folk-songs with those in the collections of Child, Gummere, Sidgwick, Stevenson, Quiller-Couch and others, reveals a marked similarity. One of them, "The Rich Margent (Merchant)," begins:

> There was a rich margent
> From London did dwell.

In "Jack Wilson" one line runs: "In Katherine Street I did resort;" and another, "At length to Newgate I were brought." Newgate, as is well known, was a famous old prison of London. In "Jackie Frazier," the "silk mar-

gent'' lives in London. ''Fair Notamon (Nottingham) Town'' is another instance. ''King George'' and'' King Henry'' are common to many of the riddles and play-songs.

OLD AND MIDDLE ENGLISH.

The English spoken in the Kentucky mountains is abundant proof that the people are of Old English extraction. Many examples of pure Old English, Middle English, and Elizabethan English are common to this section. Words and terms used by Shakspere and in the King James version of the Bible appear in abundance. These instances establish the possible fact that the purest English spoken on earth is that of the Kentucky mountains—however unpolished and crude it may be, grammatically.

Old English and words closely related to it: *holp*, *holpen*, *weuns*, *youuns*; frequent use of the suffix *like*: kindly *sick-like*, *crazy-like*, etc.; *ax* (O. E.) *axian*, for *ask; heerd*, *beck* (*back*), *pack*, (*carry*), *chist*, (*chest*); frequent use of *deal* (O. E.) *dael*); *yearn* (*earn*), *gyarden*, *cyards* (examples of ''breaking,'' or ''palatal influence'' in Old English); *pard*, *clomb*, *hwang*, *bounden*, *lief*, and the Saxon *hit* for *it*.

Early and Middle English: *start-* or *stark-naked* (*steort nakit*), *for to invite* (*forte-invite*), *methought* (*methogte*), *t' other*, *without* (*except*), *afore*, *sistren*, (*sustren*).

Shaksperean English: *against* (conjunction), *pret'-near't*, *might near't*, *afeared*, *writ*, *wait on the table* (to return thanks), *gom*, or *gorm* (to muss), *back a horse* (mount a horse), *buss* (kiss, King John, III Scene, 10, 1. 35), *wall-eyed* (King John, IV Scene 3, 1. 49); *beholden*

to (King John, I Scene 1, 1. 239); *brand-fired new* (King Lear, V Scene 3, 1, 132).

Only a few of the examples have been given above, all of which demonstrate conclusively that the language of the Kentucky Mountaineer is that transported to America in the seventeenth century, the era of American colonization. There is even a possible echo of Italian, in the dialect word *brigaty* or *brigady*, which may be connected with the Italian *briga*, *brigata*, *brigare*, or *brigarsi*. However, the word may be a corruption of "bigoted."

In this contention for the Old English theory of the origin of the Kentucky Mountaineers, the writer has not aimed to completely discard the evidences of Scotch and Irish ancestry. Beyond the minority of Scotch and Irish cognomens the evidences are so few as hardly to deserve mention, and for that reason they have been omitted.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S PERSONALITY AND HOSPITALITY.

The Kentucky Mountaineer, as a member of the social fabric, is a striking figure. In personal appearance he is tall, angular, and inclined to droop his shoulders. Charles Dickens, when he visited Louisville, took note of this peculiarity. Government statistics show that he is the tallest soldier on an average in the world. A "fine-haired furriner" once attributed this tall stature to looking upward so often to see the sun, and to climbing the mountains! A saner, but yet incorrect view, attributes it to the drinking of too many stimulants, and eating badly-cooked food. This might account, to some extent, for the lack of a well-rounded, well-proportioned body. The Mountaineer's eyes are set rather far back, with a frank, serious

expression, and are often inscrutable. One doesn't always understand them at first, but he may be sure that behind them the Mountaineer is doing some thinking.

Climatic conditions play a large part in the temperament and disposition of the Mountaineer. It is a well known fact that eastern and south-eastern Kentucky are possessed of a heavy, humid atmosphere, and that heavy fogs are almost a daily occurrence. This is conducive not only to nose, throat and catarrhal troubles, but is extremely detrimental to consumptives. Hence a drowsy or lethargic condition is often prevalent, which, added to his profound reticence and lack of demonstration, often makes the Mountaineer misunderstood and underrated by the outside world. This reticence and undemonstrative nature on the part of the Mountaineer frequently causes his benefactor to consider it as ingratitude. But he is one of the most grateful beings in the world, and deep down in his heart he is thanking you with all his might.

The Mountaineer's hospitality is as pure and undefiled as his brooks and waterfalls. When he says to you, "'Light and set, stranger; come in and stay all night if ye can put up with our fare," he means every word of it. And don't be surprised, if at the breakfast table he asks you to "wait on the table;" for he is very reverent if he thinks you have a mind to return thanks. He will send one of his family to a neighbor's to sleep, or "make down a bed" in order to give you room. The Mountaineer's home often consists of a single log house with a single big room, which serves the combined purposes of waiting-room, parlor, bed-room, dining-room and kitchen. If the house has an addition, or if it has more than one room, it

is called "houses" and not "house." The Mountaineer, in spite of his reticence, is a very sensitive being, and failure to converse with him after coming into his house, is taken for ingratitude or something else. He is frank and outspoken, to extremes, and will give vent to his feelings or opinions regardless of consequences. Conceit, vanity and hypocrisy are alien to his nature, and he often credits the outsider with these attributes because he misunderstands him.

THE WOMEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The women of the mountains form an interesting study. It has been said they are sullen, grave, and of a retiring disposition. This is largely true, and is accounted for by the fact that their position in the social caste of the mountains is a hard one, and a deplorable one, for the most part. First, race suicide is no question for the sociologist to struggle with in the mountains of Kentucky. Whether or no it is better to rear up a small family and do it well, or rear up a large family badly, is no concern for the Mountaineer. Most families in the mountains are large—some of them very large, ranging from a dozen to eighteen or twenty under one roof. It is not difficult, then, to conceive of the multitudinous cares that must befall the lot of these women, which condition prevents much mingling and social intercourse with the world. One middle-aged man, who lives on Caney Fork, in Knott County, said he had twenty-one children, and that "I ain't done yit." Withal, the mountain mother is possessed of the genuine maternal instinct, is gentle with and pas-

sionately fond of her offspring, and hospitable to strangers.

Ellen Churchill Semple says that the idealism of youth usually keeps the mountain girl pure, but that when she marries and takes up the heavy burdens of life, she is plunged into a gross materialism. Further, that "there seems to be no higher standard of morality for the women than for the men, and for both it is low." I cannot personally accept this view. The dual standard of morals persists in the Kentucky mountains, as it does in almost every other community among civilized peoples. When a mountain girl ceases to be virtuous, she loses the respect of the people in her community. When a young man is guilty of the same charge, he is judged by a different code of morals, as he would be in any other community in America. The standard of morals among mountain wives is not low. In most instances the wife is true to her husband, more so, perhaps, than among any other people on earth. Disreputable houses are unknown in the mountains, and this state of affairs exercises a tremendous influence. Because of it, venereal or aphrodisiac desires are not so common, nor are sexual diseases so numerous as in the cities. This also accounts for the strong, physical appearance of the Mountaineer.

In most instances the mountain woman would willingly shed her own blood in her husband's behalf. During the French-Eversole feud in Perry County, the husband of a mountain woman was lying on a bed of sickness. A number of the feudists attacked the house with malicious intent to take his life. Hurrying her young ones into the basement of the house, she hastily seized a revolver and drove the intruders away at the point of it.

Mountain parents still have some antiquated ideas about the education of their daughters. When a girl in the public schools reaches the point of proficiency in the "three r's," this is considered sufficient for practical purposes—for the remainder of her life. Time spent on anything beyond the three r's, so thinks the Mountaineer, is lost. Because of this, much difficulty is experienced in attempting to send the girls to schools located at the county seats, or to the colleges.

NO SOCIAL CASTES.

There are practically no social castes in the Kentucky mountains. "I'm as good as you are," or "I'm as good as he is," are stock expressions. A virile, sturdy manhood, in the midst of rugged environments, where the struggle for existence has been so difficult—, all these things have fostered within the Mountaineer's breast an intense spirit of freedom and independence, common to the dwellers of all highland regions. This accounts for the stand taken by the Mountaineers of the Southern Alleghanies during the Civil War. Their ancestors had stood shoulder to shoulder during the Civil War in England, under Prince Rupert and the Royalist leaders; at King's Mountain they taught Col. Ferguson how to change nis opinion when he said that there were not enough Rebels in hell to run him from King's Mountain. So, when the Civil War came, they shouldered arms and fought for the Union, and for one flag. At the Battle of New Orleans, in the War of 1812, bands of these rugged frontiersmen, wearing coon-skin caps, poured into General Jackson's ranks, without guns. "Old Hickory" said

to them, "Boys, where are your guns?" "Got none," came the response. "Then what are you going to do?" There was a pause, and finally one of them answered: "I'll tell you what we'll do, Gin'ral, we'll foller them there Tennesseans into battle, and ever' time one falls we'll jist inherit his gun."

BORN LAWYERS AND POLITICIANS.

It has been said that the Mountaineer takes to law and politics "like a duck to water." He is a natural born orator. How are these things to be accounted for? Educational facilities have long been wanting, to a sad degree, in the mountains. The Bible, works on history, and biography are the most prominent, where there are books at all. Now, the Mountaineer is patriotic and loyal, and his idea of greatness in this Republic is to imitate the great patriots and statesmen of America. Most of them were politicians and lawyers; hence, to become famous, he, too, must study law and politics. The story is told of a mountain lawyer who once followed a number of other lawyers into the consulting room—in his shirt sleeves and bare feet. Not knowing who he was, one of the more cultured barristers said to him, "What are *you* doing in here?" "I'm here to defend this man," was the answer. Judge Patton, whose district lay in the Big Sandy Valley, was one of the most famous, as well as one of the most eccentric lawyers and judges Eastern Kentucky has ever produced. He once instructed his grand jury something like this: "Gentlemen, you have here a most beautiful piece of public property, upon which rests this hall of Justice. Its verdant, rolling grass,

and majestic towering tree tops attest at once God's loving kindness and infinite great mercy. A lovely fence encircles this property and hall, where justice is wont to be meted out. But, gentlemen, our people are hitching their horses to this fence. There is a class of people in this world, gentlemen, who would ride right up to the Garden of Eden, push aside its Heavenly-commissioned guardian, fling the gate wide open, loiter down its Tempe-like vales, hitch their horses to the Tree of Life, and banter Moses for a horse-swap. Fine these men, gentlemen, fine them!" At another time he instructed them: "Gentlemen! whenever you see a great big over-grown buck sitting at the mouth of some holler, or at the forks of some road—with a big slouch hat on, a blue collar, a celluloid, artificial rose on his coat lapel, and a banjo strung across his breast, and a-pickin' of Sourwood Mountain, fine that man, gentlemen, fine him! For if he hasn't already done something, he's a-goin' to!"

The mountain politician, however, is often a trickster, and knows all the by-paths of political chicanery and crookedness. He can buy votes on election day without the slightest moral reservation or remorse of conscience. The legal profession in the Kentucky Mountains is not by any means a bed of roses, especially when it comes to the question of civil law. Kentucky has been cursed with worse land titles than has any other State in the Union. More than a century ago Virginia granted great boundaries of land to various parties, and these grants lap and over-lap each other. When Kentucky became a state, grants of thousands and hundreds of thousands of acres were made by the state, which made the question of titles doubtful, and caused much of the land to over-

lap as many as three and four times. When some of the large land companies undertook, four or five years ago, to establish the validity of the old Virginia grants, and to claim enormous tracts of land in a half dozen of the mountain counties, trouble was narrowly averted, because the Mountaineers threatened to take up arms in support of their claims. But the Kentucky Land Grants prevailed, the land companies were beaten in the courts, and the matter was settled. Many civil suits appear in the courts, because of the difficulty in surveying the rugged lands, abstracting titles, preparing separate deeds, executing and delivering them. The Mountaineer knows exactly where every foot of his land lies, the exact trees and spots marking its boundaries.

DECAY OF THE FEUD SPIRIT.

The feud spirit or clan instinct is dying out in the Kentucky mountains. Better schools and churches, and more of them, are responsible for this state of affairs. The chief reason for the feud is this: The mountaineer is not only a good lover—a character who never forgets his benefactor—but he is a fierce hater, as well. He never forgets an injury or injustice perpetrated against him, and it rankles in his breast as long as his heart beats. Consequently revenge is the sweetest morsel he can roll under his tongue. He must have this revenge, no matter how long it takes him to get it. As a result, his old Teutonic instinct arises in him and he takes the law into his own hands to accomplish his purpose. In such instances neither the *jus gentium* nor the *lex Romana*

bothers him. The State? Well, *l'etat, c'est lui.* Then the clan instinct arises and the feud begins.

Along with the feud the moonshine still is passing. Much moonshine is yet made, however, and revenue men still have work ahead of them. In his code of ethics, legal or otherwise, the Mountaineer finds it difficult to understand why a remote, centralised form of government has any right to interfere with or molest a "private" little enterprise far back in the cove at the head of some dark hollow. If he wants to distill his corn into moonshine whiskey, he thinks that is his business. A great many of the Mountaineers drink whiskey, but the per cent. of those who can "take a dram" and stop at that, is large. It is thought no harm to drink a little—sometimes more. The story is told of a man in Knott County who "turned off" a whole quart of moonshine before taking the cup from his head. Won't you have more?" he was asked. "Nope, it might fly to my head." In many families the children drink whiskey sweetened with sugar. Mary Noailles Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") in one of her stories of East Tennessee, has this to say about the Mountaineer's conception of water and whiskey: "I 'member when I war a gal," says old Mis' Cayce, "whiskey war so cheap that up to the store at the settle*mint* they'd hev a bucket set full o' whiskey an' a gourd, free fur all comers, an' another bucket alongside with water ter season it. An' the way that thar water lasted war surprisin'; that it war." One Mountaineer once saw another Mountaineer going toward a water-mill, with a sack of corn on his back, and remarked: "Look at that feller goin' yander totin' a turn o' meal; bet right now he ain't got a pint o' liquor in his house." This moonshine whiskey

comes in handy at "workings"—corn-hoeings, log-rollings, clearings, and the like. At one of these workings a whole field full of neighbors work till dinner time, then come in, and in a circle, drink moonshine from a jug. The night of the same day comes a big party, where the square dance is the chief feature.

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Many curious Old English customs and superstitions still persist in the Kentucky mountains. Some of the prevailing superstitious beliefs are as follows: Take a small stone from the creek bed and place it in the bottom of the grate or fire-place, and the hawks will cease catching the chickens. It is bad luck to start somewhere and turn back. Friday is an unlucky day. If a spirit or ghost pursues you, stop in the middle of some stream and make the sign of the Cross with your fingers. If you kill a toad your cows will give bloody milk. There are many charms for making one love you. Take the paddle of a goose's foot, boil it and give the water to your girl. When you hear a hen crow, kill her at once, for it is bad luck to allow her to live; when roosters crow at night it is a sign that somebody has just died. Don't go to bed singing, for if you do you will die during the night. There is no need of being bothered with warts, because any old woman possessed of supernatural powers can remove them for so many pins. Don't carry any farming implement through the house, for it is bad luck. If you step over a grave in a graveyard or cemetery you will be the next person to be buried there. When a family moves to a different house or locality it is bad luck to

take a cat with them. If a child's finger nails are trimmed or pared it will be guilty of stealing before it is a year old. If you look upward and count a hundred stars before lowering your head you will drop dead before taking another step. If a bird flies into a house it is a sign that someone in that family will die soon.

The casual observer, as well as the student of folklore, would suppose the idea of witchcraft died out with the persecution of witches at Salem, Massachusetts, at the close of the seventeenth century. But it did not die. Less than fifty years ago the belief in witchcraft had quite a following in the Kentucky mountains. Nor has it died out yet. There are numbers and numbers of women and men in the mountains who are credited with the powers of witchcraft, and who believe themselves to be gifted with those strange powers. Usually they are persons who are past the medium station in years. The process by which one may become a witch or a wizard is weird and gruesome, and offers a striking comparison to the old and familiar Faustus Legend. The aspirant goes, early in the morning, before sunrise, to the top of an adjacent mountain. Here, he or she hurls an anathema at Jehovah, "owns" the Devil as a master, then holds up a white handkerchief in front of the rising sun, shoots through it with a silver bullet, and blood drips down from it. The operation is then complete, and Dr. Faustus is beaten at his own game.

These witches, empowered with Satanic attributes, cause a great deal of fear and trembling in a community. Those who have been bewitched, or who have had some of their domesticated animals bewitched, are very anxious to court the favor of the witches. It is a common

occurrence for these witches and wizards to metamorphose themselves into the form of a black cat when they go about their mischief-making. Here are some of the things witches do: They transform certain individuals into horses and ride them all night, restoring the bewitched to their natural shapes before daylight, however. Only the form of one bewitched is changed; his rational attributes remain intact throughout his transformation, and he often complains of long, difficult journeys, jumping of ditches, fences, etc. Cows are often bewitched, and their owners complain that they are not "giving down" milk, whereas, the cows belonging to witches are continually yielding a plentiful supply. Even a churn and its contents can be bewitched, and in order to break the spell, a coin of fifty cents is placed in the bottom of the churn before beginning to churn. But a witch doesn't even have to own a cow in order to have plenty of butter at her own command. She occupies the remarkable and convenient distinction of being able to produce the creamy substance by merely squeezing the handle of an ordinary table fork.

Painful accidents sometimes befall witches. Many years ago a man's wife, who was a witch, went one night to attend a meeting of the witches. In the guise of a black cat she came home to where her husband was sitting by the fireside, and threw her paws upon his knees. Not especially in love with the salutation of this strange visitor, he chopped one of her paws off, and immediately the hand of a woman lay upon his knee. The next morning his wife complained of sickness, and was not disposed to get out of bed. The husband was suspicious and

asked her to reach out her right arm. She did so, and the hand was missing.

Now, since so many people and animals are bewitched, there must be many charms to ward off witchcraft, also doctors to doctor against witches. The "witch" or "hair-ball" is a dangerous weapon in the hands of witches. It is made by rolling a small bunch of hair from a horse or cow into a hard, round ball. A witch can kill a person with one of these balls. In Knott County, once upon a time, a wizard became jealous of another man. This man was plowing in his field one day, and suddenly dropped dead, between his plow handles. The case was investigated, and it was found that the wizard had done the deed in this wise: He went into the woods, drew a picture of his enemy upon a tree, took aim with a gun and sent the witch-ball through the picture. It developed later that when the dead man fell between the plow handles a witch-ball dropped out of his mouth. This is clearly an instance of sympathetic magic. If a person or brute is being bewitched, and a witch doctor's work begins to tell, the witch at once begins to suffer great physical agony, and comes bearing a gift to the bewitched person, or to the owner of the bewitched animal. If the gift is accepted, the work of the doctor, or of the charm, at once loses its efficacy. When a witch is at her mischief-making, she is invisible to everybody save to the person bewitched. She is invulnerable—even her heels—except when shot with a silver bullet by the hand of the bewitched.

COQUETRY AND FLIRTING UNKNOWN.

The code of social etiquette in the Kentucky mountains is not hampered by much cold and rigid formality. Coquetry and flirting are unknown. When the youth has begun "to make some speed" with one of the damsels, she is supposed to give her time and attention to *him*, and to him alone; and *vice versa*. The Mountaineer is one of the most jealous-hearted characters on earth. Calls are made at will, without any previous engagement or understanding. But the usual time for such functions is Saturday or Sunday, or both. It is no breech of etiquette, whatever, for the young man to pass the night at the house of his sweetheart's parents, and he often does this, staying over both Saturday and Sunday nights. While the youth is enjoying his call, it is a matter of small import if the hands of the clock incidentally point to 10:00 p. m. He may prolong his call indefinitely through the night. When a mountain youth is seen calling on a girl, nine times out of ten he means business, for not much time is wasted on matters like this in the Kentucky mountains. And the same per cent. of weddings are "slipped." When the wedding comes off, usually during the morning, the big dinner takes place the same day, at the home of the bride. The night of the same day is given over to the gay festivities of the square dance, or the "shindig," and old games. Here again time is no item, and if the father of the bride were proficient in Horace, doubtless he would cry out to the revelers at the symposium: "*Sume cyathos centum, et vigiles lucernas perfer in lucem!*" The next day at noon comes the "infair," or dinner at the home of the groom.

The traveler through the Kentucky mountains is struck at once with the unique character and position of the "graveyards" or cemeteries. Almost without exception they are situated in the most beautiful spots, on the summit of the extremity of some low ridge of mountain land. A mound is heaped up over every grave, and most of these graves are covered or protected by a tiny, latticed house, painted blue and white. The funerals preached at these graveyards are momentous occasions. They are seldom preached at the time of the interment, but years and years afterward, sometimes as many as fifty or seventy-five. More than one funeral is often preached on the same occasion, and five or six Primitive Baptists do the preaching.

FOLK-LORE AND BALLADRY.

According to Dr. H. G. Shearin, Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of English Philology in Transylvania University, Kentucky is the most fertile State in the Union for folk-lore. As a special instance he cites the mountains of Kentucky. It is a notable fact that when Professor Child's great work on British folk-songs was given to the world (1898), the Harvard professor was leaving untouched not only scores of traditional ballads down in the Kentucky mountains, but hundreds. He thus blazed a trail in the world of balladry from which subsequent balladists have been slow to depart; because it became customary to look to Professor Child as the only authority on folk songs. For this reason the great mass of traditional British ballads in America, as well as those indi-

genous to American soil, have been somewhat belated in coming into their own.

From the prevalence of these traditional ballads in the mountains, also the hundreds that have sprung up in that section, and are still being composed, it is evident proof that ballad composition is not a lost art, as some balladists contend. Why does the art still persist in the Kentucky mountains? For the same reason that it did in England and Scotland in the rural and mountainous districts of those countries three or four centuries ago. For instance, some unusual incident takes place, such as murder, public execution or tragic love affair. Now, in a rural or isolated district, such an incident creates a strong impression because the busy existence of the outside world is not there. Soon there is not lacking some *improvisatrice*, as it, were, to tell the story in ballad form. For the women often compose the ballads, and most often sing them. One "mountain Sappho," who lives in Letcher County, composed a lengthy ballad on young Floyd Frazier, who was executed in 1909, for the murder of a woman in 1907. She is perfectly frank and easy about the matter, and informs us:

> This song came to me
> By day and by night,
> Therefore it is right to sing it
> In this *vain* world of delight.

A study of ballads indigenous to Eastern Kentucky throws much light upon the mooted question of ballad origin and authorship. The method of composition in the Kentucky mountains is always individual or private ownership, or authorship—"personal property"—as opposed to the theory of communal or folk composition. It

is strange that no songs appear which bear the distinctive stamp of the clan instinct. Dr. Shearin accounts for this when he says that the Mountaineer is strangely silent on these matters, and that they are to be *thought of*, but not *written down* in verse. However, many ballads recount the story of the death of clansmen. There are songs that tell the story of the death of clansmen of the McCoy-Hatfield Feud, the Rowan County War, the Howard-Baker and the French-Eversole Feuds, and the Hargis troubles.

The "jigs" or improvisations are very numerous, and may be arranged, according to Dr. Shearin, into two classes: Those sung to pass off the time, and those of a philosophic nature. Many of them are similar in structure to the locutions heard on the modern vaudeville stage. For instance, without a thought as to the logical connection between fishing and courting, a sturdy young Mountaineer will sit whittling on a dry-goods box in some country store, or with a banjo across his knee, and suddenly break forth:

> "Gi' me the hook and gi' me the line,
> Gi' me the gal ye call Car'line."

Or, he sometimes philosophises, and settles the eternal question of the ages—the *summum bonum*—by couching it in this wise:

> Beefsteak when I'm hungry,
> Corn liker when I'm dry—
> Pretty little girl when I'm lonesome,
> Sweet heaven when I die—
> Sweet heaven when I die.

A study of these ballads and jigs is incomplete without mention of the musical instruments used to accompany

them. The banjo is the popular instrument for rendering the jigs; however, the violin is used also. The "dulcimore" (dulcimer) is the traditional piece that drones, in a sad strain, the nasal music of the ballad. To a certain extent all three of these instruments are used for both ballads and jigs. The dulcimore is a unique survival of antique musical instruments, and needs explanation. It is oblong, about thirty-four inches in length, with a width at its greatest of about six inches, becoming smaller at each end. Three strings reach from tip to tip, the first and second ones tuned to the same pitch, and the third one forms the bass string. Two octaves and a quarter are marked out upon the three-quarters of an inch piece of wood that supports, and is just under the strings on the top of the instrument. The Mountaineer "follers pickin'" it by means of a quill, with which he strikes the three strings at the same time with his right hand, over the gap at the larger end, at the same time using in his left hand a small reed with which he produces the air, or his "single string variations." The music of the dulcimore resembles that of the Scottish bag pipe, in that it is weird and strange. Under its spell one finds himself mysteriously holding communion with the gossamer-like *manes* of the long-departed souls of the palace of Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine. The dulcimore is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, because the Mountaineers are becoming ashamed of the musical instrument that stands, with many other things, on the dividing line between two civilizations. Only a few of them are extant. Within a few more years and this strange old relic of by-gone days will pass, to keep company with

The harp that once thro Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed,
Hangs now as mute on Tara's Walls,
As if that soul were fled.

This strange music of the dulcimore appeals to the heart of the Mountaineer, as does the music of the "Sourwood Mountain" fiddler. It is foreign to our introspective age. Like the blind old minstrel of "Scio's rocky isle," the troubadour, the minnesinger, and the scop, the "Sourwood Mountain" fiddler takes pride in saying

"I'll tune up my fiddle, I'll rosin my bow,
I'll make myself welcome wherever I go."

But his prerogative is shifting. Just as there is a vast gap between the poetry of art and the poetry of the folk, so is there a vast difference between the music of the Sourwood Mountain fiddler and the music of art. This antique musician knows little about Wagner and the musical drama and the Italian melodists, and cares less. His music causes a feeling of *ennui* to steal over one, but he is giving his hearers something they can understand. His strains are the outbursts from the depths of a being that is *sincere*, and he fiddles and sings because he *feels*. In the words of Svenstrupp, the great Danish authority on folk-songs, the words of these canticles of love and woe "talk like a mother crooning to her babe, and have scarcely a kenning." It is related that when the maid-servant used to sing "Barbara Allen's Cruelty" to little Oliver Goldsmith, he would shed tears; that the recital of "Chevy Chace" moved Sir Philip Sidney as nothing else could move him. But the transition to a new and en-

lightened age is inevitable. The "damsel with the dulcimer," after a few more years, will cease to look up at

> Ballads pasted on the wall
> Of Chevy Chace and English Moll.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S RELIGION.

In connection with the superstitious beliefs in the Kentucky mountains, the Mountaineer's religion presents, in many instances, a strange anomaly. Much of it borders upon the superstitious. Says Ellen Churchill Semple: "Such a religion, however, is likely to be elemental in character—intense as to feeling, tenacious of dogma, but exercising little or no influence on the morals of every-day life. * * * * * * By nature he (the Mountaineer) is reverential. Caves are 'God's houses,' sun-time is 'God's time,' indicated by the noon-mark traced with charcoal on the cabin door or floor."

The same conditions, religiously, that prevail in most of the mountains at-large, do not prevail in the towns and county seats. This is true with the greater part of this paper—the conditions prevailing in the county seats and towns are not found in the outlying districts. The religious faith is that of the Regular or Primitive Baptists. According to the Special Reports of the Bureau of the Census, for 1906, on Religious Bodies, there are more than five thousand communicants of this faith in Kentucky. Such names as "Primitive," "Regular," "Old Time," "Old School," "Anti Mission," "Hard Shell," "Soft Shell," "Free Willers," and the like, have been applied to them. But they must be distinguished from the "Free Will" Baptist Church that had its origin in

Wales, in 1701. There is no doubt but that this Primitive, or Regular Baptist Church had its origin in North Carolina shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century, and began to organize itself into "associations" in most of the Southern States in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The doctrine and polity of the Primitive Baptists are unique. Their ostensible purpose for springing up—their *raison d'etre*—was to combat everything that seemed modern and progressive in the other denominations: to fight Sunday Schools, missionary movements, all sorts of church societies, and centralization in church circles. Many of them believe in infant damnation, and practically all of them believe in predestination. They hold tenaciously that Sunday schools and even missionary activities are not in accordance with Apostolic doctrine and church polity.

Because of difficult methods of travel in the mountains, scarcity of buildings for worship, and non-centralization views, the Regular Baptists have organized themselves into associations. All of these associations, in a broad sense, hold to the same tenets, in that they are strongly Calvinistic and predestinarian. Yet the individual members have scores of opinions of their own, and are sadly disorganized. Above all they believe that salaried ministers are an abomination; that the minister of the Gospel must be "called," and go forth to preach without any preparation whatever; he is not even required to be able to read and write. Somehow or other, the editor of the Regular Baptist Sword and Shield, published at Hindman, Kentucky, discovered that thirty small churches in Boston were without pastors during April, 1911, and, in an article that occupies almost the

entire magazine, attributes Boston's "unpardonable sin" to the resultant evils of salaried ministers. The Regular Baptists are rigid immersionists, and administer the sacrament and wash the saints' feet about three or four times each year.

The prerequisites for membership in the Regular Baptist church are peculiar. If any one has "dreamed dreams or seen visions"—what the brethren term an "experience," he is eligible to church membership. This "experience," which is related at a meeting, consists in seeing a vision, "clear and distinct," in the cornfield or at any other avocation or having a dream, both of which instances often come in the guise of a warning.

The Regular Baptist "meetins'" come once a month, usually, and the preaching lasts sometimes as long as two days—Saturday and Sunday. From two to six or eight preachers participate, and the one that preaches the longest and the loudest, and who succeeds in making the most of the "sistren" shout, is the "big gun." The nature of the preaching is mostly hortatory, and intensely dogmatic, the homiletics is bad and the exegesis weak. The Primitive Baptist preacher "strikes an attitude" and assumes some striking positions while preaching. The right hand or the left hand is placed some times on either cheek, the back of the head, on the forehead, or the hand sometimes grasps the nose, or a finger is thrust into an ear. When the preacher gets warmed up, he raises his voice to a high pitch, and almost sings his words. Then he will drop back to an ordinary tone. Many of the Regular Baptist preachers drink whiskey, and some of them expostulate while in an almost drunken condition.

The Mountaineer assiduously keeps his religion divorced from his moral principles, and this may lend evidence, as Ellen Churchill Semple thinks, to the development theory of ethics. No wonder he does; he believes that the saints will all be preserved, and will persevere in grace unto heavenly glory, and that none of them will finally be consigned to perdition.

The number of communicants of the Primitive Baptist faith is decreasing, according to the Census Reports. This decrease is easily explained. Any religious body that is not in accord with the spirit of modern progress and enlightenment, and cannot adapt itself to the exigencies of its constituency, cannot but prove itself a worthless element in human society. The Primitive Baptist church is non-progressive for the same reason Max Muller gave for the failure of Judaism as a factor in modern society—that it is inert because of its anti-evangelical and anti-missionary tendencies.

THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

The whole educational situation, not only of the Kentucky mountains, but of the Southern Alleghanies, presents a study worthy of the attention of educators. If the Mountaineer cherishes no ambition for his daughters in the educational world, his desire for educating his sons amounts to a passion. It is the opinion of President Thirkield that the question for the South to work out is not that of the negroes so much as that of the whites of the Southern Alleghanies. These whites—the purest Anglo-Saxon blood on earth—for the want of adequate school houses and many other educational facilities, have

remained shut in, and for a century have struggled against the stream in order to maintain their existence.

So much money has been spent in Breathitt County for the prosecution of crime, that the public school buildings all over that county are travesties on the educational system in Kentucky. To add to this backward and untoward condition, the public highways are as miserable. The school houses are few and wide apart, and the school term is only six months. Many of the children are able to attend for only three or four months, and one teacher cannot handle all of the pupils given over to his care because there are so many in each district. Scores of teachers are engaged in the business only from a mercenary standpoint, and do not throw themselves into the work body and soul. Rev. H. P. Smith, Superintendent of Missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church, cites an instance of a certain mountain county that has a population of more than eleven thousand. Of the two thousand five hundred and thirty-nine men of voting age in this county, thirty-one per cent are illiterate. The school population of that county is four thousand four hundred and eighteen, and of these only two thousand five hundred and sixty-six are enrolled in the schools. The average daily attendance is one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine, only forty-four per cent of the school population. During the excitement caused by Halley's Comet, an old gentleman in Knott County was in the habit of calling this celestial wonder the "comic." Some one said to him, "John, what makes you call it the 'comic' ?" The old gentleman answered: "I let ye know I believe in callin' things what I want to.

A feller cain't talk aroun' here without somebody 'rectin' him. I let ye know I ain't no grammatical."

It is a lamentable fact that more money is being expended for the education of foreign-born children in the large cities of our country than for the education of the Anglo-Saxons in the Southern mountains. Which is worth more to this nation, the virile and sturdy stock of the highlands—uncontaminated by the vices and attractions of civilization in our greater cities—or the thousands of foreigners that pour into our country monthly by way of New York harbor?

To quote President Thirkield again: "The mountain people are of fine mental capacity. A man of affairs and a deep student of character once said of them: 'They need only an introduction to civilization to prove themselves equal to any men in the world. I regard them as the finest rough material in the world, and one of them modeled into available shape is worth to the world a dozen ordinary people.' And yet today hundreds of thousands of these patriotic Americans are more ignorant and more destitute of the opportunities which go with education than any other body of Anglo-Saxon people on the face of the earth." President Thirkield goes further when he says that these three millions of patriotic, uncorrupted American highlanders may be needed some day to safeguard the destiny of this nation—its republican institutions, against un-Americanized foreigners. In view of these things, here is an opportunity to invest capital for the preservation and enlightenment of American manhood.

No one will question the great work Dr. Frost is doing in Berea College. There are other institutions of

learning in the mountains of Kentucky whose work can not be praised too highly. Such an instance, and the most notable one of its kind, not only in the Kentucky mountains but in America, is the W. C. T. U. School, located at Hindman, in Knott County, forty-one miles from the railroad at the time it was founded. It is an industrial, manual training, and high school, and from three to four hundred pupils are enrolled during each year. One needs only to visit Hindman and see the great work those noble, self-sacrificing women from all parts of the Union are doing, to be convinced that the work is worth while. Another notable instance is the Oneida Baptist Institute, founded by "Burns of the Mountains," at Manchester, in Clay County.

The mountaineers are so anxious for their children to receive an education that they send them from different counties to attend the W. C. T. U. School, and many of them have to be turned off because there is not sufficient room and equipment. The school, from time to time, has had as instructors talented young women from Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn-Mawr, Brown University, Columbia, Harvard, and Michigan and Yale, besides colleges in the South. These instructors accept positions in the school at a financial sacrifice, for they could make elsewhere many times the salary paid them at Hindman.

As an example of what the W. C. T. U. School has done for the mountains of Kentucky—aside from the moral influence it has had toward blotting out the liquor interests from the county—look at this: Knott County, for the last five or six years, has sent more young men and women to the colleges and universities of Kentucky and elsewhere than any other county in Kentucky, in

proportion to the population, and in consideration of the lack of opportunities of that county. In June, 1911, about a dozen young men and women of Knott County were graduated from the various colleges and universities —classical, medical, law, agriculture, normal, manual training, and business—of Kentucky. This is a remarkable showing, and attests the great work being done by the W. C. T. U. School, especially when we consider that Knott County is about the poorest county in Kentucky financially and in many other ways.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

It is interesting to know that a great many of the Mountaineers that finish up in the colleges leave Kentucky. The migratory instinct is beginning to lay hold of the younger generation of Mountaineers, as well as they love their native highlands. Whole families are migrating toward the West, to such states as Missouri and Texas, and above all to Oklahoma. Sometimes as many as fifty and seventy-five depart together. Why are they doing this? The younger generations are beginning to take advantage of the many opportunities the great outside world offers to them—but back of this there is a stronger and more convincing reason—the increasing population of the mountains, which necessitates the parceling out of smaller tracts of land, from year to year, by parent to son. Again, because of the lack of improved methods of farming and agriculture, much of the mountain lands have long since become unproductive. Add to these things the fact that capitalists and speculators are buying up hundreds of thousands of acres of mountain lands,

and you have an idea of why the mountaineer is beginning to migrate westward. The Consolidation Coal Company of West Virginia, now owns more than one hundred thousand acres of land in Letcher, Pike, Johnson, Knott and other counties. The Northern Coal & Coke Company, of which J. C. C. Mayo, the mountain millionaire of Paintsville, Kentucky, is the organizer, owns thousands of acres. Other companies have extensive holdings on lands, minerals, oil, etc.

Is it a wonder, then, that the Mountaineer is beginning to look sorrowfully back upon his native hills as he journeys westward? But not every Mountaineer stays out of Kentucky when he gets out. It is difficult for him to thoroughly accustom himself to a new country in the West, and he often comes back, "stranded," to become a renter on the property that was once his. One man from Knott County became infected with the Western fever, "asked of his father his substance," and went to Oklahoma to launch himself out into the cotton industry. It was too much for him, and ere many moons had passed, he sent this plaintive wail back home, which sums up the typical Mountaineer's nostalgia: "You cain't make much money out here unless you pick cotton, and then you cain't make none. I'm a-comin' back home! that's no d— lie."

A well-known railroad man sums up the future situation in Eastern Kentucky in these words, translated from a distich of Vergil:

"Thus ye, O birds, build nests, but not for yourselves;
Thus ye, O sheep, bear fleeces not your own;
Thus ye, O bees, fill hives, but not your own;
Thus ye, O oxen, the yoke for others must bear."