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Hollins College And The Civil War

By Margaret P. Scott and Rachel Wilson

Among the treasures in Hollins College archives are letters, diaries and diplomas of the 1860's, some instructive small pamphlets—and even the minutes of the Euzalian Literary Society through 1862. Enchanting old photographs and engravings illustrate many things mentioned in the records of Hollins a century ago.

(We were asked by the editor for a photograph of a girl and a Confederate soldier. That we could not find. Few young men visited the campus in the 1860's, and soldiers who did were on active duty. We know that in 1864 while his men slept under the stars General Early reposed on the floor of Mrs. Cocke's sitting-room!)

The ink may be faded on old picture and page, but the life that emerges is young and vivid. As the war went on, living became poorer and harder. Books and bedding must be brought from home; at the school supplies cannot be replenished. Food is scarce and monotonous. More and more women replace men on the faculty, and the number of students drops. Yet somehow the little institute survives, and courage is never lacking.

These years were a time when the session began in June and continued to Commencement and Exhibition early in April, a departure from the usual scholastic calendar. This arrangement was considered beneficial to the pupils' health: in summer they could combine study with "taking" the mineral waters of old Botetourt Springs, while in the late winter they would be physically prepared "by the bracing weather" for "those exhausting labours to which pupils are subjected near the end of the session."

And what were Works and Days like within this ten months' span? The school was set in "the most lovely natural scenery" of a countryside "remote from town or village." Under "the two tall peaks in front of the institute called Tinker" were sulphur and lime springs, the former especially well kept with "seats all placed around." The space between the buildings was "improved" with ash and elm trees,

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Miss Scott, a member of this Society, contributed "Thomas and Tasker Tosh" to the Summer, 1965, JOURNAL. An emeritus professor of history at Hollins, she received her B.A. degree there, her M.A. at Radcliffe and Ph.D. at the University of Virginia. Miss Wilson, emeritus professor of French at Hollins, was head of the humanities division there. Also a Hollins graduate, she was awarded master's and doctor's degrees at the University of Chicago.

while the front yard was ornamented with walks and flower beds and by a circle in front of Main. The buildings included the "Old House," or West, the original "main" building; the new building—East—with its "big steps" leading from the second gallery down to the front yard; and finally what our writers call the "new house," still incomplete in the Sixties—Main. All three buildings had spacious "verandahs."

Certainly for most of our period the chapel and the dining room were in the "Old House," as the construction of Main progressed, these were housed in its western end. It is always said that the cornerstone of Main was laid the day Virginia seceded. Within each hall were "chambers" for the young ladies and the "officers," "recitation rooms," and offices. East's "large and elegant sitting room" was a matter of especial pride.

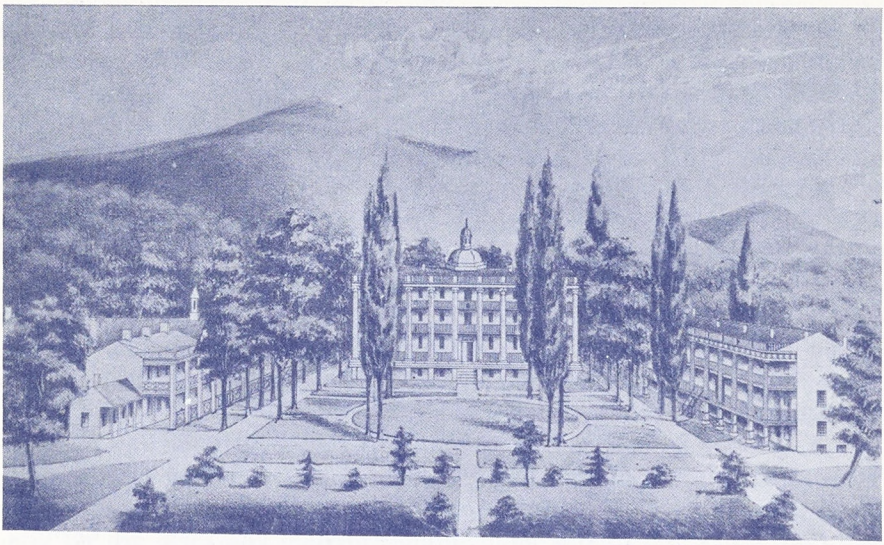
The young ladies often did their required walking on the wide verandahs—or, as they said, "in these porches." Walking to the sulphur spring in the really early morning after prayers was prescribed. Less rigid excursions on foot were to the falls—now just a dam but in the 1860's a sweep of water tumbling through the gap in Green Ridge. Girls walked three miles to gather chestnuts—an impossible feat in Virginia in 1967! In early summer they made trips to distant cherry trees and in the fall to neighboring apple orchards.

Like outdoor exercise, attendance at class was somewhat subject to the weather. If it rained, no bells rang and there were no classes! Nevertheless Sue Bagby, diarist of 1860-61, says gloomily, "Raining. Mr. Cocke will have the bell rung anyway. It would not matter much if some of us were to get sick."

In that year of '60-'61 Susan was studying English, French, mathematics, and history. She seems to have been in the Junior Collegiate course. In French she was reading *Les Femmes Savantes* by Moliere.

The curriculum in our diarists' day was divided into a two-year preparatory course and a two-year collegiate department. In the latter were eight "schools": The English Language and Literature; Ancient Languages and Literature; Modern Languages and Literature; Mathematics; Natural Science; Mental and Moral Science; History; Theory, Practice and Composition of Music. When a student completed the work in at least five of these schools she became a "full graduate." She had also "to present to the Faculty an essay of approved merit composed by herself on some literary or scientific subject."

Classes ran from eight to four o'clock except on Saturday. There were prayers before breakfast and after supper, the superintendent conducting these chapel exercises. On Sundays members of the faculty or visiting ministers of different denominations held religious services. On fair Sabbath days girls could walk to the Meeting-House (Enon), or, if they signed up in time, could ride in the omnibus to



Hollins Institute as presented in the college catalogue for 1860.

church in Salem. In a letter written home on June 21, 1863, Bettie Jane Miller says, "Yesterday we met and formed the Young Ladies' Christian Association . . . They made me librarian. We have no books . . . not more than twenty members."

Good music at religious services had always been an important feature of Hollins life. This tradition, reaching back into the earliest years of the school, continued a lively one in the Sixties. Indeed, at this restricted time it was also an enriching diversion. Mr. Henle trained a chorus in such songs as *The May Queen, The Wanderer's Song,* and *Youth and Charity,* and diarist Nannie Armistead sang the solos. In 1863 a "splendid serenade" by the Salem band furnished a whole paragraph for Bettie Jane's letter. The best pieces were *The Bonnie Blue Flag, Dixie,* and *The Voluntur* (sic), "the prettiest thing I ever heard."

There were no organized sports in the modern sense, but there was plenty of recreation. Every Friday night the girls danced in the Old House; no boys were there, of course! "Sharades" at the Old House, tableaux, fancy and "funny" dress parties were frequent, as were candy-making and egg-boiling over the fires in the girls' rooms. These fires were made early in the morning by the servants who kept them up throughout the day. Also each morning the maids brought water which the girls heated in big saucepans over the fires.

One of the pleasures often referred to is reading, and in the evening reading was done by lamp or candlelight. From 1855, when the Euzelian Literary Society was formed, there was "the Society's" library from which girls borrowed books. Each Friday night as part of the Euzelian programme a member read from "a chosen book."

The minutes of 1860-61 show among the choices books by Edgar Poe (sic), Irving, Longfellow, Goldsmith, Spenser, Coleridge, Byron, and selections from *The Literary Messenger and Harper's. The Lives of Celebrated Women* was a very popular book, as was *The Talisman*, although according to the "laws" "Novels and light reading are not allowed into the Society." By 1861 the Euzelians had acquired a small library which in that year the members gave to Hollins Institute, thereby founding the college library.

The world outside moved in on the peaceful little Hollins Institute of 1861. On January 9 Sue Bagby writes that "Lynchburg is in a great state of excitement about the war" and she continues "the darkies say they are going to rise next Sunday night." The girls are all concerned about these risings, and Sue wishes she were at home. On the 16th of January she is worried lest her brother Ned should have to go to war. Again she would like to go home (January 21) because her English teacher, Mr. Johnson, said "King and Queen (County) was to be the battlefield." On the 19th she writes that "Pa has been to Richmond and bought a double-barreled shot-gun and a six shooter. Cousin Nannie has moved to (our) neighborhood (in King and Queen.)" Her parents "have written Ned to come home immediately if they have any disturbances in (Washington). Poor Ned says he expects to shoulder a musket soon."

On January 21 Sue says, "We heard this morning that General Anderson had evacuated the South Carolinians' ports, and we hope there will be no war. Old General Scott is at the head of the U. S. forces, something that I did not know before." But on the 22nd Sue writes, "I heard this morning that the news which gladdened our hearts so much yesterday was false. I could not think that everything could pass off so quickly"—a mature reflection from a girl of sixteen who writes on January 24 of "free and noble America" and adds "but we cannot tell what will become of us now."

On February 1 Susan tells us that "Pa has written Ned and Johnnie to come home as Washington was in such a state of excitement that they are doing nothing (in college)." March 4, 1861, Sue noted with this entry: "Well, I suppose 'old Linc' took his seat to-day. As Maggie says he'll not be president over me." The following day she writes, "We expect the president's message today and are very anxious to see what old Lincoln is doing."

In June, 1863, Bettie Jane Miller writes to her family, "We have had peas, beans, and beets but I have not gotten a good taste yet nor

do (I) expect to get enough this summer. I have learned to eat lettuce . . . I think the fare is very good, but we have every reason to believe that it will not be so good after awhile." She continues, "We heard yesterday (the 20th) that our army had gone to Maryland. Do hope it is so. I tell you that I felt rather gloomy when I heard the Yankees were advancing for I did not know what would become of me if they got to Culp and cut off the communication from here. You must write me about the fight. I will be so anxious to hear from you all and know if the Yankees paid you a visit."

After the war, on November 29, 1866, Nannie Armistead writes, "This day is appointed by President Johnson as Thanksgiving Day. I did not review any as I did not think it exactly right to do so."

And so we come full circle from war to peace, and Hollins moves into the struggles of Reconstruction.

We would like to conclude this sketch by quoting from the catalogue of 1860-61 a statement of the aims of Hollins Institute: "Every pupil of the school is expected to conduct herself in an upright, honest and dignified manner; to be above every mean and vulgar act, and to live daily in the exercise of such principles and feelings as may be most conducive to high intellectual and moral culture. The Institution is not designed to be a resort for the pleasure-seeking, the idle and the gay, but is held sacred to the cultivation of sound learning, virtuous feelings, and independent thought; and those who cannot join with us with a determination to act in accordance with principles like these, would do better for themselves, as well as for us, to remain away."

WRONG DATE

In F. B. Kegley's "Shot Tower at Jackson's Ferry" (*Journal*, Summer, 1966) the correct date for the Draper's Meadow massacre (page two) should be 1755, not 1775. On page five a name listed should be James Newell, not Howell.

Henry Ford and Friends On Tour

This snapshot is a fine facial study of three men of genius: Harvey Firestone, Jr., Thomas Alva Edison and Henry Ford as they sit on the running board of their touring car during a stop near Roanoke on their 1918 vacation.

By George Kegley

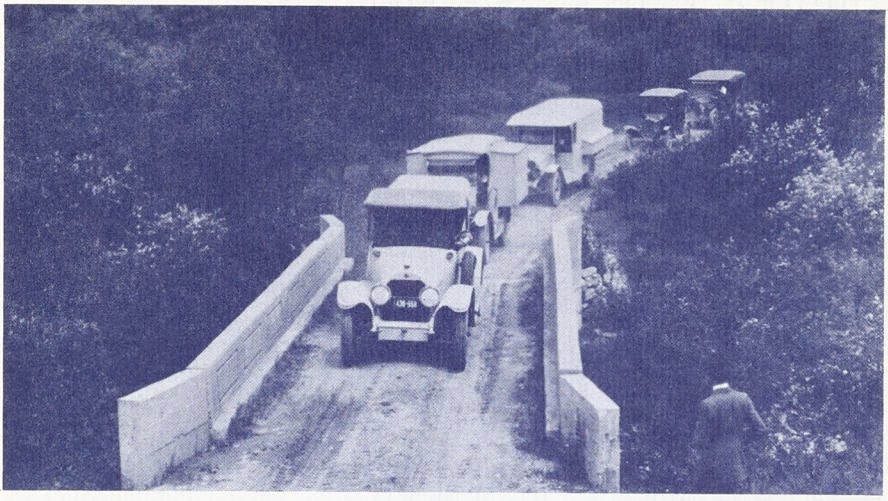
"Traveling in a big Packard, with two Fords along behind as baggage wagons, for all the world like two colts following a mare, the daddy of all the Fords slipped into town yesterday chaperoning such celebrities as Thomas Edison and Henry (sic) Firestone," according to a front-page story in the Aug. 31, 1918 Roanoke *Times*.

The celebrities—Ford, Edison, Harvey Firestone and John Burroughs, writer-naturalist—"had dinner at Hotel Roanoke and would have slipped out just as quietly had they not run short of gasoline," the newspaper said. The procession was stalled in front of the Red Cross canteen on Jefferson Street at Shenandoah Avenue while a supply of gas was obtained.

This was one episode in a two-week camping trip by the "Four Vagabonds," as they called themselves, through West Virginia, Virginia and North Carolina.

The itinerary of the circle tour from Pittsburgh south to Asheville and back and a number of pictures of the travelers are preserved in the Ford archives at Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Mich.

Ford had been chosen as the Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate from Michigan shortly before the trip but when questioned by



The caravan of Lincoln trucks and Model Ts moves across a typical Virginia highway bridge of the time as it battled the southwestern hills. Trucks carried gasoline, tents and all provisions for the crew. One was refrigerated.

Here Ford, Edison, Burroughs and Firestone inspect an abandoned mill between Martinsville and Roanoke. Note that they're all roughing it in ties, stiff collars and business suits. Even Mr. Burroughs wears them under his duster.

(All photographs courtesy of The Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Michigan.)

a reporter in Roanoke he "did not appear to be concerned so much about his political chances good or bad." The pioneer automobile manufacturer took no part in the campaign that fall but he lost by only a small margin.

As *Outdoors Calling!* a recreation magazine, recently observed, family camping with its modern refinements, may have had its beginnings with the travels of the Vagabonds from 1914 until the 1920's.

Burroughs, who had passed 80 when he made the Southern trip, died in 1921. And that summer, the remaining three took their wives and newly-elected President Warren Harding and Mrs. Harding on a camping excursion in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

In 1918, the party drove south by Elkins and on through brief stops at Hot Springs and White Sulphur Springs to "Camp Tuckahoe." Breaking camp early on the morning of Aug. 24, they passed through Sweet Springs, lunched at Gap Mills and drove on through Narrows to "Camp Wolf Creek."

Perhaps impeded by bad roads, they drove only a short distance the next day, passing through Princeton, Bluefield and Oakvale to "Camp Tazewell." From here, they went through Lebanon, Hansonville, Abingdon, Bristol and on into Tennessee. From the Grove Park Inn at Asheville, they returned by way of Winston-Salem.

Somewhere between Martinsville and Roanoke, they posed for a picture beside an abandoned mill. From the picture, B. M. Phelps of Roanoke, a Franklin County native who has passed his 90th birthday, says they probably stopped at what once was Hambrick's Mill, located on property now owned by Phelps on Blackwater River, near Gogginsville in Franklin County. Phelps said the picture was not made at the mill at Boones Mill, which once was operated by his father.

Ford reported that the road from Martinsville was "not as bad" as some he had encountered. Three miles per hour is the limit in some places "not so far away that boast of good roads," he said.

Driving up the Shenandoah Valley, the Vagabonds rested at Natural Bridge and spent the night at Castle Inn, between Lexington and Staunton. "Nineteen tolls were paid before we reached Winchester," they wrote in their log.

Even while driving through the mountains, Ford dressed in his business suit but at the camp site he would take off his coat, roll up his sleeves and pitch in with the work.

The inventive genius of Edison, Ford and Firestone undoubtedly made this much more than an ordinary trip. They had separate tents for sleeping, ten feet square with mosquito flaps. Their 20-foot square dining tent contained a large circular table, nine feet across, which had a "lazy Susan" inset to pass food around. The table could be folded into a small portable package.

This spot at White Sulphur Springs was an overnight stop for the adventurers. Note that Firestone has removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves. But not the others. The White Sulphur camp was made on the "going" trip, before they encountered the high mountains.

This picture was taken on a later camping trip in 1921. President and Mrs. Harding (rear right center) were along. It demonstrates all the comforts of home, including a nine-foot portable table with lazy Susan (now on display in the Ford Museum) and electric lights.

One of their trucks was refrigerated to keep camping provisions. They carried new gasoline stoves but they preferred wood fires. And Ford built a portable electric plant to light Edison's lamps which were strung through every tent.

Their outdoor living may have contributed to the longevity of the Vagabonds. Ford, Edison and Burroughs all lived to the age of 84 and Firestone to 70.

Now the campers ALL have shed their coats. This picture was made near Tazewell, Va. where the travelers spent the night of August 25, 1918.

Searching For Your Ancestors

By Mary Dodd Foley

Sooner or later most of us become curious about our family background. Soon we find that names and dates are not enough. We want to know what our ancestors did, where they lived, what countries they came from, what were their homes like, how were they furnished? What type of social life did they have, their games, politics, the events of historical interest occurring during the particular period in which they lived; their migrations—and anything else we can discover about them. We should know, and pass on to our families, the knowledge of our ancestors' achievements, patriotic service, helpfulness in establishing churches, schools, banks and other institutions, building our America and making possible our life in its present environment.

You might ask, "how can I hope to find out these things about people I have never seen and know little about?"

Don't hesitate to shake the family tree! All of its branches will not produce illustrious twigs. Contrary to many opinions the early settlers were not always clothed in satin breeches and wearing silver buckles and powdered wigs, but wore homespun and leather. A hardy, rugged citizenry was needed to withstand the inadequacies of pioneer life. Had it been otherwise, they would not have survived the hardships which they endured. The first settlers were busy taming the wilderness, tilling the soil, contending with a new climate, fighting the Indians and defending themselves against the British. Little time was left for art, music or keeping family trees. It is difficult to set in order the names and relationships of the founders of our American families. One needs enthusiasm, accuracy, persistence and the ability to work hard to accomplish this task.

Begin by visiting the elder members of your family and take notes. Their memories may not always be accurate, but you will at least get names, dates and birthplaces as a starting point. Sometimes in the telling, stories and traditions may be distorted. One should listen care-

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Mrs. Foley grew up in Roanoke and has been interested in genealogy "since I was a girl in high school." Professionally a music teacher, she makes tracing ancestors a consuming hobby. She is a charter member and now vice regent of the Gen. James Breckinridge chapter, DAR, and is president of Roanoke chapter of UDC.

fully for clues which may tie in later with facts. These clues will often direct you to the proper locality in which to search for proof needed to authenticate the stories and traditions. There may be diaries, old letters and papers in your attics that should be read and evaluated. Also, family Bible records, newspaper clippings, scrapbooks are all waiting for your interest and persual. Collect the ghost stories, slave tales and pecularities of the different members of the family. Some of these are hilarious. Don't miss the tragedies, disappointed lovers and famous guests. These items add human interest to your facts and make good reading. Genealogy is recognized to be a stimulating living study of humanity. We cannot escape the fact that our ancestors were human beings, who in living, contributed to the development of our civilization. If we can learn about them and their times, we can better understand ourselves and our kin. As Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "Every man is a bundle of his ancestors."

A mother wanted her son to show off what she had told him, and asked him to make a little speech to her friend about, "Our Family Tree." This was the speech:

"My grandparents are the roots of the family tree.
My parents are the trunk.
My brothers and sisters are the branches, and
I am the sap."

The origin of names is intriguing. Sherman was the shear man; Smith was the blacksmith; Wood from William who lived by the woods and Doddridge, John by dead ridge. Mason from the stoneman—and so on. Middle names did not come into vogue until after the establishment of the Federal government in 1789. The practice grew until in fifty years the single name was the exception. You will find women named Agreeable, Cynthia, Patience, Mentoria, Desire, Tabitha, Zamara, Experience, Submit, Increase, Obedience and Freelove; while the men were Azariah, Eliphaz, Samuel, John, William, Jeremiah, George, Job, Hezekiah, Daniel, Palatiah, Peter, Bartholomew and David. Often a person was given a title which was used freely such as Justice, Squire, Colonel, Goodman, Goodwife, Master, Mistress, Deacon, Captain, Esquire, Parson and others. An emancipated Negro man or woman was referred to as a free man or woman of color.

Marriage laws and banns are most interesting and intricate. Originally and for a very long time, marriage could be validly performed only by a minister of the established church with a lawful license, or the publication of banns which was a legal substitute for a marriage license bond. This procedure was authorized during the Colonial era. The majority of marriages were celebrated following publication of banns rather than by license. Fees were prohibitive. At one time in the Colony of North Carolina, a marriage license was fifteen dollars. Wheeler, in his History of North Carolina, tells us, "the poor people took a

shortcut and after all, since marriage is before God, we really can say little about that."

In October, 1870 an Act was passed in the legislature permitting dissenting ministers to celebrate the rites of matrimony. These included the Quakers, Mennonites, Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. This law provided that a register of all marriages should be kept and a certificate of every marriage should be signed by the minister. The clerk of the county court was required to keep the Marriage Register. In many instances this was not done, as we find when trying to locate a marriage record.

You will learn a little geography while tracing the migrations of your ancestors—also how to study maps and to place your people on the map according to their ownership of land. We get a bit of history and politics: parish government, church history and procedures, the processing and granting of land, voting regulations, the interpretation of platbooks, and census laws, the study of old homes to determine the period in which they were built.

You will become aware of the religious persecutions of parent countries, and the great migrations to our country of the Palatine Germans, the Quakers and the Scotch Irish Presbyterians. If you have a Huguenot ancestor, you will want to know about the "Edict of Nantes" which was revoked by Louis XIV, on October 23, 1685. Perhaps your Coat of Arms will tell you that your ancestor fought during the "Holy Wars." You will inquire into these.

We in Virginia are proud to remember that our continent was first colonized in 1607, later became a Royal Colony, in 1776 we declared our independence of the mother country. Records of the county courts are invaluable in helping to trace a family, its transactions and migrations. In the beginning, Virginia had four parishes which later became a part of the eight original shires formed in 1634. Within our present boundaries, we have 96 counties. Virginia contributed fifty counties to West Virginia when that state was formed in 1861. Part or all of Kentucky was at one time in territory belonging to Virginia.

You will need to visit the county seat where your ancestor lived and examine the records in the courthouse. The civil and criminal records are in the vaults of the courthouse in the care and possession of the clerk of court. These are public records and are available to be studied. You will need a good map of your state with the counties and their county seats clearly defined. It is extremely important to know the date of the formation of each county, the parent county or counties from which it was taken. The same parcel of land can often be found in the records of more than one county because of the cutting off of territory to form a new county. To follow through on a deed you may be required to check in several counties.

DEED BOOKS contain records dealing with the buying and selling of land, and deeds of gifts. A careful description given in the deed will help to locate your ancestor on his land.

WILL BOOKS contain wills, inventories, appraisals, settlements and guardianships. There are two types of wills—the written will signed and witnessed; and the spoken will, called the nuncupative will, generally given by the decedent on his death bed in the presence of witnesses who later appear before the probate judge and swear to the intentions of the legator. In a will the husband or wife will be named and the children of the deceased. If you do not find the children's names in the will, check the settlement account. They may appear here.

MARRIAGE REGISTERS will have records of marriages from the formation of the county.

BIRTH AND DEATH RECORDS beginning in 1853 until 1896 were required to be recorded in the counties. But few were recorded. However, in some instances the commissioner of revenue for the county secured the information and sent it to the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Richmond. This is not true in every instance. Beginning in 1912, our birth and death records have been compiled in the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Richmond.

THE SURVEYOR'S BOOK contains the county maps, and plats of the various tracts of land with their descriptions.

THE TAX OR LAND BOOKS give additional proof of people living or holding land in the county. These are dated and give the amount of tax levied. These were first called, "Tithables."

THE COURT ORDER BOOKS contain the record of the transactions of the County Court. They are kept according to the term of the court and on a day-by-day basis. The justices of the county are named, jury lists given, the surveyor of the roads and the overseer of the poor named. Civil and military commissions from the governor were recorded. Military rosters, claims for services and pension declarations are to be found. Suits, complaints, divorces and witness attendance also are recorded—a veritable treasurehouse of information.

In addition to its counties, Virginia has 33 independent cities. Many of these have their own birth and death records recorded in the city board of health office. Marriage records are in the office of the clerk of the city court.

When you go to the trouble to visit a courthouse, plan to allow enough time to search carefully. Be sure to record accurately what you have found. Use the original spelling and terminology of the document. Get the dates, complete name or names and do not let the spelling bother you. They were spelled as they sounded. Sometimes you will find the same name spelled three different ways in the same document. You may work out your own system of abstracting a document so as to have the pertinent facts in a concise form.

It is a good idea to have a system in your notes. If you can keep each family record indexed it will be easily located and prove to be a wonderful time saver. Be sure to keep a file of every record checked and note where located. If in a book, give author, volume and page. Sometimes information gathered does not fit into the puzzle until other facts come to light and if you know where your information came from you may save yourself time and effort.

Become acquainted with your local librarians. Ask for help and advice. They are prepared to help you. Learn the index system in your library. It will facilitate your searching in other libraries. Virginia has many fine libraries, notably University of Virginia, Charlottesville; Danville Public Library; Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg; Virginia Military Institute, Lexington; Norfolk Public Library; Rich-

Mrs. Foley at work on her hobby.

—Photograph by Oakie Asbury.

mond Public Library; Virginia State Library; Roanoke Public Library and College of William and Mary Library, Williamsburg.

Some of the more important books on Virginia which will be found in most large libraries:

Virginia Soldiers of 1776, 3 Vol., Louis A. Burgess, 1927; *Virginia Historical Index,* 2 Vol., E. G. Swem, 1934; *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography,* published by the Virginia Historical Society; *Virginia Calendar of State Papers; Cavaliers and Pioneers, Abstract of Land Patents and Grants, 1683 - 1800,* 5 Vol., Nell Marion Nugent, 1934; *The Edward Pleasants Valentine Papers,* 4 Vol., 1927; *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia,* 2 Vol., Bishop William Meade, 1897; *The Colonial Virginia Register,* William Glover Stanard, 1902; *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine,* 1919 - ; *Virginia Wills Before 1799,* William Montgomery Clemens, 1925; *Early Virginia Marriages,* William Armstrong Crozier, 1907; *Pioneer Settlers of Grayson County,* Nuckolls, 1914; *Annals of Tazewell County Virginia,* 2 Vol., John Newton Harmon, Sr., 1922; *A History of the Middle New River Settlement,* David E. Johnston, 1906; *Virginia Frontier,* F. B. Kegley, 1938; *Some Prominent Virginia Families,* 4 Vol., Louise Pecquet DuBellet, 1907; *A Seed-Bed of the Republic,* Robert D. Stoner, 1962; and *William and Mary Quarterly,* published by the College of William and Mary. There are many others.

It is quite an experience to visit the Virginia State Library in Richmond. In the Archives section, you may check the county court records and Federal census records on microfilm. This allows you, from one spot, to check any county of your state. Photo copies of records may be obtained for a nominal fee. All federal census records prior to 1850 give the name of the head of the house and state numerically the number of males and females in the approximate age group. In the 1850 census you will find the name, age, and birthplace, for the wife, children or other member of the household.

In the beginning the Anglican or Episcopal Church was the state church of Virginia. All children, regardless of religious affiliation, were required to be baptized by their ministers. Dates of these events, and names of parents, were recorded in the register. The library has parish registers and vestry books which span the period 1618 to 1860, though not for each year of the period. Some of these have been photocopied, others are in print. Parish records are considered to be official records and it is too bad that those covering so many years are missing. These books contain the minutes of the proceedings of the vestry, the financial statements of the parish, lists of births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, funerals and occasionally other items.

In the library are the state land records. These begin with patents dating from 1623 and are indexed by name. Too, you will find the Federal census schedules for all of Virginia and fifty Virginia counties

which are now in West Virginia. They also have many early newspapers and a few church records.

A trip to our National Archives in Washington, D.C., is worthwhile. Here you will find the census records of all states. They have pension and war service records, too, which often reveal valuable information and sometimes you find dates which were not available elsewhere. They have a fine booklet, "Guide to Genealogical Records in the National Archives," which may be secured for a nominal fee. This will furnish you with a list of materials available.

The Congressional Library Annex is a comparatively new building. Its Jefferson reading room is a marvelously beautiful place to search for information.

The D. A. R. Library in Washington is open to its members free of charge and to the public for a fee of one dollar a day. It is one of the largest genealogical libraries.

Another source of vital records is our cemeteries. Early tombstones were real memorials, often giving parentage of the deceased, the name of the wife or husband and the number of children. Often a eulogy or an account of public service followed. You may copy names and dates and have them notarized or you may photograph them. If you choose to photograph, learn to darken inscriptions with a soft lead pencil when necessary. A lichen covered stone will need to be scrubbed hard with a stiff brush. Use chalk, powder or a white leaded engineering pencil on the inscription. This is a slow process and will reward you with a clear, legible picture of names and dates.

Cemetery trips can be fun. Every member of the family can participate in copying names and dates. Epitaphs have long been enjoyed. Books of them have been collected. Here is one taken from a stone erected to the memory of a child who lived several days:

First I wasn't
Then I was
Now I ain't again.

In the Shumate family burial ground at Rich Creek, Virginia, appears the following epitaph:

Remember me as you pass by
As you are now once was I
As I am now you soon will be
Prepare for death and follow me.

Some wag scratched on at the bottom of the epitaph:

To follow you, I'm not content
Unless I know which way you went.

Many cemeteries have disappeared. Fortunately, in many instances, the information was copied and preserved for posterity.

It is said by many: "we always knew in our family who we were and never bothered with family trees." This is well and good; however,

if you are invited to become a member of a lineal organization, you must furnish proof of your ancestry, which is a splendid incentive "TO SHAKE THE FAMILY TREE" and get it in chronological order. There are many types and forms available to record each generation of your family tree. Select the one which appeals to you and see how quickly you can record ten generations with proof.

It will be the genealogists and historians of the future who will reap the benefit of the labor of you who toil in the field of genealogy and biography, and they will love you for your efforts. For it will be here that the story of several hundred years of civilization on this continent will be recorded. And we can realize with pride that remembrance with fulfillment is the only appreciation posterity can show.

In addition to the county court records of Virginia, the following sources were consulted:

VIRGINIA THE OLD DOMINION,

Mathew Page Anderson
1949—The Dietz Press, Inc.
Richmond, Virginia

HOW JUSTICE GREW—VIRGINIA COUNTIES:

AN ABSTRACT OF THEIR FORMATION,

Martha W. Hiden
1957—Garrett and Massie, Inc.
Richmond, Virginia

VIRGINIA COUNTY NAMES,

Charles M. Long, 1908
The Neale Publishing Company
New York and Washington

IS THAT LINEAGE RIGHT?

National Society,
Daughters of American Revolution
Washington, D. C. 1958

HENING STATUTES AT LARGE,

Vol. 10 and 11

CUMBERLAND PARISH, LUNENBURG COUNTY, VIRGINIA—1930,

Landon C. Bell
William Byrd Press,
Richmond, Virginia

Note From The President

The past few months have been eventful ones for the Roanoke Historical Society. We have had two well-attended meetings, with excellent talks arranged by our program chairman, George Kegley. A fascinating historical map of Botetourt County, prepared by J. R. Hildebrand, has been completed and can be purchased for $1.50 through our director, Mrs. Thomas Lawson.

Under Mrs. E. P. Goodwin's guiding hand, the many interesting objects—books, papers, pictures, maps, and so on—which have been donated to our museum, are being filed and catalogued; Mrs. Kemper Dobbins has been employed on a temporary basis to help complete this vitally necessary and long overdue work.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Goodwin—assisted by Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Dobbins, and a committee of volunteers—has provided two special, month-long exhibitions in the museum which have attracted visitors of all ages from a wide area. Most exciting of all, the Fincastle Museum, operated by a newly formed Botetourt County Branch of our Society with R. D. Stoner as its chairman, has opened its doors to the public. Elsewhere in this issue of the Journal, these events are described more fully.

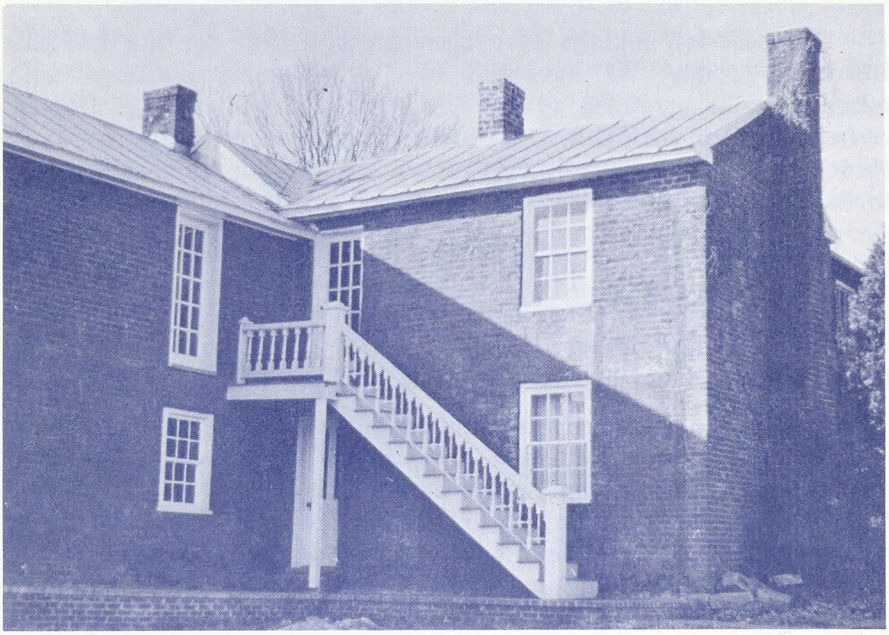
Looking ahead: plans are being completed by E. P. Goodwin for our fifth annual spring historical tour. On Saturday, May 13th, we will travel to the Buchanan area where we will undoubtedly find as many rich surprises as we have discovered in other neighboring areas. Plans are also underway for a winter membership meeting, to be held in late February or early March. And sometime during the spring our museum in Salem will offer another special exhibit, probably to feature pictures of early Roanoke. We invite your suggestions and your help with any or all of these projects.

This issue of the *Journal* makes available to each of you, for the first time, our membership roster. I hope you will urge your history-minded friends who are not on the list to join our Society. We have a committee this year, of which S. S. Edmunds and Mrs. George Kegley are co-chairmen, to recruit new members, and it will appreciate your help.

Through its museums, programs, tours, and publications, the Society is doing an excellent job of stimulating community interest in local history. The more members we have, the better job we can do. With your help, I am sure we will continue to grow in the future as we have in the past.

Mrs. English Showalter
President

Society Sponsored Botetourt



Here are two views of the museum: Above, right, the elevation which faces the courthouse showing two upper doors which could cause an exitee some t r o u b l e, and, above, the rear with outside steps which afford the only access to second floor. Main museum entrance is under the steps. At left is an interesting chair with a George Washington escutcheon.

—Photographs by Clare White.

Museum Opens In Fincastle

After more than a year of work and planning, the Society-sponsored Botetourt Historical Museum opened in Fincastle on Sunday, November 27 to a more-than-capacity crowd. The event had received a full-page spread in the Roanoke *Times* that morning and so many came to see what had been done, inside and out, to the old brick building back of the courthouse that they had to be admitted in shifts.

Initiated by an anonymous $1,000 gift and proceeds from the sale of Member R. D. Stoner's book on Botetourt, "A Seed-Bed of the Republic," the project began with the leasing of the two-story structure from the county for $1 a year. It was cleaned, repaired, painted and made weather-proof. A committee of Botetourt residents including Stoner, Mrs. Garland J. Hopkins and Dr. J. C. Zillhardt, assumed responsibility for the restoration and began collecting all sorts of objects—either through loan or gift—of historical interest to the town and county.

The building itself is of considerable interest. Of staunch brick, it dates to about 1800 and early in its life was the office of Andrew Hamilton, local lawyer. It is believed to have been one of a row of similar structures on the grounds of the courthouse which once was the center

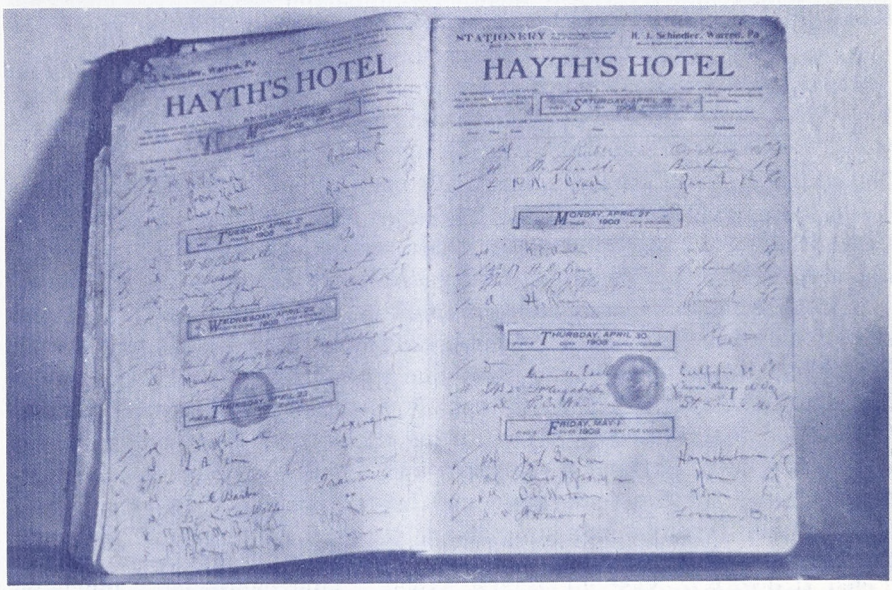
of justice for an area extending to the Mississippi.

The building was altered several times during the years and the changes can be traced clearly through brickwork. It is now ell-shaped with nine outside doors, two of which upstairs open into space. Exhibits are housed in two rooms below. One 30 feet long across the front has two fireplaces.

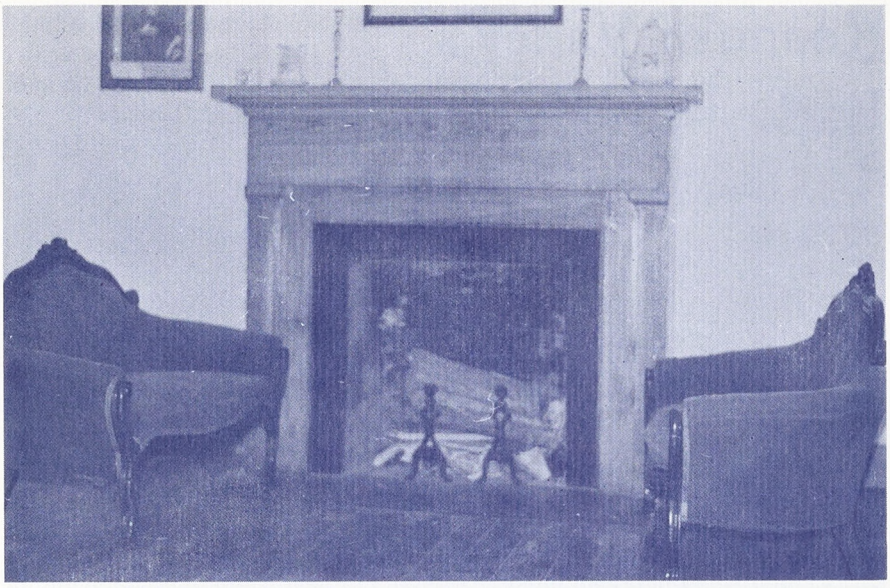
Items on display are varied. They include a commission issued to George Skillern, from the Committee of Safety for the Colony of Virginia on April 4, 1776, a silver ladle given by Dolly Madison to her niece, Mary E. Payne Allen who lived near Buchanan, fine embroidery dating from 1798, and many articles of clothing, furniture, china and kitchenware.

Part of our Society's interest in establishment of the museum lies in the fact that Botetourt is the mother county of Roanoke, part in members' enthusiasm for the ultimate restoration of at least a part of Old Fincastle, which much more than other towns in the area retains an aura of the last century. The committee is much interested in obtaining additional objects for display. In general they should be at least a hundred years old and be identified with Botetourt County as it was at the time of their use.

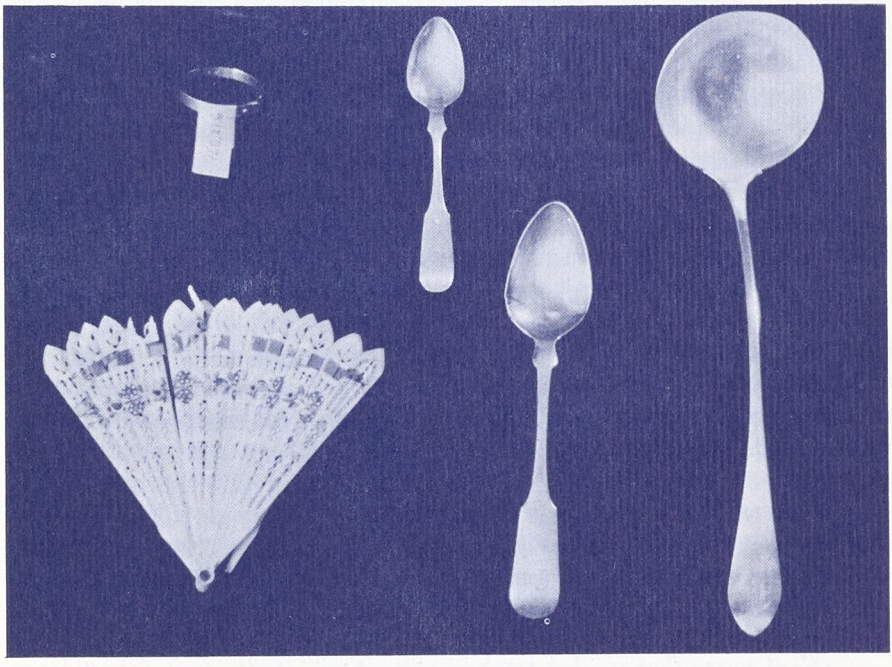
The museum is open to the public on Saturdays between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. Rollin Smith, well-known artist who lives in Fincastle, is curator.



This 1908 register for Hayth's Hotel, although of comparatively recent date, is an interesting acquisition. For more about it and other former Fincastle hostelries see "Fincastle Springs; Resort of the '80s," by Frances J. Neiderer, JOURNAL, Winter, 1964-65.



The restored mantel and fireplace in the museum make an excellent focal point for display.



Bracelet, fan, spoons and a ladle once owned by Dolly Madison attract attention.

Roanoke Valley's Early Iron Mines

By Raymond Barnes

The extensive deposits of minerals stored by nature in the mountains of Virginia were, for the greater part, unexploited until after the War Between the States.

The lead mines near Fort Chiswell enjoyed early development, but the rich seams of coal in Western Virginia were not tapped until the newly organized Norfolk and Western Railroad in 1882-85 extended lines into the mountainous regions. It must be emphasized that Virginians were not unaware of these mineral resources—they simply did not have the capital to exploit them, and this factor, taken in connection with the limited demand for coal in the Southland, left development unencouraged until rail lines permitted an outlet.

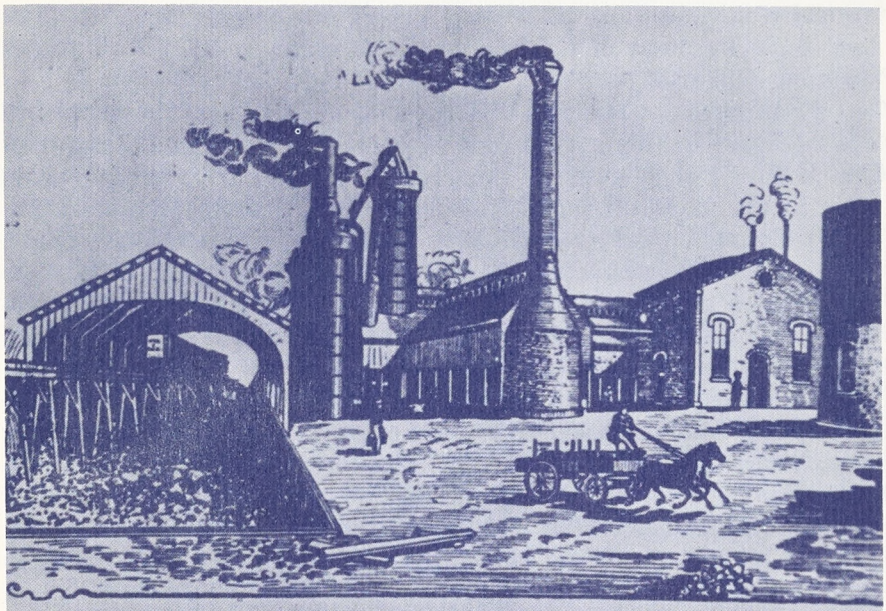
In the Roanoke-Botetourt area it was common knowledge that a superabundance of low grade brown hematite iron ore could be easily mined. Locally, the "Speedwell" furnace of Robert Harvey was in operation at present Starkey before the turn of the 19th century. The slag heap of the "Cloverdale" furnace is still in evidence just south of the overhead crossing of the railroad on Rt. 11. Additional charcoal-fired furnaces operated in other sections of Botetourt.

When in 1881 it was announced that the Shenandoah Valley Railroad would connect at "a point at or near the Town of Big Lick," an issue of the Salem *Times-Register* carried an item that Maj. William Lewis (owner of "Lone Oak" formerly standing off Franklin Road) and several associates were camping in the highlands near Big Lick, "to find out what these mountains were made of."

That Western Virginia had large deposits of coal, iron and lead was well known long before these lodes were exploited. From early days the lead mines at Fort Chiswell were worked at a profit, for this much needed mineral, used principally for moulding bullets or securing window panes, has sold at a premium for many years. Many wagon loads of lead passed over the Blue Ridge on a now-abandoned road en route to Williamsburg or in later times to Richmond.

Western Virginia is rich in brown hematite ore deposits, but the iron content is low. Much of this ore was smelted in small charcoal-fired furnaces. The famous "Speedwell Furnace" on Back Creek at Starkey produced a particularly fine iron until it was destroyed by flood around 1825 and never rebuilt.

About halfway between Buchanan and Troutville there is a small settlement called Lithia. On the exact site of the old railroad depot,



FURNACE OF THE ROANOKE IRON CO., ROANOKE, VA.

Joseph R. Anderson around 1854 operated a furnace he called "New Cloverdale." Anderson and his successors mined over 200,000 tons of ore off the adjoining property. Although the plant ceased to operate in 1874, the settlement continues in existence.

In the Roanoke direction, the next iron mine was at a station called "Houston," named for an official of the Crozier Iron Furnace which operated for years in northeastern Roanoke on 9th Street at the railroad.

Today anyone familiar with the appearance of hematite-bearing rock or soil can see abundant evidence of this mineral by a casual stroll in our surrounding mountains. The curious can watch excavations for drainage ditches or basements to see if a vein of this ore is uncovered and such lodes are often exposed. Unfortunately, the ore content is of a low grade.

Ferdinand Rorer, early promoter and local capitalist, a man of vision, prospected in a more scientific manner. He uncovered on the west ridge of Mill Mountain substantial ore deposits. Mineral rights were secured and a charter for the Rorer Iron Company was granted January 15, 1883 (Charter Book 1, p. 72, Salem).

A narrow gauge railroad was constructed, from the mine about

half a mile north of present Rt. 220, just below Peakwood Drive. The roadbed ran east immediately in front of Piney Grove Church, then on a bee line to where the Winston-Salem Division tracks were laid in the early nineties. The little road ran up to cross Colonial Avenue, then down the brow of the hill, northwestwardly to a railroad trestle spanning Murray's Run.

From here it paralleled the Roanoke River (over the same bed now occupied by the belt line tracks) to an ore wash. Still going west over a fill of such a sandy composition, contractors over the years since its abandonment carted it away for use in mixing concrete. The little road crossed the river just below the present Wasena Bridge, then via a deep cut paralleling Ferdinand Avenue, proceeded west to emerge at a point west of 10th Street, S.W. It then ran in a northwestwardly direction over the hills down to the N&W's West End Yards to a loading platform about 16th Street, S.W.

Rolling equipment consisted of a "dinkey" engine and about 15 cars of the "dump" type. By this time the little road was ready for operation, a considerable tonnage of ore was mined, awaiting transportation.

In early Roanoke, Mr. Rorer occasionally entertained guests by giving a picnic, the climax of which was a free ride in empty dump cars out to the mines and return.

Crozier Furnace, an early and leading industry of the new town of Roanoke, had a huge plant at Ninth Street, S.E., and the railroad but it did not utilize ore from the Rorer mines, but instead that shipped here from some western counties. The Rorer ore found a market at Ironton, Ohio.

Rorer had financial reverses, and men including Samuel Coit, William Welch and a Mr. Body took over leadership of the concern, until the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company (organized originally at Pulaski) came into possession of the corporate properties. (Incidentally, VICC moved its home offices to Roanoke in 1908 and has been here since.)

At the mine itself a nice little settlement grew, with small frame houses for workmen (some of which are still standing) plus the inevitable commissary. A post office was established, known as "Gale, Virginia."

Wages ran about a dollar a day for common labor but an application to secure such a humble job required references of good character.

When the Roanoke & Southern Railroad (presently the Winston-Salem district of the N&W) was constructed in the early nineties, the narrow gauge line was abandoned west of the new railroad and the ore wash located on McClanahan Run (ofttimes called Ore Branch), which parallels the Winston-Salem line. Here there were facilities to

load "washed" ore directly into freight cars. For some years local ore continued to be sold to plants at Ironton, Ohio.

After the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Co. took over the mines, this corporation came into ownership of the old Crozier Furnace and smelted local ore there.

In addition, VICC opened a new ore deposit lying east of the present Ogden store on Rt. 119 and extended the "dinkey line" to the new mines. A crossing was made at the lane on the north side of the store, now a hard-surfaced county road. The little line ran down the bottom on the east of Rt. 119 to the ore wash.

The original Rorer mines became in the early 1900's a favorite objective of Sunday walks, adventure trips by boys, and in the fall offered a bountiful crop of chinquapins which grew on the abundant bushes located around the abandoned diggings. A small colony of colored people took over the "Gale" settlement.

When the apparent inexhaustible Mesabi deposits were opened near Lake Superior to produce high grade ore, the brown hematite of the local section could not compete, but the mines still operated on a limited scale. When World War I brought a new demand for iron from any source, our local mines enjoyed a burst of renewed popularity.

It is not recalled just when operations ceased or the narrow gauge tracks were removed, but it was probably in the early twenties.

WHY VACCINATE?

Mr. Editor:

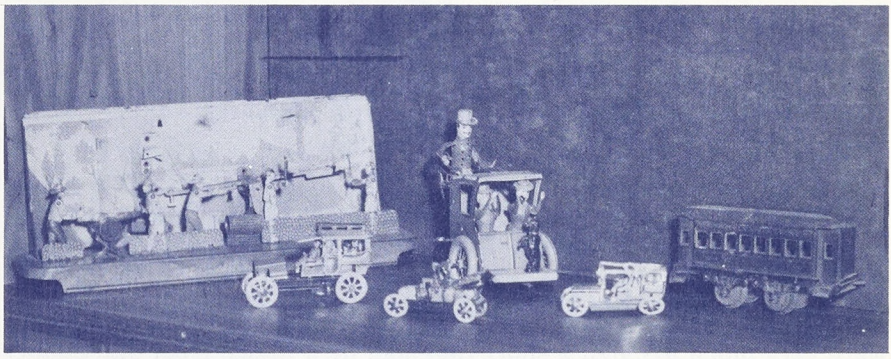
The people from our vicinity and, I think throughout the County, were very much agitated a short time ago by a notice from our County School Board, saying "Those (the children) who fail to be vaccinated by Dec. 20th shall be excluded from the Public Free Schools." Then on the 28th of December this order was followed by another saying: "They had seen no good reason for rescinding the aforesaid order."

Now, the people being uninformed as to this law, feel that they are due an explanation through the *Herald* by some member of the Board that took so ultra an action as this, at a time when there was not a case of small-pox reported in the State. Hoping to see a satisfactory explanation, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
A CITIZEN

—Letter to the Fincastle *Herald,* January 4, 1894.

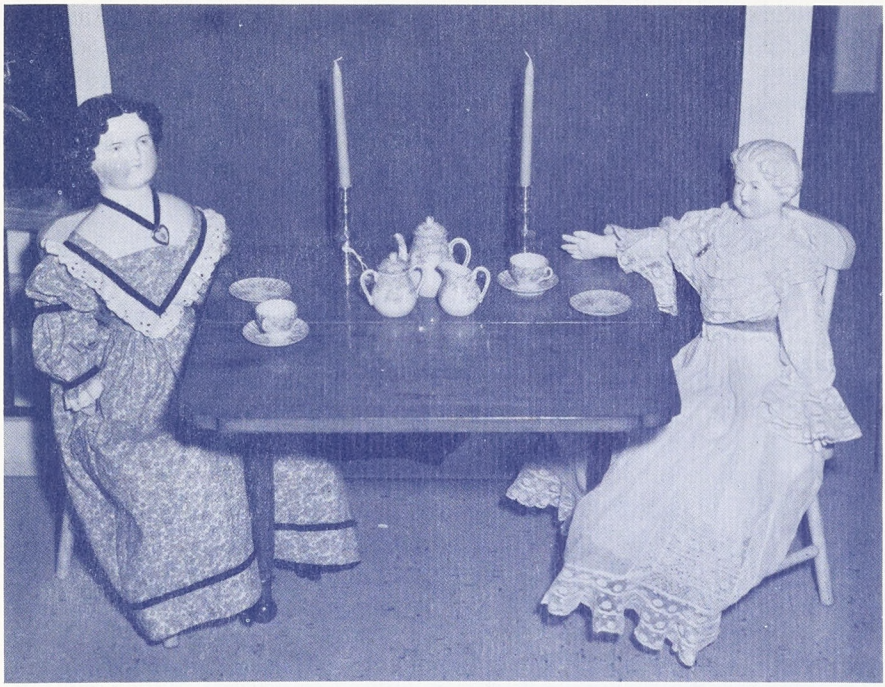
Society's Toy Exhibit Attracts Visitors To Salem Museum



Area residents dug deep among the treasures of long-ago childhoods to help the Society create an exhibit of antique toys at our museum in Roanoke College Library. Hundreds of playthings, many remarkable for their mechanical ingenuity, were on view daily from December 11 until January 15. In addition to all types of dolls, there were replicas of early automobiles, steam engines, street cars, circus parades and horse carts. There were children's books of bygone periods, tiny furniture and ornate Lilliputian houses. Above is an assortment of transportation, including a wind-up hansom cab. At top is a rag doll with real hair, surrounded by her wardrobe.

Mrs. Edmund P. Goodwin, was chairman of the exhibit committee. Toys were loaned by Mrs. Thomas O. Broker, Miss Sue Collins, Mrs. Roger N. Winbourne, Jr., Mrs. James M. Richardson, Mrs. Barton W. Morris, Mrs. Louis Showalter, Jr., Mrs. English Showalter, Miss Emily Barksdale, Mrs. G. A. L. Kolmer, Mrs. Charles Blake, Mrs. W. Jackson Shepherd, Mrs. Kemper Dobbins, Mrs. John D. Carr, Mrs. W. J. Bettcher and Mrs. Barton W. Morris, Jr.

—Photographs by Mary Bland Armistead.



At top a china doll, circa 1840, entertains a bisque companion at tea while their children, below, have an airing in toy carriages of the time.

Recollections Of Bent Mountain, Virginia

By Mrs. Philip St. Leger Moncure

To record a few facts relative to a small section of a county in our state with which one is familiar must necessarily be somewhat personal—a story that was told . . . and what is remembered . . . of the growth that stemmed from the beginnings of a colonial settlement.

These memories are nostalgic, as all that is tinged with tenderness and the echoes from voices that are still, must be. History encloses us in a twilight zone. We wander in the fringes of fantasy, searching for the concrete substances of fact.

General Washington gave a vast grant to the doughty General Andrew Lewis: some hundred thousands of acres—a nebulous domain of forest-covered mountains, plateaus and valleys that revealed themselves like the waves of the sea in successive green billows against a horizon that was endless. The boundary lines were conjectural. Some were trails that Indians had followed in pursuit of game, others paths in a wilderness that frontiersmen followed, blazing trees to mark a return, notations of water courses, high points, other data for settlements and defenses. These geographical recordings often bore the names of these pioneer explorers.

The plateau south and southwest of Roanoke Valley derives its name for the frontier brothers, James and William Bent who were born in Pennsylvania, explored south and westward and ended their wanderings in Colorado where a county is named for them, and Bent Canyon—a stone memorial glorified by colors of a rainbow. Bent Mountain in Virginia curves in the shape of an amphitheater, where the encircling ranges might have been seats for an audience of mythical Titans, who viewed the ceaseless colorama of storms that moved the great oaks and pines and poplars in their ballet measures. The serried west wall of the plateau was "entered" by one of General Lewis's officers, Major Poore, and bears his name today. This wall, following

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Mrs. Moncure, the former Grace Fortesque Terry, is the daughter of the late John Coles Terry, a leading resident of Bent Mountain. Mrs. Moncure, who says she was born on the mountain more years ago than she would like to recall, kept a home there while living in Norfolk with her husband, a doctor. She lives on Bent Mountain today. Incidentally, her accounts of the naming of Bent and Poore Mountains are disputed by some who say the names derive from physical characteristics.

ridges, rises to its highest point of 3,900 feet on the rim of Montgomery County at Street's Entry, a point said to be the spot where a man named Street made a notation in his journal long ago. This high point on Poore Mountain, about a mile west of the two television towers, is the site of a fire observation tower today and a peach orchard once was there.

A road leads down through Montgomery County into the valley at Elliston—named for the Ellis family whose lands followed the river and adjoined those of other landowners, including the Edmondsons of picturesque Fotheringay, where Louis Phillipe was a guest during his wanderings as an exile from France. Viewed from Poore Mountain the expanse is vast, from the valleys, threaded by flashes of Roanoke River flowing toward Salem and Roanoke, to the vistas westward of range upon range, until outlines vanish in the veil of dim horizons.

The beginnings of Roanoke River are so circuitous that when it passes Shawsville and makes a sharp right turn, it seems to be aiming to return to the birthplace on the east side of Poore Mountain, where in several deep hollows cool little springs appear among mossed rocks and fern fronds. Down they wander, collecting companions along the way, merging with more and more spring branches. Rivulets, with whispering infant voices, turning slowly northward, grow and mature into Bottom Creek, and its cascading becomes a staccato chorus, as it hurries to join another liquid traveller from Bent Mountain's eastern border, for an interlude of tranquillity in swamps and meadows, until encountering a blockade of rocks it gathers force and rises to pour into a gorge where it was once harnessed to operate the first "Bent Mill," and gain its present name, Mill Creek. Nearby springs produce a third stream, Laurel Creek, which plunges in rapids downward to join Bottom and Mill Creek. Then the combined waters hurl hundreds of feet through a great rock-walled gorge, to presently grow calm, and become a placid river, passing "Hot" or Crockett Springs, and Allegheny Springs to Shawsville. There the Roanoke sharply reverses its course and almost completes a circle to flow by "Big Spring" and Elliston at the foot of Poore Mountain where its infantile venture began and continues its odyssey to Albemarle Sound.

Homesteads of hardy pioneers became more numerous and began to emerge in settlements of a new land. During this period in Roanoke County, families were established, homes were given identifying names, more and more settlers moved westward from southside counties, clearing land, building cabins first, "Family Seats" later . . . landmarks in a wilderness, barns for cattle and sheep, hog pens, stables for horses and mules. Oxen were used in first clearing the land. Patches of corn, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, flax, tobacco, appeared—the first "cash crops" for export. In homes there were spinning wheels for wool, and little ones for flax. Rude looms were built for weaving

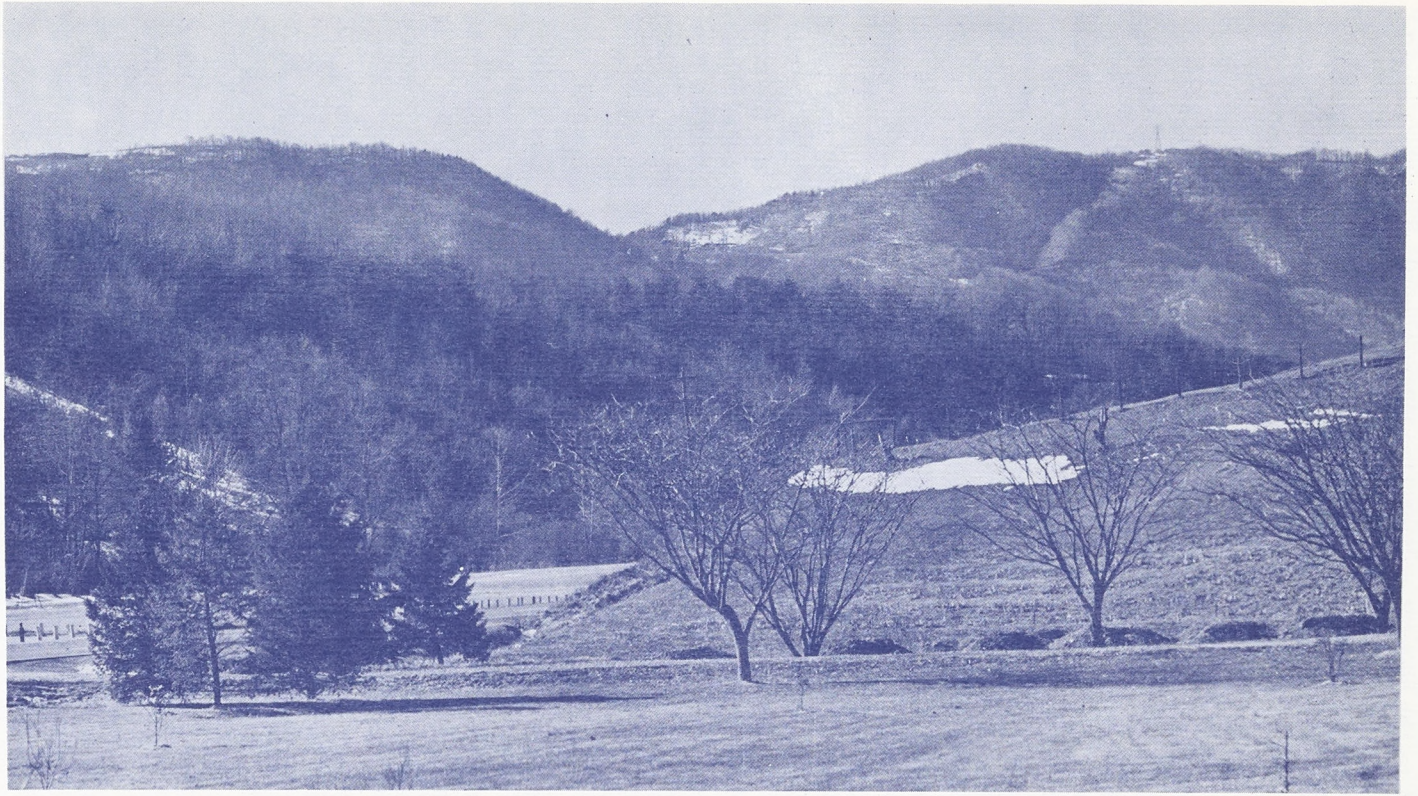
woolens and linens. Dyes were concocted from wild indigo and from other herbs and roots, as well as from the bark of trees—sumac for crimson, red oak for rust and copper colors, the bark of maple made a clear shade of grey, either dark or diluted into paler tints. Boundaries of grants were elastic and ill-defined. Without deeds on "fee simple" security men settled and cleared, and raised families, regardless of government formalities. Through occupation grew possession. Cabins and clearings became neighborhoods, and life assumed order and legality. Finally land "parcels" were surveyed, contracts made, and deeds drawn up with boundaries specified. Family names, already familiar in the Tidewater, Valley, and Piedmont section, were transplanted

These valiants who pitted their faith and energy against the elements and enemies thus bravely earned hereditary rights to the cabins they built and the land they cleared and planted. These families had names already familiar in the lower lands, and these newer settlements were identified by them.

In addition to the squatters' claims for homesteads, the Lewis family began to sell its land. General Andrew Lewis had a hunting lodge on Bent Mountain that later was to be the home of a grandson, Joseph King, whose father was Charles King of Kentucky. There is a portrait, in miniature, of Charles King, showing a man of aristocratic features, strikingly handsome, and suitably dressed in velvet coat and elaborate scarf-like stock. A miniature of General Andrew Lewis was also there at the Joseph Kings, showing the rugged soldier of stern face. I remember seeing them as a child and hearing my father say that the Kings had interesting letters from General Washington and other notables of that day.

In the early 19th century, William Dabney from Pittsylvania purchased 2,000 acres from the Lewis heirs. He built a home and lived for a time on Bent Mountain. Later, Captain Joseph Motley Terry purchased this Dabney property, and while living near Chatham and practicing law there, he operated the place under the superintendence of an overseer. Captain Terry's father-in-law, John Dabney Coles, also living in Pittsylvania County on his plantation there, about 1835 purchased from the Lewis heirs 15,000 acres in the Bent Mountain area. Both Terry and Coles moved white families to Bent Mountain as tenants, with contracts for clearing, building and crop-raising. This new ground —loose fertile loam—was well suited to tobacco, and it became the cash crop. An overseer managed these settlements as well as separate clearings made by colored families brought from the lower plantations.

Wherever a field was planted, a log barn was raised for the curing and storing of the tobacco until it was ready to be packed in hogsheads, each the equivalent of four standard three-bushel barrels. The staves for these were riven from oak or chestnut and securely bound by hoops of stout hickory to withstand the long haul over the roughest



Bent Mountain, left, as it appears from the north with Poor Mountain rolling up the horizon at right. U. S. 221 penetrates the plateau through the center gap. Photo taken from near Back Creek School with telephoto lens.

—Photograph by Oakie Asbury.

of roads to the nearest market—Lynchburg, or occasionally Danville.

The landscape became dotted with tobacco barns, usually about 25 feet square, and a full story taller than the cabin dwellings. Sometimes these were double size, double and triple pens. They were splendidly substantial structures, roofed on log rafters with hand riven boards. Boards were from three to four inches in width and usually of oak or chestnut.

The freshly-cut tobacco was bunched and tied on five-foot sticks, packed from joist to adjoining joist, until each barn was filled through to its upper tiers. The tobacco was then ready for firing and curing. There were horizontal flues running from outside walls three feet into the barn. These were stoked with long sticks of wood, and the fire was kept going day and night until the leaf was properly cured. This was a process requiring care—a steady, slow heating and drying, so the leaves remained supple, flexible and whole. Too much heat and too rapid drying ruined the quality by making the leaves brittle and sure to shatter when packed and shipped. A properly cured tobacco leaf has much the same pliability as a soft doeskin glove.

During this important curing process there were day and night shifts to keep up the steady heat and regulate it properly. For no matter how fine the crop may have been when cut, its quality and the price obtained on the market was decided there within those barns where the curing was done. I can recall the fields with tobacco barns on Bent Mountain—37 of them. Later, when tobacco was no longer a main crop they were utilized for other storage purposes, or as shelter for sheep and cattle, with hay lofts above.

All these buildings were hand-crafted. Men were skilled in the art of hewing and fitting logs . . . in the chinking, and clay daubing between the logs . . . in the riving of boards and shingles. There were no circular saws. When houses of clapboard began to be built, the planks and framing were laboriously sawed by hand and the nails were hand made in the blacksmith shop. The tools included wooden mauls and wedges for splitting timbers, axes, adz, drawing knives, hand saws, mattocks, hoes, shovels, pitch forks, spades and plows. All were made on the land by forge and anvil, hammer and tongs, as were so many other things: hinges, scythe blades, corn cutters, hatchets and hammers. They were cruder than the imported ones, but filled an immediate need.

On the Coles-Terry lands, near Street's Entry, were two squatters' cabins, rumored to have been built by deserters from the Confederate Army—"conscientious objectors"—who had no sympathy from those who fought through to Appomattox. They were unoccupied when I remember them, but most interesting as samples of the crudest of abodes. In their structure was neither an inch of metal, nor a piece of glass, nor any sawed timber. They were rock underpinned, clay daubed,

with log pens, log sills and joists, supporting floors of split logs with the flat side up and the underneath notched to fit the sills. Roofed with boards, they had stone fireplaces, and the lower chimney sections were of clay-daubed stone which supported the chimney stem of "stick and mud," laid like a pen. Doors and shutters were hung with hinges of hickory withies, interwoven. In the absence of nails, there were sharpened locust pegs.

Within was family life, and without a clearing that furnished food. Water came from a freestone spring above the dwelling. One was built by a man named Jonas Likens. The other, a mile or more across a ravine, was built by Henry Medley.

The Coles and Terry families, their farming operations on Bent Mountain managed by an overseer, continued residence in Pittsylvania County until the Civil War. Already, there were adjacent landowners living on the Bent Mountain plateau whose holdings were in Floyd and Franklin counties.

A large oak on a corner of the John Coles land had its roots in 3 counties—Roanoke, Floyd and Franklin. It was felled by a wanton road crew building a wider road down to Adneys Gap, to the Black Water River section, passing near the imposing home of Thomas Calloway. The boxwood there was of gargantuan proportions. Along the way was the estates of the Guerrants, related to the Calloways and the Saunders who also had baronial estates along the river.

Other families living on the Bent Mountain borders before the Civil War, included Thomas Price, Thomas Baldwin, Huff, Kefauver, Thrasher, the Thomas Kings (unrelated to Joseph King), Powell, Lancaster, Teal, Tyree, Henry, Willet, Ferguson, Fralin, Wimmer, Hawse . . . names that belong on the honor rolls of the Confederacy. Patriots, and crack shots, they shouldered their muzzle-loading muskets and marched to join those grey lines.

Even after the war wolves still howled eerily in the Bent Mountain night, and all the Indians had not gone. Scattered parties of hunters would now and then glimpse them, more friendly than hostile, but quick to vanish into the forest.

There were groves of giant chestnut trees, with tons of their brown polished fruit plentiful in October through November—a delicious and nutritious food to be gathered and stored as a supplement to the winter rations.

John Dabney Coles born April 26, 1779, the son of Colonel Isaac Coles, of Coles Hill in Halifax County, lived on his plantation near Chatham, Virginia, and rode the 60 miles now and then to Bent Mountain to go over matters with his manager. He had a cabin near the overseer's home, where he stayed on these trips, with servants near by. He was said to have been a man of energy and ability, quite handsome and 6 feet 7 inches tall, but so well proportioned and with such grace

of bearing that he looked less tall than he actually was. He had married early in life—Louisa Spottswood Payne—whose mother was Elizabeth Dandridge, the daughter of Nathaniel West Dandridge and Dorothea Spottswood, who was the daughter of Alexander Spottswood.

John D. Coles' second daughter, Catherine, was married at 17 to Joseph Motley Terry. She died within the year when her little son was born—John Coles Terry. His grandmother and his mother's sister Mary, then unmarried, took care of the baby. He was still a baby when his grandfather, John D. Coles, died at the age of 48 on August 28, 1847. He had gone to Bent Mountain on one of his business trips and had been there several days when he became sick, and thinking it best to go home where he could have medical care, he unwisely decided to mount his horse and leave on the 60-mile ride. When he reached home he was seriously ill with a high fever. The doctor pronounced it a far advanced case of typhoid. His wife survived him for a few years. Upon her death, the small grandson, Coles Terry, then four years of age, inherited his deceased mother's share of the estates. The executor divided the land into shares and the personal property into equal lots. The legal heirs drew from this lottery their inheritance. John Coles Terry, the little grandson, put in his small hand and drew his portion. Certain Negroes were listed as his also. He was a pet on the plantation and he told his children that some of his Negro friends said, "Little Master, please draw me." After this he lived with his father at his Chalk Level farm and Joseph Terry continued to employ an overseer to carry on the development of his son's Bent Mountain inheritance, using the white tenants already there, and the Negro families also.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Joseph M. Terry organized a company of volunteers and became their captain. Early in the war he was severely wounded in the hip, and on partial recovery, he moved his home to Bent Mountain, living in the former Dabney house. A year before the war, his son was entered as a cadet at V.M.I. At the age of 17, early in the year of 1862, he joined the Confederate forces under the command of General Stonewall Jackson, at first in the infantry and a little later in the cavalry, where he served until the end of the conflict.

Gen. Jubal Early, a graduate of West Point, had reached retirement age some time before war was declared and he had taken up the practice of law in Chatham as a partner of Joseph M. Terry. It was a natural consequence of this friendship that Coles Terry should have chosen to join forces under General Early after the death of the great leader Jackson. He was with Jubal Early through the Valley campaign. He had an active career on his alternating mounts "Mary" (Stuart) and "Raleigh." First, with Jackson in his hound and fox forays against Milroy in and out of West Virginia and Virginia, with weeks of brilliant maneuvering. These adventurous years were a thrilling delight

to a high spirited boy, and he relived it with many an ancedote told to his children . . . through Maryland, into Pennsylvania to Gettysburg . . . sometimes a dispatch carrier . . . or scouting . . . or in the thick of battle with dismounted cavalry.

Those gallant horses, "Mary" and "Raleigh," spent their last years on Bent Mountain. "Mary's" descendants remained in the Terry family for years.

Back Creek near its source on Bent Mountain's lower slopes.

—Photograph by Bob Phillips

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