

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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THE HISTORIC SCOTT HOME

Editor's note: This information was copied from a microfilmed newspaper article dated about 1910. This home was located just west of the intersection of Hwy. 24 and 278. The cemetery mentioned is just off Karen St. not far from the Y-Mart convenience store.

The residence of Capt. Frank Scott, 2 ½ miles west of Camden, is one of the oldest historic places of this vicinity. It was built during the fall of 1845 and spring of 1847 and was the home of Hon. C. C. Scott, who at that time had just been elected Circuit Judge of this district. Prior to this date he had been a resident of Camden for two or three years having settled in a log house on the lot where Mr. W. W. Brown's residence is located. The country home was built in the woods, and the road was afterwards changed so that the house was not only on the road, but had the added advantage in being situated on the forks of the Lewisville and Washington roads, which was considered something of a distinction in those days. The builder of the home was John Hawkins, who had more than a local reputation in his line, and in this house and all others built by him, he left ample testimony to his careful and conscientious work. The doors, window facings, and high, old-fashioned mantels were all made by hand. The Scott residence was of modest proportions, but there were two additions which played important parts in the life of the family. One was the small log office in the northwest corner of the front yard, where Judge Scott kept his library. Here the young law students came to him to be examined, including Hiram L. Grinstead, Walter Bragg, James T. Elliott, and others. The other addition was known as the log dining room. Here on winter nights, when the logs in the big fireplace had burned down to a bed of coals, the Scott and Bragg boys were wont to gather around the hearth and tell blood-curdling stories or plan some mischievous pranks. It was from this room that a boy stole forth silently one dark night, robed in a white sheet, to perch on the roof of "Mammy's" little cabin, calling to her in sepulchral tone, "I'm an angel of the Lord come to take you home." But the sequel was not quite what was planned, for the dogs happened to spy him in his peculiar garb and raised such an alarm that he became more frightened than "Mammy", and ran as if for his life.

Judge Scott was a great hunter and sometimes had as many as 21 dogs in his pack. Among the number were three thoroughbred English fox hounds named Jack, Stormer, and Sounder. One of these, Jack, died during one of the annual camp hunts and was given a military burial. After that, on each successive year, when the hunters passed his grave, they raised their hats and rode by in procession with uncovered heads. The Greenings, Braggs, Col. Warren, Joseph T. Powell, Billy Cleaver, (the elder) Randall, Stockman, Armstrong, Drs. Leake and Hopson were among the choice spirits of these camp hunts.

Dave Phillips was never left out and was the lite of the camp and would tell more funny stories than all the rest put together. Joe Jordan and Lee Morgan were also good hunters and very desirable as jolly companions. It was quite a sight to see them start off in the dim light of early morning with four mule wagons, buggies, hacks, hunting horses, and dogs galore, almost like an army train.

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Most of the hunters had a pack of hounds and part of these were kept chained each day in order to have a fresh pack for every “drive”. Sometimes they hunted through Dorcheat and Bodcaw, down to the Louisiana line, killing deer at the rate of 15 each day and again they would go to Prairie de Ann. Some of the hunters had names for their guns. Orlando Greening called his “Old Death” while his brother, Lucius, selected the name of “Sweet Love” for his. There was always much rivalry among the servants as to who would be allowed to accompany their masters upon these hunts, and no one enjoyed the privilege unless he was an expert in certain lines of work. Rafe Hill and August Greening were the ones who skinned the deer to perfection and prepared the meat for cooking, and George Greening, Anderson Hall, and Bill Brown were the most famous camp cooks of the day. No one could surpass them in serving venison steaks, squirrel stews, hot coffee, and cornbread. It was a rule of the camp to observe Sunday strictly as a day of rest. Not a gun was fired and the menu was limited to the supplies brought from home.

Judge Scott and his wife were Virginians, and naturally given to hospitality, and every year at the meeting of the Circuit Court, a grand dinner was given to the Judge and lawyers, which included all local and visiting attorneys—Conway, Pike, Watson, Haskell, Hubbard, Stith, Warren, Witherspoon, and others, names of glorious memory which have now for many years have been carved upon the tomb. In 1848, Judge Scott was appointed by Gov. Drew to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court for the un-expired term of Judge Oldham and in 1850 he was elected for the full term of eight years. The discharge of these duties necessitated much absence from home. Little Rock seemed much further away then than it does now in these days of rapid transit. Then it took three days and a night to make the journey by stage.

Mrs. Scott bravely took up the added responsibility brought about by these absences, and bent all her energies to make the home a bright and happy one. The name of the place was “Dell de Rosa” afterward called Dellrose or Rosedale, but all meaning the same—“Valley of Roses” and it became in time, not only a valley of roses, but of all beautiful and fragrant flowers and vines. Strangers often stopped to admire the magnificent Snow Ball or the luxuriant Lady Banksia Rose which ramblled all over the summer house and reached out to the nearest trees. The orchard was west of the house. Why is it that one never sees nowadays such nectarine peaches that grew in that orchard?

In 1849 death invaded the home and the light paled in the sweet blue eyes of “little Bobbie”, the five year old pet and darling, and the first grave was made upon the hillside. In 1857 another grave was made, and Dr. Daniel S. Scott, the oldest son, the pride of his parents, was laid to rest. He was a strikingly handsome boy and a gifted magician. No gathering in town was complete without him. He sang and danced beautifully and fairly bubbled over with fun and it was no wonder that all who knew him loved him. In 1854 he graduated from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, returned to Camden and began the practice of medicine in partnership with Dr. E. M. Leake, but after a few months, tuberculosis that he had no doubt contracted in hospital service, developed and he began that always losing fight with death which lasted till 1857, when at the early age of 24, he passed from this world to that one where the beautiful dreams of life come true. But the old home had also its share of joy. Two happy weddings were solemnized and two happy brides

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went forth to gladden new homes and three little daughters were left who laughed and played and were as happy as the days were long. Columns would be written of the joys of the woolly lambs, the roly-poly puppies, and black kittens which were the favorite pets.

In January, 1859, Judge Scott set forth on his last journey to Little Rock, having been elected to the Supreme Court for another term of eight years. The weather was very cold and he contracted an illness which speedily developed into pneumonia and he died in Little Rock at the old Anthony House, January 19th, his faithful wife by his side and also his sons who had been hastily summoned. At the sad homecoming the house was thronged with friends and members of the bar, some who had accompanied the funeral cortege from Little Rock. He was buried with Masonic honors.

Col. Thornton writes of him, "Judge Scott was a Christian gentleman and a fine lawyer. His mind was deeply imbued with the principles of jurisprudence and he had a rare insight into the practical reasons in which they had their birth. His decisions scattered through the Supreme Court record bear the impress of great learning." To his wife and children he was the personification of all that was noble and true. To this day, the very remembrance of his smile come as a benediction to the few who are left of his family circle. After this the second son, whom we know as Capt. Frank T. Scott, became bread winner and guardian of the family and most faithfully and bravely shouldered the burden. Soon came the war and two soldier boys went forth from the old home to battle... Their eight children, three of whom died in infancy, were all born here and in 1906 a pretty home wedding was celebrated when the oldest daughter, Fannie, became the wife of Mr. J. F. Walker of Buena Vista. In 1909 C. C. Scott and Miss Kate Harwell were married and their bright little son, Frank T. Scott the third is the youngest representative of the family.

In 1876 Mrs. E. E. Scott who had been for 17 years the widow of Judge Scott passed to her rest and was laid to rest by his side. Through all the trials and vicissitudes of life, here heart had never grown old or lost its cheer.

Of the ten children born to Judge and Mrs. Scott, five are still living: Mrs. J. W. Tobin of New Orleans, Mrs. I. W. Carhart of Clarendon, Texas, Mrs. A. A. Tufts and Capt. Frank T. Scott of Camden, and Capt. C. C. Scott of Arkadelphia. They meet frequently in family reunions at the old home.

R. I. P.

Said to be actual epitaphs observed on tombstones

To all my friends I bid Adieu
A more sudden death you never knew
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink

On the grave of Ezekiel Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia:

Here lies Ezekial Aikle Age 102: The Good Die Young.

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In a London, England cemetery:

Ann Mann: Here lies Ann Mann, Who lived an old maid But died an old Mann. Dec. 8, 1767

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery:

Anna Wallace: The children of Israel wanted bread. And the Lord sent them manna.
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife, And the Devil sent him Anna.

Playing with names in a Ruidoso, New Mexico, cemetery:

Here lies Johnny Yeast, Pardon me For not rising.

A lawyer's epitaph in England:

Sir John Strange: Here lies an honest lawyer, And that is Strange.

Someone determined to be anonymous in Stowe, Vermont:

I was somebody. Who, is no business Of yours.

Lester Moore was a Wells, Fargo Co. station agent for Naco, Arizona in the cowboy days of the 1880's.

He's buried in the Boot Hill Cemetery in Tombstone, Arizona:
Here lies Lester Moore. Four slugs from a .44. No Les No More.

In a Georgia cemetery:

"I told you I was sick!"

John Penny's epitaph in the Wimborne, England, cemetery:

Reader, if cash thou art in want of any. Dig 4 feet deep, and thou wilt find a Penny.

On Margaret Daniels grave at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia:

She always said her feet were killing her but nobody believed her.

On a grave from the 1880's in Nantucket, Massachusetts:

Under the sod and under the trees Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.
He is not here, there's only the pod: Pease shelled out and went to God.

The grave of Ellen Shannon in Girard, Pennsylvania, is almost a consumer tip:

Who was fatally burned March 21, 1870 by the explosion of a lamp filled with "R.E. Danforth's Non-Explosive Burning Fluid"

Oops! Harry Edsel Smith of Albany, New York: Born 1903--Died 1942

Looked up the elevator shaft to see if the car was on the way down. It was.

In a Thurmont, Maryland, cemetery:

Here lies an Atheist All dressed up And no place to go.

But does he make house calls?

Dr. Fred Roberts, Brookland, Arkansas: Office upstairs

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A GRAVE MARKER IDENTIFIED

As my wife and I were surveying Moscow Cemetery in 1997, we came across an unusual looking monument with no name. We tallied the grave as “unknown” along with many others we found in every cemetery we surveyed.

A few months ago, I began corresponding by email with Duncan McKelvey who lives in Georgia. He and I discussed possible family connections trying to figure out if we were distantly related. He had some connections to the Prescott area and as we discussed various family relationships, Duncan mentioned his father’s death and a monument to him at Moscow Cemetery.

It turns out that the unusual monument we found is actually that of Charles Woodward McKelvey Jr., Duncan’s father. His father had died August 7, 1977 while living in Little Rock and his body was cremated. Duncan told me that he made the concrete grave marker that contains the ashes of his father. They used his brother’s pickup truck to haul the marker to Prescott to be installed in Moscow Cemetery. Duncan says they decorated the pickup with black flags, loaded the heavy marker in the back, and the family made the trip to Prescott where they placed the marker in the Jones family plot at Moscow Cemetery. Duncan says his brother was supposed to put a nameplate on the marker at a later time, but this has not been done.

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So another mystery has been solved. We now know the story behind the unusual grave marker at Moscow Cemetery. Too bad we can't discover the names of countless others who lie in unmarked graves at practically every cemetery in Nevada County.

So far, Duncan and I have not discovered a tie that connects us as relatives. I have done quite a bit of research on this McKelvey family who once lived in Prescott and believe their ancestors originally came from Pennsylvania, migrated into Ohio, and later into Missouri. Some of those in Missouri came to Prescott and worked as barbers in the early 1900s. My family originally came from South Carolina. My great-great grandfather moved into Georgia and later came on to this part of Arkansas.

But whether we are related or not, Duncan and I enjoy corresponding with each other. He reads the *Sandyland Chronicle* and enjoys hearing about the Nevada County area. He is involved in woodworking and has sent me pictures of several things he has made. Because of the modern technology (e.g. the Internet), we have become email pen pals and in the process, we were able to make an identification for the unusual grave marker in Moscow Cemetery.

BLACK-EYED PEA CORNBREAD

This recipe was passed around by my wife's sister from Illinois during the Thanksgiving holidays. She said it was good.

1 lb. ground beef
1 (15 oz.) can black-eyed peas, drained
1 chopped yellow onion
1 can cream style corn
1 cup cornmeal
½ cup flour
1 cup buttermilk
¼ cup cooking oil
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking soda
2 jalapeno peppers (bottled or fresh), chopped---- I use 1 can of diced tomatoes with jalapenos
1 cup grated cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 350 degrees; grease a 13 x 9 x 2 inch baking dish. Place beef in a large skillet over medium heat; cook until just beginning to brown—I cook until beef is done). Drain and set aside.

Add ingredients and mix well. Add beef last. Pour into baking dish. Bake 40 to 50 minutes or until firm and slightly browned.