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ROANOKE  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

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# ROANOKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

*Amor montium nos movet*

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## THE HISTORY OF THE BOWDOKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Bowdoke Historical Society is a body of men and women who are interested in the history of the town of Bowdoke, Maine.

It was organized in 1901, and has since that time been active in the collection and preservation of the town's history.

The society has a collection of books, papers, and other historical material, and it has also published a number of books and pamphlets. It has also been successful in securing the preservation of the town's historical landmarks, and it has been instrumental in the establishment of the Bowdoke Historical Society Museum.

The society is open to all who are interested in the history of the town, and it is a pleasure to have new members join the society. The society's meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month, and they are open to all. The society's collection of books and papers is available for the use of its members, and it is a pleasure to have new members join the society.





## Forgotten Graveyards of Roanoke

J. R. HILDEBRAND

Roanoke County shares the common fate of all people who neglect their own history: what is known to everyone in one generation is known by none in succeeding generations.

Remnants of a colorful past remain—a few houses of early settlers, the sites of old churches, remains of iron furnaces and some—only some of the scores of cemeteries. And almost every week one reads that some landmark has been peremptorily demolished to make way for a superhighway, a shopping center or a housing development.

Graveyards have been particularly vulnerable. There are over one hundred of these sites known to the writer. But there are many others he has not visited, and still others which have disappeared entirely. In one location all that is left is a gnarled and stunted cedar and a piece of a child's headstone.

The typical family plot was located on a hilltop possibly because they felt closer to the heavens—and surrounded by a brick or a field-stone wall. This contrasted with the Indian custom of valley burial grounds.

The Established Church made a practice of buying glebe tracts including ample cemetery space. This group kept good parish records but its influence was never very strong in early Roanoke County.

Presbyterian dissenters and the Germans coming from Pennsylvania by way of the Shenandoah Valley were the root-stock here. Churches were scarce and travel was difficult, so family graveyards were prevalent.

The Society's motto, "Amor montium nos movet,"—"The love of mountains inspires us," is used here for the first time. It was suggested by Dr. E. G. Swem, longtime librarian at the College of William and Mary and scholar of Virginia history.



## JOURNAL OF THE ROANOKE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Roanoke Historical Society Journal is published semiannually "to chronicle the past and present of that part of the state west of the Blue Ridge."

An illustrated periodical appearing in mid-summer and mid-winter, it is distributed to members of the Society, to donors of items to the Society museum and to libraries and other historical societies of the region.

The Journal is available to others at 50 cents for a single copy or \$1 for a year's subscription. Inquiries may be addressed to the Society at P.O. Box 1904, Roanoke.

Articles in early issues have dealt with cemeteries of Roanoke Valley, the archeological find of Indian points possibly 8,000 years old at the Peaks of Otter, Civil War action in Southwest Virginia, Fincastle as a summer resort in the late 19th century and objects on display in the Society's museum in Salem.

Writers for the Journal have been such well-known regional historians as Goodridge Wilson, R. D. Stoner, Raymond Barnes and J. R. Hildebrand. Ben Dulaney is editor.



Here is a sampling of the present status of some of these plots: One leg of a large water tank in the Veterans' Facility rests in the Brown cemetery whose people were here in Indian times. The Richard Carvin cemetery is in a pasture surrounded by new subdivisions—encroaching every year. The Old and the Jonathan Evans graveyards were erased by the construction of the Municipal Airport. The Frantz plot on the Huff farm has been cultivated over. The George Hannah tract disappeared when Denniston Avenue was graded. The George Howbert plot was engulfed by a subdivision—two houses are located on it today. The Preston graveyard in Vinton and one of the Persinger plots on Carlton Road share the same fate. The YMCA in Roanoke is built on the site of the Shirley cemetery. The Ruddle, Sedon and Jacob Vinyard cemeteries stand like islands in a sea of new houses.

A few of the local burial plots have been lovingly maintained by the descendants of those who sleep there. Others, not yet destroyed by "Progress," lie in ruin, often the victims of grazing cattle which congregate inside broken walls.

It is not too late to make records of these plots and it would be a worthy project for the Roanoke Historical Society. We even have a foundation on which to build: research, often fragmentary, done by the Works Progress Administration in the depression of the 1930s.

An example of genealogical research originating in family cemetery records has been given the writer by Mrs. Ola Gish Durr, a member of our group who has studied the Jacob Vinyard tract, one of the best maintained graveyards in the county.

There were three immigrant brothers: Jacob, Christopher and John Vinyard (Weingart or Wyniard). John proved his importation June 17, 1735 in Orange County Order Book I, page 20—long before the French and Indian War and before Augusta, Botetourt or Roanoke Counties came into existence. Various members of the family married Whites, Howells, Woods, Edingtons, Kefauvers, Thrashers, Feathers and other local families in the eastern part of the area whose history is interwoven with that of Roanoke County. Here is the list of those buried in the walled cemetery on the old John McAdoo plantation where Christian "Wyniard" lived:

		North		
	5	6	14	21
	4	7	15	
	3	8	16	
West			17	East
	2	9	16	
		10		
	1	11	19	
		12		
		13	20	
		South		

1. Susan Kefauver
2. Mary Jane Vinyard, wife of Carson Paul Vinyard
3. Carson Paul Vinyard
4. Girl infant—child of Jacob and Sallie Vinyard
5. Stewart infant
6. Eliza Hartley—child of John and Sarah Hartley



7. Carey Vinyard
8. Nicholas Vinyard
9. Margaret T. Vinyard
10. Mary Virginia Hartley
11. Aleen Vinyard Jones
12. Sarah Jane Hartley
13. John Hartley
14. Christiana Vinyard
15. Christian Vinyard
16. Nancy Vinyard Kefauver—daughter of Christian and Christiana Vinyard
17. Jacob Kefauver
18. Sarah Jane Kefauver
19. Richard H. Kefauver
20. Thomas H. Kefauver
21. - - - Schoonover (a tenant on the plantation)

This cemetery is selected because it is one of the few for which complete records are available. A search for dates of birth and deaths and an examination of wills for family relationships could bring the lives of long departed Vinyards into historical perspective.

\* \* \*

Stand by the stone marking the graves of Frederick and Magdalena Garst on the hill above the old Kessler Mill site. His stone is inscribed merely "Of Indian Fame." Or visit the children's graves in the Tombstone cemetery and read in three languages the epitaph prepared by the cutter of long ago. Or look upon the resting place of John Smith on the side of Green Ridge, marked only by an uprooted cherry tree in a resident's back yard. Stand by these or the tombs of pioneers in any local burying ground and your hand automatically will remove your hat in recognition of the people who lived, loved, labored and died that we might have this valley in which to dwell.

In many Common Service books there is an old hymn which exemplifies our pioneer cemeteries:

*Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die;  
A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.*



# Three-Layer Cake of Prehistoric Virginia

JEAN M. WHITE

The archeological evidence to prove a popular hypothesis about Virginia's prehistoric Indian culture has been gathered in a couple of hundred brown-paper sacks.

The specimen bags hold an assortment of stone weapon points and chips uncovered in three distinct layers on a 15x25 foot site near the Peaks of Otter, in the Blue Ridge Mountains not far from Roanoke. The significance lies not in what was found but rather in how it was found in the ground.

For archeologists the exciting thing is that the weapon points were uncovered at different levels. For the first time in that section of the country, there is now tangible evidence of layers of Indian culture superimposed atop each other.

A 3-foot deep cross-section of earth yielded evidence of prehistoric Indian life spanning some 3000 years. The earliest level goes back 8000 years into the early "archaic period" of American Indian culture. The other two layers were spaced roughly 1000 years apart.

It was a bulldozer that uncovered the first clues and led to an archeological salvage operation to rescue the past before the area is flooded by a 20-acre lake.

John W. Griffin, the regional archeologist for the National Park Service, headed a five-man crew that spent three weeks on the site last summer. The diggers marked off 5-foot squares. Then they painstakingly dug up the dirt in 6-inch layers and sifted it through screens to retrieve the stone points and chips. These were wrapped in aluminum foil and catalogued in specimen bags for later study.

Griffin, a tall, lean man who specializes in archaic Indian culture and puffs an archaic corncob pipe, points to the Peaks of Otter exploration as an example of the slow accumulation and synthesis of knowledge that is the backbone of archeology.

"Archeology is a dirty business," he says, with obvious affection for his work. "It's not picking up something and shouting 'Eureka.' You have to dig and sift and wash and number and catalogue and draw and photograph and compare.

"It's not the big breakthrough. It's a slow accumulation of knowledge. Each year's discovery reshapes the problems."

It also takes detective work and reasoning to piece together the

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*Miss White is a staff writer for the WASHINGTON POST from which this article is reprinted with permission. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Bucknell, Miss White also holds a masters degree in journalism from Columbia. Her other archeological stories include accounts of the first tangible evidence that the Norwegians beat Columbus to America and of the finding of the bones of Zinjanthropus and other near-humans in Africa.*





Here late in the summer of 1964 in the shadow of the twin Peaks of Otter men of the National Park Service toiled to remove Indian artifacts before the waters of a man-made lake covered the area. The lake, now filled, is below a new tourist lodge on the Blue Ridge Parkway, 30 miles northeast of Roanoke. Inset is John W. Griffin, National Park archeologist.

bits of the past and reconstruct the life of archaic peoples who have left little behind them.

"That is where it becomes a jigsaw puzzle," Griffin observes with relish.

For many years, archeologists have been finding the bits and pieces of archaic Indian culture in Virginia and along the East Coast. There has been none of the spectacular finds of the Southwest or the Missis-



sippi and Ohio River valleys. Climate and urbanization have been hard on archeological evidence along the East Coast.

"Even the bones of the animals that the people ate have disappeared. So have the skins that they wore and the wood shafts of their tools and weapons," Griffin points out.

That makes the detective work only more exciting and exacting to archeologists like Griffin.

They have long found weapon points of different Indian cultures mixed together on the surface. These matched with artifacts left behind in distinct strata in other areas of the country. So the archeologists reasoned that the weapon points in Virginia and other East Coast areas also should belong to different time periods. Now, with the Peaks of Otter find, they have proof of that hypothesis.

"It wasn't so much that the Indians favored this place," Griffin says. "It was rather that natural conditions favored the site for us. It was below a slope where the earth slowly built up over the years. If it had been an erosion site, the artifacts would have been mixed on the surface."

The diggers uncovered three distinct firepits, one atop the other. The evidence was cracked stones and bits of charcoal. The archeological timetable was constructed from the design of the weapon points found at the three levels.

The earliest matched with the point style found at Russell Cave in northern Alabama. Radiocarbon dating indicates that the Russell Cave points are around 8000 years old.

The Peaks of Otter second-layer points are of the Morrow Mountain type, found first in North Carolina and dated 6000 to 7000 years ago. The most recent are of the Guilford type, dated 5000 to 6000 years ago.

The Russell Cave reconstruction gives a "reasonable facsimile" of prehistoric Indian life in Virginia, Griffin feels. It was a rugged life. The Indians roamed in small bands of a dozen or less, hunting for food.

They probably set up temporary bases for a week or so to gather nuts and hunt in an area. The Peaks of Otter site probably was such a base, and there they squatted around the firepits. They wore skins and probably built skin lean-tos. Deer and turkey were their favorite game. The stone chips indicate that they made weapon points on the spot.

All this has been pieced together from the sackfuls of stone points and the three firepits dug up by Griffin's party.

"And, of course, the accumulation of prior knowledge," the archeologist adds. "The amount of a find doesn't always attest to its significance. It's what we can deduce from it."

Griffin washed the weapon points and stone chips at his Richmond home for further study and in December was writing a formal archeological report to add to that accumulated knowledge. It will be complete sometime this year and the artifacts will eventually go on display at the Peaks of Otter visitors' center.

By then the site will be covered by the man-made lake, but the past will have been salvaged. And further digging at a new site west of the lake may bring new discoveries.



# Fincastle Springs; Resort of the '80s



MISS NIEDERER

FRANCES J. NIEDERER

*This is a chapter from a forthcoming book by Dr. Niederer on the Fincastle area and its historic structures. The author, associate professor of art at Hollins College, has spent several years in sparetime research on the subject.*

*Our name is widely known:  
Far, far away, and from a warmer zone  
Fair tourists come with spirits high and gay—  
And come to stay!*

*This is our lasting wealth:  
The mineral water, and the bracing air,  
The long romantic drives, with tonic rare,  
Imparting health.*

So read two of the stanzas in an eloquent testimonial poem by Fanny Johnston which appeared in the *Fincastle Herald* in 1885. Although Fincastle was on one of the routes leading to the famed Virginia spas of the nineteenth century—one of the earliest stones in the Presbyterian graveyard bears the sad note of the death of Mrs. Maria Kollock, wife of a Savannah physician, who "in attempting a weary and painful journey to the Springs, to alleviate a Pulmonary Consumption," died at Fincastle on August 7, 1814—it was not until the end of that century that Fincastle itself became a mecca for health seekers.

But it had a brief blossoming in the 1880's and 1890's with a hundred or more visitors coming annually from such far-off points as New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Opelousas; Vicksburg, Macon, Florence and Mobile; St. Louis, Galveston and Houston. Their names and the accounts of their activities filled the social columns of the *Herald* in the summer months. Fincastle's climate, scenery, and the hospitality of its people, as a writer for the *Herald* mentions, combined to make it one of the most desirable "retreats" in the mountains of Virginia.



But it was the discovery of mineral waters which provided the stimulus needed to attract to Fincastle the "refined and intelligent society" of the summer boarders. And very special mineral waters they were: the only ferro-magnesian springs as yet discovered on the continent. Samples were sent to be exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 (along with a machine for wrapping oranges, by Mr. T. E. Nininger of Daleville.) One could of course buy the bottled water—"Nature's Great Health Restorer" reads the *Herald* advertisement—it could be delivered on the railroad at five dollars for a case of one dozen half-gallon bottles (and "Ministers of the Gospel will only be charged cost of shipment.") But how much pleasanter to drink it in company in a cooler climate, to stroll to the springs in the intervals between other diversions!

The little spring house stands on the Mill Creek Church Road less than a mile east of town, in a narrow valley between winding hills. The hexagonal canopy with lattice-work trim, somewhat battered now and its stone base hidden by weeds and briars, is picturesque still. One can imagine how attractive a note it must have been in this landscape three-quarters of a century ago.

The railroad which shipped the Fincastle Mineral Water could not bring visitors directly into town (Fanny Johnston's poem admits  
*we must confess*

*The railroad came just near enough to slay  
Our trade with Troutville six miles away)*

but they could make connections with the trains of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad (the Norfolk and Western after 1881) at Bonsack's depot. Arriving at Bonsack's at 5 p. m., a stagecoach running daily would get them to Fincastle at 8:30, and the fare (in 1881) was only a dollar and a half, with fifty cents reduction for a round-trip ticket. Mr. William B. Hayth was the agent at Fincastle; naturally the stage office was at his hotel near the courthouse.

There were in 1881 two main hotels. The older was the Western, built after the great fire of 1870 which had started in its stable. Its wooden units were replaced by brick ones which may still be seen behind the courthouse (they are now owned by C. V. Dodd). In 1881 these were leased from Mr. Hayth by J. W. McCormick.

Mr. McCormick's public notice in the *Herald* shows him ready for trade:

WESTERN HOTEL  
Fincastle, Va.

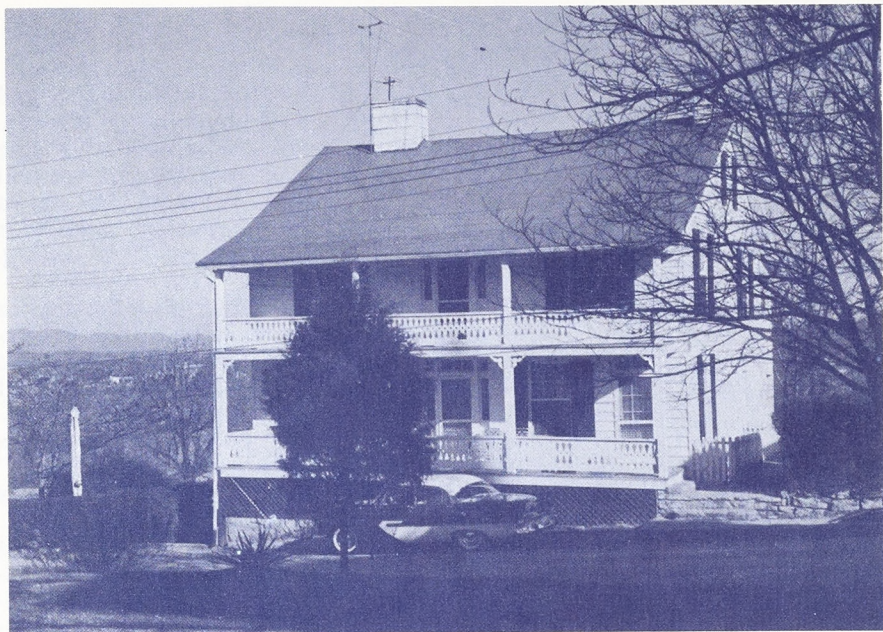
Having leased the above hotel I am prepared  
to accommodate the public on terms to

Suit the Times!

Board by the month as reasonable as elsewhere.  
Stock fed and Sale Stable kept in connection  
with the house. Also a first-class BAR will  
be kept in connection with the house, of  
purest wines and whiskies.

Mr. Hayth, a few years earlier, had bought a boarding house on the site of the Old Nece Union Hotel and Craft tavern, and had converted it into a thirty-bed hotel. The balconied structure of this original Hayth's House is still in use, as is a later wooden annex to the right on Roanoke Street (the W. B. Crush property.) Besides the summer





Hayth's Hotel as it appears today.

visitors, lawyers too patronized the hotel, stepping across the street from the row of brick offices which stood behind the courthouse.

Mr. Hayth's advertisement of 1881 is a bit more restrained than Mr. McCormick's:

HAYTH'S HOUSE  
Roanoke Street near Court House  
Fincastle, Virginia

I am prepared to offer to the public the accommodations of a FIRST-CLASS HOUSE. The table furnished with the best of the season; also good attention given to horses. I respectfully ask a share of the public patronage.

But he became the big hotel-manager, for by January of 1882 he was running both:

NEW COMBINED HOTEL!  
In Fincastle

Having taken charge of the Western Hotel in Fincastle, I shall keep hereafter Hayth's Hotel and the Western Hotel together as one house, and will give my own attention to them, and will guarantee a

FIRST CLASS HOUSE to the public. The table supplied with the best of the season. Stables well filled. BAR ROOM at each house filled with the best

LIQUORS, WINES, CIGARS, ETC.  
Thankful for past patronage I ask a continuance of the same.



## LARGE SAMPLE ROOM for Commercial men always ready.

By the summer of 1894 Fincastle was "quite a lively town" and Hayth's Hotel was "filled to full capacity since the opening of the season" with "nearly if not quite one hundred boarders" according to the social notes in the newspaper, "and those stopping at private homes will probably swell the total number to a hundred and forty." This was a sizable number of visitors for a town with a population of 675 or fewer. An addition was made to the Western in 1894: a large dining-room with lodging rooms above.

Ready for the summer trade in 1895 was a larger addition to Hayth's Eastern section. This was a three-story structure with its entire first floor, 32 by 56 feet, serving as a Music Hall (an older Music Hall now became a Sample Room.) Eight bedrooms with "12 feet pitch" were lined up on each upper floor along the eight-foot wide hallway which ran the entire length of the building, as did the balconies "which afford splendid views of landscape and mountain scenery." Unfortunately this section of the hotel no longer exists. But at least we can form some picture of the activities of these summers.

"Most brilliant social event" of the 1894 summer season was a "Mother Goose party" given in Hayth's ballroom, which was beautifully decorated with ferns and garlands of evergreens. The dominant New Orleans contingent took over. Miss Mary Young had suggested the theme, Mrs. Valades played the piano, and Mrs. Girault impersonated Mother Goose. Dancing began at 8 p. m. and continued until long past midnight with diversions, chief of which was the awarding of prizes. Miss Loretta McEnany, also of New Orleans, won a live goose as a first prize for her costume of Little Bo-Peep, and Mr. Peachy Breckenridge of Fincastle, who came as Little Boy Blue, won the gentlemen's first prize, a stuffed alligator.

There were, almost weekly, other gala affairs: Donkey Parties, Phantom Balls, Germans. Also there were Musicales, with duets and choruses vying with vocal, instrumental, and whistling solos. Sometimes, especially before Mr. Hayth built the new Music Hall in the hotel, these were held in the courthouse across the street: we can imagine the gaily dressed ladies flirting with their escorts under its handsome columned portico. Held at the courthouse was the World's Fair Concert in late August of 1892, when Miss Melanie Holt of Galveston was honored for her sweet rendering of a Spanish air, "La Paloma."

Occasionally, too, summer guests were invited to a ball or to a picnic party at Grove Hill, the magnificent Breckenridge mansion on Catawba Creek. If they wanted to go further afield they could hire delivery teams and visit the Natural Bridge, the Peaks of Otter (from which they saw the lights of Roanoke), the White Rock and Flowing Spring, or make the extended trip to Warm Springs, White Sulphur, or Old Sweet. Those gentlemen interested in politics may have been drawn to Roanoke by the announcement in the *Herald* on September 22, 1892, which mentioned that the "Hon. Adlai A. Stevenson, of Illinois, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President" was to speak there the following Monday, and added that "he draws large crowds wherever he appears." But those ladies interested in new fashions need not go afield, for right in the hotel was Mrs. S. E. Hayth's millinery shop with its new styles imported from Richmond, Baltimore, and New York.



By walking a block or two from Hayth's Hotel, summer visitors could admire the newer houses on Roanoke and Main Streets. The streets themselves were still unpaved, but rows of stepping stones were placed across their intersections, as we can see in old photographs of the town. The *Herald* commented in June of 1881 on Mr. John N. Slicer's new home, just then finished: "one of the prettiest in town," with "a good deal of fancy work about it." There was less fancy work, but instead a sober elegance in two of the houses newly built in "Tuscan villa" style. (Visitors to Roanoke could see a magnificent house in this style on a farm which occupied the site of the present Roanoke Airport. This house, begun by Alexander Bruce in 1854 and finished by John W. Hurt in 1860, was the finest example of Italian villa anywhere in the vicinity.) One of the new Fincastle homes was the Beckley house at 21 Roanoke Street, finished in 1875 as a residence for Brown M. Allen, then Clerk of Botetourt County, and the other Captain Jim Figgatt's (now Graybill-Woltz) house, at 20 Main Street, built in 1880.

The pairs of tall narrow windows, the bracketed cornice, the porch and bay window at the side of the Beckley house are all typical of the style. The Figgatt house exhibits a somewhat more austere version, especially since the porch which originally extended across the front has been in part removed. Notable here are the sturdy 18-inch thick outer brick walls, the high-ceilinged rooms, and the imported black marble fireplaces in two of the first-floor drawing rooms. Another attractive home which dates from this period and is a variant of the same style is the Godwin cottage, on the other side of town near the spring.

Some of the New Orleans visitors may have left their mark on the



The Price House in its altered form.





**The county jail today is still a unique building.**

architecture of the town. It is said, for example, that the New Orleans bride of one of the owners of the Price (now Waid) house, built in the 1870's across from Captain Figgatt's, had all its ceilings raised and added wrought-iron balconies on front and sides. This charming house remodeled again in a more recent decade, is quite elaborate in surface decoration, and the central hall utilizes curves both in its ground plan and in its graceful hanging staircase. But it reflects still the old Valley of Virginia scheme in its ground plan and its double-storied porch.

Several commercial buildings were erected in these years, notably in the area around the courthouse. The new building for the *Fincastle Herald* office, still in existence, was completed in January of 1894, with brick replacing a frame structure destroyed by fire several months before. The Luster store, finished in July of 1894, drew admiring comment from the newspaper: "The iron and brick front of Mr. J. O.



Luster's tin and stove establishment on Roanoke Street is very pretty and attractive, and is naturally the subject of favorable comment by our people. Iron cornice and window capping adorn the front, making a pretty combination with the neatly stained and pencilled brick-work. Mr. Luster evidently has an eye for the beautiful as well as the substantial, and deserves the thanks of our people in helping, at an unnecessary expense, to improve the appearance of the town. His is an example that is worthy of emulation."

Actually Mr. Luster's example was outclassed in 1897 when the County Jail was erected next to the courthouse. The jail, of red brick, was small, thirty-two feet on each side, and rose three stories above the basement. The first floor was divided into four rooms serving as apartment for the jailer. The second floor held a room for the sheriff, a search room and bath, and four cells, and the third floor was simply one large room with six cells opening from a central corridor. But the jail on the exterior is by far the most ornate building of this period in Fincastle. Again there may have been some Deep-South influence in the delightfully decorative iron-work of its balcony, the gaiety of which masks the use of the up-to-date steel plate jail cells and roof, and the fireproof concrete floors within. Such use of modern materials might seem to presage a new age of modern building in the town.

But actually it did not, although there were hopes earlier in the 1880's for expansion of the town and a boom in building. Fincastle's population in 1880 totalled 675; for four or five decades it had been decreasing and an influx of a hundred or more summer visitors yearly had considerable impact. Fanny Johnston's poem of 1885 was titled "A Retrospect and a Prophecy"—she reminds us of Fincastle that "In ante-bellum years she reached her prime," but she also reflects the hopes of the mid-80's. These were of the coming railroad ("The iron horse shall neigh upon her streets") and of the expansion of town and industry.

On May 21, 1892 the *Herald* told its readers that "The Botetourt Development Company has lately broken ground for a railroad, which is to connect with the Shenandoah Valley Railroad at or near Cloverdale," and on July 7 reported a visit by Captain Hathaway, secretary-treasurer of the Roanoke, Fincastle and Clifton Forge Railroad which was to be connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio at Eagle Rock. Captain Hathaway admitted that hands were scarce but were coming in, and spoke hopefully of the early completion of this road.

Meanwhile a Fincastle Land and Improvement Company had been formed to enlarge the town south and east of its existing limits. A map showing the property of the company, 468 acres in all, was completed by a Mr. Thayer and commented on in the *Herald* on May 21, 1891. That the summer visitors played an important part in these plans is evident in the newspaper report, which speaks particularly of a projected new railroad hotel. Evidently this was to be placed on the hill where still stands the lovely old mansion Santillane, for that name was to be used for the hotel, and a Santillane Avenue was to intersect with old Catawba Avenue (the present route 220). "On the property this hotel occupies a splendid place, on a slight eminence, and when the splendid building now there will have been enlarged and converted into a magnificent new hotel it will be one of the loveliest and most interesting places in Virginia for the summer visitor and tourist."



A passenger station and the main line of the Roanoke, Fincastle and Clifton Forge Railway were also delineated. Streets and avenues were laid out. Four of these bore the names of the company's officers: President R. T. Herndon, Vice-President C. H. Vines, Secretary R. L. Housman, and Treasurer James Godwin, but others apparently honored the summer guests with streets named Charleston, Houston, and Texas. Building lots had been surveyed, and a factory site was located at the western border of town. "Santillane Park" and "villa sites" were placed at the southeast, and bordered by a street named Frisco Place. The newspaper writer's enthusiasm for all of this was tempered, and he ended his account on a rather nostalgic note: "The idea then suggests itself that it is a pity to convert such a pretty place into town lots, but sentiment must give way to progress in these booming times."

Expansion and boom, however, did not come. Summer visitors dwindled in number and finally stopped coming to Fincastle. The real estate scheme failed for lack of investors and only Herndon Street remains to commemorate it. The railway never materialized beyond the making of a few stretches of roadbed, and even a projected trolley line failed. Nor did any new industry enter to change the pattern of the town. But one happy result of all this is that it is still possible for us, visiting Fincastle today, to see it almost as did its summer guests in the 1880's and 1890's, and to conclude as Fanny Johnston began:

*All golden is her past;  
Rich relics rare of dear and distant days  
Their shadows cast  
Upon her now, and fill her life with praise.  
Sweet fragrance of the old regime fills  
Our town with Southern grace;  
and makes our home, among Virginia's hills,  
A charming place.*



The mineral spring house today — a weathered monument to past glories.



# Civil War Comes to Buchanan: I

## An Eyewitness Story

MRS. JANE C. BOYD

*This and the immediately following article are two accounts of the same episode in Civil War history—the coming of Federal forces to Buchanan in June, 1864. This story written by Mrs. Boyd some years after the war has not been printed previously as far as we know. The author's husband, William W. Boyd, who represented his county at "the Secession Convention" of February 13, 1861, was a state senator after the War. The Boyds were among the earliest settlers of Bote-tourt. Andrew Boyd married Mary, daughter of Col. John Buchanan, founder of the town.*

At the time of the breaking out of the great Civil War I was living at Oak Hill, near the town of Buchanan. The house had been mine from the time of my marriage; the home had been ours from time immemorial.

My husband, William W. Boyd, was a member of the convention which met and decided the question of Virginia's secession from the Union, and the whole country was in a state of the greatest excitement. I was with my husband and spent the winter in Richmond, and attended many meetings of the convention and heard many speeches for and against secession. There were able men on both sides.

The day the Ordinance of Secession was passed the convention sat with closed doors. I was on Main Street, in a dry goods store, when a man rushed in clapping his hands and crying: "She is out! She is out!" Looking out, I saw a man taking down the Stars and Stripes from the capitol and hoisting the Virginia State flag. I knew then that the Ordinance of Secession had passed.

I went out to my boarding house, and by that time the streets were so crowded that it was almost impossible to pass; "Dixie" was being played and sung on nearly every corner.

Soon after the Ordinance of Secession was passed, I was at St. Paul's Church, and just at the conclusion of Dr. Minnegerode's sermon an alarm bell sounded. Everybody in church left; and when I got on the street it was a most exciting scene, people rushing around with old shot guns, swords and whatever weapons they could get. I found that it was said a large war vessel, the "Pawnee," was coming to attack Richmond, and the people were wild. There was an old lady in my boarding house who seemed very uneasy, and said what scared her most was that some one told her that the "Shawnee" Indians were coming. I said to her: "Where, Mrs. Leigh, did you think the Shawnees would come from?" "Oh," she said, "Mrs. Boyd, in these unprecedented times I did not know what might happen."

Soon after Virginia seceded I returned to my home and saw many of our brave men prepare for the great conflict that was before them. I shared most cheerfully and willingly in the privations and distresses of our country. I saw many of our brave men go out to return no more—so many that were mere boys. I saw nothing of the enemy



June, 1864. We had repeated alarms that the Yankees were coming, but these alarms so often proved false that we began to feel as if it was the boy crying "Wolf!" But about the middle of June, 1864, the alarm was but too true. General Hunter, General Crook and General Averil came up the valley and, we knew, would soon be upon us. About 9 o'clock Monday morning General McCausland, commanding the Confederate troops, came in on the opposite side of James River from my home, closely followed by the Northern troops. General McCausland sent his men across the bridge, and then had the bridge filled with baled hay (a large amount of which was at Buchanan for shipment), and fired. The bridge was an old-fashioned covered wooden bridge, and the flames spread rapidly. From some cause General McCausland neglected to cross before the bridge was fired, and had to be brought across the river in a canoe, and was very near being captured. The burning of the bridge set fire to the town, and as many, perhaps, as 30 buildings were destroyed. The scene was terrific, and many people were made homeless. General McCausland formed his line of battle just at the foot of Oak Hill, my old home, and the enemy's line was on the opposite side of James River, near the foot of Purgatory Mountain. My house was just in the range of the Yankee artillery. One of our officers (Col. R. H. Burks) rode up to my house and told me I had better take my children and go as far back from the house as possible, as we were in danger, but I concluded we would be just as safe in the large cellar under the house. So I got all the children and servants together and we took refuge there. In a little while the cellar was filled with people from the town, who left thinking it was safer on Oak Hill. The houses of some of these people were burned down and they lost everything. It was a fearful time, and one that filled my heart with deep sorrow; but when I look back now I can but feel amused at some of the scenes of that morning. Some of the remarks of the Negroes were very amusing. As the Yankees were coming towards the town, my old cook, whom we all called "Mammy Sally," was so anxious to see all that was going on that she left the cellar. While out in the yard picking up chips she would now and then look up, and, seeing the long line of soldiers marching towards the town, exclaimed: "Good Lord, ain't thar no end to dem men!"

The battle only lasted a short time, but to our anxious hearts it seemed long. Our men retreated down the Peaks of Otter Road, crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains. As the bridge was burned and the river very deep at the town, the enemy had to go nearly a mile up the river to ford. This gave our men a little advantage to get some distance ahead of the Yankees. As soon as General Averil got into Buchanan, and found that the citizens had not fired the town, he ordered his men to help to put the fires out, and a good many houses were saved.

My husband's office was about to be burned, and I went myself to the town, knowing he had a very valuable library and many valuable papers in his office, to see if I could have them. The town was then overrun with Yankees. I spoke to some of the soldiers and they were very rough, and said the books might burn. This was said with many oaths. They had broken into a gentleman's house nearby and brought out demijohns and decanters of fine old wines, and were drinking it. Just then I saw an officer, who proved to be General Averil's Chief of



Staff, Colonel Crawford. The office was not much burnt, but, for fear it would be, I told Colonel Crawford I wished to save the books and papers. He at once ordered his men to go in and take the books and papers out and carry them wherever I wished, and they were carried to my house by these men and my servants. Colonel Crawford told me that the burning of the Virginia Military Institute was a shame. He was very kind and courteous. In a storeroom back of the office there were some old-time military hats with high crowns and green cockades. The Yankees got hold of them and seemed very much amused in putting them on.

General Averil sent out part of his army to try and overtake General McCausland on the mountain. The line of battle was formed just back of my home. They went out several miles, but were met with a serious obstruction and had to return. The road is made around the side of a mountain, with high cliffs on one side and deep ravine and precipice on the other. At a point where the road goes around a most precipitous point, my husband sent men there after General McCausland's army had passed and had the roadway torn up. It took three days for the Yankees to repair the road so their army could pass over it. This delay prevented the Yankees from capturing the City of Lynchburg. We had camped around us from Monday till Wednesday 30,000 men. General Crook's headquarters were in my yard, and it was fortunate for me that such was the case, as General David Hunter had ordered my home to be burned, as my husband had been a member of the Secession Convention. General Crook countermanded the order, and I did not know until afterwards how he had protected me. I watched all one fearful night, not knowing how soon my home would be burned.

Colonel Anderson's house, at Mount Joy, was burned by General Hunter's orders. He gave Mrs. Anderson an hour to get what she could out of the house, and then the windows were closed and the house was fired. The house burned so rapidly that it was evident some inflammable substance had been placed on the building.

Then Mr. J. W. Jones' foundry and a large storehouse attached were burned. In the storehouse were a number of barrels of sorghum. The Yankees knocked the heads out of the barrels, and they danced around the fire, saying that it was "the biggest molasses stew they ever saw."

All the provisions that could be laid hold of were taken from the storeroom and smokehouse. Our cook was required to cook for them. General Crook did not reach Buchanan until some hours after General Hunter. Fearing I would be treated badly, I went to General Averil's headquarters to ask for a guard. General Averil was a splendid looking man, and was very courteous and polite.

My house was not searched till after part of the army had left. Then three men came, saying they had an order to search the house for firearms. Two of them were very rough, rude men, but one of them seemed kind and begged the other two not to trouble me, and I think now though he went with the men he did it as a protection to me. When he left he gave me his name and photograph. I told him that if the war continued and we should meet again I would befriend him. These men had been told there was a barrel of whiskey in my cellar, and that was what they were looking for, not firearms. They found



no whiskey, but did find some bottles of fine old Madeira wine, which they took. There was not a room or closet they did not go in. The last room was a large storeroom up stairs, and in the middle there was a table, with home-made soap on it, cut in squares. One of the men said, "Oh, maple sugar." I said "Help yourself," but he only took one bite. I found out afterwards they had no order to search the house, and had it been known to General Averil or General Crook they would have been punished. General Hunter had no feeling for the people, but the other two Generals were gentlemen.

There was a Negro there who seemed to think when the Yankees came he could do as he pleased, and one night got into a lady's house and behaved very badly. General Averil had him shot. General Crook and his officers were very nice and kind while they camped near my house, and I have felt very grateful to them, for I was alone with four little children and my house some distance from any one.

My husband's health was bad, and I prevailed on him to leave home, as he had been a member of the Secession Convention, and would have been taken prisoner, and could not have stood it.

Throughout these trying times my servants were faithful, except two, who left with the army. All the others stayed till after the war, some for a long time, and often came back and lived with me.

There is a little incident I must relate. My old cook, whom we all called Mammy Sally, had cooked constantly for the soldiers, and there was a crowd every day. She killed all the fowl out of the poultry yard and she cooked them and made bread. But one day, in the midst of her cooking, two men got to fighting and drew their pistols. The old woman ran out in the yard dreadfully scared, and turned a large tub up and sat down, saying, "Gentlemen, when you behave I will cook some more for you. I never see gentlemen do that way." My old cook was very faithful to me. Stayed long after the surrender, and came back to me after she left.

For some weeks after the army left there was a fire almost every night. Two large hotels were burned, several barns near town and stables in the town, and often horses burned, and some private houses were set on fire, but discovered in time to save them. It was a fearful time. People were afraid to go to bed. It was thought that some of the soldiers induced the Negroes to do this burning, but it was never known.



# Civil War Comes to Buchanan: II

## The Burning of Mount Joy

ELLEN GRAHAM ANDERSON



EDITOR'S NOTE: Although before the war was imminent they had been against secession, as had most of the Shenandoah, Upper James and Roanoke Valley folk, the Anderson family of Botsourt County had four brothers aiding the Confederacy in important ways.

Col. John Thomas Anderson of Mount Joy, Buchanan, was in the Confederate Congress. General Joseph Reid Anderson, in Richmond,

managed the Tredegar Iron Works. Francis Thomas Anderson, who after the war became a member of the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, looked after family mines and furnaces which sent iron down the James River canal to the Tredegar. Dr. William Neely Anderson, a graduate of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, gave up his health and his whole inheritance to care for the old, the wounded and the ill, with little or no remuneration, during and after the war.

As gathered from recollections of her family and others by Miss Ellen Graham Anderson, of Lexington, this is the story of Mount Joy and its burning during Hunter's raid. Her principal sources were her father, William Alexander Anderson (son of Francis), his sisters, whom she remembers well, and also some of Col. John T. Anderson's and some Harvey descendants, and many of their Glasgow, Junkin, Shanks, Patton and Johnston connections or friends.

\* \* \* \*

Mount Joy stood on a knoll rising above beautiful Cherry Tree Bottom, where Looney's Creek runs into the James a mile or so west of Buchanan, overlooking the river to the north and the Great Road (U. S. 11 now) to the south. John Thomas Anderson had bought it about 1840 from the estate of Matthew Harvey, who had probably built it before 1810. (The Harveys were pioneer iron workers of the territory and had already erected extensive works on the Mount Joy land, past which was eventually to run the James River canal.—Ed.)



The appearance of the house was impressive, with large white columns, somewhat like Montrose, built later, on the edge of Fincastle, by Francis T. Anderson. (Montrose stood until it caught fire in the 1920's.)

But it is of the interior that I heard most, for my father and his sisters looked on their uncle's estate as their second home. They often described the library, with its books to the ceiling, and the dining room with gleaming silver and heavy wall mirrors. Living first at Fincastle, then near the Glenwood furnace (formerly Cassandra) in Rockbridge County, F. T. Anderson's children were thus in driving distance of their much beloved uncle and aunt at Mount Joy.

Our great-aunt Cassie, Mrs. John T. Anderson, had been the widow Cassandra Morrison Shanks Patton. She already had two Patton sons; and she and Uncle Joseph had one son who lived to manhood, Joseph Washington Anderson. Two other boys died in infancy and are buried with their parents in the Presbyterian cemetery in Fincastle. Also, Col. and Mrs. Anderson took to live with them two motherless Shanks nephews—one was later Gen. David C. Shanks, U.S.A., of Salem.

Joseph Washington Anderson attended the excellent Botetourt Seminary at Fincastle and also a preparatory school presided over by the distinguished W. R. Galt, until he entered the University of Virginia in 1855. There he studied law under the widely known John B. Minor. On graduation in 1859, he married Miss Susan B. Morris, of Louisa County, and returned to Buchanan to practice law and help run the plantation. Their children, John Thomas and Anna Morris, were born there. Another little boy, mentioned by Gen. Shanks in his *Genealogy*, died early.

Mount Joy was to be an Anderson home for only one generation. For by this time, clouds of war hung low. All the young men at the place left for service in the Confederate armies, and Uncle John became a member of the Congress in Richmond.

Though not strong, Joseph volunteered in the "Mountain Rifles," twenty-eighth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. Robert T. Preston. This regiment served at First Manassas; their names are on the monument in Buchanan. Soon after, however, Joseph requested transfer to the Vicksburg campaign, and was promoted to major in the battery now called the Botetourt Artillery.

On May 16, 1863, at Balser's Creek near Vicksburg, Joseph W. Anderson fell, mortally wounded. In December, 1863, his remains were moved by his father to the Presbyterian cemetery at Fincastle.

The battle flag of the Botetourt Artillery was said to have been made from the wedding dress of the young major's mother, Aunt Cassandra Anderson. The Misses Elizabeth and Mary Johnston (the author) showed me a portion of the flag, which was divided and pieces given to all the officers. My second cousin, Anna Anderson Ely, daughter of Joseph, had another piece framed, which I also saw.

Just six months after Joseph's body was brought back to Virginia—in June, 1864, General Hunter came through the Valley burning and destroying in order to starve the people.

A detachment of cavalry appeared at Mount Joy, for Hunter had threatened to hang Uncle John if he were captured. In apparent fury at not finding him—he was in Richmond—and knowing the women were alone, the place was ordered to be burned. But the officer



who had been told to do so set fire only to some out-buildings and went on. Hunter, learning this, sent him and his troops back, and Aunt Cassie was given one hour to remove all their belongings.

Much silver was stolen by the soldiers; but some was saved and faithful servants returned it. My third cousin, Anna Ely Morehouse, had some of it in her home at Princeton, N. J. She also had portraits from Mount Joy, which might have been removed before Hunter reached Buchanan.

Great-aunt Cassandra and her niece-in-law, Annie Glasgow (later to be the mother of Ellen Glasgow, the novelist), were carrying some of the best china in their aprons and skirts, when a soldier slashed their clothing with his sabre and crushed the china. My aunt Isabel Anderson Bruce told me this.

Annie's husband was Francis Thomas Glasgow, of Richmond, where he was in service with his uncle Joseph Reid Anderson at the Tredegar Iron Works supplying ordnance to the Confederacy. He had sent his wife and two small daughters to Buchanan, a town he knew well in his duties with his uncles at their various furnaces. Aunt Cassie, and those at Mount Joy with her, were brought into Buchanan that dreadful night, to stay at the house to which Annie Glasgow had "refugee'd" from Richmond.

Some Mount Joy furniture seems to have been moved into a brick kitchen house in the yard, and there, for the rest of their days, the two old people lived. Mount Joy was never rebuilt.

In her diary, Ellen Glasgow speaks of her mother and two older sisters living in Buchanan during the war, and in later years all her family spent summers there. When she was planning to write *The Battle Ground*, about 1900, she and her sister Cary drove all over Botetourt County.

(In the novel, the hero, Dan Montjoy, returns to the site of the old home which had been burned by Federal troops and finds the elderly owners living very graciously and courageously in the overseer's house in the yard.—Ed.)

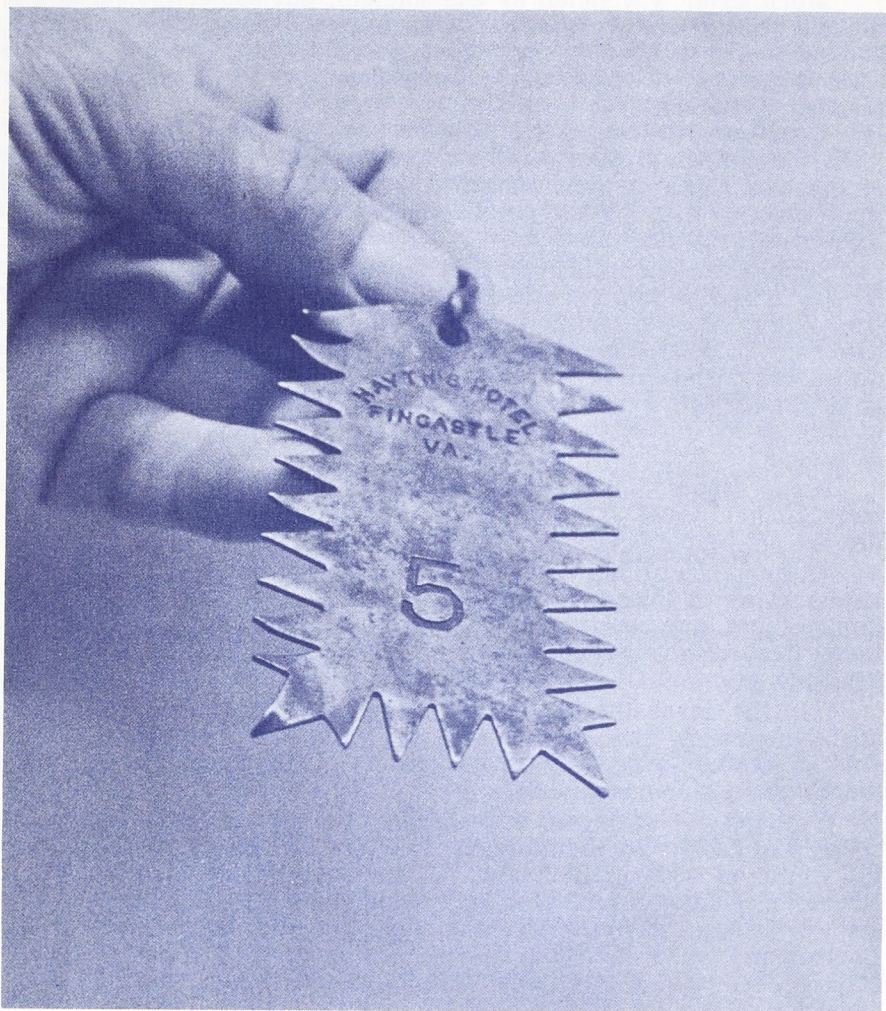
Perhaps my strongest impressions of both the beauty and the tragedy of Mount Joy came from Aunt Isabel Bruce. She had spent the winter of 1864 in Richmond, as had her cousin Sallie Alexander Moore, of Lexington. Trying to return home, the two girls took a train to Salem, and from there were able to secure wagons, and got to Buchanan. "Belle" was sent to her Uncle John Anderson's home and stayed there until a way came to drive to her father's place at Glenwood Furnace, near Natural Bridge.

This visit was only two months before Hunter came up the Valley. Understandably bitter ever after were the feelings of that generation who had known Mount Joy against the cruelties of Hunter's men toward helpless women and a beautiful home; or, rather, of Hunter himself, for many of his officers are known to have protested, and one gentleman among them did remain for a day or two to protect Mrs. Glasgow and her children from the stragglers and the drunken soldiers in Buchanan.

My father, who had himself been wounded at First Manassas, rarely dwelt on the horrors of that tragic period. He said only, looking over the lovely valley, "Mount Joy became Mount Sorrow."



## A Key Which Stayed Home

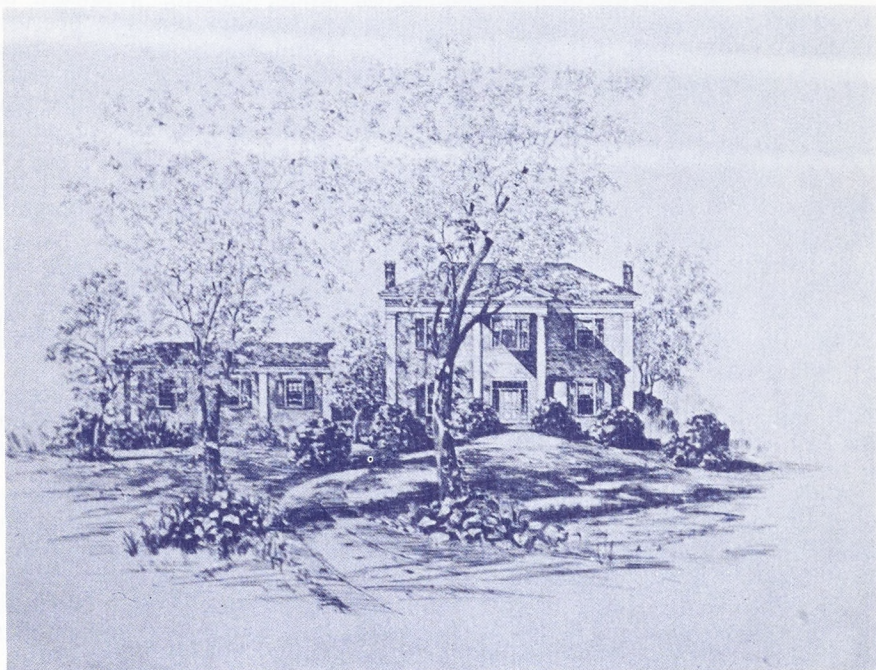


There was no "drop-in-nearest-mailbox" notation on this 1880 key tag from Hayth's Hotel. (See Fincastle story on page 7). Whether by accident or design the sharp points on the copper tag would scrape a man's pocket or ruin a lady's handbag. So the key to room 5 always hung behind the front desk when the guest was out.



# Buena Vista -- Roanoke Plantation

ANNE MONTGOMERY



**A drawing of Buena Vista in happier days. Note landscaping and one-story wing in contrast to picture on page 25.**

Buena Vista, impressive remnant of what was once a vast and gracious plantation, sits on a wooded hill in the southeast section of the City of Roanoke, surveying the Roanoke valley and the mountains which encircle it.

Once the vast rooms of the old house rang with pre-Civil War hospitality, and the master, Col. George Plater Tayloe, could scan his 598 acres of farmland from his verandas.

Today the bare rooms are mostly filled with children, rocking and rolling to the music of a record player, and the view from the porch embraces thousands of rooftops, industrial smoke stacks and busy city streets.

It was in 1833 that George P. Tayloe, descendant of a family prominent in Virginia and Washington, D. C., affairs since 1642, bought the Buena Vista lands from his father-in-law, William Langhorne. Shortly afterwards he commenced the construction of his home, and moved



there from his former home near what is now Cloverdale.

George P. Tayloe was born at Mt. Airy, Richmond County, in 1804, the son of Col. John Tayloe, III, a close personal friend of George Washington, and of Ann Ogle Tayloe, a daughter of the Governor of Maryland.

This young man, barely 30 when he arrived in the Roanoke Valley, was to become one of the wealthiest, most useful and influential men in the history of Roanoke, city and county.

When he arrived in this part of the state, moving westward as so many younger sons of prominent colonial families did, the present Roanoke county was still a part of Botetourt and Montgomery counties.

Accordingly Tayloe called his new estate Roanoke, after the river which had carved the valley. It was not until 1838, when Roanoke County was formed, that the name of the plantation was changed to Buena Vista—"beautiful view."

It was from this mansion that Col. Tayloe for 60 years, until his death at 92 in 1897 proceeded to take an active part in the development of the growing community.

He was instrumental in building the first church in Big Lick, the church which is now St. John's Episcopal Church; he concerned himself vitally with the sometimes struggling Hollins College for nearly 50 years; he represented the county in the State Legislature; he served on the state convention to consider the question of secession.

In this latter capacity, Col. Tayloe spoke and voted against secession, but when the issue was passed, he signed the ordinance and threw his full support into the Confederate cause. Three of his sons died as a result of the subsequent war.

Col. Tayloe was a descendant of a family not only devoted to community service, but also to building houses. His grandfather built Mount Airy, where George P. Tayloe was born, and for a Washington, D. C., residence, George's father built the famous Octagon House. This house, now the property of the American Institute of Architects, was used as the residence of President James Madison after the British burned the White House during the War of 1812.

Some of the furnishings of the Octagon House found their way to Buena Vista and are now the property of George Plater Tayloe's grandson, Tayloe Rogers of Roanoke County. Curiously enough, a striking coincidence was involved in the building of Mr. and Mrs. Rogers' present home.

Their house was planned to be "a new house resembling an old one" and was partially designed to house furnishings from Buena Vista. While searching for authentic colonial clapboarding to copy for the exterior, Mrs. Rogers, who had formerly lived in Williamsburg, had her architects copy the clapboarding from an old house she remembered liking in Williamsburg. This was over 30 years ago, before the restoration of the Tayloe house.

The architects accordingly copied the boards from a house that restoration research subsequently revealed to have been built in 1757 by John Tayloe, II, grandfather of the builder of Buena Vista, and used by the second John as his residence while the Virginia House of Burgesses was in session.

Massive is the word for Buena Vista. The main part of the house is an immense square of red brick decorated with white pilasters. A



two-story wing projects to the left of the entrance today, although an architect's drawing of the original elevation shows only one story.

Inside, the house contains a center hall and four great rooms on each of two floors. Perhaps the single most striking feature as the house stands today—that is, almost bare of furniture—is the unusual height of the ceilings.

The furniture, now in Mr. Rogers' home, bears out the scale of these rooms

Raymond Barnes in a newspaper article on Col. Tayloe writes:

"During the boom days of the late eighties and early nineties, a considerable acreage of the once grand estate was staked out in building lots and lost. The fine old mansion still stood in the grove of huge oaks and east of it, near the foot of the elevation lay Rogers' Pond formed by a rushing spring. From all I can learn this was once used as an ice pond from which ice was cut and stored for summer use. To boys my age and older it was a mecca for ice skating.

"I have been told that a flock of sheep was kept to crop the expansive lawn. The huge chimneys running from basement to above the roof were open to fireplaces on each floor. The story goes that young lady visitors were placed in a room where the deep breathing of the sheep huddled at the base of the chimney was accented so heavily and heard so plainly that the girls believed their room haunted."

Many people feel that the restoration of Buena Vista would make a fine historical shrine for Roanoke, and a project that could logically look for assistance from patriotic and civic organizations.

(Continued on page 30)



Contemporary photograph of Buena Vista, now a Roanoke city recreation center.



# William Fleming's Surgical Instruments

EDMUND P. GOODWIN

Mr. Arthur Kent of Tucson, Arizona, whose old home was on Reed Creek in Wythe County, has presented the Society a most interesting collection of surgical instruments. Originally they belonged to Colonel (Doctor) William Fleming. Mr. Kent received the instruments from his father who was given them by his uncle's wife. She was the granddaughter of William Fleming and before her marriage was Anne Christian Baxter.

These instruments represent the type of equipment used by the medical profession in this area during the last half of the 18th century. They are now on display at the Society's museum and have been identified as follows:

1. Earliest metal pressure tourniquet.
2. Phlebotome blades, one with handle only, another with blade; also three blades in small case.
3. Scalpel
4. Curette, triangular handle of ivory or bone, sharp point
5. Metal instrument (use unknown)
6. Probably bullet probe and extractor
7. Scale for measuring medicines
8. Instruments possibly used for wound closure (hooks)
9. Spatula
10. Hemostat
11. Tweezers
12. Calipers

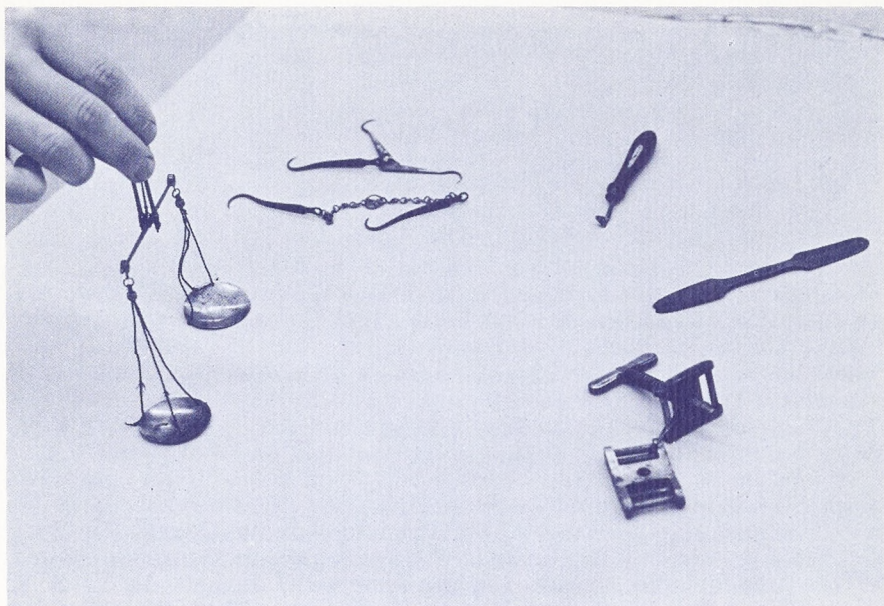
Fleming's 3,000-acre plantation Bellmont is now a part of Roanoke City, Roanoke County and the Town of Vinton. In 1728 (new style) he was born at Jedborough, Scotland, of English parents from Westmoreland County. His classical and medical training was received in both Scotland and England.

Governor Dinwiddie appointed him an Ensign of the First Virginia Regiment in 1755 and throughout the French and Indian War he served not only as a line officer but as a surgeon.

Immediately after the war he practiced medicine for some five years in Staunton, after which the Flemings moved to Bellmont. His practice in this area was interrupted when he was appointed colonel of the Botetourt Militia. While leading those troops at the Battle of Point Pleasant he was severely wounded. While senator representing a number of counties Fleming was appointed a member of the Council and acted as Governor of Virginia between the terms of Jefferson and Nelson. Governor Harrison appointed Fleming as a commissioner on two occasions—one to settle land titles, the other to adjust financial claims. Fleming died in 1795 and both he and his wife are buried on the land that was Bellmont.

These instruments are in themselves a valuable addition to the Society's collection, but even more important is their close connection





**The 200-year-old Fleming instruments shown here are (from hand at left) a scale for measuring medicines, hooks used probably for wound closure, a phlebotome blade handle, spatula and a metal tourniquet.**

to this area and to one of its most prominent citizens of the last half of the eighteenth century.

The Society extends to Mr. Arthur Kent its great appreciation and thanks for this fine gift.



# Roanoke's Company "F"

## Alive After 70 Years

R. HOLMAN RAGLAND  
Corporal, Co. "F"  
116th (E & F, 2nd Va.) Infantry

Organized in Roanoke in the early 1890s, Company "F" saw service against Spain, in the Mexican Border incident and in France during World War I. Officially it ceased to be on May 29, 1919—but each November its men—there are 130 left—meet in Roanoke reunion. It is a proud group.

Company "F" began as a unit of the 2nd Virginia Infantry Regiment, National Guard—a regiment which dates to Revolutionary War days. After serving in the Spanish-American War the company was mustered out of service on December 15, 1898 but was reorganized in 1899 and continued as a unit of the Virginia National Guard. On June 27, 1916 the company left Roanoke for service on the Mexican Border. At that time the officers were: Captain Linwood G. Figgatt; 1st Lt. R. E. Lightner and 2nd Lieutenant Vernon H. Speese. The company went through a period of intensive training while on the Border and returned to Roanoke on March 1, 1917.

The company was recalled to duty on March 25, 1917 and men of the original unit were assigned to guard bridges and other points on the Virginian Railway. Meanwhile, following the declaration of war on Germany in April, 1917, recruits who would later be assigned to the company were undergoing training in Roanoke. Lt. Lightner was replaced by Speese and Harry F. Powell became 2nd Lieutenant. Walter C. Stevens was 1st Sergeant.

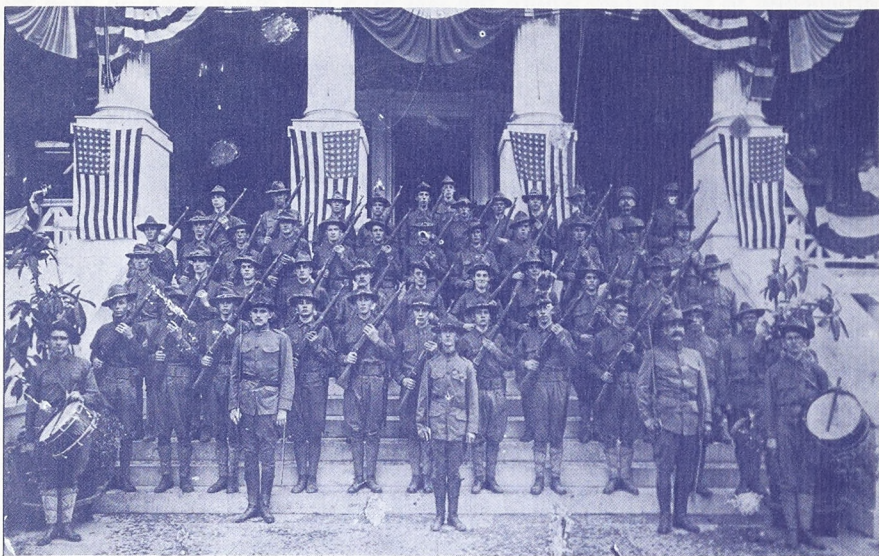
On June 1, 1917 the company and other units of the Virginia National Guard were inducted into Federal service. As a result the monthly salary of privates was increased from \$15 per month to \$30. Training of the units continued while additional recruits were signed up and assembled at the Roanoke Fair Grounds.

On August 17, 1917, Company "F" and other units of the 2nd Virginia Infantry entrained at Roanoke and arrived at Camp McClellan, near Anniston, Ala. on August 19. This regiment was the first National Guard organization to set up a camp in the United States.

On October 4, 1917 Company "E" of the 2nd Virginia Infantry merged with Company "F" to form Co. "F" of the 116th Infantry, 29th (Blue and Gray) Division. The strength of the merged company became 250 men and officers. Captain Figgatt of Roanoke continued as commanding officer, Robert C. Kent, Jr., was 1st Lieutenant and Walter C. Stevens was 1st Sergeant. Four new lieutenants from other organizations were assigned to Co. "F."

After nine months of strenuous training at Camp McClellan the company sailed for France with other units of the 29th Division on June 15, 1918, arriving in St. Nazaire on June 28. A few days later the company traveled by train and on foot to Frette and, after spending about two weeks there getting outfitted, moved on foot and in box cars,





**Company F, 2nd Virginia Infantry, National Guard, stands proudly on the Elks Club steps in Roanoke on June 14, 1914. (Photograph owned by Hugh E. Layman, Roanoke.)**

stopping at several towns for periods of from a day to two weeks for rest and training, reaching Balschwiller, in the center sector of Haute Alsace on August 7, 1918.

The group received its baptism of fire on August 24-25 when the Germans, after laying down a heavy artillery barrage, attempted to reach the Co "F" front line. The attack was repulsed but the unit sustained its first casualty when Corp. Herbert W. Fowlkes of Chase City, Va. was killed and 14 other men were wounded or gassed. These were the first casualties sustained by the 29th Division. The company received commendations from regimental and brigade commanders "for gallantry in action."

Early in September, 1918 Co. F moved with the regiment (116th Inf.) to the Boise Bouchet as a part of the First Army Reserve. On October 8 the regiment attacked Molleville Farm which was captured on October 15. Other German strong points were captured and Co. "F" continued to participate in the Meuse-Argonne Drive until relieved on October 29. Casualties sustained by the company were 12 dead and 135 wounded.

On November 11, the company was under orders as part of the 2nd Army to proceed to the sector south of Metz when the Armistice was signed. The next five months were spent training near Serquex and Bourbonne-les-Baines. On April 11 the company traveled from Lariciere for Jussey and a short time later to Le Mans, preparatory to returning home. On May 9, 1919 the company boarded the Matsonia at St. Nazaire, arriving at Newport News on May 20. Co. "F" and other 116th Infantry units paraded in Richmond, Va. on May 24, then



proceeded to Camp Lee where the last man was discharged on May 29, 1919.

Company F received citations from several regimental commanders and others, as a unit of the 29th Division.

Several attempts to organize an association composed of men who served with Co. "F" were made shortly after the company returned home but none of these resulted in a permanent organization. In 1936, through the efforts of Robert H. Ragland, Leonard H. Urquhart and Walter C. Stevens, a list of names and addresses of some 450 men who had served with the company was compiled. These names were secured from rosters, sailing lists and other sources. Through the efforts of Rep. Clifton A. Woodrum the U. S. Veterans Bureau forwarded a communication to these men.

At a meeting in Roanoke on August 20, 1936 (Noland A. Gilbert, temporary president, Robert H. Ragland, temporary secretary), it was decided to hold a reunion on November 11. Headquarters was at Morgan's Restaurant, 7 S. Jefferson St., Roanoke and about 75 attended.

Except for the World War II years, a reunion of Co. "F" has been held every year. At first the affair was alternated between Chase City (from which most of the men of Co. E, 2nd Va. Infantry came), and Roanoke but now is held in Roanoke on the closest Saturday to November 11.

Since the first reunion in 1936 211 deaths have been reported and the number whose addresses are known is down to about 130. These men are advised of plans every year on October 7 and following the reunion a reporting of proceedings is sent to every member. No dues are assessed.

Except for 1947 when he served as president, Robert H. Ragland of Roanoke has served as historian of the Association and has compiled a history of Company F which includes many pictures, rosters, sailing lists, copies of orders and other items connected with the company. This history is the only complete record available in connection with Roanoke's own military organization and will be presented eventually to the Roanoke Historical Society.

\* \* \*

## Buena Vista (from page 25)

On the other hand is the side of the Roanoke Department of Parks and Recreation.

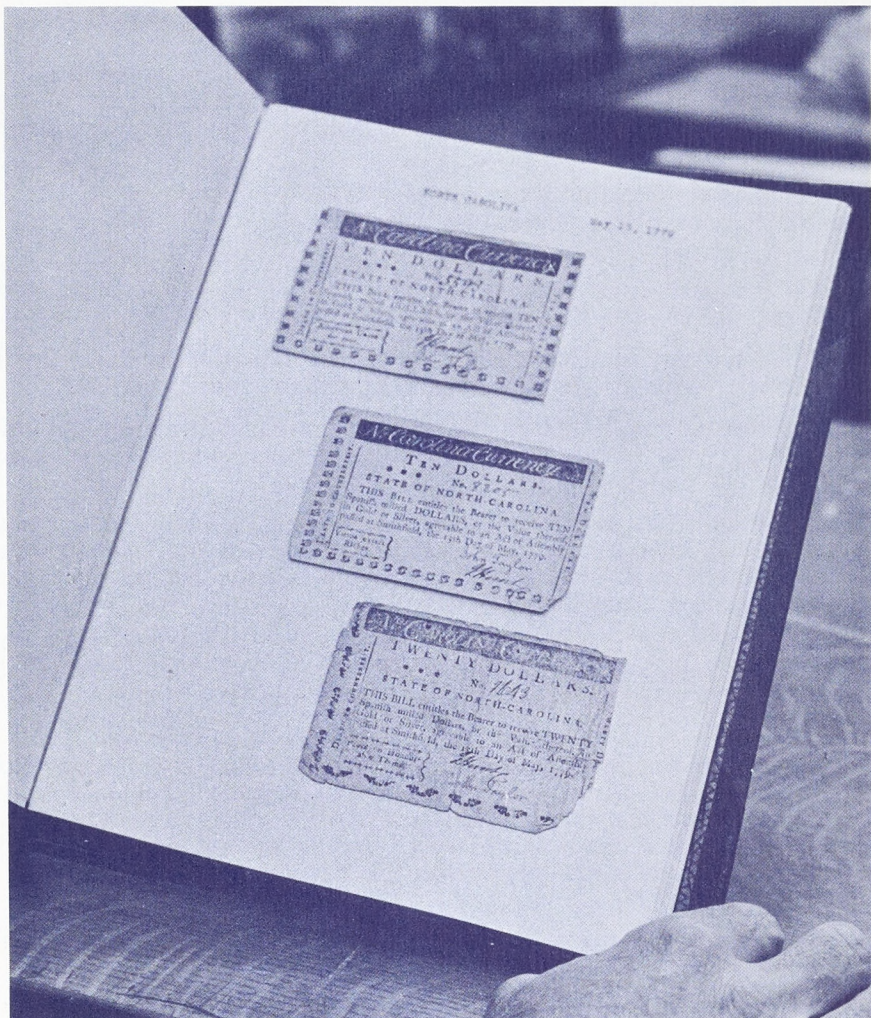
Since 1937 Buena Vista and eleven acres of grounds have been the property of the city of Roanoke. Now known as Jackson Park, the house and grounds are used by hundreds for recreation and club gatherings. The department feels that Buena Vista is meeting a real need and has support from citizens of the community.

So it would seem that the question resolves itself into the universal one of how to preserve the glories of the past and at the same time meet the needs of the present and the demands of the future.

One can't help wondering what Col. Tayloe himself would think.



## Part of "Fortune" in Society Museum



These three ten and twenty dollar bills issued by the State of North Carolina in 1779 are among the more than 600 pieces of Colonial and Continental paper currency dating back to 1746 given to the Society's museum in Roanoke College Library by S. H. McVitty. Text on the center specimen reads: "THIS BILL entitles the Bearer to receive TEN Spanish milled DOLLARS, or the Value thereof, in Gold or Silver, agreeable to an Act of Assembly passed at Smithfield, the 15th Day of May, 1779."



## Note from the President . . .

With a record membership of 230 and an improved financial status, the eight-year-old Roanoke Historical Society should be more active in the Roanoke Valley.

Historical objects of value are slipping away from us almost every day and as an organization formed to preserve representative items from the past, we have the responsibility to salvage what we can. But, as those few who work in this field can testify, doing something about local history is not an easy job.

As John Galsworthy wrote in the 1930's in a statement quoted in Hume's popular book, "Here Lies Virginia":

"How to save the old that's worth saving, whether in landscape, houses, manners, institutions or human types, is one of our greatest problems, and the one that we bother least about."

We have started saving at our fireproof museum in the rear of the Roanoke College library in Salem. And we need your support.

Interesting reminders of the past are accumulating in our collection. Old guns, swords, pictures, books and records have been placed on display in recent months.

A valuable set of posters designed by J. R. Hildebrand, Society secretary, will have particular appeal to members of the younger generation interested in history. The museum is open for you and the public Saturdays from 2 to 5.

The Society is pleased by sales of the second printing of R. D. Stoner's "A Seed-Bed of the Republic." Copies are available for \$15 from Mr. Stoner at Fincastle or Edmund Goodwin, 101 S. Jefferson St., Roanoke.

It was an important day for the Society when our federal tax exemption was established. We consider the museum a splendid place for tax-free donations of many items of historic value now resting unappreciated in our attics and closets. If you do not choose to part with them now, we invite you to will them to the Society.

—GEORGE KEGLEY, President.

\* \* \*

### **Suggested Form of Bequest:**

I hereby give and bequeath to Roanoke Historical Society, a non-stock corporation organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, the sum of \$\_\_\_\_\_, to be used for the general purposes of the corporation.

(If it be desired to make a gift in properties or securities, these must be described. If the gift is to be used for specific purposes, such purposes should be designated.)







