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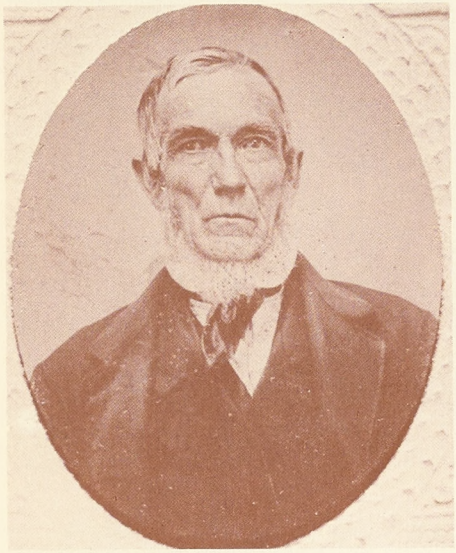
Cover sketch of Mill Mountain, Roanoke, by J. R. Hildebrand

The Journal of the Roanoke Historical Society, Volume VI, Number 1. Published twice yearly by the Society at Box 1904, Roanoke, Va. 24098, to chronicle the past and present of that part of the state west of the Blue Ridge. Single copy price for members: 50 cents; for non-members, $1. The Society will be careful in handling unsolicited material but cannot be responsible for its loss.

Lewis Miller, Folk Artist



Lewis Miller (left) as photographed in later years. He is buried in Christiansburg (above) where he died Sept. 15, 1882.

Lewis Miller, recognized as one of America's greatest folk artists in his native York, Pa., spent the last quarter of his life with relatives in Christiansburg where he is buried in an overgrown family cemetery.

Miller, a Pennsylvania German carpenter who lived from 1796 to 1882, left more than 2,000 paintings and sketches recording the daily lives, customs and dress of his fellow Yorkers, as well as events he witnessed in his broad travels throughout the East and in Europe.

Many are owned by the Historical Society of York County but an album of 114 watercolor drawings depicting scenes in Montgomery, Roanoke, Botetourt, Rockbridge, Pulaski, Giles and Wythe counties, mainly in 1856-57, is the property of the Virginia Historical Society in Richmond. Some are owned by relatives in Christiansburg and others are held in private collections or by the Henry Ford Museum and the New York Historical Society. His work was largely unrecognized until recent years.

Most of Miller's drawings are accompanied by a charming text in English, German or Latin, with "appropriate comments about everything he saw, heard and recorded, whether trivial or historic in importance," according to a handsome 183-page book, "Lewis Miller, Sketches and Chronicles," published in 1966 by the Historical Society of York County.

His Christiansburg relatives say the collections of Miller handed down in the family describe him as "very eccentric." During a final

Lewis Miller and his nephew, Charles A. Miller, visited six counties in a four-week trip in July, 1846, illustrated by this sketch from "Lewis Miller Sketches and Chronicles," published by the York County, Pa. Historical Society.

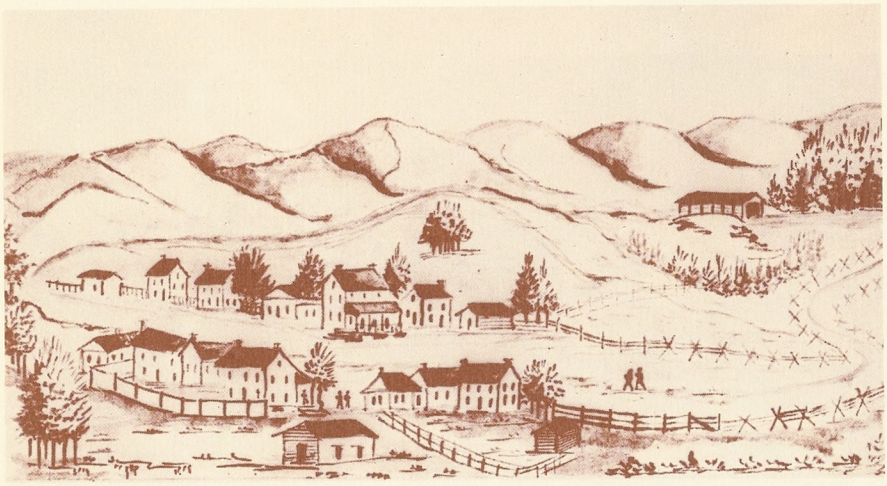
illness when he was in his 80's, Miller "sat up in bed with his hat and coat on." A bachelor, he traveled "as long as he could."

The late Miss Mary Craig, with whom he made his home in Christiansburg, told members of the family that Miller "didn't do anything but sit and draw," at least in later years.

Miss Craig was a member of one of the first and prominent families of Christiansburg. James Craig settled at what was known as Hans Meadows and here he gave the land for the first courthouse near his home the old "Red House," at the present intersection of U. S. 11-460 and Rt. 114. His son, Robert Craig, served five terms in Congress and later lived west of Salem.

Papers held in Christiansburg tell of Miller's ancestors whose original seat in Germany was Erbach. Lewis Miller's father, Johann Ludwig Miller, lived at Schwabisch-Hall and apparently sailed from Rotterdam to Philadelphia in 1772. He lived and is buried in York. "In the year 1840, when I Ludwig Miller, visited the old city, several citizens showed me the house where my grandfather had lived in the lower part of the city," the artist wrote after a visit to the "old country." (Ludwig is German for Lewis).

A "bird's eye point of view," known on July 5, 1871 as Fisher's View, continues to be a point of interest today in southeastern Montgomery County, near the Floyd line.



Miller portrayed the neat houses in the village of "Fayet," in eastern Montgomery County. The village of Lafayette remains about this size, 100 years later.

Salem and the Roanoke River valley were sketched by Miller, presumably in 1853. The higher range in the center is Fort Lewis Mountain, as the artist faced north.

Miller drew this sketch of Big Lick in 1853. His exact location is not known but his notes referred to the "new rail road depot" which served as a "way station."

As he rode through Botetourt, Miller completed this sketch of the village of "New Amsterdam" in 1853. Some of these homes probably remain in Amsterdam today.

The artist said this view of Fincastle, also in 1853, was from the New Amsterdam side. He later added information about the town fire in 1870.

Miller's brother, Dr. Charles A. Miller, lived in Christiansburg, and a nephew, Charles A. Miller, accompanied him on many of his travels.

The only Virginia illustration in the York County book shows Miller and his nephew riding from Christiansburg to Pulaski, Wythe, Roanoke, Botetourt and Rockbridge counties "on horseback, four weeks."

For later generations, Miss Craig mimicked Miller's "broken English but very correct German." The artist "had a quaint way about him," the family recalls. And "Uncle Lewis," as he was known in the family, undoubtedly had a temper for one of his expressions remembered today is "I'll knock you hellwards."

Vivid colors were captured in his works. And there was no end to the variety. As he started his "Chronicles of York, Pa." Miller wrote, "All of this Pictures Containing in this Book. Search and Examine them. the are true Sketches I myself being there upon the places and spot and put down what happened."

His sketches show an engine house with leather fire buckets, pulling down the steeple of an old Lutheran church in 1805, church congregation and choir assembled for worship, a wagon placed atop the market house by boys, a neighbor sawing a limb off a cherry tree, many people of York, a neighbor frying sweet potatoes, theft of beef from a butcher, militia men drilling, a square on main street, early railroad cars, bear-baiting, butchering, a circus in 1807 and an election in 1836, and many other incidents.

"I was fond of being present were od and Strange people are," Miller wrote, "and so many living in the Country, of such kind and manners, curious in there dress and ringlet (wrinkled) cheeks. What ideas in such people."

He ilustrated national events as well. The funeral procession for George Washington, Gen Lafayette's visit to York, campaign procession for Henry Clay, surrender of York in the Civil War and the assassination of Lincoln are shown in his work.

Miller is described in the York County book as "the chronicler of rural life in America from 1800 to 1882 . . . His bequest to posterity is one of the greatest and most complete pictorial records of an era ever created by man." This evaluation of a man who "made an unbelievable graphic record everywhere he went" comes from Dr. Donald A. Shelley, executive director of Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, in the introduction to the York County book.

His drawings are marked by their realistic accuracy and faces have individualistic character with constantly changing details and costumes and accessories, Dr. Shelley said. He used about eight colors and some cutout papers. In his travels he apparently worked with the paper that was available.

Last seven sketches are from Virginia State Library.

The town of Buchanan, with its covered bridge over the James River at right, sat at the foot of Purgatory Mountain in 1853 much as it does today.

In a New York Times book review, Roger Butterfield, author of "The American Past" and other works of biography and history, called the Miller volume "one of the choicest treasures of American folk art . . . an archive of pictorial gossip and history which richly documents rural and village life in America in the decades before photography took over."

Miller was self-taught, Butterfield wrote. " . . . his drawings were often close to caricatures, and his use of perspective was childlike. But his pictures swarm on these pages with exuberant vigor and humor."

New Claim for Oldest Resident

The claim of Mrs. Lena Hart Hoback that she was the oldest living resident of Roanoke and Big Lick (See "Is There An Older Roanoker?" in the Winter, 1969 Journal) has been challenged a month after Mrs. Hoback's death.

Miss Annie Lee Luck Fishburn, was born in Big Lick, April 4, 1874, and lives today at the home of a nephew, Blair F. Fulton, in Roanoke. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Fishburn, she is a sister of the late Blair Fishburn.

Mrs. Hoback, born Sept. 13, 1878, died July 26, 1969. She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Clay Hart, who owned Magnolia, the brick home on Orange Avenue at Williamson Road, built in 1837.

Johnny Rebs From Virginia and the Fairer Sex

By James I. Robertson Jr.

In the summer of 1861, a forlorn Virginia Confederate soldier wrote his cousin: "I have not seen a gal in so long a time that I would not know what to do with myself were I to meet up with one, though I recon I would learn before I left her."[1]

This sentiment was indicative of most of the Civil War's participants. The fairer sex were of supreme importance to the common soldiers of that war. Wives, sweethearts, even casual female acquaintances, occupied the greater portion of soldiers' thoughts. A girl's pride in her soldier eased the pain of his departure for war; her abiding faith often sustained the soldier in combat; and around lonely campfires during the dread lull between battles, soldiers would "grow silent and gaze into the glowing embers of the fire, and picture to themselves the forms of early years, the shape and scenes of bygone days, build castles in the flames and sigh and long for the time when war's loud roar shall cease . . . "[2]

Modern generations tend to overlook the absence in the Civil War of the USO, American Red Cross, Salvation Army, radio, television, or special services. No organized means of diversion and recreation existed to bolster morale. Soldiers of a century ago were left to their own devices and thoughts. Since most GI's of the Civil War were away from home for the first time, and since romance was more deeply ingrained in them than in their modern-day counterparts (because life was so less complicated), Johnny Rebs of the 1860's lived—and died—with loved ones ever on their minds. This is why the Civil War produced the greatest outpouring of letter-writing of any period in American history.

In Virginia Polytechnic Institute's continuing search for letters, diaries and reminiscences of the Old Dominion's Confederate soldiers, much material has come to light. Many of these documents give a rather vivid picture of the average soldier's affection for a loved one. They reflect how this affection at times buttressed, and at times dampened, his spirits during the nation's darkest hour.

Short of a furlough, nothing in army life generated more enthusiasm than mail call. The sight of familiar handwriting, the joy of

Recently appointed head of the Virginia Tech History Department, Dr. Robertson has spoken to the Society and his article on "Virginia's Neglected Soldiers" appeared in the Summer, 1968 *Journal. He is recognized as a leading Civil War scholar and writer.*

news from home, were brief but exhilirating respites from the deadly atmosphere of war. A Richmond infantryman observed of mail call that "those who received letters went off with radiant countenances. If it was night, each built a fire for light and, sitting down on the ground read his letter over and over. Those unfortunates who got none went off looking as if they had not a friend on earth!"[3]

Acknowledging one of his first letters from home, a lieutenant from Montgomery County stated: "Your letter *filled* with love was Oh how joyfully received on yesterday. I can not express my emotions when I opened it & found it was penned by your dear hand, and when I finished reading it every page was moistened with my tears."[4]

Miss Lavinia Langhorne Callaway of Franklin County probably wrote to at least one soldier in the war. A school teacher, she lived from 1848 to 1936.

The craving for female companionship was constant among Confederate troops. Letters of Virginia soldiers reflect pointedly, and oftentimes humorously, the desire of the men to be with young ladies. As Private Ben C. Richardson of the 14th Virginia stated to an object of his affection: "Miss Nola, I had rather see you than to see my Grandfather or enny boddy else."[5] Another soldier, a member of Charlottesville's 19th Virginia, bemoaned the scarcity of women in the area where his regiment was encamped. "Tell Buck," he wrote home, "if he will come down here I will give him as many dogs as he wants, but no pretty sweethearts. Now he can exercise his own choice, whether he will come and stay where we have plenty of dogs and no pretty faces or stay where the ladies are. I think myself if it were left to my choice I would rather be with the ladies and never see a dog."[6]

James B. Hodgkin, a Virginia foot soldier, wrote in later years: "I recall that one day word was passed along the line that the wife of our lieutenant had come to make him a visit. A woman in camp! Well, every man's neck was craned, every last private found business down the line and tried to catch a glimpse of the lady . . . Few of us caught more than a fleeting glimpse . . . but a thousand stories of her, of her beauty, her plainness, her manners, were told in camp . . . "[7]

In May, 1862, from the earthworks around Richmond, a cavalryman reported to a friend of a miraculous sight he had beheld. "Down on Jeems River the other day I saw a— a— gal, that is a lady. right thar, I lost my heart, as well as the little sense I had. *Ef* I could get

that gal, I'd give anything that I've got. Yes! I'd even part with my new red cotton Handkerchief."[8]

William H. Phillips, an Old Dominion infantryman whose letters are heavy on the subject of women, worked out early in the war what he considered a profitable solution to the woman shortage. To a kinsman Phillips suggested: "You kiss Soo for me and tell Soo to kiss you for me and by manageing the thing that way I will get two kisses, and tell Feb if he possible can steal me a kiss from Miss Bettie and after he kisses her tell her it was for me, I would be very glad, indeed I would."[9]

Much more enjoyable to the men, however, was being with members of the opposite sex; and a planned get-together suddenly cancelled because of military expediency brought a sagging of the spirits. Private John Worsham of Richmond's 21st Virginia met with such a disappointment. Writing to his sister in November, 1862, Worsham observed: "I should go perfectly wild with delight to spend a day with a party of young Girls who are somewhat wild. (We) expected (ed) the presence of some young ladies in camp to day, but (we) have just received marching orders, so all that is knocked in the head."[10]

Even the mere sight of females could be stimulating for soldiers. In June, 1863, the Stonewall Brigade passed through Front Royal and received a tumultuous welcome from grateful citizens. A homesick infantryman in the 4th Virginia commented: "The glance from the eyes of the lovely girls crowding the sidewalks caused our hearts to go 'pit-a-pat.' "[11]

Many soldiers on the other hand, had considerable success in amorous pursuits. Lieutenant George Baylor of the 12th Virginia Cavalry later recalled: "The girls—bright, beautiful, charming girls —were abundant, and acted their parts nobly, and if a susceptible soldier now and then had a couple or more sweethearts, the fault was pardonable, as the temptation was irresistible. The girls understood the situation as well as the boys, and patriotism frequently impelled them to court more than one champion."[12]

Sometimes a soldier's success with the ladies could backfire. In the autumn of 1863, a company of the 12th Virginia Cavalry camped along the Rapidan River. One trooper, an unwed man named Bob, chanced while foraging upon the home of a widow and her daughter. Very soon the cavalryman won their favors; and thereafter he was "faring sumptuously" while other members of his company who wandered that way "were treated pretty much as tramps" by the two women. Some of the soldiers thereupon hatched a plan to eliminate this monopoly their compatriot had established.

One morning, two of the men appeared at the home of the widow and her daughter. While asking for food, they also mentioned their friend Bob. The old lady asked the visitors if they knew Bob; one of them replied: "Oh, yes, we live near him in Jefferson and are well acquainted with him *and his wife and children also.*"

The widow exploded in wrath, while her daughter turned bright red from embarrassment. Then the two women gave the callers a lavish meal and return invitations.

A day or so later, Bob himself rode to the house. He was blissfully unaware of the new development and "full of the assurance of a joyous reception and entertainment." He was just about to enter the house when both occupants assailed him with brooms and drove him from the premises. Not until the cavalry company had long departed from the area did poor Bob learn the joke played at his expense.[13]

The Civil War triggered thousands of marriages as soldiers uncertain of the future took the smallest opportunity to bind themselves in wedlock with pretty and available girls. Mrs. Judith McGuire, an Alexandria matron, noted in her journal in November, 1963: "I believe that neither war, pestilence nor famine could put an end to the marrying and giving in marriage which is constantly going on. Strange that these sons of Mars can as assidiously devote themselves to Cupid and Hymen; but every respite, every furlough, must be thus employed."[14]

At that midway point of the war, the Confederate government began granting furloughs to soldiers wishing to be wed at home. This prompted an infantryman who preferred "to play the field" to write his parents in a disgruntled tone: "I never heard of so Much Marring in My life. Chet Walker just got a furlough This morning of 10 days to go home and get Married. . . I am a great Mind to start courting Myself . . . to get me a furlough."[15]

Another source of resentment among many soldiers was the practice of the officers monopolizing the attentions of young ladies who paid visits to army camps. That the ladies too often seemed to prefer officers to privates irritated the common soldiers. Private Richard Waldrop of the 21st Virginia captured the anger of such Johnny Rebs when he wrote: "The picnic (Near camp) was an exclusive affair, & I having neither Stars, bars, nor braid was not counted worthy to mingle in the very select company . . . The ladies of this country are said to be addicted to Star-gazing & nothing of less brilliancy attracts their attention. What is a miserable private fit for? A man had as well be a dog."[16]

Knowledgeable or more experienced soldiers sometimes compensated for lack of rank by employing imaginary titles, claims of

great wealth, and the like in order to gain a lady's favors. A North Carolina soldier-suitor bragged of acquiring fifteen Virginia sweethearts through such falsehoods. He proudly explained his means of accomplishment.

"They thout I was a saint I told them some sweete lies and they Believed it . . . After I got acquainted with them I would tell them I got a letter from home stating that five of my negroes had runaway and ten of Pappies But I wold say I recond he did not mind it for he had plenty more left and then they would lean to me like a sore eyd kitten to a Basin of Milk."[17]

Virginia soldiers were not hesitant about opening their hearts when communicating with loved ones. On a lonely Christmas Day, 1862, Private J. B. Evans of the 4th Virginia replied to a lady-friend's letter: "I antisipate you will have quite a nice time at youre proposed dinner I would like to be one of the pertisipants but alas I am doomed to weare a way the time in dull camp attending to My duties and it aint worth while to think about any thing else out side of camp but one cant help it some times to think of times past for it is a consolation to the poore Soldier when he is werry and tired and hongry &c. to think of Friends far away with the faint hope that one day he may be spared to see them a gain . . . "[18]

Even more revealing is the correspondence between General E. Franklin Paxton and his wife in Lexington. From the banks of the Potomac, late in June, 1861, Paxton dramatically wrote: "I never knew what you were worth to me until this war began and the terrible feeling came upon me that I had pressed you to my bosom, perhaps, for the last time. I always keep upon my person the handkerchief which I took from your hand when we separated . . . It may yet serve as a bandage to staunch a wound with. I keep one of your letters, which may serve to indicate who I am, where may be found the fond wife who mourns my death. May neither be ever needed to serve such a purpose!"

Four months later, Paxton philosophized: "Our separation must continue until this sad war runs its course and terminates, as it must some day, in peace. Then I trust we may pass what remains of life together, loving each other all the better from a recollection of the sadness we felt from the separation."

Paxton's hopes were never realized. He was killed at Chancellorsville while leading the celebrated Stonewall Brigade into battle.[19]

Similar tragedy befell another Lexington couple.

Alexander "Sandie" Pendleton was but twenty-two years old when he was appointed chief of staff of the Army of Northern Virginia's Second Corps. In the spring of 1863, he became engaged to vivacious Catherine Corbin. "I do love you so much," he wrote, "& deem it a privilege to be able to minister to your happiness, to bear your

sorrows & lighten your burdens, to share your joys, and heighten your enjoyments. I have been very happy since I first loved you and you ought to be thankful that you have been able to brighten one life amid the sorrows of the times." Yet the military campaigns of the critical year continually delayed the marriage of the young lovers. When in November a new Federal threat on Virginia again postponed the wedding, a disconsolate Sandie informed Kate that "if hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' then my poor organ is well nigh unto death."

Finally, on December 29, 1863, Sandie and Kate were married. "How I do love to think about providing for you," the young bridegroom stated the following March. "How I do cherish the hope that soon we shall be together for good, & all the pleasures of home & peace be ours to enjoy together."

Such was not to be the case. On September 22, 1864, Colonel Pendleton was killed at the battle of Fisher's Hill. Six weeks later, his widow gave birth to a son. The child lived but ten months before succumbing to diphtheria. It was then that young Kate Pendleton gave way to total grief. "I wonder people's hearts don't break," she wrote her father, "when they have ached and ached as mine has done till feeling seems to be almost worn out of them. My poor empty arms, with their sweet burdens torn away forever."[20]

The chaplain of the 17th Virginia remarked that "every soldier's life has elements common to every other, and these elements make the history of the Civil War."[21] If that be true, then countless thousands of Virginia soldiers shared the sentiments of a lonesome infantryman who once looked up after reading a letter and shouted: "If it were not for the ladies, God bless them, there would be no use in fighting this war!"[22]

Source material and research are still needed on the neglected common soldiers of the Confederacy. Each new series of letters, every diary, and even the smallest reminiscence, has the potential of providing a better understanding of the feelings and activities of the ordinary Johnny Rebs of the 1860's. Few in that embattled generation knew who started the war, or why they were fighting. Even fewer saw excitement in the holocaust of which they were a part.

War is fascinating, except to its principal actors. In a conflict as dramatic as the American Civil War, the old men wanted glory, the young boys craved adventure, and the infirm dreamed of heroics. Yet the soldiers themselves, as attested in their writings to the fairer sex, just wanted to go home.

FOOTNOTES

1 William H. Phillips to cousin, June 29, 1861, W. H. Phillips papers, Duke University.
2 John E. Dooley, JOHN DOOLEY, CONFEDERATE SOLDIER: HIS WAR JOURNAL, ed. by Joseph T. Durkin (Washington, 1945), 57.
3 John H. Worsham, ONE OF JACKSON'S FOOT CALVARY, ed. by James I. Robertson, Jr. (Jackson, Tenn., 1964), 98.
4 James H. Langhorne to mother, May 18, 1861, Langhorne letters in the possession of David G. Langhorne, Jr., Blacksburg, Va.

5 Ben C. Richardson to "Miss Nola," Mar. 20, 1862, letter in the Virginia State Library, Richmond.
6 Edward Cox to "Miss Porter," Dec. 19, 1861, William H. Jones papers, Duke Univ.
7 Andrew Crockett to "Henry P.," May 22, 1862, letters in the possession of Miss Mary Fugate, Danville, Va.
8 CONFEDERATE VETERAN, XIV (1906), 458.
9 William H. Phillips to cousin, Sept. 21, 1861, Phillips Papers.
10 Worsham, ONE OF JACKSON'S FOOT CALVARY, xx.
11 W. G. Bean, THE LIBERTY HALL VOLUNTEERS (Charlottesville, 1964), 146.
12 George Baylor, FROM BULL RUN TO BULL RUN (Richmond, 1900), 290.
13 Ibid., 160-61.
14 Judith W. McQuire, DIARY OF A SOUTHERN REFUGEE DURING THE WAR (Richmond, 1889), 243-44.
15 William H. Phillips to parents, Dec. 20, 1863, Phillips Papers.
16 Richard Waldrop diary, entry of Aug. 29, 1863, Southern Historical Collection, University of North Carolina.
17 Quoted in Bell I. Wiley, THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB (Indianapolis, 1943), 275.
18 J. B. Evans to "Charlotte," Dec. 25, 1862, letter in the possession of the writer.
19 E. Franklin Paxton, MEMOIR AND MEMORIALS (n. p., 1905), 10, 25; James I. Robertson, Jr., THE STONEWALL BRIGADE (Baton Rouge, 1963), 187.
20 W. G. Bean, STONEWALL'S MAN: SANDIE PENDLETON (Chapel Hill, 1959), 173, 179, 182, 191, 224-31.
21 John L. Johnson, AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES (n. p., 1958), 134.
22 J. William Jones, CHRIST IN THE CAMP, OR RELIGION IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY (Atlanta, 1904), 154.

New President, Secretary Named

Mrs. Joel Richert is the new executive secretary of the Society, succeeding Mrs. Pauline Carter, who has resigned and J. Thomas Engleby III, has been elected president.

Mrs. Richert, a graduate of the University of Illinois, previously was active in cataloguing acquisitions at the Society's museum in Salem. She is the wife of Robert Richert, a General Electric engineer, and they have two children.

Engleby, a Roanoke lawyer, succeeds Mrs. English Showalter, who has been president for three years. Robert W. Woody, vice president, Arthur Ellett, treasurer, and J. R. Hildebrand, secretary, were re-elected, as were the 44 members of the board of directors.

The Four Anderson Brothers

By ELLEN GRAHAM ANDERSON

The Andersons from whom came Col. William Anderson of Walnut Hill in Botetourt County, father of the four brothers, were of Scotch stock.

The father of William was Robert Anderson, who was born in Ireland, County Donegal, about 1733, and died in Virginia July 22, 1825. This Robert (whom we call Robert II since his father back in Donegal was also Robert) emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1755, stopping en route in Spain and in the West Indies. Landing in Philadelphia shortly after Braddock's defeat, he found the inhabitants in a state of consternation lest the colony should be overrun by the French and Indians.

He settled in Delaware, where after a few years he married Margaret Neely, whose parents resided in that old colony. In 1769, Robert Anderson and his wife, Margaret, with their young son, William (born June 2, 1764), moved from Delaware to Virginia and settled on Catawba Creek in what was still Augusta County, but which became Botetourt the next year.

The sister of Robert Anderson, Catherine, had previously married John McNutt and lived on a plantation six miles southeast of the present town of Lexington in what formerly had been Orange County, in 1745 had been Augusta County and in 1770 became Botetourt County. (In 1778 it became Rockbridge County.) Influenced, however, by the fact that his wife's brother, William Neely, had settled farther west in Botetourt, Robert went on to the Catawba Valley, after visiting his sister in her home near present Lexington.

The father of Robert Anderson II, Robert I, who remained in Ireland, was the husband of Catherine Graham. Tradition told to "the four brothers" by their father, William Anderson, son of Robert II, and by them to my father, showed that Catherine Graham was a close kinswoman of James Montrose, the great marquis.

Certain it is that her mother, a Graham widow with an infant daughter, had taken refuge in Ulster, Ireland, at the time of the Revolution of 1688. A paternal great-uncle of Robert II took part in the historic "Siege of Derry," or Londonderry, Ireland.

Robert II, the emigrant, knew and had great respect for his

Miss Ellen Graham Anderson of Lexington is a granddaughter of Judge Francis Thomas Anderson, one of the four prominent Anderson brothers who are the subjects of this article. Miss Anderson was assisted by her niece, Mrs. Frances Lewis of Roanoke, wife of J. M. B. Lewis, Jr.

grandmother. Reputedly, she never smiled again after the beheading of her husband, who was captured fighting for the marquis. William Anderson knew from his father, Robert II, that William's own great-grandfather Graham had been beheaded when captured! The proud name of Graham continues to this day in the descendants. Our grandfather, Francis Thomas Anderson, recalling this story of the courage of his Graham ancestors, named his place at Fincastle, Montrose, for the marquis. My niece's (Mrs. Fred Stone of Hardy Ford) home in Bedford County has been given the same name.

Robert Anderson and his wife, Margaret Neely, gladly settled down on their rich plantation on the Catawba not far west of present-day Fincastle and there other children were born. Before many years, though, the dark clouds of the coming Revolution engulfed his new chosen country and his son, William, a growing youth, became eager to fight the Redcoats. William's uncle, John McNutt, had achieved distinction in the service of the colony, and had been called to Williamsburg to give the governor his views of the situation on the western waters.

Gen. Nathaniel Greene's troops were fighting in North and South Carolina. The men of the western settlements became more and more disturbed, and patriotic in their support of the infant republic.

A young McNutt cousin, with other youths from near his home plantation near Balcony Falls, came by and stayed with his Anderson relatives on the Catawba. William, the eldest child of Robert and Margaret Neely Anderson, then not sixteen, was the mainstay of his parents, and they opposed his going off with his cousins to join the Revolutionary Armies.

William became 16, though, on June 2nd, and after much persuading was given his parents' blessing. He was allowed to go alone, on foot, through the wilderness to North Carolina, carrying bags of parched corn, his rifle and shot for game. In due time he reached his destination and served with Greene at the battles of Cowpens and Guilford Court House. He was one of the picked men who, under Col. Otto Williams, formed the rear guard of Gen. Greene's perilous trip back into Virginia.

It was my privilege to go with my father, who had the family name of William Anderson, to Guilford, and there at the monument to Gen. Greene to hear again of the courageous exploits of this young boy who had travelled alone, on a trail which we had traversed by automobile.

His service being expired, Wiliam returned home. But almost at once he went out with a company to Rockfish Gap, where Tarleton was deterred by the mountain boys from entering their Valley.

William Anderson, after the Revolution and after reaching his

Virginia State Library Photos.

William Anderson, Botetourt County surveyor, and his wife, Anne Thomas Anderson, parents of the four brothers.

majority, established his home near Fincastle, which in 1770 had become the county seat of Botetourt.

His home place was called Walnut Hill. The largest part of the house, now gone, was a large stone, two story building, with an immense fireplace and chimney and, properly, portholes for firing at Indians or marauders. When I first saw Walnut Hill in the 1920's it appeared to me that this stone house was built long before the birth of William Anderson (although no record states this) and possibly by other hands.

In front of it was a most individual dwelling, originally of logs, but covered with weatherboarding—a four-roomed house downstairs, with an unusual stairway which divided into two, part-way up to the two upstairs wings, without any landing. A beautiful hand-carved mantel was in the largest room and under it a very old iron Franklin Stove. To my regret at that time, I could not ask to buy this stove—indeed, it seemed discourteous to the owners to do so.

Under the stairway was a hidden closet, where as county surveyor, we always heard, William kept locked the funds of the community. There was also a tale told us of buried treasure on the grounds, but this my father discounted. However, it was well known in the family that Robert Anderson II, the emigrant, had brought with him a large bag of coins and gold, which his children may have inherited. Robert's first house was said to have been farther out "on the Catawba".

His son, William, recalled his father, Robert, as dressed in black,

John Thomas Anderson
1804 - 1879

Walnut Hill, the William Anderson home, stands a short distance west of Fincastle. The clapboard-over-log structure has been encased by brick siding but the floor plan and the original Y-shaped staircase remain. It is owned by the Ronk family.

with ruffled shirts, and a queue of hair tied with a black bow.

To their quaint old pioneer home, William Anderson brought his bride. She was the daughter of Francis Thomas of Montvue near Frederick, Maryland, in the section known as the "Merryland Tract". Her name was Anne Thomas, her mother's name was Grace Metcalfe. This Thomas family was of Welsh origin.

Anne's parents, who spent their last years in Fincastle, are buried in the Presbyterian cemetery there.

William had met Anne on one of his trips to Philadelphia, the big center of business for the valley Scots. His letter to her father, asking for permission to marry Anne, hangs now in our house in Lexington. They were married on May 15, 1796, in Maryland. On their marriage journey to Botetourt they stayed at an inn, now the Forest Tavern near Natural Bridge.

Anne was of the Church of England persuasion. After their marriage, William became a vestryman in the newly-formed congregation of the American Episcopal church. But he continued as a deacon and soon as an elder in the Presbyterian church, which in Fincastle supplanted the Church of England, after the Virginia Act of Religious Freedom in 1785 recognized the Scotch Presbyterian Religion.

We own one letter written by William Anderson, the surveyor and self-taught engineer, that deserves recording. He opposed the support of building a "rail road" as visionary, and felt his constituents should apply their efforts and money to the extension of the James River and Kanawha Canal. It is noteworthy that he supervised the

building of the turnpike (now U.S. 220 and U.S. 60) from Fincastle to Covington and beyond.

William Anderson died Sept. 13, 1839, at Montrose, the Fincastle home of his son, Francis. The funeral sermon was a touching monument to his career and character as churchman, soldier, and in Virginia's legislative bodies. He was colonel of a Virginia regiment in the War of 1812. Given a military funeral, he was buried in the old Presbyterian Cemetery in Fincastle. The Rev. Stephen F. Coxe's eulogy was later printed by Watchman of the South, Richmond, in 1840.

(F. B. Kegley wrote in his "Virginia Frontier" that William Anderson was "the best-loved citizen of the community." He also said that his four sons were deputies to their father as county surveyor.

(In 1969, William Anderson was honored by the trustees of Virginia Western Community College in Roanoke when they named a new science building at the college for him.)

John Thomas Anderson, unlike his brothers William, Gen. Joseph and Judge Francis, lived and died in Botetourt county, close to the Botetourt mines and furnaces and the county courthouse.

Many of these old stone charcoal burning stacks are still standing. In fact, Col. William Anderson's great-granddaughter, Ellen Glasgow, used the "vein of iron" that runs through Botetourt's mountains and through the characters of Botetourt's men and women, as both the title and the theme of one of her best-known Virginia novels.

John is the only one of the brothers buried in Botetourt. His and his wife's graves, and that of their only son, are in the Presbyterian cemetery near those of his parents and his four grandparents, Robert and Margaret Neely Anderson, Francis and Grace Metcalfe Thomas.

John represented his county in the Virginia House of Delegates, and in the state constitutional convention of 1849-50. He was a lawyer, practicing for 22 years in Fincastle where he was a moving spirit in many affairs such as the excellent Fincastle Academy and the Presbyterian church of which, like his father, he was a ruling elder for years. Appointed by President Andrew Jackson, he served on the board of the United States Military Academy so he evidently visited New York and other distant places from time to time.

But getting the iron down to his brother, Joseph, in Richmond became his main concern, especially in his latter years after 1840. It was there that he moved to the handsome house, Mt. Joy just west of Buchanan which he had bought from the Harveys who had built it about 20 years earlier. His life there was described in my article, "The Burning of Mount Joy" in the winter issue 1964-1965 of this magazine. I shall therefore shorten the remainder of these family reminiscenses about this Anderson brother.

He was married rather late in life to a charming widow, Cassandra Shanks Patton, who already had three sons. They also reared at least two Shanks nephews. Their only Anderson child to grow to maturity, Joseph Washington, married Miss Anna Morris of Louisa County and left descendants. But in 1863, Joseph's wife and his parents, John and Cassandra Anderson, had the anguish of having to send to Mississippi for his body, slain at Baker's Creek near Vicksburg.

As attested by letters and family notes, their home, "Mt. Joy", which the Union General Hunter insisted on destroying by fire (he gave Mrs. Anderson one hour to get out) had high white columns, smaller than those of Montrose, with beautiful furnished large rooms and hand-carved woodwork, as remembered especially by my Aunt "Belle" Anderson Bruce. My cousin, Anna Morris Anderson Ely of Princeton, New Jersey, had some of her grandfather, John T. Anderson's portraits. They must have been sent to Buchanan or Fincastle before Hunter came. A granddaughter of Mrs. John T. Anderson, Mrs. Lily Patton Kearsley Rhodes, recalled seeing as a child the bas-reliefs of mythological characters in the cast iron backings of the ruined chimneys. (Cassandra and John lived on in the brick servant's house and kitchen after the masion was burned.)

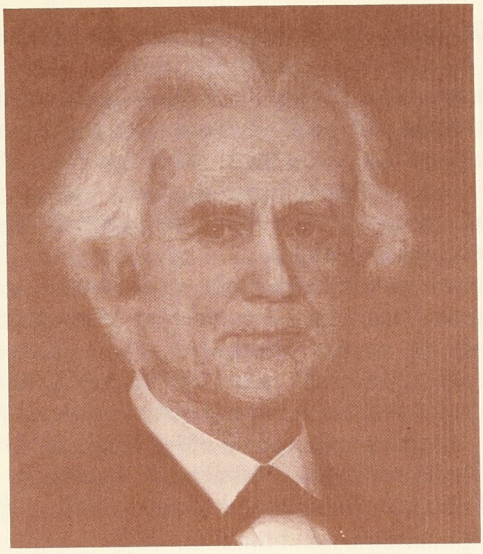
Some say "John T." had a violent temper, and attributed it to his Welsh Thomas blood. His memory is beloved to this day, however, among the descendants of the six boys he and his wife brought up in their home. More likely, his explosive ways came just as much from his strong Scottish inheritance of righteous self-respect, physical strength and upright, uncompromising character.

On Sept. 4, 1879, the Botetourt Bar published resolutions of respect at his recent death along with sketches of deceased members.

Francis Thomas Anderson, my grandfather, grew up at Walnut Hill with his three brothers and four sisters in the beautiful life of a mountain community, and under the almost phenomenally foresighted guidance of his father and mother and their relations.

Visits to his Maryland cousins were rare, and taken on horseback. But since his beloved oldest "Sister Kitty" (or "S'Kitty") had married Arthur Glasgow, of Green Forest, near Lexington, he could ride from Fincastle there, or stop there on his way to Montvue, his grandparents' home in Maryland. Owing to her near residence six miles from Lexington, a fairly new town established in 1788 during the Revolution, Francis, like so many men from Augusta and Botetourt, came to Washington College for academic work and law study.

It was in Lexington that he met Mary Anne Alexander, seeing her for the first time on the steps of the same white-pillared Presbyterian Church which stands there now. She was the daughter of Andrew Alexander and Anne Dandridge Aylett, his wife.



Francis Thomas Anderson
1808 - 1887

Mary Anne's mother, like the mother of Francis T. Anderson, was an Episcopalian who had married a staunch Presbyterian. Their home, on land just north of Lexington, was named Liberty Hall after the old Academy across the lane, for which the family had given land.

The earliest approach to it was a short road running from the river and the house of a brother, William Alexander, along the north side of Wood's Creek, beyond a small spring, to Liberty Hall. My father, William A. Anderson, knew of this direct road, which was closed by the coming of the railroad. And my brother, the late Col. William Dandridge Alexander Anderson, U. S. Army Engineers, traced this road by many signs, during his vacations here.

The road now coming east of Mulberry Hill was once a more private one, used by Mary Anne and other children to reach the Anne Smith Academy in town. This road joined the old Covington Turnpike, a road engineered in its western part by William Anderson I, now U. S. 60.

Upon his graduation, Francis T. Anderson and Mary Anne Alexander were married, drove to Fincastle and lived in a brick house within the town. There he practiced law with distinction, becoming a member of the State Legislature and of the Constitutional Convention of 1849-50. He also was in the State Senate, and became a leader of the Whig Party. In 1861, after his removal to Rockbridge County, he was a member of the Electoral College for choosing the president of the United States.

During his very early years he grew interested in the iron business through his brother, John T. Anderson, and his Shanks relatives, and

other friends. His aunt, Grace Metcalfe Thomas, had married a Shanks of Fincastle.

The furnace in Arnold's Valley, first called Cassandra, was owned by Francis T. Anderson, John T. Anderson and Thomas Shanks jointly and built by them, so far as records show. In 1853 Francis T. Anderson acquired sole ownership of this furnace, and of the 30,000 acres of mountain land on the James River in Bedford, Rockbridge, and a small part of Botetourt counties.

In this momentous change, my grandfather gave up his law practice in Fincastle, and his interest in other furnaces there. He assumed management of the Cassandra, whose name he changed to Glenwood, moved his family to a lovely, big, white house in Arnold's Valley, on what had been Burks land. But they lived first in the brick Greenlee house on the James River. Both houses are still standing. His handsome plantation house, "Montrose", which he had constructed on the edge of Fincastle, he sold to his first cousin, William Anderson Glasgow, of Green Forest.

The Glasgows lived at Montrose at least 40 years. It burned in the 1920's. Breckenridge Elementary School stands on the site today.

The Andersons, Shankses and Glasgows are intricately involved in the important iron industry of the two adjoining counties. Also, they are inextricably related to each other through various marriages.

One is tempted to record some of the many interesting tales which have been handed down concerning these people. But it is of the four Anderson brothers that this account is written. All were tall men, of fine features, as their portraits show, and while I never saw any of them, of course—even my grandfather—I was so deeply imbued with their achievements and high character that it is difficult to be impersonal.

The dark clouds of discord between the states began to hang over our valleys, but Glenwood Furnace became more and more successful, shipping all the pig iron possible to Joseph Reid Anderson's Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond, and some perhaps to the Belona Arsenal below the city. The high mountain virgin forests gave wood to fire the charcoal furnaces, and to make the flat boats, or bateaux as they were always called. They were poled down the James River, loaded with pig iron, usually at flood time or high water. Sometimes they overturned, and cargoes and even lives were lost. The boats were sold in Richmond, as a rule, and the men returned by other routes. Very rarely, we were told, was a bateau poled back up the river with supplies, for this was precarious travelling.

I here put on record that all the ledger books concerning the management of the Glenwood Furnace have been placed in the Alderman Library at the University of Virginia, and hundreds of letters from Gen. Joseph R. Anderson at the Tredegar in Richmond to his

brother, Francis T. Anderson at Glenwood about their transactions are also there. Other records of Glenwood Furnace, and hundreds of letters from F. T. Anderson were also in the Tredegar Archives. It is clear that after the James River and Kanawha Canal had been built up the James River to above Buchanan, the Tredegar constructed and owned canal boats, to travel both ways.

Thus from 1852-53 to 1861 Francis T. Anderson was absorbed in establishing his family in their new home, and in the management of his furnace at Glenwood, in Arnold's Valley. In 1861 the family must still have been living in the white house there, since his son, William, (my father) walked from Lexington where he was at college to Falling Spring and at his sister, Anna Junkin's, secured a horse to ride over to Glenwood, in order to secure permission to join the Liberty Hall Volunteers, being then only 18 years old.

When Gen. Hunter burned V.M.I., and Governor John Letcher's house at Lexington he went on through the Valley. But he missed the Glenwood Furnace, which he would have destroyed. Had he known of it, no doubt the old stone stack, now standing, would not be there. But no balloons spied for the Union armies here! He did destroy the Buena Vista and Cloverdale furnaces.

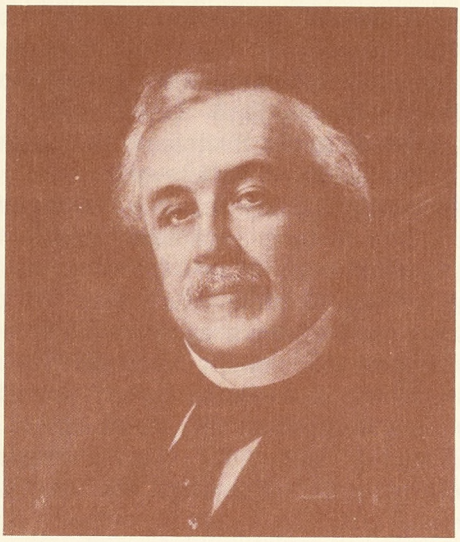
In the Reconstruction years the furnaces struggled on; letters are extant showing the efforts of the owners to induce European labor to come into this part of Virginia. Among these letters is one from Gen. Robert E. Lee to my grandfather, Francis T. Anderson, and one from Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury on the same subject. But the Reconstruction years as they affected those splendid old Virginians are too painful to record.

Francis T. Anderson moved his family to Lexington in the later years of the war, and his first home there was the Samuel Jordan House, now the V.M.I. Hospital, where they were not far from his wife's sister, Evelina Alexander Moore. After Mrs. Moore's death they bought the charming Victorian Gothic house, one of several in Lexington built by Henry Myers in the 1840's, and he lived there until his death in 1887, his wife having died in 1881.

He was an elder in Fincastle and in Lexington of the Presbyterian church of his Scottish ancestors. He became a member of the board of Washington College, and at the time of Gen. Lee's death was rector of that board and continued so for some years afterwards.

In 1870, Francis T. Anderson became a judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia and served until 1882. As judge, he spent much time in Richmond, staying sometimes at his brother Joseph's home on Franklin Street, but more often at the old Exchange Hotel where the judges boarded.

As rector of the Washington College Board, he was a pallbearer



Virginia State Library Photo

Joseph Reid Anderson
1813 - 1892

at the funeral of Gen. Robert E. Lee, October 12, 1870, and cards of the funeral show this in the college files.

A friend of the poor and defender of the oppressed, F. T. Anderson was a truly godly man. On his death the Supreme Court of Appeals and the Bar of his state honored his memory by eulogistic resolutions. He was buried in the Lexington Cemetery by the side of his wife.

The story of the professional life of Joseph Reid Anderson has been exhaustively and beautifully written by his granddaughters. Dr. Kathleen Bruce and Dorothy Bruce Weske, as well as by his great-granddaughter, Anne Hobson Freeman, in Virginia Cavalcade, Winter 1963. It is well known and recorded in Richmond. Therefore, my best contribution to the account of this fourth and youngest of the Anderson brothers of Fincastle, must be family tales told over many years, and a further revelation of the loving character of this brilliant son of a memorable father and mother.

The active outdoor life of these four brothers, and the example of the parents, of their older sister, Catherine Anderson Glasgow, and of many relatives in Fincastle, gave a background which led to achivements in their world, in both moral worth and financial success.

Joseph graduated from West Point in 1832, fourth in his class of 68, and served in the U. S. Engineers until 1838. Letters written by him at West Point to his brother, Francis, at Walnut Hill show a mature mind and character at that time.

In 1838 he founded the Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond and he acted as president of this company until his death in 1892.

Four times during these years he reorganized and saved the life of this business.

He married, in 1837, Sallie Archer, daughter of Dr. Robert Archer, U. S. Army surgeon, and they had 12 children. He married secondly in 1882 the talented and charming Miss Mary Pegram.

His acumen in establishing the Tredegar Works must have been phenomenal. Handwritten letters from him concerning the Glenwood Furnace and letters from his brother about sundry matters, give us some idea of the labour involved. These men wrote their own business letters, as shown in files of the Tredegar and of Glenwood Furnace.

When the shadow of war engulfed the state, he was commissioned a brigadier general by the Confederate government and served in the field. Yet the Tredegar was responsible for the manufacture of guns and ordnance for the great armies in the upper South and West and adjoining states, especially the Brooke gun, and the "Napoleon", the latter designed by him. So the government sent him back to the iron business.

The company welded the armor plates for the mysterious ironclad vessel which destroyed enemy shipping in Hampton Roads. Word of the construction of this vessel slipped out to Washington, thus inspiring the building of the "Monitor," the "Coffee Pot" of the enemy.

John Mercer Brooke, chief of the group of Naval officers whom the Secretary of War (Confederate) encouraged to invent ironclad ships, a submarine and torpedoes, designed the Brooke Gun—the celebrated seven-inch Naval gun. To make all this ordnance, even church bells were melted down. The iron "Napoleons" were designed to replace the brass and bronze guns, when brass and copper became scarce. During the war years, the Tredegar never lost any of its guns in proof—they were superior to brass guns without the piercing ring of brass.

The Merrimac-Virginia created a new epoch in the history of the world's navies. The smaller Patrick Henry following her, was only partly sheathed in iron. It was sometime after the Virginia was begun that the Northern government entered the race to complete an ironclad, and produced the Monitor "coffeepot".

In 1862, poor canal boat service had forced J. R. Anderson into ownership of a Tredegar fleet of nine canal boats and several smaller craft, some of which he had built. They were drawn by strong mules and forage was carried to feed them. A manager of the fleet of boats controlled the movement of pig iron, men and mules. Names of the boats—Rebecca, Imogen, Glasgow, Cloverdale, Fawn, Catawba, Tredegar, Grace and Goldleaf—reflect those picturesque times.

The nephew of Joseph R. Anderson, Francis Thomas Glasgow of Richmond, father of the novelist, Ellen Glasgow, was an officer of the Tredegar, and was retained in that position by the Confederate

government. His important work as agent between his three uncles in securing passage of iron from the furnaces in the mountains down to Richmond made his services indispensable. He must have attended to much loading of the pig iron onto Anderson's canal boats.

Australia Furnace, owned by J. R. Anderson on the Cowpasture River, had to haul pig iron to the junction of that river and the James, then pole it by bateaux to Buchanan, whence the canal boats handled it. During the war, Joseph R. Anderson also owned an interest in the Lucy Selina Furnace at Longdale, which could ship by train to Richmond. Cloverdale was seventeen miles by road to Buchanan; Rebecca, five miles. Jane, Grace and Roaring Run, near Eagle Rock, hauled iron to the James and could send it by bateaux down to Buchanan. Catawba iron had to be hauled 20 miles overland to the town.

Joseph R. Anderson became a member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Richmond (his own mother was an Episcopalian). He was senior warden of that church for most of his later life. Many monuments, including beautiful memorial windows naming the Andersons, are to be seen at St. Paul's now.

His home in Richmond, on the block now occupied by the Jefferson Hotel, was a heart-warming place for all within his loving relationship and friends. My oldest aunts were often there as young girls, going down on the canal boat to what was fairyland to them. My father was too young to go much, before the war. But later he married his first cousin, Ellen Graham Anderson—his Uncle Joseph's young daughter who had nursed him after he had been gravely wounded at First Manassas.

The story of my father's being wounded when barely 19 years old has been published in a University of Virginia graduate student's thesis. Found by Dr. John Cunningham lying in the Second Presbyterian Church which was used as a hospital, my father, William A. Anderson was moved to his Uncle Joseph's home—and this care, of course, saved his life. That early in the war, food was procurable, but medicines were crude. My grandfather, Francis T. Anderson, came down, and found, after many days search, a sedative which his son could retain.

The picture built in our minds of the integrity and the loving heart of our great-uncle is unforgettable. It is a picture of a great man, modest in his demeanor, speaking rarely of his own achievements, but always giving honor to actions of others. That was printed on our childish and growing minds—this truly "great" uncle whom I never saw, who had saved the life of our father.

The quotation in his memorial window in St. Paul's Church in Richmond is "Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me."

William Neely Anderson
1806 - 1868

William Neely Anderson became a physician. He studied at the then well-known Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

He married Mary Jane Kerr of Augusta County and they had one son, William Rush, named for Benjamin Rush, the eminent surgeon. William admired but could not have known Dr. Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, since he died in 1813.

Rush Anderson died at the age of 21 and was buried in the cemetery at the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg, W. Va., where his father was then living and practicing medicine. His death was a bitter blow to his parents who were later buried beside him.

I remember my Great-aunt Jane came to Lexington to bring their three family portraits to my father, he being named William. Mrs. Feamster of Lewisburg told me in her 90's that she had attended the funeral of the only son, considered a brilliant boy. She took me once to see their resting place in the lovely Old Stone Church Cemetery.

Robert Douthat Stoner, writing of "prominent citizens" of Botetourt County in his "A Seed-Bed of the Republic," said:

"Dr. William Neeley Anderson graduated from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and died at the age of 62 years, apparently barely solvent, a natural result of the fact that the last eight years of his life were four of war and four of reconstruction, when southern currency had been devaluated, southern economy bankrupted, and southerners had little with which to pay doctors; and doctors of the Anderson type could not press accounts against patients probably even more impoverished than themselves. His will leaves "what little I have" and the debts due to himself and

the debts due to their much lamented son, William Rush Anderson, to his wife, formerly Mary Jane Kerr of Augusta County. It will be noted that William Anderson in his will makes special provision for this son because of the particular professional attention his family had received from him.

(Note by Miss Ellen's niece Frances Lewis, who edited her account of the four brothers)

The last Sunday in August, 1969, my husband and I attended service in the Old Stone Presbyterian Church in Lewisburg, (named for his family) Greenbrier County, W. Va.,—once a part of Botetourt and a town on the turnpike engineered by my great-great-grandfather, Col. William Anderson, county surveyor.

In the pioneer-style meeting house—the oldest church west of the Alleghenies in continuous use—I could almost imagine that great-uncle, William Neely Anderson, the country doctor, and his wife might be sitting in one of the straight-backed pews.

We do not know much about the last years of his life. His three brothers had all gone on to amass wordly goods, while he looked after family and friends with small remuneration. His brothers had numerous children and stepchildren, many of whom had already made (or married) distinguished names for themselves. His only child was buried outside in that very churchyard.

The sun-warmed mountain air of early fall blew in through the opened clear glass panes of the tall windows. The black-robed preacher in the high pulpit gave a beautifully simple sermon, firstly-secondly-thirdly-style, on the joy of doing one's work with God as one's partner—it being the day before our modern Labor Day holiday. And after service the congregation in their welcome to us were as warm and yet courtly as their ancestors must surely have been a hundred years ago.

Outside, as we walked in the green grass among the hundreds of old tombstones, there was still that feeling of peace that can come only from the knowledge of work well done in a wholesome atmosphere —as if the spirit of this unselfish country doctor were the actual spirit of the place.

Anne Thomas Anderson, warm-hearted mother of the Four Brothers, had long years before set their feet in the path of duty and responsibility, at the same time asking that just the proper allowance be made for human failings.

We have proof, as shown in this letter to her son, Francis, 15, then a student of Washington College in Lexington:

My dear Francis

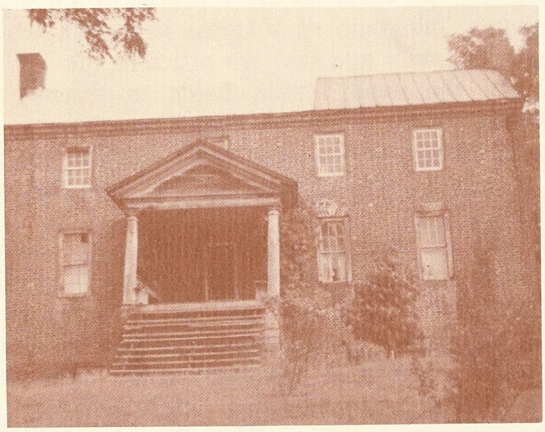
I can write but little to you, as I have written so much to your brother and sister, but one thing I can tell you, that it gives me great pleasure to hear that you are progressing rapidly

in your learning. There is great need my dear, it is a great undertaking for your dear father to educate so many sons, and you must do all you can to assist him. Shun all evil. Endeavor to engage your heart in Religion, for we know not how soon we may die, and then if we have not an interest in Christ, we will be lost. Your Uncle Thomas has not yet come. We will be glad to see you all, and any of your friends that can come. Tell Becky I am glad to hear she is so much improved and that my love to her, was the cause of everything I said to her. May God bless you all is the constant prayer of your ever affectionate Mother.

Ann Anderson

September 21, 1823

(*Editor's Note: A copy of Ann Thomas Anderson's letter came to Mrs. Lewis' sister, Anne Stone, from their grandfather's oldest sister, the late Mrs. Alexander Bruce of Berry Hill, Halifax County. Mrs. Bruce was a daughter of Francis T. Anderson. The Bruces first lived in present Roanoke County where they built the handsome late Greek Revival house which was torn down at Woodrum Airport years ago.*)



Dr. William Anderson once lived in this brick home west of Fincastle, built about 1826. It was purchased by the Rev. and Mrs. William Rutherfoord from the Womack family.

Early Preston Papers Given

The Society has recently received another valuable collection of letters and documents covering the period of the last half of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is indebted to Robert B. Preston, the owner of the Mexican Craft Shop, for this material of the Preston family. They complement the Breckinridge papers received last year because those two families were closely related and their dates are comparable.

Some indication of the scope of these interesting items is shown by this list:

1. Quit rents due Colonel James Patton for the years 1752 and 1753.
2. David Rowland, of Botetourt, offer in 1810 to build gun carriages for the State.
3. Letters from Colonel George Hancock of Fotheringay and Alexander Boyd, an early owner of Fort Lewis.
4. References to the Hot Sulphur, the White Sulphur, the Sweet Springs and the Anne Smith Academy in Lexington.
5. Expulsion of a student at William & Mary for being seen intoxicated at the Raleigh Tavern.
6. Certification by General John Preston that he, as Treasurer of Virginia, had received the proceeds of a 6% $350,000 loan.

Dr. Earl Swem, the eminent Virginia historian, while addressing the Society about 10 years ago said the attics in the Valley and Southwest Virginia are the most fertile fields in discovering unknown history of Virginia. These generous gifts prove he was correct. It is hoped many more people will be motivated to offer the Society single or collections of family letters. They will be kept safely and will be available for posterity.

This material, as well as the Breckinridge papers, has been catalogued in loose leaf books. This information is being transferred to 4,000 or 5,000 cards so that it will be available chronologically, by the names of the writer, the recipient and subject matter.

Many interesting details of everyday affairs more than a century ago are described in the Breckenridge family letters.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Beverley Whittle, 15, wrote John H. Breckenridge in Botetourt County about the possibility of his military service:

> The Captains of two volunteer companies have asked me to join; but I think I shall wait until I can take care of myself, and not have to have someone do it for me. There are several boys who have joined, and asked me why I don't do the same. I told them I thought it foolishness for a boy not 15 years old to

be taking the place of a man and that they would all run when they saw the enemy—they didn't seem to like this much. You Mountain fellows are the boys to do the work! not these little fever & ague runts, that are not worth a turn of Shucks. . . "

By fall of 1861 fighting was on and W. Wirt Gilmer wrote to his nephew, Capt. P. Gilmer Breckenridge at Manassas on Sept. 11:

"Some people think the War will last for many years. I do not believe it, the Yankees will split up before long & end it. Their money will give out long before our crops. We have more patriotism, more valor, more of every manly virtue than the Yankees. One or two more battles with an equal chance will drive them back to their homes anxious for peace."

Three years earlier on Dec. 14, 1858, Beverley Whittle had written to George W. Breckenridge at Grove Hill on a lighter theme:

"I went hunting the other day with a boy named Ned Finney and we did not kill any thing but one duck which was a shelldrake. Ned Finney killed him with a rifle across the river, while swimming as fast as he could; he aimed at his head and the bullet struck just behind the head, which shows that if the duck had been still he would have cut its head off. You know that little bow-legged dog of ours, well this morning he went out and caught a hare and this evening also and caught another. Any-body to look at him wouldn't think that he could catch a hare, he has such short legs."

Mrs. M. E. Tayloe wrote to Mrs. E. W. Breckenridge offering dahlias from her garden and assuring her "that it will give me great pleasure to furnish you with an additional supply when I set them out should you want them."

And a list of wedding presents including a "a silver basket lined with French blue for a sugar dish at $10," "a little wine set of the same shade of blue at $5" and "a beautiful papier mache writing desk at $12" was described in a letter from Richmond on Jan. 28, 1862. The presents were for Miss Fanny Burwell of Liberty who married James Breckenridge on March 4, 1862. The bride died of typhoid fever five months later and the groom was killed in the war in 1865.

A humorous account of a packet boat race on the James River & Kanawha Canal was given by Beverley Whittle in a letter from Eldon, the Whittle home at Chatham, to his friend, John Breckenridge in Botetourt on March 29, 1861:

Eldon, March 29, 1861

Dear John,

You must excuse my long silence because I have a good excuse, vis—being in a strange place, getting acquainted, &c. I supose you have heard of my being from home, so shall not say

any thing about it. I arrived here some time ago, and found no one at home but the darkies; so I had to keep bachelor's hall for more than a week.

We had quite an adventure coming down on the packet-boat. The boat that was running in opposition to ours had about two hours start on us; and the Captain of our boat was determined to overtake the other—so we pushed on in hot haste, and by & by we came in sight of her,—then "the tug of war". We ran on at full speed our horses (three large blacks) in a run, and it was apparent that we were coming rapidly—when lo, and behold, after turning a bend in the river we found that we were very near a lock which the other boat had not yet entered. Our Capt. saw that it was utterly impossible to enter first, and the lock being so small we could not enter together. He determined to hold back, so he called to the driver to hold on, but he misunderstood him, and only whipped on the harder—therefore we had either to run into the other boat, run against the stone work of the lock or run aground; he chose the latter, and put her ashore.

The shore being very steep, she turned completely over. I was on deck, but was not thrown off by the concussion. My first thoughts after picking myself up, were to help the ladies in the cabin, but was knocked down in the attempt by a "young buck" who rushed up like a young steam-boat. I then jumped from the boat to the shore and ran to the cabin windows and opened them, and jerked out the ladies, girls, and babies, by the hand full. I never in all my life saw such cowardice displayed as was displayed by the people of that boat, the men especially. Mothers left their babies, boys & men left their mothers and wives and there was general confusion every where.

I verily believe that if I had not opened the windows the boat would have turned over and drowned them all, but as the weight was taken out of her, — she righted and we got all on board, and caught up with the other boat after all. There was A Poet and an Irishman by the stove together in the cabin—the one in the land of dreams, and the other in the land of Nod. They were both thrown on the stove and burned, it knocked dreams out of one and sleep out of the other. The Irishman said "He'd be dagged if ever he was thrated so before, and that whin the fire touched him he thought the devil had him."

I reckon you think that this is a long detail, but it is necessary in order to make it plain. When you write direct to Pittsylvania Court house. Give my love to all at home.

Believe me to be your old playmate & school-fellow,

Beverley K. Whittle

Story Of A Stream III

Roanoke River: Once Called Saponi, Round Oak, Goose Creek

By Raymond P. Barnes

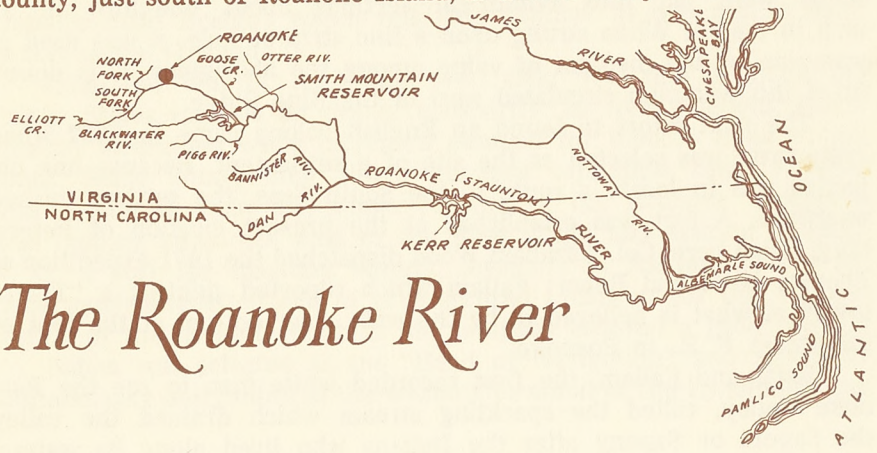
In exploring history of the 380-mile Roanoke River from its beginnings in Montgomery County to its entry into the Albemarle Sound on the North Carolina coast of the Atlantic Ocean, the origin of the name of the stream must be considered.

So far as available sources disclose, Roanoke was the first name in the New World incorporated into the English language.

When Sir Walter Raleigh founded the first English colony in 1585, he selected a fairly large island lying west of a kind of barrier reef in the extreme northerly waters of Pamlico Sound in what became North Carolina. The name he gave the island came from the shells found by native Indians in eastern North Carolina and such shells were probably found in abundance along the beaches of the island selected by Raleigh.

Because of illness and fear of the unknown, the first settlers did not linger long in their new home. They returned to England with Sir Francis Drake in 1586. Whether the colonists had learned of the great river, with the Albemarle Sound as its mouth, is not definitely known.

However, Raleigh, determined to found a colony, returned to the same site the following year with 150 settlers, including 17 women. Shortly after landing, Eleanor Dare gave birth to Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the New World. An eastern North Carolina county, just south of Roanoke Island, is known today as Dare County.



This strand of "rawenoch" or "rawranoke," donated to the Society by B. N. Eubank, came from an excavation in Bedford County 40 years ago. The shell money, known by many different names, is believed to be the source of the name, "Roanoke."

Raleigh returned to England but he was detained by the war with Spain and the destruction of the Spanish Aramada. When he revisited the colony in 1590, he learned that the settlers had mysteriously vanished. History perpetuates this strange event as the story of the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island.

The names, "Roanoke," "Rawnoke" and "Peake" were attached by the Indians to shell money. The white and blue sections of conch shells were cut into cylindrical sections about one-third of an inch in length. When strung upon a fine strip of hide, it was used as wampum or the medium of value among the aborigines. It is doubtful if this wampum circulated west of the Blue Ridge.

The next effort to found an English colony came in 1607 when Jamestown was selected as the site of a settlement. Because one objective was to locate a route to the South Seas, the settlers pushed westward. A fort was established at the present location of Petersburg. From here, Col. Abraham Wood dispatched the 1671 expedition of Thomas Batts and Robert Fallam which reported sighting a "Totera town" at what is believed to be the wide river bottom at the foot of 9th Street, S. E., in Roanoke.

Batts and Fallam, the first recorded white men to see the Roanoke Valley, called the sparkling stream which drained the valley the Saponi or Sapony after the Indians who lived along its waters.

A later expedition found a reach of the same river flowing through Charlotte County and named it the Staunton, after Lady Staunton, the wife of Sir William Gooch. How many years passed before the upper and lower reaches of the river were recognized as the same is unknown. But a middle section of the river still is known as the Staunton.

Certain it is that by 1742, the Saponi River was referred to in patents and deeds as Goose Creek. A deed to James Campbell for property which was later the estate of Gen. Andrew Lewis west of Salem was described as "lying on the waters of Goose Creek."

Yet all men belonging to Capt. George Robinson's company of militia in 1742 lived "south of the James River, a part on the branches of the James and the rest on the Round Oak."

The north fork of the Roanoke originates in a valley east of Blacksburg. It is augumented, as it flows first south and then easterly, by numerous spring branches and small creeks, the larger of which are Ingles Mill and Bradshaw creeks.

The south fork is formed mainly by Elliott's Creek and Laurel and Bottom creeks flowing from Bent Mountain. The village of Lafayette, a few miles west of Salem, is built on the juncture of the forks. As the stream flows easterly through the Roanoke Valley, its waters are increased by Mason's, Peters, Mud Lick, Back, Tinker and Glade creeks and Murray and Wolf runs. (An interesting map of the watershed is on page 91 of Kegley's Virginia Frontier.)

Although most of the first settlers of the valley soon referred to the river as the Roanoke, Goose Creek continued in use for some decades, probably because scriveners copied the original description into new deeds. Spelling of the name has varied with such usage as the "Round Oak," "Rawnoke" and "Runoke."

A diary of North Carolina Moravians recounts that on Nov. 1, 1753, "At day break, we crossed the Runoke (near what is now Franklin Road Bridge) which was very shallow. It was not as large as the Lecha (Lehigh)."

From the War of 1812 until well after Waterloo in 1815, the United States enjoyed an era of prosperity. In New England, infant industry flourished while increased demand for tobacco came to the South. Some enterprising North Carolina capitalists came forward with a plan to make the upper reaches of the Roanoke navigable, thus tapping resources west of the Blue Ridge and making Weldon, N. C., a port for seagoing vessels. Investors in Halifax County became much interested and in 1818 secured a charter for the Virginia section of the project. Stock in the company enjoyed a good sale.

Salem was selected as the "Head of Navigation" and almost simultaneously designated as the western terminal of the Lynchburg and

Salem Turnpike. From Lynchburg, goods could be carried by the James River Canal Company to eastern markets.

Another interested group formed the Prestonville Company which bought most of the land flanking Tinker Creek north of Big Lick. Plans were made to dredge the creek bed sufficiently to permit the passage of flat boats or bateaux, such as were used on the James River.

A trial run was made from Weldon to Salem by pushing and pulling a small flatboat up the Roanoke. Progress was slow and perhaps more difficult because the voyagers had to map and mark falls, rapids and shallows which would have to be bypassed by sluices or canals.

The boat made it to Salem where its arrival was greeted by a goodly crowd. Shortly thereafter, the great panic of 1819 fell over the land, caused primarily by Europe, particularly England, getting back on its feet after the long Napoleonic War and dumping products on the American shores at such prices that small industries were doomed. The nation's economy was so upset the panic resulted in eventually sweeping away the fortunes of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. The bateaux rotted on the flats of Salem and the Lynchburg-Salem Turnpike finally reached Liberty, now Bedford.

Little attention was given to the most westerly reaches of the Roanoke although the Roanoke Navigation Company in some southside counties functioned with a degree of success until a few years after the coming of the railroads at mid-century. The Virginia Reports contained several cases where construction of the franchise terms reached the Supreme Court of Appeals.

In the Jones Memorial Library at Lynchburg, there are several reports of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, made shortly after Appomattox, which involved a survey of the upper Roanoke, primarily to determine the feasibility of extending the James River-Kanawha Canal west from Buchanan.

It is highly probable that from the City of Roanoke west there was no tampering with or obstruction offered to the free flowing waters of the Roanoke, save mill dams and fish weirs, until the old Roanoke Water Power Company completed its dam at Niagara, below Vinton, to develop a hydraulic power source of electricity in 1906.

Above Salem, the Roanoke is still a beautiful stream. There are hopes that sewage disposal operations and regulations of industrial discharges can restore some of the original attractiveness downstream.

Below Roanoke, the once placid river has been harnessed by a series of dams—Smith Mountain, Leesville, John H. Kerr, Gaston and Roanoke Rapids—for the generation of electric power. Probably the most far-reaching development is the new dimension in recreation provided by these dammed-up lakes where fishing, water skiing, boating and swimming are enjoyed by many in the thousands of acres of man-made reservoirs.

St. Mark's, Fincastle, Has Roots 200 Years Old

St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Fincastle, built in 1837.

When Botetourt County was created, just as in all the other counties in Virginia, a standard set of developments ensued. First, justices of the peace were appointed and courts organized. Since the second arm of English authority was the church, the appointment of a vestry followed the appointment of the justices. On the civil side, the next steps were the construction of a courthouse and prison and the establishment of a county seat. On the ecclesiastical side came the

Silver communion service given by George III through Lord Botetourt, royal governor of the colony, is the sole link between St. Mark's and the first Episcopal church in Fincastle.

designation of a rector and the construction of a church.

The Town of Fincastle was built on land given to Botetourt County by a dissenter, Israel Christian. Land was set aside for a Courthouse, and 10 acres were designated for the "Prison Bounds." In the northeastern corner of the "Prison Bounds," an acre of land was set aside for use by the Established Church and came to be called "God's Acre." In Botetourt County's Order Book for 1770-1771, it is recorded that the county justices conveyed title to this acre of land to the Botetourt Parish. On the first map of the Town of Fincastle, this site is shown as the plot on which the present Presbyterian Church is situated.

We have no record of exactly when the building for the Established Church was constructed. The first courthouse and jail were built of logs and their size and the progress of their construction are well documented in the legal records of the County. One of the responsibilities of the vestry was the levying of tithes for the construction and repair of churches but it is not known whether this is what happened in Fincastle or whether the church was built by funds provided by King George III. It is probable, however, that the church was built of brick and that it was the basic structure of the present Fin-

castle Presbyterian Church. Bishop William Meade recorded that "in Fincastle there was an Episcopal Church on the spot where the Presbyterian Church now stands."

C. Francis Cocke, historian and retired banker and lawyer, has written "St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Fincastle, Virginia, Two Centuries of the Church in Botetourt County," a valuable story of the founding and growth of one of the oldest parishes in Western Virginia. The church, built in 1837, *stems directly from the Botetourt parish of* 1770. *Cocke, a director of the Society, previously wrote three books listing the parish lines of the three Episcopal dioceses in Virginia and a biography of his father-in-law, Wilton E. Mingea, builder of the Virginia-Carolina Railroad. Cocke gave the St. Mark's book to the church in Fincastle for distribution. An excerpt appears here.*

New Books On Old Themes

The Journal calls attention, for the first time, to new books pertaining to local and regional history. Reviews of other publications are invited in future issues. Please contact the editor.

THE VIRGINIA GERMANS by Klaus Wust, Shenandoah History, Edinburg, Va., the University Press of Virginia, 310 pages, $8.50.

Generally plowing new ground, Klaus Wust tells the story of German people in Virginia from the dawn of the eighteenth century through their difficult times in World War I. His well-documented work tells of the Germans from their settlement in the Shenandoah Valley and into Southwest Virginia and describes their influence on the languages, politics, slavery, the churches and cultural resources such as arts and crafts. The product of almost 20 years of study, his book refers to 1,000 families of Germans or Swiss stock.

THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY by Harley E. Jolley, the University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, Tenn., 172 pages, $6.95.

The interesting background of the Blue Ridge Parkway—the decision to build a scenic mountaintop road connecting the Shenandoah and Great Smoky Mountain national parks, the controversy over where to build it and its growth and development—is told by Dr. Harley E. Jolley, a North Carolina college professor who has just finished his 12th summer as a seasonal historian on the Parkway. Jolley delves into Tennessee's early claim for a major part of the drive, one plan to build it from Natural Bridge, through Craig and Giles counties on a "western route" and still another to build a "crest of the Blue Ridge highway" south from Marion through North Carolina into Georgia.

VIRGINIA PLACE NAMES: DERIVATIONS, HISTORICAL USES by Raus McDill Hanson, McClure Printing Co., Verona, 253 pages, $5.95.

Rauss McDill Hanson, emeritus professor of geography at Madison College, has produced what apparently is the first statewide study of the background of some 5,000 Virginia place names. He may have relied too heavily on local legend and tradition at times but he has broken ground in a fascinating field. A large amount of geographic and historical information is well organized by counties and larger areas.

CAPTAIN STAUNTON'S RIVER by Herman Ginther, Dietz Press, Inc., Richmond, 106 pages, $5.

Herman Ginther, a Brookneal newspaperman, has compiled a collection of stories about that middle portion of the Roanoke River which is known as the Staunton River as it flows through south central Virginia. Ginther says the name is said to originate from Capt. Henry Staunton, a Revoluntionary War soldier who once commanded a patrol along the river. However, authoritative sources say the river name came from Lady Rebecca Staunton Gooch, wife of Lt. Gov. William Gooch, who governed the Virginia colony from 1727 to 1740. His stories of Patrick Henry, John Randolph and other people and events along the river are well illustrated.

THE AMERICANS, A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES 1587-1914 by J. C. Furnas, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1,0150 pages, $12.95.

A wealth of information about the peculiar people who have inhabited the United States for almost four centuries has been assembled in a most readable volume by J. C. Furnas, an accomplished social historian.

His book concentrates on people—"who Americans were, what they were doing and sometimes why, where they were going and how, what they ate, drank, wore, hoped . . . and on things—covered bridges and flasks of whiskey, canalboats and the Morgan horse."

Appalachian Dialect: Vivid, Virile and Elizabethan

Mrs. Dial, extension education area coordinator for West Virginia University's Charleston center for Appalachain Studies and Development, spoke on "Appalachian Dialect" at a meeting of the Society on Sept. 23 and this article is an extension of her talk. The daughter of an Army officer, she holds degrees from Brenau College and Marshall University and has lived in West Virginia since the end of World War II.

Mrs. Wylene P. Dial

By Mrs. Wylene P. Dial

The dialect spoken by Appalachian people has been given a variety of names, the majority of them somewhat less than complimentary. Educated people who look disfavor on this particular form of speech are perfectly honest in their belief that something called The English Language, which they conceive of as a completed work—unchanging and fixed for all time—has been taken and, through ignorance, shamefully distorted by the mountain folk.

The fact is that this is completely untrue. The folk speech of Appalachia instead of being called corrupt ought to be classified as archaic. Many of the expressions heard throughout the region today can be found in the centuries-old works of some of the greatest English authors: Alfred, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and the men who contributed to the King James version of the Bible, to cite but a few.

Most editors who work with older materials have long assumed the role of officious busy bodies: never so happy, apparently, as when engaged in tidying up spelling, modernizing grammar, and generally rendering whatever was written by various Britons in ages past into a colorless conformity with today's Standard English.

To this single characteristic of the editorial mind must be ascribed the almost total lack of knowledge on the part of most Americans that the language they speak was ever any different than it is right now. How many people know, for example, that when the poet Gray composed his famous "Elegy" his title for it was "An Elegy *Wrote* in a Country Churchyard?"

Southern mountain dialect (as folk speech of Appalachia is called by linguists) is certainly archaic, but the general historical period it represents can be narrowed down to the days of the first Queen Elizabeth, and can be further particularized by saying that what is

heard today is actually a sort of Scottish flavored Elizabethan English. This is not to say that Chaucerian forms will not be heard in everyday use, and even an occassional Anglo-Saxon one as well.

When we remember that the first white settlers in what is today Appalachia were the so-called Scotch-Irish along with Germans from the Palatinate area along the Rhine, there is small wonder that the language has a Scottish tinge; The remarkable thing is that the Germans seem to have influenced it so little. About the only locally used dialect words that can be ascribed to them are wamus, for a woolen jacket, "hit wonders" me and briggity, for uppity. Otherwise the Scots seem to have had it all their own way.

When I first came to Lincoln County as a bride it used to seem to me that everything that did not *pooch out, hooved up.* Pooch is a Scottish variant of the word *pouch* that was in use in the 1600's. Numerous objects can pooch out including pregnant women and gentlemen with bay windows. *Hoove* is a very old past participle of the verb *to heave* and was apparently in use on both sides of the border by 1601. The top of an old-fashioned trunk may be said to hoove up. Another word heard occasionally in the back country is *ingerns* for *onions.* In Scottish dialect the word is *inguns*; however if our people are permitted the intrusive "r" in *potaters, tomaters, tobaccer,* and so on, there seems to be no reason why they should not use it in ingerns as well.

It is possible to compile a very long list of these Scots words and phrases. I will give only a few more for illustration, and will wait to mention some points on Scottish pronunciation and grammar a little further on.

Fornenst is a word that has many variants. It can mean either "next to" or "opposite from." "Look at that big rattler quiled up *fornenst* the fence post!"

(*Quiled* is an Elizabethan prounuciation of *coiled.*) "When I woke up this morning there was a little *skift* of snow on the ground." "I was getting better, but now I've took a *backset* with this flu." "He dropped the dish and busted it all to *flinders.*" "Law, I hope *how soon* we get some rain!" (*How soon* is supposed to be obsolete, but it enjoys excellent health in Lincoln County,) "That trifling old fixin ain't worth a *haet!*" *Haet* means the smallest thing that can be conceived of, and comes from *Deil hae't* (Devil have it.) *Fixin* is the Old English or Anglo-Saxon word for *sŏe-fox* as used in the northern dialect. In the south of England you would have heard *vixen,* the word used today in Standard English.

It is interesting to note that until very recently it has been primarily the linguistic historians who have pointed out the predominantly Scottish and Germanic heritage of the Southern mountain people. Perhaps I may be allowed to digress for a moment to trace these people back to their beginnings.

Early in his English reign, James I decided to try to control the Irish by putting a Protestant population into Ireland. To do this he confiscated the lands of the earls of Ulster and bestowed them upon Scottish and English lords on the condition that they settle the territory with tenants from Scotland and England. This was known as the "Great Settlement" or the "King's Plantation," and was begun in 1610.

Most of the Scots who moved into Ulster came from the lowlands[1] and thus they would have spoken the Scots variety of the Northumbrian or Northern English dialect. (Most highland Scots at that time still spoke Gaelic.) This particular dialect would have been kept intact if the Scots had had no dealings with the Irish, and this, according to records, was the case.

While in Ulster the Scots multiplied, but after roughly 100 years they became dissatisfied with the trade and religious restrictions imposed by England, and numbers of them began emigrating to the English colonies in America.

Many of these Scots who now called themselves the "Scotch-Irish" came into Pennsylvania where, finding the better lands already settled by the English, they began to move south and west. "Their enterprise and pioneering spirit made them the most important element in the vigorous frontiersmen who opened up this part of the South and later other territories farther West into which they pushed."[2]

Besides the Scots who arrived from Ireland, more came directly from Scotland to America, particularly after "the '45", the final Jacobite uprising in support of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" the Young Pretender, which ended disastrously for the Scottish clans that suported him. By the time of the American Revolution there were about 50,000 Scots in this country.

But to get back to the dialect, let me quote two more linguistic authorities to prove my point about the Scottish influence on the local speech. Raven I. McDavid notes, "The speech of the hill people is quite different from both dialects of the Southern lowlands for it is basically derived from the Scotch-Irish of Western Pennsylvania."[3] H. L. Mencken said of Appalachia folk speech, "The persons who speak it undiluted are often called by the Southern publicists, 'the purest Anglo-Saxons in the United States, but less romantic ethnologists describe them as predominantly Celtic in blood; though there has been a large infiltration of English and even German strains."[4]

The reason our people still speak as they do is that when these early Scots and English and Germans (and some Irish and Welsh too) came into the Appalachian area and settled, they virtually isolated themselves from the mainstream of American life for generations to come because of the hills and mountains, and so they kept the old speech forms that have long since fallen out of fashion elsewhere.

Things in our area are not always what they seem, linguistically speaking. Someone may tell you that "Cindy ain't got sense enough to come in outen the rain but she sure is clever." *Clever,* you see, back in the 1600's meant "neighborly or accommodating." Also if you ask someone how he is, and he replies that he is "very well", you are not necessarily to rejoice with him on the state of his health.

Our people are accustomed to use a speech so vividly colorful and virile that his "very well" only means that he is feeling "so-so." If you are informed that "several" people came to a meeting, your informant does not mean what you do by *several*—he is using it in its older sense of anywhere from 20 to 100 people. If you hear a person or an animal referred to as *ill,* that person or animal is not sick but bad-tempered, and this adjective has been so used since the 1300's. (Incidentally, good English used *sick* to refer to bad health long, long before our forebearers ever started saying *ill* for the same connotations.)

Many of our people refer to sour milk as *blinked* milk. This usage goes back at least to the early 1600's when people still believed in witches and the power of the evil eye. One of the meanings of the word *blink* back in those days was "to glance at"; if you glanced at something, you *blinked* at it, and thus sour milk came to be called blinked due to the evil machinations of the witch.

There is another phrase, "Man, did he ever *feather into him!*" This used to carry a fairly murderous connotation, having gotten its start back in the days when the English long bow was the ultimate word in destructive power. Back then, if you drew your bow with sufficient strength to cause your arrow to penetrate your enemy up to the feathers on its shaft, you had feathered into him. Nowadays, the expression has weakened in meaning until it merely indicates a bit of fisticuffs.

One of the most baffling expressions our people use (baffling to "furriners," at least) is "I don't care to . . . " To outlanders this seems a definite "no," whereas in truth it actually means, "thank you so much, I'd love to." One is forevermore hearing a tale of mutual bewilderment in which a gentlemen driving an out-of-state car sees a young fellow standing alongside the road, thumbing. When the gentleman stops and asks if he wants a lift, the boy very properly replies "I don't *keer to,*" using *care* in the Elizabethan sense of the word. On hearing this the man drives off considerably puzzled, leaving an equally baffled young man behind. (Even the word *foreigner* itself is used here in its Elizabethan sense of someone who is the same nationality as the speaker, but not from the speaker's immediate home area.)

"reverend" whiskey

Reverend is generally used to address preachers, but it is a pretty versatile word and full-strength whiskey, or even the full-strength scent of skunk, are also called *reverend.* In these latter instances, its meaning has nothing to do with reverence, but with the fact that their strength is as the strength of ten because they are undiluted.

In the dialect, the word *allow* more often means "think, say, or suppose" than "permit." "He *'lowed* he'd git it done tomorrow."

A neighbor may take you into her confidence and announce that she has heard that the preacher's daughter *should have been* running after the mailman. These are deep waters to the uninitiated. What she really means is that she has heard a juicy bit of gossip: The preacher's daughter is chasing the local mail carrier However, she takes the precaution of using the phrase *should have been* to show that this statement is not vouched for by the speaker. The same phrase is used in the same way in the Paston letters in the 1400's.

Almost all the so-called "bad English" used by natives of Appalachia was once employed by the highest ranking nobles of the realms of England and Scotland.

Few humans are really passionately interested in grammar so I'll skim as lightly over this section as possible, but let's consider the following bit of dialogue briefly: "I've been a-studying about how to say this, till I've nigh wearried myself to death. I reckon hit don't never do nobody no good to beat about the bush, so I'll just tell ye. Your man's hippoed. There's nothing ails him, but he spends more time using around the doctor's office than he does a-working."

The only criticism that even a linguistic purist might offer here is that, in the eighteenth century, *hippoed* was considered by some, Jonathan Swift among others, to be slang even though it was used by the English society of the day. (To say someone is *hippoed* is to say he is hypochondriac.)

Words like a-studying and a-working are verbal nouns and go back to Anglo-Saxon times; and from the 1300's on, people who *studied*

about something, deliberated or reflected on it. *Nigh* is the older word for *near,* and *weary* was the pronunciation of worry in the 1300 and 1400's. The Scots also used this pronunciation. *Reckon* was current in Tudor England in the sense of *consider* or *suppose. Hit* is the Old English 3rd person singular neuter pronoun for *it* and has come ringing down through the centuries for over a thousand years.

All those multiple negatives were perfectly proper until some English mathematician in the eighteenth century decided that two negatives make a positive instead of simply intensifying the negative quality of some statement. Shakespeare loved to use them. He used quadruple negatives. *Ye* was once used accusatively, and *man* has been employed since early times to mean *husband.* And finally, *to use* means to frequent or loiter.

Certain grammatical forms occuring in the dialect have caused it to be regarded with pious horror by school marms. Prominent among the offenders, they would be almost sure to list these: "Bring *them* books over here." In the 1500's this was good English. "I found three bird's *nestes* on the way to school." This dissyllabic ending for the plural goes back to the Middle Ages. "That pencil's not mine, it's *her'n.*" Possessive forms like *his'n, our'n, your'n* evolved in the Middle Ages on the model of *mine* and *thine.* In the revision of the Wycliffe Bible, which appeared shortly after 1380, we find phrases such as ". . . restore to hir alle things that ben *hern.*" and "some of *ourn* went in to the grave." "*He don't* scare me none." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries *do* was used with *he, she,* and *it. Don't* is simply *do not,* of course. "*You wasn't* scared, *was you?*" During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many people were careful to distinguish between singular *you was* and plural *you were.* It became unfashionable in the early nineteenth century although Noah Webster stoutly defended it.

"My brother *come* in from the army last night." This usage goes back to late Anglo-Saxon times. You find it in the Paston letters and in Scottish poetry. "I *done finished* my lessons," also has many echoes in the Pastons' correspondence and the Scots poets.

From the late Middle Ages on up, the Northern dialect of English used formations like this: "guiltless persons is condemned," and so do our people. And, finally, in times past, participial forms like these abound: has beat, was bore with it, has chose. Preterite forms were as varied: blowed, growed, catched, and for climbed you can find clum, clome, clim, all of which are locally used.

Pronunciation of many words has changed considerably too. *Deef*

for *deaf, heered* for *heard, afeared* for *afraid, cowcumber* for *cucumber, bammy* for *balmy, holp* for *help,* are a very few. Several distinct characteristics of the language of Elizabeth's day are still preserved. Words that had *oi* in them were given a long *i* pronunciation: *pizen, jine, bile, pint,* and so on. Words with *er* were frequently pronounced as if the letters were *ar*: *sarvice, sartin, narvous.*

It is from this time that we get our pronunciation of *sergeant* and the word *varsity* which is a clipping of the word university given the *ar* sound. Another Elizabethan characteristic was the substitution of an *i* sound for an *e* sound. You hear this tendency today when people say *miny kittle, chist, git* and so on. It has caused such confusion with the words, *pen,* and *pin* (which our people pronounce alike as *pin*) that they are regularly accompanied by a qualifying word—*stick pin* for the pin and *ink pin* for the pen.

You can hear many characteristic Scottish pronunciations. *What, thar, dar* (*where, there,* and *dare*) are typical. So also are *poosh, boosh, eetch, deesh, feesh* (*push, bush, itch, dish,* and *fish.*)

In some ways this vintage English reflects the outlook and spirit of the people who speak it; and, we find that not only is the language Elizabethan, but that some of the ways these people look at things are Elizabethan too. Numbers of our people plant by the "signs" (the stars) and conduct other activities according to the signs too. Many other superstitions still exist here. In some homes, when a death occurs all the mirrors and pictures are turned to the wall. Now I don't know if today the people still know why they do this, or if they just go through the actions because it's the thing to do, but this belief goes far back in history. It was once thought that the mirror reflected the soul of the person looking into it, and if the soul of the dead person saw the soul of one of his beloved relatives reflected in the mirror, he might take it with him, so his relatives were taking no chances.

The belief that if a bird accidentally flies into a house, a member of the household will die, is also very old, and is still current in the region. Cedar trees are in a good deal of disfavor in Lincoln County, and the reason seems to stem from the conviction held by a number of people that if someone plants a cedar he will die when it grows large enough to shade his coffin.

Aside from its antiquity, the most outstanding feature of the dialect is its masculine flavor—robust and virile. This is a language spoken by a red-blooded people who have colorful phraseology born in their bones. They tend to call a spade a spade in no uncertain terms.

"No, the baby didn't come early, the weddin' came late," remarked

hinges of hell

one proud grandpa.

Such people have small patience with the pallid descriptive limitations of standard English. They are not about to be put off with the rather insipid remark, "My, it's hot!" or, "isn't it cold out today?" They want to know just how hot or cold: "It's hotter 'n the hinges of hell" or "Hit's blue cold out thar!" Other common descriptive phrases for cold are (freely) translated "It's colder 'n a witch's bosom" or "It's colder 'n a well-digger's backside."

Speakers of Southern mountain dialect are past masters of the art of coining vivid descriptions. Their everyday conversation is liberally sprinkled with such gems as: "That man is so contrary, if you throwed him in a river he'd float up stream!" "She walks so slow they have to set stakes to see if she's a'movin!" "That pore boy's an awkward size—too big for a man and not big enough for a horse."

"Zeke, he come bustin' outta thar and hit it for the road quick as double-geared lightenin!" "She's so cross-eyed that she can stand in the middle of the week and see both Sundays. "That's as smooth as a schoolmarm's leg."

Nudity is frowned upon in Appalachia, but for some reason there are numerous "nekkid as . . . " phrases. Any casual sampling would probably contain these three: "Nekkid as a jaybird," "bare-nekkid as a hound dog's rump," and "start-nekkid." Start nekkid comes directly from the Anglo-Saxons, so it's been around for more than a thousand years. Originally "Start" was *steort* which meant "tall." Hence, if you were "start-nekkid," you were *"nekkid to the tail."* A similar phrase, "stark-naked" is a Johnny-come-lately, not even appearing in print until around 1530.

If a lady tends to be gossipy, her friends may say that "her tongue's a mile long," or else that it "wags at both ends." Such ladies are a great trial to young dating couples. Incidentally, there is a formal terminology to indicate exactly how serious the intentions of these couples are, ranging from *sparking* which is simply dating, to *courting* which is dating with a more serious intent, on up to *talking*, which

means the couple is seriously contemplating matrimony. Shakespeare uses *talking* in this sense in *King Lear*.

If a man has imbibed too much of who-shot-John, his neighbor may describe him as "so drunk he couldn't hit the ground with his hat," or, on the morning-after, the suffered may admit that "I was so dizzy I had to hold on to the grass afore I could lean ag'in the ground."

One farmer was having a lot of trouble with a weasel killing his chickens. "He jest grabs 'em afore they can git word to God," he complained.

Someone who has a disheveled or bedraggled appearance may be described in any one of several ways: "You look like you've been chewed up and spit out," or "you look like you've been a-sortin wildcats," or "you look like the hindquarters of hard luck," or, simply "you look like somethin' the cat drug in that the dog wouldn't eat!"

"My belly thinks my throat is cut" simply means "I'm hungry," and seems to have a venerable history of several hundred years. I found a citation for it dated in the early 1500's.

A man may be "bad to drink" or "wicked to swear", but these descriptive adjectives are never reversed.

You ought not to be shocked if you hear a saintly looking grandmother admit she likes to hear a coarse-talking man; she means a man with a deep bass voice. (This can also refer to a singing voice, and in this case, if grandma prefers a tenor, she'd talk about someone who sings "Shallow.") Nor ought you leap to the conclusion that a "Hard girl" is one who lacks the finer feminine sensibilities. "Hard" is the dialectal pronounciation of *hired* and seems to stem from the same source as do "far" engines that run on rubber "tars."

This language is vivid and virile, but so was Elizabethan English. However, some of the things you say may be shocking the folk as much as their combined lexicons may be shocking you. For instance, the stratum of society in which I was raised, it was considered acceptable for a lady to say either "damn" or "hell" if strongly moved. Most Appalachian ladies would rather be caught dead than uttering either of these words, but they are pretty free with their use of a four-letter word for manure which I don't use. Some families employ another of these four-letter words for manure as a pet name for the children, and seem to have no idea that it is considered indelicate in other areas of the country.

Along with a propensity for calling a spade a spade, the dialect has a strange mid-Victorian streak in it, too. Until recently, it was considered brash to use either the word *bull* or *stallion*. If it was necessary to refer to a bull, he was known variously as a "father cow" or a "gentleman cow" or an "ox" or a "mas-cu-line," while a stallion was either a "stable horse" or else rather ominously, "The animal."

Only *waspers* fly around Lincoln County, I don't think I've ever

heard of a *wasp* there, and I've never been able to trace the reason for that usage, but I do know why *cockleburrs* are called *cuckleburrs.* The first part of the word cockleburr carried an objectionable connotation to the folk. However, if they are going to balk at that, it seems rather hilarious to me that they find nothing objectionable about *cuckle.*

A friend of mine used to have a small store on the banks of the Guyan River. She told me about a little old lady who trotted into the store one day with a request for 'some of the *strumpet candy.*" My friend said she was very sorry, they didn't have any. But, she added gamely, what kind was it, and she would try to order some. The little lady glanced around to see if she could be overheard, lowered her voice and said, "well, it's *horehound,* but I don't like to use that word!"

The dialect today is a watered down thing compared to what it was a generation ago, but our people are still the best talkers in the world, and I think we should listen to them with more appreciation.

FOOTNOTES

1 Thomas Pyles, **The Origins and Development of the English Language.** New York, Harcourt, Brace World, Inc., 1964, page 35. "It is not surprising that those lowland Scotsmen who colonized the King's Plantation' in Ulster and whose descendants crossed the Atlantic and settled the Blue Ridge, the Appalachians, and the Ozarks should have been so little affected by the classical culture of the Renaissance."

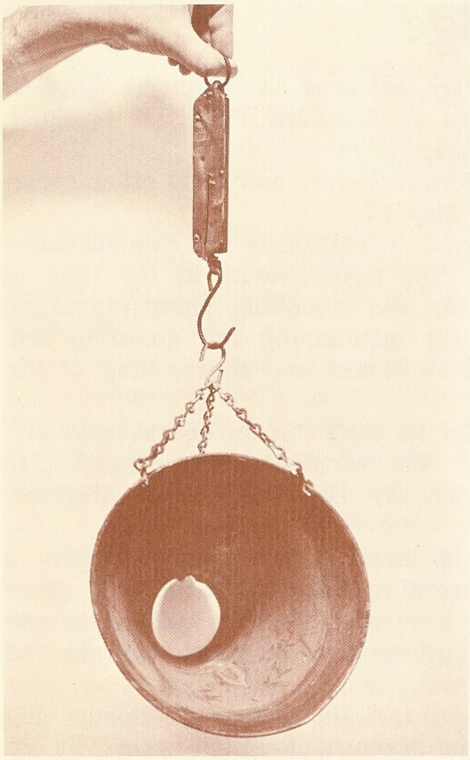
2 Albert C. Baugh, **A History of the English Language,** 2nd ed., New York, 1957, p. 409

3 H. L. Mencken, **The American Language,** ed. Raven I McDavid, Jr., the 4th ed. and the two supplements abridged, with annotations and new material, New York, 1963, p. 455.

4 Ibid., p. 459.

a scene from a 19th century Big Lick store re-created

"Kefauver's Folly"



a chicken weigher

A busy country store of Big Lick vintage has been re-created by the Society in its exhibit room at Cherry Hill, the Roanoke Fine Arts Center headquarters.

Assembled by Mrs. Edmund Goodwin and Mrs. Roger Winborne, the all-purpose store has been named "Kefauver's Folly," after the large wholesale Big Lick store which sold everything from buggies to bootstraps in the 1870's and 1880's. Actually named J. Kefauver & Son Repository, it stood at the site of the present Municipal Building on the corner of what was then Commerce and First streets.

Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Winborne delved into closets, attics, barns and back rooms in Roanoke, Franklin and Botetourt counties to stock the shelves and cases. Their exhibit, another chapter of the Americana which has been replaced by the supermarket and the convenience market, may be seen when Cherry Hill is open—from 10 to 4 Monday through Friday and 3 to 5 on Sunday—through the 1969-70 school year. Many school children are scheduled to visit the store for a lesson in 19th century economics. A pre-inflation price list is shown.

Among the almost 200 items displayed in Kefauver's Folly are a weigher for live chickens, whip holder, kerosene lamps, glass lamp chimneys, curling irons, an iron bank, carpet stretcher, cherry seeder, apple peeler, spittoon, account register, typewriter, tobacco cutter, coffee mill, cornbread molds, wooden kitchen utensils, fluted cake pan, apothecary scales, crochet hooks, brass snuff box, candy and spice jar, crocks, jugs, wooden measures, molasses keg, nail keg, cheese box, mouse trap, school slates, cash register, bolts of cloth, bonnet, collar buttons and a post office from Nace in Botetourt County.

History Is Examined At Natural Bridge

Many historical activities were explored in depth by speakers at the fourth annual Conference of Southern Historical Societies, sponsored by the American Association for State and Local History with the aid of the Roanoke Historical Society and eight other organizations, at Natural Bridge Hotel May 1-3.

The Roanoke Society received a certificate of commendation from the American Association "for achievements in the field of historic preservation, for gathering and compiling photographs and material on historic landmarks, for maintaining and guarding historic records and for creating an awareness and appreciation of history."

The Society also was cited for its work "in an endeavor to preserve the integrity of Fincastle." The certificate was presented to Mrs. English Showalter, president, by Dr. William T. Alderson, Association executive director.

The staff of Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission gave a detailed slide presentation on recording historic buildings. In three years, staff members said they have visited over 5,000 sites and made 20,000 photographs. Their information eventually will be fed to computers for quick data retrieval.

Director James W. Moody, Jr. said the first 56 buildings and sites nominated for listing in the National Registry were "by no means the top 56 in Virginia," Dr. Edward P. Alexander, Colonial Williamsburg vice president, said state nominations usually are "accepted automatically" by the National Registry. This doesn't mean that a building will be saved, he said, "but it does mean that every alternative will be considered."

To get young people involved in historical projects, "you must get them wrapped up in inquiry . . . not entertainment," said Mrs. Mary Claire Shenkir, assistant to the director of the Association for Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. Visits to historical sites, special programs and events and visits to older people for taped interviews were recommended. "Let young people plan—They're amazingly articulate," Mrs. Shenkir said.

In a panel discussion on the relevance of history today, Dr. Alexander said "Swingers react violently to history . . . and hippies see museums as a massive put-on which lacks relevance for today's world . . . But as the swingers pass the magic barrier of 30, they may mellow and talk about good old days too," he said, "life in the past was just as disorganized and bewildering as it is today . . . Let us not

forget that history includes discontents."

Charles E. Shedd of Richmond, regional interpretation chief for the National Park Service, said his agency made a "honest mistake in misreading visitors." In the 1930's when the Park Service "got into history," people of comfortable means were traveling and the program was geared to them. But after World War II, those who were visiting park sites were "not just comfortable, well educated people." He called for improved interpretation. "We're not saying what it meant."

Louis F. Ismay, an Albany, N. Y. planning consultant, said historical societies and similar organizations "ought to be tuned in" to their potential audience. Half of the U. S. population will be under 26 next year, he said.

After a pleasant afternoon bus and walking tour of Fincastle, the conference heard an after-dinner talk on "Yankee Ways with Historic Preservation" by Bertram K. Little, director of the Society for Preservation of New England Antiquities. His organization owns 60 separate buildings, including several from the 17th century, and all are in use today. "You've got to use them for something," he said.

Victorian buildings are being destroyed, Little said, "and we must work on saving them . . . And we must save our outbuildings, necessaries, privies and barns."

Dr. Jean Stephenson, a veteran Washington authority on genealogy, said, "Too many people don't know enough about history . . . We preserve battlefields and houses and we're not doing one thing about the people who used them."

A fundamental principal in genealogy, she said, is that "you don't accept anything anyone tells you unless you can prove it . . . Document it. Go to the records and prove every single step . . . You couldn't possibly do enough research."

There are "very few good local histories," Dr. Stephenson said. "We need to tell who the people were who lived down by the river and across the tracks."

Virginia is particularly unfortunate, she said, "because so much was published in the 1880's, 1890's, and 1920's which was based almost solely on tradition and not on the records."

Charles Olin, conservator of the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution, said, "All objects are documents in themselves. We cannot interpret them if they are not preserved correctly." And people in the future will not have the opportunity to interpret them if they are not preserved now, he added.

Mrs. Marguerite Old of Lexington, formerly with Colonial Williamsburg, talked about publicizing historical activities.

Roanoke Times.

VOLUME VIII. SALEM, ROANOKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY MORNING OCTOBER 16, 1873. NUMBER 13

THE ROANOKE TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
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At $2 Per Annum,
In Advance.

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Poetry.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Besde the old brook stream—
Where we were school boys in old times,
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away;
I scarcely believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The schoolhouse is no more, John;
Beneath our locust trees
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John;

The lawyer looked up at him quickly, and an expression of doubtful meaning passed over his face.

"Good morning, Seth," he said.—"How do matters go on at the bank?"

"They are in trouble, of course, for there is absolutely no clue to the scoundrels who robbed the safe.—They were cunning enough not to take anything but gold—actually leaving a large amount of notes which they might as well of had as not."

"Do you suspect any one connected with the bank?"

"I have my suspicions, Mr. [illegible] but I have no proofs, and as

and he know that the man whom he had trusted, and to whom he had been about to give his daughter in marriage was a villain and a partner with robbers.

All compunctions were at an end, and the last words he heard, as the men arose, were these: "I have invested the proceeds of our last haul in Chicago in such a way that will give me influence with that old shark Fenton, to induce him to hurry up the marriage with his daughter. There are over forty thousand in gold in the bank, and specie will flow in heavily to-morrow. This will make us rich enough to retire and live like honest men."

A GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Harke, ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the nightly bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given,
To man below from God in heaven.

Harke, ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the nightly bell!
Eleven apostles, of holy mind,
Taught the gosple to mankind.

Hark, ye neigghbors, and here me tell,
Twelve resounds from the nightly bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffer'd rebuke for their saviour's name

Hark, ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
One has pealed on the nightly bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us up in the hour of need.

Harke, ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two now rings from the nightly bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,

MATERNAL HAIR-CUTTING.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you can tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never occurred to her to sit him on the bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while he cuts that that which is at the back. The hair

Front page of Roanoke Times, published in Salem, for Oct. 16, 1873 donated by the family of the late Dr. J. William McCauley of Salem.