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Editor of the JOURNAL

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The Past Is Right Here For the Archaeologist

by Ivor Noel Hume

Archaeology—a word to conjure with, a word to carry us on the wings of imagination to far away places, into distant times, and into the presence, perhaps, of untold wealth. For most of us this is a vicarious, armchair experience—a trip to be taken without any unpleasant after-effects. Unhappily there are few real adventurers left among us. Thanks to the soporific saccharine of television we have become a generation of watchers—watching other people play games, other people playing music, other people talking and other people fighting our wars.

Of course you can argue that we are all adventurers at heart—if only there was somewhere left for us to prove it. It's true. There are very few acres of this earth left unexplored by Western man.

Even the Loch Ness monster can't hold out much longer, Only a very few of us will ever go forward into space, but a great many more can go back into the past—through archaeology. And you don't have to go to Egypt or to Greece to do it. The past is right here —your own American past.

The distinguished archaeologist, Jaquetta Hawkes, has written that archaeology gives a people a "sense of having roots," and this is indisputably true. It is why in Europe thousands of people from every walk of life give their vacations to working on their countries' archaeological sites. They do it here in the United States too, from the Johnson White House downwards, and the shades of countless Indians must scratch their heads in wonder as they watch their trash and bones being treated with the respect that their living descendants are denied.

Expeditions are sponsored by universities, sites are protected by government and state agencies, and from East to West across the land societies of amateur archaeologists devote themselves to the study of the American Indian. But do these undeniably worthy efforts contribute to our sense of having roots? I think not.

Pertinent thoughts on the present state of historical archaeology appearing here are excerpts from a talk given by Ivor Noel Hume, director of the Department of Archaeology at Colonial Williamsburg, at a joint meeting of the Roanoke Historical Society and the Roanoke chapter of the Archeological Society of Virginia on April 28, 1971. *Born in London, Hume has been an active archaeologist and prolific writer since* 1949. *He came to Williamsburg in* 1957.

On the contrary, these are the roots of a quite different tree, one which was cut down to make way for the planting of European seeds. The past which belongs to the vast majority of the American people began in the Spanish, French, and English settlements in the New World. This is where the history books commence, for these were the seeds out of which the existing culture of the United States has slowly grown. And it is the study and the presentation of these beginnings which provide that "sense of having roots."

Slowly, much too slowly, there is a growing awareness that the remains of this past have some meaning, some value. But the sound of the mechanical excavator is loud in the land, and from Florida to Hawaii hardly a day passes without some portion of your heritage being ground into dust beneath the wheels of progress. The carpet of the past is being rolled behind us as we advance into the future, and before long, when we look back over our shoulders, we shall see nothing but the mirror image of ourselves.

It has been estimated that within the next century the American population will have increased by eight hundred million and that the east coast will have become a vast concrete jungle stretching from Maine to Virginia. We are told that if we are to preserve our place in the world's sun, we must devote all our efforts to pressing forward.

The buildings that were put up in the 1880's or 1920's are torn down, regardless of their architectural merit, to make way for those of the 1970's—which in turn will be scrapped—regardless of merit—to make way for those of the 1990's. We are living in the age of the garbage grinder and the disposable everything. Nothing is allowed to survive long enough to become venerable with age because it first becomes obsolete—and that's the dirtiest word you can utter in the 20th century.

Obsolescence cannot be tolerated, not in buildings, not in art, not in thinking, and not in people. Throw them all on the scrap heap. They have to be young to be good, and if they are young they are good —which is why there's no juvenile delinquency these days, only delinquent parents, delinquent homes, delinquent schools.

Those homes and schools will be torn down and replaced by fine new antiseptic boxes, and because those boxes must be stacked higher and higher on top of one another, their foundations must go even deeper into the ground, destroying all traces of what was there before. Thus we are ensuring that there will be little or nothing of our generation left for the archaeologists of A.D. 3000 to dig up.

How short-sighted we are!

There comes a time in the life of every nation when it can no longer put all its pride and enthusiasm into being young. It must then switch its approach to its own people, and to the world at large,

(Colonial Williamsburg photo)

Archaeologist Hume points to hole at field site.

saying that it still merits its place at the head of the table because of its wisdom born of long experience. It is not too long a step from there to a reliance on the deference due to advanced age.

Much is then made of tradition, pageantry, times remembered—in a word, history. This may not cut much ice among the world's new giants, the young, virile nations intent on taking our place, but it may be all that we have left. Consequently, the amount of enthusiasm and support that we stimulate today among the American people for the preservation of their historical past, may have a very real influence on how this nation thinks of itself in the centuries ahead.

On the national scene there is now a Society for Historical Archaeology which was founded in 1967. In England there is a comparable organization known as the Society for Post Medieval Archaeology whose members, both professional and amateur, are working in fields that are of immediate interest here in the eastern United States. In Canada much of its archaeological effort is devoted to work on historic sites such as the great reconstruction projects at Louisbourg which rivals Williamsburg in its scope and purpose. All over the world colonial sites of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries are being excavated and developed into cultural attractions for the education of the nations' people and to attract the tourist dollar. The projects range from the exploration of the sunken city of Port Royal in Jamaica to a sixteenth-century Portuguese fort at Mombassa, Kenya.

(Colonial Williamsburg photo)

Two seekers of artifacts in old Williamsburg well.

Here at home the catalog is equally broad and dramatic involving sites as varied as a Spanish mission in Arizona, the French and Indian War Fort Ligonier in Pennsylvania, 19th century privy sites in Alexandria, historical Fort Snelling in Minnesota, and the first settlement of 1670 at Charleston, South Carolina, not to mention innumerable amateur projects of which little is heard.

Here in Virginia our score is less satisfactory than it should be. As you may know, in 1966, the General Assembly unanimously recognized the need to protect or salvage the information from our many threatened historical sites, and it authorized the construction and operation of the Virginia Research Center for Historical Archaeology which was to be built adjacent to the campus of the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg.

Unfortunately funds were not forthcoming, and in spite of keen efforts on the part of the Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission under whose wing the Center would operate, nothing was achieved. Last year, however, Governor Holton appointed a new committee to turn the corpse over from time to time in the hope that some miracle might bring it to life, and I am happy to be able to tell you that temporary

quarters have been made available within an existing facility—providing that the state will employ the skeleton staff needed to get the project going.

In the years that we have been wrestling with this splendid but proverty stricken project my own views on archaeological preservation have matured in a manner that will doubtless cause many of my professional colleagues to turn to pot.

I am convinced, as I said earlier, that the future of our historical archaeological sites lies not so much in the hands of professionals but in those of dedicated amateurs. There will not and cannot be a sufficient number of permanent jobs in historical archaeology to provide enough trained professionals with a livelihood. Besides, the need for archaeological help is often immediate, and there may be no time to defer the saving of a site until funds can be found and a contract archaeologist hired. The battles must be fought at the local level and funded with amateur enthusiasm, volunteer labor, and a sense of civic pride and patriotism, all in the service of American history.

And because we are talking of history, it is only proper that we should call on our Virginia historical societies and preservationist organizations to shoulder part of the responsibility for developing an awareness of the importance of archaeology's potential contribution to historical, genealogical, and sociological studies. As for the handful of professional archaeological historians, it is up to us to cease denigrating the amateur and indeed to help him, and her, and to foster the establishing of historical archaeological clubs under the aegis of high school history departments, seeking cooperation from skin-diving clubs, from Boy Scouts, garden clubs, anyone with a will to learn and a desire to contribute.

For much too long we have tried to treat every archaeological site like a piece of the Holy Grail to be protected until such time as competent professionals are available to fondle them. Meanwhile the sites are being destroyed by horny-handed land developers without yielding so much as a sentence or even a phrase to the history books. We have to recognize that this country's archaeological heritage is a resource, money in the bank, and while we must conserve the gold, the nickels and dimes are there to be spent. We must therefore make the lesser sites available to the public, putting them to work as training grounds for students of all ages. I can think of no better means of getting high school students interested in local history than by enabling them to dig it up and thus make history as well as read about it.

The 51st Virginia Infantry, Farmers Turned Soldiers

by James A. Davis

An exciting presentation is possible when one combines the life and actions of Southwest Virginians in the Civil War with modern-day experiences in researching the topic. Thus, an attempt will be made to relate some interesting moments and personalities in the life of the 51st Virginia Infantry Regiment, S.C.A., with personal research endeavors on the subject by the writer.

Beginning with a graduate seminar at V.P.I., the story of the 51st Regiment began to march back into visual focus after a hundred years of anonymity. In reviewing this historical data this writer attempted to allow the soldier to tell his story of the war years, thereby causing individuals' personalities to permeate the study.

For instance, Gen. Gabriel Wharton, V.M.I. graduate and native of Culpeper County, is now recognized for able leadership of a Southwest Virginia unit in the Civil War and later distinguished service as a state senator from Central Depot (Radford). After 1865, he remained in Southwest Virginia because of his wartime marriage to Anne R. Radford, daughter of Dr. Radford for whom the town was re-named. Wharton's letters and papers are scattered over the nation in public and private hands, but his home "Glenco" and the U.D.C. monument in Radford stand in recognition of his service.[1]

Another individual whose service merits attention is Col. Augustus Forsberg, a Swede who had immigrated to the United States before the War. While serving in the 51st Virginia as an engineer and later commanding officer, he also established marital ties with the Otey family of Lynchburg. At the time of researching this topic, Forsberg's daughter lived in Lynchburg and reported that her father acted as city engineer and architect in building many of the municipal structures in that city.[2]

Perhaps the credit for much of the history of the experiences of the regiment belongs to Private (later Captain) Rufus J. Woolwine. This young Patrick County native kept a diary of daily activities of the men from 1861 until his return home in 1865. His war notes

James A. Davis, now on leave from the Ferrum College History Department to work on his doctorate at Florida State University, gave a talk on the 51st Virginia Infantry Regiment for the Society on May 26, 1971. Portions appear here.

varied from accounts of fierce battle, camp monotony, acting as "revenuer" to prevent "bootlegging," and serving as "truant" officer to return deserters from Floyd and Wise counties.[3]

During the war, Woolwine recorded the actions of the unit on scraps of paper and after the war, he made a transcription into a booklet. Spring cleaning activities of later relatives almost destroyed the document as it was placed in a glass jar which accidentally was buried in an abandoned well. Later discovered by his granddaughter, the diary has now been placed in the Virginia Historical Society archives.[4]

The remaining faces of men (800-1,000) who served in the 51st Virginia are blurred, but they were rural farmers and laborers from Wythe, Grayson, Bland, Wise, Tazewell, Patrick, Amherst and Nelson counties. The personal service records of most of the men are now available on microfilm in the Virginia State Archives and the V.P.I. library. An example of one such footsoldier is Private Thomas O. Wilson, from Bland County, who wrote some 50 letters to his wife in a half-literate style: " . . . we are rite hard run for something to eat and wair (.) nerly one haf of the men is in a maner naket in the way of jackets & pants & some barefooted (.) there is some men dist in thare drawers & no pants on a lot & I am one of them (.) my pants have the legs of (f) up to the (k)nees & the (w)hole seat out but my shirt & drawers is good & the snow about 6 inches deep on the ground at this time & we havent had haf raskens (rations) for six or 7 days (,) sometimes only one meal a day."[5]

The letters and diaries of these footsoldiers often related distorted accounts of battles, but expressions of their sincere desire to end the war and return home sound a modern theme. For the most part, my search for written records on the common infantry men led to archive collections at Chapel Hill and Durham, N. C., Lexington and Richmond, Va.; to correspondence with relatives in California, New York, Maryland and Nebraska; to calls and visits with interested persons in a three-state area. Each experience was exciting but often disappointing in terms of material located.

A brief resume of exciting moments in the life of the soldiers of the 51st Virginia would have to include glimpses of action in the Kanawha Valley, Fort Donelson, Saltville, Shenandoah Valley, Wilderness Campaign, Lynchburg and Waynesboro. These topics were selected more for interest of the reader than for significance to the Civil War.

After enlisment in July, 1861, at Camp Jackson, on the old fairgrounds at Wytheville, the eleven companies, seven-piece band,

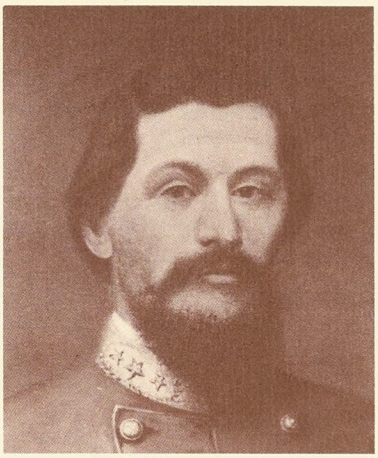
surgeon (J. M. Estill) and chaplain (B. S. Highly) traveled by rail to Bonsacks Depot for training. For several weeks the mountaineers and farmers attempted to learn drill instructions but the free-willed men suffered under rigid discipline and attacks of mumps that ravaged the camp. As an example of naivete of military procedure, when rations were issued, without mention of the three-day plan, many men ate theirs in one day and went hungry the next two.[6]

Excitement filled the ranks as they marched through Fincastle toward their first battlefield in the Kanawha Valley, but it soon subsided with the introduction to battle. The sight of blood, the smell of smoke, the noise from cannon and painful wounds presented the shocking reality of war. The campaign under Gen. John B. Floyd of Christiansburg disappointed the soldiers and the Confederacy as 10 counties previously part of Virginia were allowed to form a separate state—West Virginia—because of failure to successfully occupy the area.[7]

Some controversy is noted in the escape from Carnifex Ferry, which signaled the loss of control in the Kanawha Valley. In several accounts, soldiers mentioned construction of a bridge across Gauley River that avoided encirclement by the enemy. One soldier recounted that engineers began plans for the structure while battle raged, but at the same time, a group of Wythe County miners, experienced in timber work, completed the bridge. In a vein of humor, he poked fun at the engineers as being "mighty nigh finished with the picter" as the men crossed the footbridge to safety. Accounts written after the war credit the success of the escape to the engineers.[8] Thus, the task of the researcher is obvious!

Fort Donelson on the Tennessee River was a Southern stronghold that defended the western boundary of the Confederacy. The regiment made the long journey from winter quarters at Narrows to Bowling Green, Kentucky, by train. Typical of train service in the South, the trip required five transfers and winter travel in open cars. In the fighting that ensued, the unit suffered heavy casualties as described by Woolwine: "Twas there I beheld the mangled forms of the dead and dying, laying in all imaginable forms . . . I am happy to say thanks God Virginians done their duty as becomes true men and patriots. Though distantly situated they thought of their happy homes far away that they was then fighting for. With them as with the rest of Jeff's Boys they done all men could do."[9]

Gen. Floyd surrendered the fort and 8,000 Confederate soldiers, but not before he evacuated his Virginia command. The men of the 51st Virginia were spared the horrors of the prison camps, but they were not relieved of the duty to fight many more battles. Gen. Floyd



(Virginia State Library photo)
Gen. Gabriel Wharton

(Virginia State Library photo)
Col. Augustus Forsberg

was relieved of command and allowed to return to Christiansburg where he died shortly.[10]

In 1862 the unit reorganized at Wytheville and immediately embarked on a second unsuccessful campaign in the Kanawha Valley. However, the winter months forced the command to build winter huts on the bluffs overlooking Narrows on the New River. Disease, (rumors of smallpox conveniently spread to obtain leave or to desert), prostitution, gambling, and real loneliness filled the pages of soldiers' letters. One such example is Woolwine's diary with the description of "revenuing" and searching for deserters. Even a wanted poster, which now reposes in the National Archives, describes a reward for 13 deserters from the Regiment. Woolwine alluded to a successful mission to capture six such persons in Russell and Wise counties. This writer found no record of punishment for the men, but execution for desertion was not uncommon in the Wharton Brigade."

In early 1863 the Regiment defended Saltville, the Virginia-Tennessee Railroad, and the lead mines near Wytheville. The men maneuvered throughout Southwest Virginia from the Shenandoah Valley to East Tennessee. In their letters descriptions of destruction, costs (flour $25 a barrel, boots, $30, and a coat, $40), and their own suffering: "uniforms are hardly more than rags . . . only one-third of the men possess a pair of shoes."[12]

The largest amount of surviving material on a single engagament which the unit fought was written on the Battle of New Market. The famed Confederate victory involving the V.M.I. cadets also inflicted heavy casualties in the 51st Virginia, which led the initial charge against the Federal positions. It is extremely difficult to reconstruct

the events of May 15, 1864, because of conflicting accounts of the action. The "201 Files" at V.M.I. contain a wealth of information on the topic, but one recognizes another task of the historian—the necessity to select, interpret and analyze documents in order to present as accurate an account as possible.[13]

The victory at New Market allowed Gen. Lee to move some troops from the Shenandoah Valley to assist in the Wilderness Campaign. The 51st Virginia was part of the transferred command. Once the unit had joined the Army of Northern Virginia, no longer did the men fight the forgotten war! Lee's army has long been recognized for its courageous efforts to defend Richmond and attack the North. However, until recently, historians have neglected the history of the men and war in Southwest Virginia.

The Southwest Virginians remained with Lee only long enough to witness the Federal slaughter at Cold Harbor, before being transferred to Lynchburg to meet the threat of Gen. Hunter's Yankee cavalry! The 51st Regiment reached the city after it had come under siege by Federal forces. In a brilliant deception, Gen. Wharton and the Confederate troops marched and counter-marched, and the townspeople rang bells and sounded whistles throughout the night in a successful attempt to confuse the enemy. Early the next morning Gen. Jubal Early's Sixth Corps arrived by train to offset the Federal threat. The city was saved![15]

The next six month of 1864 carried the men of the regiment to a high moment of enthusiasm as they successfully maneuvered to within sight of the Capitol dome in Washington, D. C. Yet, within six more months, the unit experienced the low ebb of defeat in the Shenandoah Valley as Gen Phillip Sheridan set it ablaze! The Southwest Virginia farmer-turned-soldier fought the Union cavalry on numerous occasions in the Valley, and finally in March, 1865, suffered complete defeat with surrender at Waynesboro. Although lacking necessary equipment and supplies, the Southern soldier struggled through four years of warfare in defense of the Confederacy.[16] This dedicated effort is later symbolized in the popularity of the "Lost Cause".

During the next four months most of the captives remained in the Federal prison at Pea Patch Island (Fort Delaware) on the Delaware River. However, by June, 1865, the United States government pardoned most of the men and allowed them to begin the long journey home. No cheering crowds, or clanging bands greeted the survivors of the 51st Virginia, Broken fences and weed-covered fields marked once prosperous farms.[17]

In his diary Woolwine described the devasting effects of war on

Virginia witnessed during his journey home—charred ruins in Richmond, damaged railroads, burned fields and the black-draped monument of George Washington in Capitol Square. His closing remarks serve as a benediction for the 51st Virginia and the Confederacy! "Thus ends a journey of four years through the most eventful campaigns known in the history of men or nations."[18]

Even though many of the personalities and actions of the unit are lost to history, these records herein symbolize the spirit of the 51st Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, C.S.A. To the many relatives and friends of Civil War studies, this writer is indebted for their assistance in locating documents and their enthusiastic receptions given this project.[19]

1 "201 File for G. C. Wharton", Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.; Ezra J. Warner, Generals in Gray (Baton Rouge, 1959), 331; Roanoke Times, Feb. 25, 1940. Interviews with relatives and tour of Glenco in July, 1968.

2 Unpublished manuscript on exploits of Augustus Forsberg by daughter, Mrs. John W. Davis, Lynchburg, Va.; Confederate Veteran XVIII (1910), 434, 509; Ella Lonn. Foreigners in the Confederacy (Chapel Hill, 1910), 244-45; Records of the Garland Rhodes Camp, Jones Library, Lynchburg, Va.

3 Louis H. Manarin (ed.), "The Civil War Diary of Rufus J. Woolwine", Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, LX&I (1963; Woolwine Papers, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.; Related materials, possession of Mrs. Mabel Norris, Stuart, Va.

4 Interview by writer with Mrs. Mabel Norris, December, 1967.

5 Thomas O. Wilson to wife, Dec. 12, 1864, Thomas O. Wilson Letters in possession of Dr. James I. Robertson, Jr., Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Saunders Guerrant of Roanoke deserves credit for locating this collection of 90 letters between husband and wife during the last two years of the war.

6 Woolwine Papers; Notebook of Granville P. Conner, Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va.; Unidentified newspaper clipping, Records of the 51st Virginia Infantry, Virginia Archives.

7 U. S. War Department (comp.) War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (Washington, 1880-1901), Ser. I, Vol. LI, pt. 2, 249, 368, Hereafter cited as OR; D. B. Baldwin Letters, in possession of Dr. James I. Robertson, Jr., Virginia Polytechnic Institute; Robert U. Johnson and Clarence C. Buel (ed.), Battles and Leaders of the Civil War (New York, 1884-1887), I, 148. Hereafter cited as Battles and Leaders.

8 William G. Brown. History of Nichols County, West Virginia (Richmond, 1954) 105-06; OR, V, 157; Letters of William R. Wheeler to son, Dec. 17, 1908, typescript in the possession of Charles W. Sanders, Lynchburg, Va ; Forsberg Manuscript.

9 Woolwine Papers, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond.

10 G. C. Wharton Autobiographical Sketch 1824-1862, in possession of Mrs. Fritz van Solkema, Bowie, Md., OR, VII, 285, 381; Copy of order to Floyd relieving him of command in possession of writer.

11 David E. Johnston, A History of Middle New River Settlements and Contiguous Territory (Huntington, W. Va., 1906), 223; Baldwin Letters; Woolwine Papers; At least 22 men were executed for desertion in the Wharton Brigade.

12 Lewis P. Summers, History of Southwest Virginia 1746-1786. Washington County 1777-1870 (Baltimore, 1966) 528-31; OR, XXIII, pt. 2, 886) XXIX, pt. 1, 42, XXX, pt. 2, 606.

13 Battles and Leaders IV. 482; "Letters and Reports of the Battles of New Market", New Market Historical File, Virginia Military Institute; Raymond Turner, The New Market Campaign May, 1864. (Richmond, 1912), 142, "201 Files" of B. A. Colonna, H. A. Wise, Peter Otey, and G. E. Edgar; Richmond Times Dispatch, Oct. 15, 1905.

14 OR, XXXVI, pt. 3, 826; Woolwine Papers.

15 OR, LI, pt. 2, 983; Charles M. Blackford, Campaign and Battle of Lynchburg, (Lynchburg, 1901), 53,; Frank E.Vandiver, Jubal's Raid (New York, 1960), 49.

16 Jubal A. Early, Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early, C.S.A.: Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States (Philadelphia and London. 1912) 379; Battles and Leaders, IV, 493; Woolwine Papers; Clement A. Evans (ed.), Confederate Military History (Atlanta, 1899), III, 539; Rosa F. Yancy. Lynchburg and Its Neighbors (Richmond, 1935), 121-22.

17 Woolwine Papers.

18 Ibid.

19 For a more thorough account of this unit for history or genealogy, consult James A. Davis unpublished M. A. thesis, "The 51st Virginia Infantry Regiment C S.A.," V.P.I. Library. Blacksburg, or James A. Davis, "The 51st Regiment, Virginia Volunteers", West Virginia History Quarterly, Vol. XXIX, no. 3 (April, 1968).

BRECKINRIDGE WRITER IDENTIFIED

The article on Gen. James Breckinridge of Botetourt County in Vol. VII, No. 2 of the Journal was by Kathy Kennedy McNulty, wife of a Marine Corps officer. Formerly of Falls Church, she completed her graduate thesis on Gen. Breckinridge at Virginia Tech.

Turner's Creek Valley-- "The land that time forgot"

by Pedro T. Slone

In the southwest corner of Blackwater District, in the mountainous section of Franklin County, lies a little valley. This valley extends east and west about four miles, and is about two and one-half miles wide between the tops of mountains, which also extend east and west and parallel the creek, which flows due east.

How the stream came to be called Turner's Creek, I have not learned. It was called Ragland Branch at one time, mentioned in old deeds. On the southern border of this valley stands Buffalo Knob and rather southeast is Haynes Knob. I do not know the origin of the name, Buffalo Knob, but Haynes Knob was named for an old man Haynes who owned the land and had his home near the top of the knob. This man could not read nor write but was a local preacher of the Primitive Baptist faith. The valley is bordered on the west by the range of the Blue Ridge Mountains from the summit of which the Floyd Plateau extends westward. The eastern border of the little valley is crossed by the old highway which led from the Patrick Iron Works to Big Lick.

The people who first settled in this valley, along with thousands of others, who came to the Appalachian mountains from Rhode Island, Maryland and Pennsylvania, before the American Revolution, were no doubt, Scotch-Irish emigrants. Their frugal habits, love of liberty and independence of thought, as well as their religious belief, which was predominantly Calvinistic, would justify such a belief. Some of these may have descended from the Dutch and Huguenots from France. The families who lived in the valley were: Claytor, Bridges, Slone, Sledd, Sigmon, Hale, Wade, Peters, Daniel, Haynes, DeLancy, Mountcastle, Perkins, Troup, Foster, Ferguson, Drewry, Montgomery, and Jamison.

One of these, Thomas Hale, was my grandfather. I do not know the date when he came to this valley, but two brothers, Thomas and William Hale, owned lands joining and built houses almost exactly alike. One of these houses with its contents, that of Thomas Hale, is the one I shall try to describe.

Vivid recollections of an almost-forgotten way of life in a mountainous Franklin County community 60 *years ago were set down by Pedro T. Slone after he retired as a mail carrier in* 1942. *Now* 92, *he and his wife live with a son in Roanoke.*

Dwelling Houses

In describing the houses of the valley sixty years ago we should remember, to quote a Franklin County historian, that this is a part of "The land that time forgot", and customs and ways of living were still in use here that had been abandoned in other states and in Tidewater, Virginia for one hundred years. As a model, we will take the Thomas Hale house, which was very much like most all the rest of the buildings.

It was built of logs, carefully hewn and notched, or dove-tailed, at the corners. One large room, about twenty-four feet long and twenty feet wide, was the main living room and bedroom combined. The building was one and one-half stories high. The half story consisted of about four or five feet of the same log walls into which joists were placed that distance down from the top log, or wall plate, onto which the massive pole rafters were spiked with home-made spikes or nails. The end logs, or wall plates, projected over the side walls about one foot, to form an eave. The cracks in the log walls were filled carefully with lime mortar, which made almost an air tight wall. The bottom floor was laid on hewn sleepers, which were notched into the bottom log and adzed to an exact level. It was of six-inch oak boards planed or dressed by hand.

The top floor was of six-inch poplar boards dressed on both sides. The joists were hewn from poplar and were about three by

Slone family at home in Turner's Creek Valley.

seven inches in size and dressed on all sides. The lower edges were beaded. This dressed top floor served as a ceiling for the lower room. The roof was of shingles riven and shaved from chestnut wood. The wide chimney was built of loose stones picked from the ground, dressed with hammers, and plastered together with lime mortar. The fireplace was about five feet wide, and huge back logs were used.

The doors were made of heavy boards about eight or ten inches wide, securely nailed to heavy battens on the inside. The fastening was a wooden latch with a string hanging through a hole on the outside. The winding stairway was in a corner by the fireplace. This was closed with a door on the turn three or four steps up. Another room the same size and finished similarly was built on the west end of this room by my father, many years later. Between these was an "entry" six or eight feet wide. A porch extended the entire length of the building.

The kitchen which was also the dining room, stood about fifty or sixty feet from the porch in a corner of the front yard. This building also had a wide stone chimney, and the huge fireplace contained iron hooks and cranes for all sorts of cooking utensils.

The barn was two square log pens with a driveway between and hay-loft above. The roof was riven oak boards. Another log building, with one log room and loft, was the "cowhouse."

The tall corn crib was built of hewn logs and set on large locust posts three or four feet high. One of these posts was hollow, affording a den for rats. We children waged many a thrilling battle against them with sticks. We routed them out by pouring a teakettle of boiling water into the post.

Furniture

The household furniture consisted of bureaus, cupboards, folding leaf dining table, small table, split bottom chairs, and tall "four poster" corded bedsteads, with trundle bed beneath. The sweetest sleep I probably ever had was in a little "corded trundle bed," unless it was in the "box cradle," which had been dyed or stained a deep red and varnished. All of the furniture was handmade of solid black walnut, maple or cherry. The coffins in which the dead were buried were all made of walnut by a local coffin maker. They were usually made to measure after the death of the person. I have assisted in the making of one or two of these. In childhood, I always associated a funeral with the smell of fresh varnish or turpentine, which was on the coffins.

In this old home of my grandfather, and later my father, stood an old wall clock. It stood on the floor and reached almost to the ceiling. It was wound by pulling the small chains, which were hung

on pulleys and drew the weights up. Few pictures adorned the walls. I remember two in the living room. "The Madonna and Child" and a portrait of George Washington.

Tools and Farm Equipment

It seems rather odd that the crude tools described here should be used at such a late date as to be within my memory, but this was a community where time stood still for one hundred years. I remember one wagon owned by a neighbor which was an old skein spindle and linch pin type. The axle, including the spindle, was of wood. The spindle was plated with iron "skeins" top and bottom and the wheel was held on by the lynch pin. The spindles were greased with pine tar. On cold mornings, the tar would "pitch" and the wheels would slide for some distance before they began to turn.

The turning plows were rather clumsy and had wooden beams. The shovel plows were fastened to the wooden foot piece of the "stock" with iron bands. My father had one of those plows which was made by a blacksmith named Jones, on upper Pigg River. The wooden "stock" was made of white oak, which was probably not thoroughly seasoned and the beam warped until it was almost like a bow. It was painted blue. The hoes were home-made and very heavy. The handles were shaved from white oak or were sometimes made of straight sour-wood sticks. The singletrees, doubletrees and even hames for the horse's collars were home-made.

Ox teams were often used to do the farm hauling. My mother had a hand loom which was still in use when I was a boy. I have worn the homespun woven on this loom. She also had spinning wheels large and small, the wooden reel that clicked when a hank of yarn was run, the warping bars, the flax break, wooden swingling knife and hackle to work out the fiber from the broken flax stalks. She wove and made a few linen or flax sheets, towels and bed-ticks when I was a small boy. I had one pair of home-made shoes, made by the old local shoemaker, Ed Willis. I outgrew them when they were almost good as new. My father gave them to some poor people.

Orchards

The chestnut groves were about as valuable to us in those days as any other orchards. The burrs began to open about the first of October and the first gathering brought a good price, which soon dropped as the season advanced. Almost every fall someone would beat the lower limbs of the trees with a pole and gather a bushel or two, to be shipped by express to Baltimore. These early shipments usually brought about twelve dollars per bushel. It was good sport for us children to gather the glossy brown nuts from under the trees, and it was also a means by which we could earn some money. I doubt if any, or but few apple and peach trees from a commercial

nursery, had been planted in this valley sixty years ago. We did not have the blight which later killed all the chestnut trees, or the scale which has come to the apple trees.

The old Pippin, Pearmain, Smokehouse and other varieties grew to perfection with little attention. The peaches which grew on the mountain sides were of the finest flavor. I remember one orchard near the top of Haynes Knob which was noted for the excellence of its peaches. People came long distances each season to get peaches from this orchard. The largest and finest cherries I have ever seen grew on four large trees bordering the west side of the yard of our home. But little fruit was canned; most all kinds were dried. We had a house built into the side of a steep bank on the east side of the yard. The "Applehouse," was made of split locust logs about eight by ten feet and apples usually kept in this until spring.

Fields

It was the custom of these small farmers to give a name to each field, however small it might be. On this place was Gum field, near the center of which stood a large black gum tree. The Slip field on the south side of the mountain, so named because of a land slide or "slip," which came during a long rainy spell, carrying away more than an acre of top soil to a depth of four or five feet, uprooting small trees. The Rough field, also on this mountainside, was just what its name implied. In the Runaway field, a team ran away with a plow. Also, there were the Sheep pasture, the Elm field and the meadow.

The mountain fields were cultivated because they were more fertile, the soil loose and less equipment was required. Most of the plowing was done with single shovel plows. The branch and creek lands were neglected and were grown up in willow and alder bushes. When the heavy rains came during the cultivating season, the rich soil, which washed from the mountain side, lodged in these grown up bottoms and swamp lands, making them very fertile. My father used to say he "followed the soil" when it washed away and cultivated it again in the bottoms. The wheat which was grown on these south mountain sides was usually a smooth head variety and most always made a good yield. Commercial fertilizer was never used until a later day. The crop was difficult to harvest and haul from the mountain fields. The hauling was usually done with a sled. The corn was cultivated mostly with hoes, and the grass and weeds grew very rapidly in the rich soil.

Woods

The wooded areas were also named. There was the Chestnut Orchard, the Squirrel Den and the Stand woods, so called because a speaker's stand had once been erected there for religious services. The largest boundary of woodlands, which was on the west side of

the place, had no name except "the woods." To my child's mind this dark and gloomy forest was the habitation of all sorts of wild beasts and its shadowy and winding paths led to strange and unknown lands, probably the end of the world. This bit of virgin forest was really very beautiful at that time. Many times I have walked around a tall oak or poplar to turn a squirrel for my older brother who was watching with a gun on the other side.

Later, with the coming of the railroad about six miles away, this forest along with all the other woodlands of the valley, was finally invaded by the timber men. The Hale brothers, (my cousins) because of their unusual height, the three being about the same size, were called the "Little Boys." They lived together as bachelors. They had cut timber for a Canadian company in the forests of Kentucky and West Virginia. They made staves of white oak, which were shipped to England and France to make wine casks.

There was also a demand and ready sale for chestnut oak bark, used for tanning. In this bit of woods were some large hollow chestnut oak trees, which had heavy bark but required little chopping. My father told me if I would cut and peel these trees I could have the money received from the sale of the bark to buy a new suit of clothes. I worked very diligently at this job (probably more so than any job since). When the bark was sold and I received the money my father had Henry M. Turner, the general merchant at Callaway, take my measure, and "order" my first long pants suit. A neighbor boy who got a suit somewhat the same way, when asked what kind of goods it was, replied, "Chestnut Oak goods."

So the beautiful trees soon vanished and gradually the boundless forest of my childhood shrank until it became a rather small patch of woods, but I think:

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
There is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all."

The Cave

Near the summit of Buffalo Knob is a cave, and the entrance could be plainly seen from our front porch, especially in winter when the leaves were off the trees that surround it. This cave was the object of much wonder and curiosity to me in early childhood when I gazed with awe at the dark hole in the mountainside about two miles away. Before I visited it the first time, distance had lent such enchantment to this small cavern that I thought of it as the cave of "Aladdin" or the "Wondrous Portal" of the Pied Piper. Later I made many trips to it, sometimes with picnic parties and more recently with Boy Scouts. It still holds a fascination for me and when there in

1940, I carved a message with a chisel and hammer, on the hard stone wall of the interior.

Social Life

The churches were the meeting places of most of the people of those days, the young as well as the old. The Baptist Associations which came each year in Franklin and adjoining counties were always attended by throngs of people, sometimes several thousand who came long distances in carriages, buggies, wagons and on horseback. I attended these meetings each year, usually accompanied by some girls on Pigg River who were cousins of mine. We rode horseback and spent the night in one of the farm homes in the vicinity of the church. Sometimes thirty or forty people would stay in one home. At these homes and meetings we made the acquaintance of many people. As a rule the young people did not attend these meetings because of the interest in the religious services, but only to meet each other.

The people of this valley, like all free liberty-loving people, were fond of music. They knew nothing of classical music, but only the old hymns, folk songs, and also the banjo and fiddle tunes of those days, such as "Susannah," "Arkansas Traveler," "Love Somebody" and many others. Some of these fiddlers and banjo players, as I recall, were Alex Perkins, T. E. Willis, Tom Slone, John Johnson, J. P. and F. H. Delancey. Occasionally, an old time singing master would visit Pigg River Church and give a few lessons in the shape notes of the old hymn books.

This little community, like most others, had some rough fellows who were always ready to quarrel and fight. Just outside the boundaries of the valley, in the Long Branch and Pigg River communities were a number of such characters. They would attend the monthly meeting at the old churches, never going inside but hanging around the grounds, drinking and sometimes fighting. There were usually no officers to prevent them at that time, but later constables and other peace officers always attended these meetings. These fellows were divided into clans, and when one clan or group met another, they often had trouble. Some of the people in these communities would have old-fashioned dances at their homes, especially during the Christmas holiday season, but they were finally abandoned because of these ruffians. Some of these fellows seemed to regard anyone from a distant community as an enemy. I was present at one of these dances on Pigg River when I was about fifteen years old. An unusual crowd attended. There were some visiting musicians from the eastern part of the county. About 11 o'clock that night one of these made some thoughtless remark about these "mountain Hoogers," and pandemonium broke loose immediately, pistols were drawn and the girls fled to another part of the house. The man

apologized and finally quiet was restored, but there was no more dancing that night. Card playing was practiced a great deal by these young men; also, pitching horse shoes and target shooting.

Community threshings and corn shucking were usually the occasion for such merriment as the people were gathered together: also, apple butter boilings and molasses boilings. One year my father and a neighbor raised quite a large crop of cane jointly or in partnership. After boiling for a week or more, they planned to have a "candy pulling" the last night. The rock flue on which the pans were set for boiling the juice was daubed with clay dug from a hole in the ground near by. This hole was used to pour the skimmings into. The neighbor, a practical joker, conceived the idea of having fun at the expense of some of the boys who would come that night. He covered this hole full of skimmings, carefully with sticks and grass. It was near the path to the spring from which they brought water. As he was hurrying from the spring with a bucket of water before the boys arrived, he tumbled into it himself.

Mails

I do not know how the people of the valley received and dispatched their mail before the Civil War, but from the earliest of my recollection there was a post office called Pigg River, and it was in the dwelling house of Wiley A. Via. There was a cabinet in the living room with pigeon holes to contain letters, also the few newspapers, magazines and circulars that came. There was no fourth class mail except a few small packages. The receipts from the office were never more than fifty dollars per year.

Mr. Via also had the contract to carry the mail from Pigg River to Rocky Mount and return daily, also to Floyd Court House and return. The mail was carried on horseback in saddle bags furnished by the Post Office Department. Boys were employed for a very small wage to ride these trips and were called "mail boys." There were no daily papers coming to this office and the principal weekly papers were the Lynchburg News and the Franklin and Floyd County weeklies. When I was old enough and learned to read the papers, I eagerly devoured almost everything that came within my reach. Of course, I was not able to distinguish between the worthwhile and otherwise. I recall the names of some of the magazines: Comfort, Good Stories, Yankee Blade, Farm Journal, and later the Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger. Children were always glad to get Barker's Comic Almanac. J. Lynn & Co. of New York, was the first mail order house we ever heard of.

Politics

As there was never a voting precinct in this little valley we will have to go outside its boundaries to tell much about the elections.

The voting place was near Pigg River Church on the "Floyd Turnpike," about three or four miles north of the valley. It was later consolidated with Callaway. These people were independent in their political beliefs. Beginning at the western end of the valley, we had two Democrat families and one Republican and so on. My father was a Republican, a conviction he brought out of the War Between the States into which he was drafted. Not being well informed or having read much of the history of our county, he believed that slavery was the sole cause of that war. As his people owned no slaves, it was natural for him to think he was fighting for something in which he had no part or should have no concern. He was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Grandfather Via was a Democrat who held a number of district offices. Election day was quite an event in those days; bitter arguments and disputes were engaged in, which sometimes ended in fights. Whiskey usually flowed freely around the voting places.

Education

I have learned very little about the opportunities these people had for education before the War Between the States. I think they would have a short term school each year in some log cabin or outbuilding furnished by someone in the community. They could usually find some local person, generally a man, who could teach the three R's. They paid a small tuition.

Just after the war there were two schools in or near the valley, and one was called Ivy Run, taught by N. T. Bridges. The other, just outside the northeastern boundary of the valley, was in a small log building at the home of Dr. William Hairston. This building had been the doctor's office and stood in a corner of the yard. Mrs. Prudence Hairston was the teacher. I think there was a small tuition for those who could pay, but it was a mission school, probably the first of its kind in this part of Franklin County. Later, after the coming of free schools to Virginia, my uncle, Robert Slone, who ran a general merchandise store on Pigg River, became trustee of schools for this district. He saw the need of a free school in the valley and built Poplar Grove School within a few hundred yards of our home. I think this was in 1884. I was five years old and entered the school the first term. Samuel R. Drewry was the first teacher. His home was about two and a half miles down the creek. Afterwards his brother, Benjamin F. Drewry, became the teacher. He taught a number of terms in this same school. Both of these young men had attended the Hales Ford Academy in the eastern part of the county. Other teachers were William N. Hale, and Miss Lucy Hall.

The coming of this little school brought about quite a change in "the way of life" to the people of the valley; adults as well as the

Teacher Slone with a Franklin County class in early 1900's

children. The new brightly painted little building became a sort of community center and religious services were held here regularly. Occasionally a traveling magic or trick show would give an exhibition here, which was greatly appreciated by the people who rarely ever had the opportunity for entertainment of this kind. The new text books, which were scattered about in the community, were perused by the older people as well as the children and the simple stories in some of them, particularly McGuffy's Readers, taught many pointed moral lessons. It was my privilege some years later to teach four terms in this little school. The building was still standing in 1943, though not in use. It stood the first thirteen years without having a single window pane broken. I made some snapshot photos of it in the autumn of 1940 and thought, while there, of the old poem "Forty Years Ago" which some of the pupils had recited there. Some of the poplar trees are still standing, and around it the "Sumacs Grow and Blackberry Vines are running." Memories of "School breakins" or "Last days" came to me with the mingled feeling of joy and sadness which I always experienced on these occasions. The faces of loved ones, long since turned to dust, rose before me as vivid as the sadly changed faces of old friends still living and I departed with sadness being reconciled only by the thought that this is a part of "the way of life" for all.

Religion

Most of the families of this valley were staunch believers in the doctrine of election and predestination as preached by the Primitive Baptists. Pigg River Church was about four miles around the moun-

tain or two and a half miles through fields, across the top. My mother was a member of this church. They held services on the fourth Saturdays and Sundays of each month. She used to attend these Saturday meetings regularly during the summer months. While the men folks were at work in the fields, she would catch a horse from the pasture, fasten a side saddle on its back and ride across the mountain path to church. She had to open two rail fences, one set of draw bars and one gate.

My father was not born and raised in this valley, but came from the lower Blackwater community in which the Dunkard or Brethren doctrine was preached more than any other. His mother was a member of this church. He was never connected with either of these churches, but late in life joined the Episcopal Church, which had founded a mission near the valley about the year 1880. After the public schoolhouse was built here, the Dunkards or Brethren held services regularly every third Sunday. These ministers nearly always had dinner at our home. They rode horseback twelve or fifteen miles to fill these appointments and I never heard of them asking for any remuneration.

The local preacher who lived near this valley was Elder Wiley A. Via of the Primitive Baptist Church. He was born and reared in the Long Branch community about ten or twelve miles southwest of this valley. After living in Floyd County for a number of years, he moved and settled at Pigg River about one mile north west of the boundary of the valley on the head waters of Pigg River stream. He served four or five churches in Franklin, Patrick, and Floyd counties, riding long

Pedro and Kittie Slone on their 50th wedding anniversary in 1952

distance on horseback. He baptized a number of people in the valley. He also married most of them and buried their dead. He baptized several hundred in Franklin and Floyd and married more than four hundred couples. He, like the other ministers of his faith and order, served without pay.

Sometimes when I become skeptical, or cynical, and filled with doubts and fears, I am made to feel ashamed when I remember the simple faith of these good old people of long ago.

"Most of Them Have Gone"

I spent some time in the valley in the summer of 1940, and visited many of the play places and haunts of my childhood. Most of the fields have grown up into a wilderness. But few of the descendants of the people, who lived here sixty years ago remain. Some have been engaged in "moonshining" as in all of the sections of this mountain country. Their problem has always been a problem of economics. Most of them have gone to other communities where business opportunities offered, and some to factories and other public works. Some of the old houses have fallen into decay or gone entirely and none have been built to replace them.

The old Buffalo Knob still stands majestic and grand the same as when the red men roamed about its base where there is an Indian burying ground. I strolled down the bank of the stream and listened to its sweet murmuring song the same as half a century ago. Men have come and gone but it, like Tennyson's brook, flows on forever. I looked into the clear liquid depths of the old swimming hole and did not see the reflected image of the joyous boy's face as I did long ago. Then I thought, they pass so soon! The fleeting mortal lives! And so I will end this brief story about this little valley and its people.

Far from the mad'ning crowd's ignoble strife.
Their sober wishes never learned to stray.
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Log Buildings In the Valley of Virginia

by Royster Lyle Jr.

This paper will attempt to discuss a segment of the folk building styles which started in the western Virginia area in the 18th Century and which in certain ways influenced the later forms of more sophisticated architecture. Concentration will naturally be in the Rockbridge County area where the majority of the research was done.

Frank Lloyd Wright wrote in 1910 that "the true time basis for any serious study of the art of architecture still lies in those indigenous, more humble buildings everywhere that are to architecture what folklore is to literature or folk song to music and with which academic architects were seldom concerned . . ."

Any discussion of the indigenous architectural forms in the Valley of Virginia must necessarily begin with the log cabin, the log house, and the log barn. During the past several years, I have photographed or examined over 100 log buildings in the Rockbridge County area and, with the assistance of several recent articles, have been able to draw several conclusions about the styles and types found in the county. Accompanying this investigation has been an effort to determine the ethnological influences that caused these particular forms to develop.

It is important to mention that there is a wealth of extant source material available in this part of the country. I was of course able to examine only a small percentage of the log structures still standing on the Rockbridge County area. I gather that there are probably few places in the United States with a greater concentration of remaining log buildings. The area is fertile ground for further serious study.

To explain fully the movement of log construction into the Valley of Virginia, it is necessary to begin in the mid-17th Century when the Swedes began settling in the Delaware Valley in the area near what is now Philadelphia. C. A. Weslager, in his recent book, *The Log Cabin in America,* states that "because the use of horizontally-

Excellent research on the construction of log buildings in the Valley of Virginia has been shared with the Society by Royster Lyle Jr., of Lexington in a talk on March 18 and the article printed here. Lyle, assistant to the director of the George C. Marshall Research Foundation, has written and studied extensively in architectural history.

(Royster Lyle photo)

Homer Smith log house west of Lexington

laid notched logs, both round and hewn, as an accepted form of settlement housing, made its American debut in New Sweden, the area is of utmost importance for a thorough understanding of the origins and diffusion of what came to be known as the American log cabin."

This is principally the same conclusion of Harold R. Shurtleff in his book, *The Log Cabin Myth,* published thirty years ago. Shurtleff wrote: "Each group of European colonists in the 17th Century erected the sort of dwelling they were accustomed to at home. The only 17th Century colonists who brought with them a log-house technique were the Swedes." Shurtleff, who was director of research at Colonial Williamsburg in the 1930s, spent most of his scholarly book proving that the early settlers in New England and Virginia did not build log houses in spite of the folklore that has survived.

Samuel Eliot Morison said that Shurtleff found "strongly intrenched in the public mind a myth that the log cabin was the earliest form of dwelling of the English settlers. Whenever there was question of restoring Jamestown, or Roanoke Island, or some other earlier colonial village, he was confronted by a strong public bias in favor of the log cabin." Shurtleff notes that Prof. Thomas J. Wertenbaker, who made his own investigation of earlier colonial housing, concluded that there were no log houses in Virginia or New England until the 18th Century. But, Shurtleff concludes, "So firmly established is the Log Cabin Myth, and so widely has it been disseminated by

illustrations, picture post cards, pageants, and reconstructions, that the dispelling of (this myth) will take many years."

At the close of the 17th Century, German settlers began landing in eastern Pennsylvania. William Penn had hoped to attract desirable Europeans seeking religious freedom and economic opportunity; by 1710 the Germans were arriving in large numbers. Many of them, notably those from Switzerland, the Black Forest, Upper Bavaria and Saxony, had lived in log houses at home, and knew of no other method of housing for people of modest means. The Germans were soon to be numerically superior to all the other groups. And it was the German folk culture that soon became dominant in this area, including that of housing construction. That Swedish and Finnish log buildings were present in Pennsylvania is perhaps important, but the Germans' influence from this point on became the most persistent and the strongest.

Three decades after the Germans had begun settling in Pennsylvania, the first Scotch-Irish arrived from Northern Ireland. Of all the American colonies, Pennsylvania best suited the restless, lowland Scots who were already living in an unhappy foreign land. William Penn offered to the Scotch-Irish, as he did to each European group, a government based on universal male suffrage and a promise of economic success for a man who was willing to work. As a Quaker and a pacifist, he made no provisions for a militia or any military establishment and he guaranteed in his charter complete freedom of conscience. Between 1717 and 1735, 250,000 Scotch-Irish came to America from Ulster, most of them stopping first in Delaware and Southeastern Pennsylvania. The Scotch-Irish who settled in New Castle, Delaware, were exposed first to the Swedish-Finnish log housing and those who settled west of Philadelphia to the Germans.

The houses of the Scots in lowland Scotland had been almost nondescript; many were one room "shanties of stone, banked with turf, without mortar, the crevices stuffed with straw, heather or moss" to keep out the weather. In Ulster, after they had moved across to Northern Ireland, things were little better. Charles Hanna, in his book, *The Scotch-Irish,* referred to the Ulster dwellings as "poor thatched houses" and "houses covered with clods." It would be safe to say the Scotch-Irish brought with them no housing culture or tradition, let alone one of log. Unlike the English settlers who knew of or had seen log buildings on the continent, the settlers from Ulster knew nothing of log houses. In addition, they apparently brought with them "no traditions of horticulture, orchards, and vineyards, nor skilled craftsmanship, whether for house-building, furniture or farm implements." James Leyburn, in his sociological study of the Scotch-Irish, paints the Ulsterman and his descendants as almost without an artistic cul-

ture altogether. "In the earliest days of settlement there was no time for the artistic, even if the motive had been there. A home was a house to be lived in; a church was a building in which one might hear the Word; a school was a place for teaching and learning."

Yet, in spite of this background, it was the Scotch-Irish immigrants from Pennsylvania and their descendants who became the dominant American pioneer and from whom developed the American frontier culture—not the least part of which was log building construction.

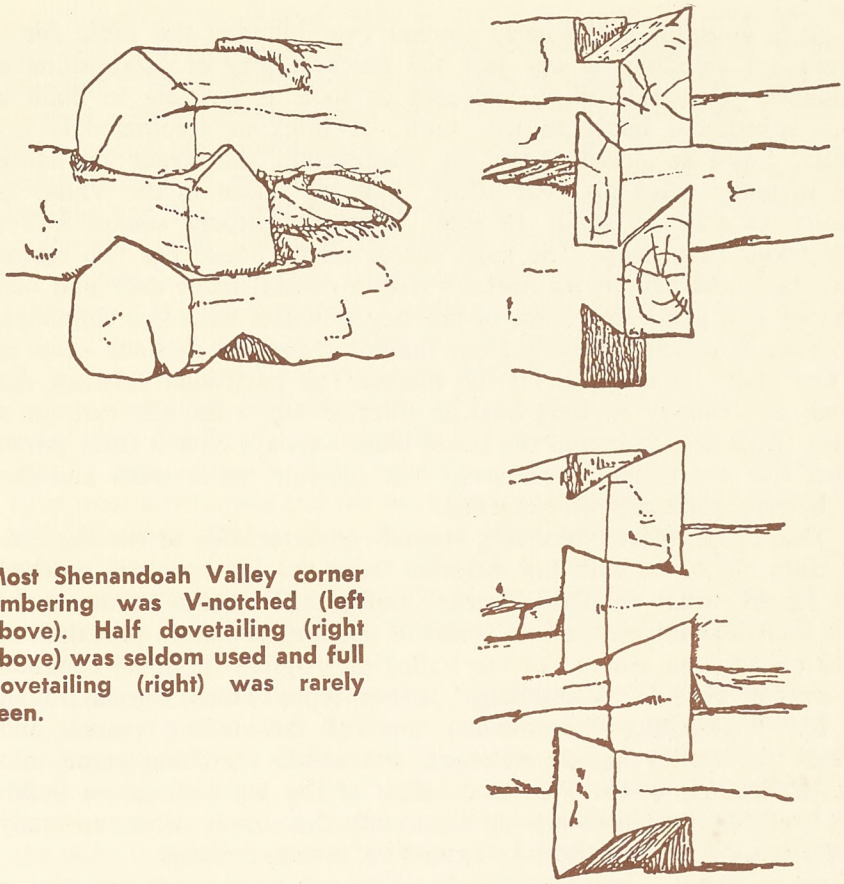
In 1730 a new land policy was instituted by Governor William Gooch of Virginia—that of granting great tracts of land in the Valley of Virginia to individual enterprisers. By this time settlers had already found most of the attractive farm lands in Pennsylvania while the flow of settlers from Germany and Ulster continued unabated. Many of the Germans had by the 1730's pushed their way across the Potomac and had taken up much of the finest land in the northern end of the Valley. In 1736 Governor Gooch gave William Beverley and Benjamin Borden two grants of 118,491 acres and 92,100 acres respectively. Beverley's land covered the area to the north, including the modern county of Augusta and the cities of Staunton and Waynesboro. Borden's land was the southern part of Augusta and almost the whole of Rockbridge, including what later became Lexington. One of the stipulations was that Borden should have a hundred families settled on the land before he could receive title. Within two years he succeeded in securing the necessary settlers from Pennsylvania and in 1739 he received clear title. Within the ten years after 1736, these two tracts were so predominantly Scotch-Irish that they were known as the "Irish Tract." Charles Hanna recorded that in 1738 these Scotch-Irish settlers had constructed 92 cabins on the Borden tract. Apparently land dispersement, or "cabin right," was based upon the settler's having built a log cabin upon the tract he claimed.

Weslager records show that during their stay in Pennsylvania the Scotch-Irishmen did not learn log construction easily. He says: "Whereas the skilled German or Swedish cabin builder was capable of hewing logs with two or four flat surfaces, and interlocking them with carefully executed notches to produce tight, square, even corners, Scotch-Irish builders, at least at first, did not possess this sophistication, and both their round and hewn log cabins were crudely notched, having wide gaps between the logs to be clinked with mud, moss, wood, and stones, just as they had caulked the stone walls of their lowland shanties." But, undoubtedly, the craft learned by the Scotch-Irish from the Germans and Swedes improved and developed to a certain degree of sophistication as is evidenced by an investigation of examples still extant in this area of Virginia.

Only recently have students of architectural history begun to look seriously at early log construction as an important form of American building. Hardly can a log cabin be called an architectural type, but as a building method it is of special significance in certain areas because of the forms that resulted from this sort of construction. Social geographers became interested in log construction (and all early folk buildings for that matter) as a way of tracing the diffusion of various ethnic groups throughout the country. As the Valley of Virginia was a key route to the west and south-west, this area is receiving special attention. Two imaginative scholars, Fred Kniffen and Henry Glassie, have been the leaders in developing a number of outstanding studies on housing types, corner timbering methods, chimney construction, roofing materials, and on and on. Hardly could anything be written on the subject today without reflecting on their several first rate books and articles.

Full dovetailing of corner timbers was used in Garst Fort House which stood on Carvin's Creek north of Roanoke.

Kniffen and Glassie are quick to admit that much more field work needs to be done on the remaining log buildings in every area. There are few places left where log construction is still employed as an authentic method for housing, certainly not in the Valley. However, farm buildings, particularly those involving the tobacco culture, are still being built of log in many sections of the South. Log construction as a modest housing form has been almost completely replaced in the South by "balloon" frame houses and more recently by the prefabricated, pre-cut, and mobile "homes."



Most Shenandoah Valley corner timbering was V-notched (left above). Half dovetailing (right above) was seldom used and full dovetailing (right) was rarely seen.

In my field work in the southern part of the Valley of Virginia, I found that the log structures built originally for housing can be conveniently divided into two clearly defined categories: log cabins and log houses. Some studies have divided "folk buildings" into square houses and the rectangular houses regardless of the construction materials, but I found this did not appear practical in the valley.

In the Rockbridge County area the log cabin appears to range in outside dimensions from 12' x 15' to about 15' x 18'. There are many exceptions, but this is average. On the whole the cabin is less well built than the house and the corner timbering methods seem to be more crude. The cabin is almost always smaller with one room down stairs and a simple loft above. The loft is usually reached by a ladder through an opening in the corner of the ceiling. In most cases there is only the front door, with one front window on the side toward the chimney. The older buildings had no windows. There seems to be no evidence of dirt floors; the fireplace levels would indicate board floors from the beginning.

It is doubtful if the early pioneer ever planned the cabin for a permanent dwelling; it was just the quickest way of establishing a residence. Undoubtedly he expected as soon as possible to build a more substantial house of log, stone, or brick to accommodate his family. Since he already knew log construction, the larger log house was in many cases his next effort. The log house in the Valley is usually 16' x 20' to about 19' x 24', appearing nearly square but a little wider than deep. The most characteristic house has two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs with a central front door and one chimney at a gable end. Some of the larger houses have two chimneys. The stair is entered directly from the front door or in some cases is a "box stair" in the back of the house. The partitions between the rooms are usually vertical boards; interior log walls are rare in a house. Both the cabin and the house almost always have a front porch which was a principal work area. The interior house walls and the porch were generally whitewashed.

One of the most interesting special characteristics of the log construction has to do with the different ways the log ends are notched and joined—what is called "corner timbering." There seems to be little known about why certain forms of notching are more prevalent in some places than others. In the Valley of Virginia the most common log ending type is "V-notching." Other types which can be found are half dove-tailing (uncommon), and full dove-tailing (rare), and outside the Valley square notching and saddle notching come into use, particularly in the Piedmont. Most of the log endings on buildings used for residences are cut flush with the corner, while on many of the farm buildings the logs extend to various lengths.

The earliest cabins generally have stone chimneys, but most of the later houses seem to have stone to the shoulder and brick above. The brickwork allowed for a neater flue as the chimney narrowed; in some instances chimneys were built completely of brick. The early German cabins in Pennsylvania had central chimneys, but this almost died out as the form moved deep into Virginia, perhaps the result of the influence from the English. There is some evidence of stick and mud chimneys, but these have long since disappeared.

In the better built cabins and houses in the Valley there is found a rather special form of chinking and daubing. Chinking is placing wood slabs tightly at an angle in the log interstices. Then the interstices were made more solid by adding a mixture of mud and lime, known as daubing. The combination of the thick log walls and the careful chinking and daubing thus made the log structures, as Thomas Jefferson put it, "warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the more expensive constructions of scantling and plank."

The primary roofing material at first was "clapboard" which is actually long narrow wood shingling. In some cases smaller shingles

were used. A "clapboard" roof is not to be confused with the New England term, clapboard, which in Virginia is referred to as "weatherboarding." Many of the exposed log sides of houses in the Valley were covered with weatherboarding shortly after they were built to protect the logs and the daubing from the weather. This has made it particularly difficult to examine the majority of the extant log buildings, but has had the effect of preserving the buildings, and today many of the very early buildings are still in excellent repair.

Anyone who has built a log cabin with a Lincoln Log set will fully understand the impossibility of adding another log room to a log cabin without tearing down the entire building and starting over. Because of the obvious need for the early builder to enlarge his log cabin, various ingenious methods were devised. The most common type is called the "dog trot" (not common in the Valley), which is two cabins side by side with a hallway between. In most cases the houses were later weatherboarded and the area between the two cabins became the hall. Another double cabin form is the "saddle bag," which is two cabins (pens) built on either side of a central chimney, leaving a small area exposed on either side of the chimney. Most of the additions to log buildings were of frame as they were immeasurably easier to attach to the original house.

Dating cabins and other log buildings is difficult because few records were kept, and as it was a "folk" form, we can assume succeeding generations built almost identical structures using the same basic methods. Most of the log buildings throughout Virginia and the South were not built as residences, but as farm outbuildings. Among the most interesting is the "double crib barn" so prevalent in Pennsylvania and throughout the Valley of Virginia.

What part log construction has in the total picture of the architecture of the Old Dominion needs considerably more study. But there is no question that it was the most important building method of the early settlers (and their descendants) in a large section of the state. The new findings from extensive field work about the methods of early log construction will be helpful in the many reconstruction projects now under way across the state. It will mean the difference between an authentic restoration and one that is carelessly done. And how much more impressive it will be to announce you have recently begun work on a "full dove-tailed saddle bag," rather than just a "log cabin."

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Mary Harvey Trigg, An Unusual Widow

by Pauline Edwards

Two centuries ago widows donned their weeds and sat quietly at home, awaiting the final trumpet call.

Not so Mary Harvey Trigg, widow of Maj. Stephen Trigg, one of the signers of the Fincastle Resolutions and one of the founders of the Town of Fincastle.

Widowed before she was 25, Mary Trigg wore the finery of the day, sat for her portrait, rode around the countryside with pistols in her saddle holsters and even traveled to Washington where she engaged in conversation with Chief Justice John Marshall.

The Trigg marriage took place July 24, 1795 when Mary was only 14. She was born Jan. 23, 1781. It was a second marriage for the groom, whose first wife was Mary Christian, daughter of Israel Christian, also one of the signers of the Fincastle Resolutions and a founder of the Town of Fincastle.

By 1806 Maj. Trigg was given up for dead, having disappeared "on a long and perilous journey by land and sea voyage," prior to which he made a statement giving his wife "the property presently occupied by Samuel Wilson as a tavern together with the household furnishings, silver, pictures, linens, etc., to make provisions for Mary Trigg in case of accident."

This was not all the widow's property. Her father, Col. Robert Harvey, prior to 1801 had built the house where she resided. This was Thorn Hill (now known as Hawthorne Hall), a story and a half house of Flemish-bond brick with 20-foot square rooms featuring handsomely carved woodwork, an arched hallway, and full-length mirrors in the recessed panels by the fireplace. At least three of the upstairs rooms had nice fireplaces. The land, before being built on, was assessed at 10c per acre—and the homeplace at $1.20 per acre thereafter.

In 1831, Mary Trigg came into other property through her father's death. His will read thus ". . . To my daughter Mary Trigg, I desire for her life the land whereon she now lives including the adjoining land belonging to me, about the title of which there is no dis-

The story of Mary Harvey Trigg and her family in 18th and early 19th century Botetourt County is recalled by Mrs. Pauline Edwards, publisher of the Altavista Journal. Mrs. Edwards' mother, the late Mary Harvey Hughes of Botetourt County, was the half-niece of Mary Harvey Trigg.

Copy of painting of Mary Harvey Trigg; original was on a board.

pute, and if that part of it which is involved in the controversy with Peck's heirs, shall be lost, my executors shall . . . give her the use of such other of my property as will in their estimation be an equivalent. . . .

"I have already given to my said daughter $17,025 in the lifetime of her husband and partly in the time since his death, including the Negroes, Ben, Emeline, Charlotte, with which she is to be charged in the final distribution of my estate."

Col. Harvey's will was signed March 25, 1831, with James Breckinridge and William A. McDowell as two of the five witnesses.

It was probably about this time that Mrs. Trigg sat for her portrait. This was a board painting of Mrs. Trigg in her drawing room with a young girl kneeling at her knees and a likeness of the artist in the background.

The artist was Harvey Mitchell, a kinsman who was born near Lynchburg around 1801 and, reportedly studied under Gilbert Stuart. A Lynchburg paper carried the death of Mitchell's wife in Charlestown, Mass., where Stuart was then living.

The original board painting (now dark with age) is in Texas and a recent owner believes that the young girl in the portrait is Mitchell's daughter. But Mrs. R. P. Hughes (deceased), daughter of W. M. Harvey of "Locust Hill" in Botetourt County, one-time own-

er of his half-sister's portrait, understood the girl was Mary Trigg's niece.

A family Bible, printed in Philadelphia in 1802 and with Stephen Trigg's name on the frontispiece, carries the birth of three children:

(1) Elizabeth Trigg, born the 23rd day of March at 4 o'clock in the morning in the (year) 1775 at Reed Creek.

(2) Fleming Trigg born the 10th of July in the year 1781 "between the break of day and sunrise at Capt. Gordon's station in Lincoln County of Kentucky."

(3) Mary Trigg, daughter to Stephen Trigg, was born April 19th, 1783 at Viny (?) Grove, Kentucky.

There is also the death of Stephen Trigg, son of Stephen and Mary Trigg on April 9, 1806, about 11 o'clock in the night in the 34th year of his age. (Was this his Bible, or one ordered by his father before setting off on his "perilous journey"?) And were the children those of the first Stephen Trigg, or of his son?

Mary Trigg's death is recorded as of Jan. 13, 1851, 10 minutes after 4 in the evening at Thorn Hill, aged 74 years, 11 months and 13 days.

This was a goodly age for that day so we presume she inherited the constitution of her father who, at the age of 60, could jump into the air and clap his feet together three times before touching the ground. Or her grandmother, nee Magdalene Woods, who lost one husband, Ben Borden Jr., of sickness by smallpox; another, Capt. John McDowell, in an Indian massacre, and married yet a third time, all the while remaining a handsome and spirited woman.

Mary Trigg had a wide circle of relatives, even in the old country. Witness this letter from William Harvey of Campbeltown, Scotland, in 1829 to her father, Robert Harvey, Ironmonger; "We have your letter of Mar. 26, 1827, which gives us a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to hear from any relation in America. It is an occurrence we never expected. This letter has been lying with the postmaster for two years unknown. . . . It was found at last by his wife who . . . sent it to a friend and it falls my lot to write you and give you what information I can about your father's relatives here."

This, the writer did at great length; concluding, "I have now given you the best account of your father's relatives in Campbeltown, I was able. I can assure you they are all honest, respectable and well doing and some of them in very affluent circumstances.

"I am much surprised you do not correspond with your Uncle Andrew's children, you both being in America. A good many years ago we had a letter from his oldest son, William. I once had his address but cannot find it now. That letter lies with some of Cousin William's family.

"If this letter comes to hand, I hope you will write me information and forward same to Mr. Kelso (Jane Harvey married a Mr. Kelso) at N. Y. and desire him to send it with the first packet that sails between Greenock and N. Y. direct to me; Harvey & Sons, Tanners, Campbeltown, Argyleshire, N. Briton, and you can let us know something about the prosperous climet and law of the country and say something about what religion is most followed after in your district and I would wish to know how many miles you are back in the country from N. Y. and I would wish to hear your opinion if you think there is encouragement for people now to emigrate to America. Some friends near think their friends left this place lately would be better at home. . . ."

Col. Harvey doubtless shared this letter with his daughter and one can imagine their smugness about the Valley's prosperous "climate." True, Fincastle was some distance "back in the country from New York", but Col. Harvey regularly made business visits to Philadelphia.

And there were cousins near by. William Mitchell of Lynchburg in 1816 wrote Matthew Harvey to bring Polly (Mary) Trigg with him on his next trip to Bedford. Doubtless relatives were more than kind to a well-to-do woman with no legal heirs!

The Scotch-Irish settlers, according to Howe's Sketches of Virginia, were "disposed to cultivate the arts of civilized life. Few ever ran wild in the forest or joined the bands of white hunters who were the link between savages and the tillers."

There was found to be a strong family feeling among a people who not only shared similar problems and often intermarried but also shared a common heritage. A heritage that, in several cases, included the defense of Londonderry.

Ephraim McDowell, first of his clan in America and a maternal ancestor of Mary Trigg, at the age of 16 was among the defenders of Londonderry.

Robert Harvey's ancestors are understood to be of this same stalwart group for Samuel Harvey was one of the apprentices who closed the gates of the city at the start of the awful siege.

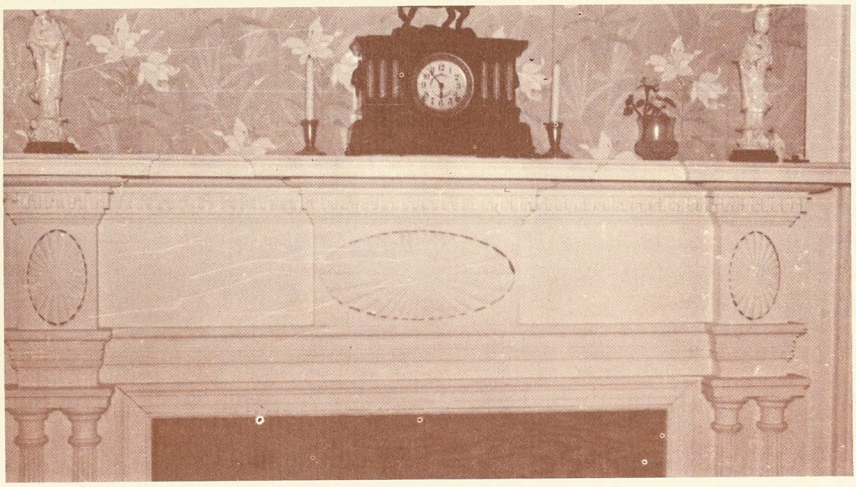
Israel Christian came from Northern Ireland as did the Moores (Robert Harvey's second wife was Nancy Moore.)

These Scotch-Irish were a hardy people and, it is said, "afraid of God, but afraid of nothing but God."

The original Fincastle church, naturally, was Anglican, but dissenters were numerous in the Valley and more than one minister found it difficult to get his salary and other benefits. After the Revolution the Presbyterian families took over the Old Parish Church in Fincastle and Robert Harvey had the letting the Glebe.

Mary Trigg was a regular attendant at this church until the

adoption of a new edition of the Psalms as a hymnbook. "So averse was she," states R. D. Stoner in *A Seed Bed of the Republic,* "that when the singing of the first psalm was announced, she arose from her pew in all her black satin and cream-colored lace grandeur, and walked out of the church never to return until brought there for her burial."



Carved woodwork on mantel at Hawthorne Hall

Mary Trigg's ability to buy satin and lace was the result of her father's enterprises, for Robert Harvey probably was the first ironmaster west of the Blue Ridge. And an iron master was first of all a large landowner. It took ¼ acre of hardwood timber to prepare the charcoal to make one ton of pig iron.

Robert Harvey had the land on two scores. In addition to patenting land himself, he married widowed Martha Borden Hawkins, Dec. 9, 1779. The bride was the heiress of Ben Borden Jr., who patented up to 100,000 acres of land on the headwaters of the James and the Shenandoah. Further, she married the first time Benjamin Hawkins, a wealthy landowner and office holder of Botetourt County.

Martha came of true pioneer stock. She was the step-sister of Samuel McDowell, father of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh and the first to perform a successful ovariotomy. This occurred on Christmas Day, 1809 as the patient lay on the well-scrubbed kitchen table in the doctor's home in the backwoods of Kentucky. The patient was transported to the operating center on horseback and she remained in the home until well recovered.

An ironmaster was a diversified industrialist, usually also owning a grist mill and a blacksmith's shop. He was a person of impor-

tance in the community, taking pride in serving in the army, but receiving exemptions for the manager and certain workmen in this essential industry. For manufacturing shot and ordnance, he received salt to provision his entire estate.

Robert Harvey took the oath of justice of the peace in Botetourt County, Sept. 8, 1789; he acted as security for the new sheriff in 1790; received a license to retail goods, 1790 and was granted leave to build a grist mill on Burden Run, a branch of Catawba, June 12, 1781, and at the forks of Tinker's and Robinson's Creeks, 1794. He was appointed surveyor of the roads, June 12, 1798, and surveyor of the highway, Sept. 11, 1798; commissioner for repairing the stocks, Aug, 15, 1799 and was recommended for commissioner of the peace, 1782.

Robert Harvey and his brother, Matthew, both locally titled colonel, were included in the list of gentlemen judges for Fincastle, Nov. 14, 1789.

The first of Col. Harvey's four, or five, furnaces was called Martha after his first wife. The Long Entry Creek furnaces were named Rebecca, for his mother and Jane for his sister. F. B. Kegley, Wytheville historian, and John D. Capron, Lynchburg industrialist and historian, have attested that this first furnace was built on Stone Coal Creek, a branch of Catawba, between 1779 and 1787. This was a cold blast charcoal furnace using water power.

In 1787, a road was authorized from Harvey's Iron Works to the south side of Lees Gap; in 1790 another road was laid out from the furnace to Craig Creek.

Cloverdale Furnace, according to Kegley, was "instigated by Robert Harvey about 1786-1787 on Tinker Creek at Cloverdale."

Speedwell Furnace (or Starkey's), Kegley says, was located "at the junction of the Trader's path with the Indian path from Caroline" on Back Creek, six miles from Roanoke. This was built in 1796 as a cold blast furnace using water power. Harvey "received" this land in 1792 and pig iron probably was hauled by oxen to Taylor's Forge and pig iron and castings were boated down the Roanoke River to the eastern markets. Capron says this was Harvey's second furnace.

In 1819 Harvey conveyed 7,893 acres of land in this area to his sons, Lewis and Henry. Henry conveyed his share to Lewis.

Dr. Kathleen Bruce in *Virginia Iron Manufacturers in the Slave Era,* states, " . . . . one Harvey as far back as the first decades of the 19th Century was manufacturing iron for quality and strength famed from Virginia to Boston, the toughest, dark-grey pig iron."

She relates that the iron was sold as high as $60 a ton, pretty reasonable in view of the fact that iron had to be hauled miles by oxen and then floated downstream.

Not only pig iron but castings were prepared for sale. William Mitchell wrote Robert Harvey from Lynchburg on Oct. 18, 1816,

"The castings you have sent I have sold to Morgan & McDaniel. Send them when you please."

Bruce again states, "In 1806 a party received from Matthew Harvey 93 bars of iron which were the purest and most malleable iron, he promised to pay what the wholesale market paid for imported bar." It is likely these bars were of the celebrated Catawba pig.

Col. Matthew Harvey was a successful business man. At the age of 16 he had run away from home and joined Lee's Legion. Married to Magdalene Hawkins, daughter of Martha Harvey by her first marriage, Harvey received a license to retail goods and took the oath of lieutenant of the militia, 1787, and was granted leave to build a grist mill, 1792.

He later built Mt. Joy near Buchanan, a 40-room mansion with columned porches on three sides and known as one of the finest of its day.

Later sold to the Andersons, Mt. Joy was burned in Hunter's Raid in 1864. At least one item remaining is a chair later given by an old Negro woman to Miss Laura Harvey, a great-niece of the builder.

One can imagine the talk around a Harvey-Trigg dinner table. Harvey's father-in-law also was an early iron manufacturer. Capt. William Moore of Rockbridge County operated a charcoal furnace on Steele's Creek near the South River. The furnace, according to Kegley, was built before 1789.

The Moores were of material stock, too. Harvey's father-in-law served throughout the Revolution as did his brother, Gen. Andrew Moore, who later became a U.S. senator, the first ever to serve from west of the Blue Ridge.

In late 1781, William Moore marched to Richmond as captain of a volunteer company. From Yorktown he marched with prisoners of war to Winchester, receiving his discharge there and finally reaching home with not over 20 of his original group.

But it was in the French and Indian War in the battle of Point Pleasant that Moore, a lieutenant of rifleman, gave birth to a local legend. He killed one Indian and knocked over another as they were about to scalp his wounded friend, John Steele.

Moore picked up Steele and carried him off the field. "There was not another man who would have done it if he could, or could have done it if he would," was the way the story was handed down.

In addition to operating his furnaces, Moore kept a store in Lexington and he is credited with stocking the first coffee in that tea-drinking town. He was appointed sheriff of Rockbridge County in October, 1795.

A relic of Moore's long abandoned furnace is a fireback, 26x32 inches inscribed: William & Sam'l Moore . . . . . A.B. (sic) 1789.

This now occupies a place of honor on the wall of John Capron's museum in Lynchburg.

When Robert Harvey died in 1831, the day of the charcoal furnace was about over (although many were reactivated during the Civil War) as anthracite coal had come into use.

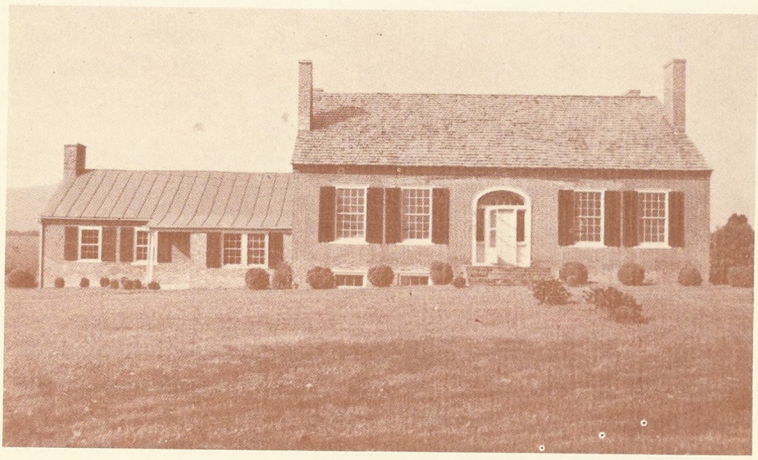
In his will Harvey directed that his one remaining furnace "be rented out and my Negroes hired if it seems advisable upon consultation with my friend James Breckinridge."

Not only was a lucrative business passing, but the Trigg-Harvey connection also was dwindling as some families died out and others moved away.

Miss Cloyd Harvey of Huntington, W. Va., a great-great-granddaughter of Col. Robert Harvey of Fincastle, is the last of her generation.

Still alert and active at 88, she recalls her uncle William (Coin) Harvey of Arkansas, whose daughter, Mrs. Halliday, was the "mother-in-love" described by actress Mary Martin in a 1953 Good Housekeeping feature. Separated from her husband, Mrs. Halliday went into the interior decorating business with the flair and determination of her long-ago Fincastle ancestor, a heritage that outweighs many a material possession!

The Harvey-Trigg home, first known as "Thorn Hill" and much later as "Hawthorne Hall," is located about one and one-half miles north of Fincastle, near the site of the old Botetourt County Fair Grounds. Tradition says its architecture was copied from that of Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason. The outside dimensions of these two buildings are approximately the same. The mansion building has recently been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. George E. Holt., Jr. of Fincastle, who are endeavoring to restore it as nearly as possible to the original structure.



Hawthorne Hall, once Thorn Hill, after improvements in 1971

Old Letter Tells of Early Society

Recollections of close ties with important early Virginians are given in a letter written almost 100 years ago by A. H. H. Stuart of Staunton to William McCauley of Salem. It was presented to the Roanoke Historical Society by the McCauley family of Salem from the papers of the late Dr. J. William McCauley, a son of the recipient of the letter.

Stuart, a prominent lawyer, legislator and Cabinet member, wrote on April 17, 1876 to accept election as "an honorary member of the Roanoke Historical Society," of which McCauley was corresponding secretary. McCauley is remembered as the author of *"History of Roanoke County, Salem, Roanoke City, Virginia,"* published in 1902 and long out of print.

That first historical society based at Roanoke College, apparently was short lived for it is mentioned only a few times in the mid-1870's in the Roanoke Collegian and Dr. W. E. Eisenberg gave one reference to the organization in his history of the first 100 years of the college. The Collegian said the organization first met on Jan. 23, 1875 as the Historical Society of Roanoke College, "looking to the collection and preservation of facts and incidents connected with the early history of Virginia and other states of the South." (Editor's note: Would that this collection and preservation had continued since 1875.) Dr. J. J. Moorman was president of the society and other officers came from the college and from Salem.

Alexander Hugh Holmes Stuart, 1807-91, was a member of the distinguished Virginia family which produced Gen. Jeb Stuart, Gov. Henry Carter Stuart, State Sen. Harry Stuart and a number of judges, legislators and others in public service.

He served in the House of Delegates, Senate, in Congress and in 1850 was named Secretary of the Interior by President Millard Fillmore. Stuart later was rector of the University of Virginia board, president of the Virginia Historical Society and a trustee of the Southern education fund founded by George Peabody.

His letter told of his father, Judge Archibald Stuart, 1757-1832, a founder of Phi Beta Kappa Society at the College of William and Mary and one of the youngest members of the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1788.

The letter:

Dear Sir:

I have had the honor to receive your letter of April 10th in which you inform me of my election as an Honorary member of the Roanoke Historical Society.

I beg the favor of you, to express to the society, my high

appreciation of the compliment which they have bestowed on me & to say to them, I am gratified that such a society has been organized in connection with Roanoke College, & that I will cheerfully cooperate with them in carrying into effect its purposes.

We of the South have, heretofore been too indifferent in preserving, in an enduring form, the history and traditions of the achievements of our ancestors, who played so important a part in the establishment of our republic. Many important papers were doubtless lost during the war; others exist in a very insecure form & many important facts have never been reduced to writing & now are known only to a few persons of advanced age, or to the descendants of those who have passed away.

I note particularly, your request that I should prepare a sketch of the life and services of my father, the late Judge Archibald Stuart, & it will give me great pleasure, at my earliest leisure, to do so.

His father commanded a regiment of Va. troops at Guilford and my father, then a student at Wm. & Mary, left college, joined the army a few days before that battle & acted as volunteer aid to Gen. Greene.

He subsequently studied law with Thomas Jefferson and was the intimate friend of Madison, Monroe & other distinguished men of that day. He was associated with them in the convention of 1788, & practiced law, for many years, with Patrick Henry. If you will turn to Wirt's life of Henry, you will find that he was largely indebted to my father for some of his most valuable materials for Henry's biography.

My father was subsequently, a member of the Va. Senate, & thus was thrown into intimate association with the leading men of that day. He was President of the Senate in 98-9, & was elected judge by that legislature. He was the Jefferson Elector for this district in 1800 & 1804 . . . the Madison Elector in 1808 & 1812 . . . the Monroe Elector in 1816 & 1820 & the Crawford elector in 1824.

He held the office of Judge from 1799 to 1831, when, upon the adoption of the new constitution, he retired.

In his old age, I had frequent conversations with him in regard to public affairs & derived from him many interesting facts.

Very Truly yours,
Alex. A. H. Stuart

The McDonalds of McDonald's Mill

by Lena Mac Gardner Sammons

George McDonald, builder and owner of the first mill at McDonald's on the North Fork of the Roanoke River in Montgomery County, was born September 26, 1767. He was his father's sixth son, but the first of his children to be born in the still-standing stone house near the headwaters of Buffalo Creek, Botetourt County.[1] George represented the fourth generation of his family in America and the first generation of his family to be born in the Colony of Virginia.

George's great-grandfather, Bryan McDonald,[2] born in Glencoe, Scotland, in 1645, came to America around 1684, bringing with him a company of twelve families, to settle a grant of land given by the Duke of York, later James II of England.[3] This settlement in the New World, known as Mill Creek One Hundred in the County of New Castle, Delaware was re-granted later under the jurisdiction of William Penn. It was from this settlement in Delaware that George's grandparents and parents came when they moved into Virginia. In the Virginia records his grandfather is referred to as Bryan Sr. and his father as Bryan Jr.

Early land records in Virginia tell of land granted to Captain George Robinson for the purpose of making a settlement near the headwaters of Buffalo Creek in Botetourt (1745) and it was apparently soon thereafter that Captain Robinson persuaded his brother-in-law, Bryan Sr., then a man of almost sixty years, and the grown and married members of his family to leave the level land of Delaware for the fertile and more scenic Virginia frontier. Virginia land surveys of the 1750's have frequent listings of land transactions involving members of the McDonald family.[4] Robert Stoner in his book, *Seed Bed of the Republic,* describes Bryan Sr.'s home by saying this "may well be the oldest standing structure in present Botetourt because more than two hundred years have passed since the death of its builder in 1757."[5] The home of George's father is also mentioned in Mr. Stoner's book and it is interesting to realize that patterns of construction used

A saga of the McDonald family, early settlers on the north fork of the Roanoke River in Montgomery County, was written by Mrs. Macon Sammons of Shawsville, a high school history teacher. Mrs. Sammons, a great-great-granddaughter of the first George McDonald, began this project at the request of a Home Demonstration Club seeking community history. She wrote about Fort Vause in Vol. II, No. 2 of the Journal.

in his father's home in Botetourt were later copied in the building of his own homeplace on the North Fork of the Roanoke in Montgomery County.

Two century-old home of Bryan McDonald Sr., on Lone Star Cement Co. property in Botetourt County

The first member of the McDonald family to move from Botetourt County into the area that later became Montgomery County was Joseph McDonald, older brother of George's father. Joseph settled on a sizeable tract of land in the Tom's Creek area near the present site of Blacksburg. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he supervised the manufacture of large supplies of powder to be used by the Continental Army.[6] The powder was made on his farm and through his ingenuity new improvements were made in its preparation. When Joseph and his six older sons were away with the Army, his wife, Elizabeth Ogle McDonald,[7] the younger children and the servants continued to get supplies through to the Army. Elizabeth, in later years, was recognized as a "Soldier of the War" by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The will of George's father, Bryan McDonald Jr., (1777) mentions land owned on the North Fork of the Roanoke.[8] This land, although not left to George at the time of his father's death, passed on to him following the death of an older brother. There is, also, a record prior to 1790 of land on the North Fork being sold to George McDonald to be included with his homeplace.[9]

Family accounts say that George came to Montgomery County as a young man in his early twenties and that his first enterprise in establishing a new settlement at McDonald's was the building of a water-powered saw mill to be used in preparing lumber for the construction

of home and business. His plans called for the building of a long race and wooden trunk for the funneling of water power to supply both saw mill and anticipated grist mill. His home, which was built prior to the stone fortification, was designed to serve for a temporary fortification as well as a permanent dwelling.[10]

George's great-granddaughter,[11] who was born and spent part of her youth in the family home at McDonald's, wrote a description of this home and of the stone fortification which stood across the roadway from the home. She did this with great and loving care, for she did not wish these buildings to be forgotten by the members of her family. She wrote,

> "The home was a sturdy log structure built on a foundation of solid limestone, measuring seventy-five feet by twenty-five feet. Its doors were of heavy oak timber that could be bolted shut in case of trouble.[12]
>
> "The windows were small and deep set. In the center of the building was a huge limestone chimney patterned after the one in Bryan Jr.'s home in Botetourt County. The home was built on two levels, connected by a staircase of about five steps. Each level was two stories high with basement rooms underneath. The lower level held kitchen and dining room with two bedrooms upstairs and the upper level had the living rooms with two bedrooms above. Running the full length of the house was a porch with wide balusters. A limestone wall was built in front of the house with several big stone steps leading down to the roadway and the yard was laid out to run an equal distance on either side of the house."[13]

Regarding the stone building, Mrs. Gardner recalled,

> "The dimensions of the stone building were approximately seventy by forty feet. The two ends were of quarried, dressed limestone and the front was of polished sandstone, similar to that used by the builder's father, Bryan, Jr., in Botetourt County. Many of the stones were of extraordinary length and thickness. One slab, used as the sill, was more than ten feet long, while others were almost as large. Considerable labor must have been put forth in securing materials. Where the sandstone blocks for the front of the building had come from, was not told to me, although I knew that this particular type of stone was not native to our immediate vicinity.
>
> "Along the front of the building were six loopholes, spaced about six feet apart, three on either side of the center doors. These openings were shaped like a V with a spread of sixteen inches at the top to permit the defenders to direct their fire in any direction without being exposed. At each end of the building were

three similar loopholes. The windows, cut high and narrow, had across them morticed slats of oak, slanted downward.

"The heavy interior timbers were of oak, with beams and rafters morticed and fastened together with strong wooden pins. The shingles on the roof were hand-made as were the iron nails that held them in place."

"In the center of the building there was an open space of about thirty feet in length. This opening was enclosed with stout oak doors and had steps on each side leading down to the dirt basement, where a space had been provided for the safety of the livestock. On the ground floor was a bold spring which ran the width of the building, emptying out into the stream some eighty feet to the rear of the building. This spring was enclosed with a high wall of limestone rock."

Mrs. Gardner had been told that the building was converted into a barn by her great-grandfather, probably around 1800. Her grandfather told her the building could stable between 28 or 30 horses, as it did on occasion for the Confederate soldiers. He thought that the fortification had been built as a precautionary measure and as a means of encouraging settlers to come into the area. His father's Uncle Joseph, on Tom's Creek, had had frequent skirmishes with the Indians when he first came into Montgomery County. Another of his father's uncles, Edward McDonald,[14] had been killed by a sneak Indian attack in Botetourt County. The first George was probably more sensitive to danger than others might have been. If there had ever been trouble with the Indians in their own area her grandparents did not know of it.

When Route 209 was built, it was necessary to blast near the old barn and the detonations caused a crack to appear in the west wall of the building. (The brown sandstone on which the road itself touched was not harmed). Harvey Black McDonald,[15] before his death in 1923, had iron braces inserted in the west wall in an effort to keep the stone blocks from slipping.

During World War II, when labor and materials were hard to obtain, the stones in the west wall again began to slip and the roof of the old building gave way to the ravages of weather and time. Repairs at this time seemed too expensive and too impossible an undertaking for Mr. McDonald's widow, then a woman in her eighties. Through her son, arrangements were made to sell the stone to T. S. Word, an attorney, in Christiansburg. In 1952 Mr. Word and his wife used the stones in the building of their home, located on the Riner Road in Montgomery County.

The first grist mill on the McDonald property dates from an order of the Court in 1794. It was located almost directly across from the present mill. An exact date of its first year of operation is not avail-

able, but family accounts say that George considered the new settlement securely established when he brought his bride from Botetourt County into the Roanoke Valley in 1803. He was then a man of thirty-six years and she a young woman in her twenties.[16]

Ruth Owen McDonald seemed well suited to be the wife of a pioneer. When George died in the winter of 1815, leaving her with five young children and a growing business to attend, she proved equal to the task, even supervising the building of a second mill when the one built by her husband was badly damaged by a flash flood in 1825. Family recollections tell that at this time water came down in torrents, rushing by the home, carrying large rocks and a great quantity of dirt. The water broke through the lower floor of the house, but the full force of its fury was given to the mill building where dirt and huge boulders, some reaching almost to the ceiling, filled the lower floor. Fortunately, the tools in the cabinet shop of the upper floor of the mill were saved and could be used in the rebuilding of a second mill in what was believed to be a safer location across the roadway from the home.

This second mill was used until around the middle of the nineteenth century at which time Ruth's son, who was only five years old at the time of his father's death, selected a new mill site and made plans for building a new three-and-one-half story mill to the east of the house. His plans called for the first story to be of limestone and the upper floors of frame. It was to allow space for a cabinet shop on the upper floor, as the other mills had done. At this same time, provisions were made for the building of a small miller's house, east of the mill.[17] George, himself then a man past forty years, made the long hard trip to Philadelphia to select the grinding stones and choppers. The stones which he purchased and brought back with him had been imported from France.

The oldest of his three sons, the third George, although still a lad at this time, amazed and pleased his father by drawing carefully calculated measurements for the balancing of the big water wheel and the master wheel.

In the days before the war, the mill was a busy place. The big water wheel was put into operation at 1 o'clock on Monday mornings and the gate across the wooden trough that cut off the supply of water was not closed until midnight on the following Saturday night. The mill served people in its immediate vicinity and some from a goodly distance. Nancy Sessler McDonald,[18] wife of the second George, often told her grandchildren of these days when once a year the big scoop wagons, pulled by six or eight horses, left for Lynchburg loaded not only with barrels of flour, each weighing 300 pounds, but also, feed, beef, hams, chickens and cheese. The wagons brought back to the farms of the valley such supplies as sugar, spices, salt, tea, soda,

bales of cotton and dyes.

Nancy McDonald also told of a neighborhood dinner held in "the new mill," honoring local boys leaving for service with the Confederacy. Her own three sons—five, nine, and fifeen—were too young to go, but among those going were sons-in-law, nephews, cousins and neighbors. In one family of cousins, four brothers were leaving.[19] During the war years, her husband's mill helped to supply flour for the Confederate Army and before the war was over two of her sons had volunteered for service.

The 1870's Nancy remembered as a time of demanding adjustments. Death came to three of her grown children: Kate, the young unmarried daughter whose cheerfulness they had depended on during the war years; scarcely a year later, her eldest son, the third George, who it had been assumed would settle at home and manage the milling business; then, before the decade was over, her oldest daughter, Susannah,[20] the mother of a family of small children.

The roadway from Botetourt County to the New River settlements, via the Catawba-Roanoke Valley, was not as popular as it had been in the years before the war. Personal and business traffic was following the new railroads being built in the valleys across the mountains. Cousins and neighbors of several generations were moving out of the McDonald's community to adventures in the west, to warmer climates in Florida and to better paying jobs elsewhere. The young people, especially, were leaving. Nancy's own two sons were among those going. Mark,[21] inheriting his forefather's zeal for conquering the frontier, went with a friend from Salem, to take up land in the territory west of the Mississippi. Harvey Black, her youngest son, left home to enter the new college that was opening in Blacksburg. Four years later, as a member of the college's second graduating class, with a degree in engineering science, he was offered the opportunity of going west to supervise the construction of railroad bridges in the new state of Colorado, an opportunity that no adventurous young man could resist.

George's mill continued in business, often extending credit that could not be collected, for cash was hard to come by and there were fewer able-bodied men to work the land. He did what needed to be done as best he could, but his first interest in those years seemed to be in planning for the building of a new community church. This "new" church,[22] which is still in active use, was made possible through the donation of land, material and labor. Its building represented a pattern of progress that George found understandable in the midst of much that was difficult for him to fathom.

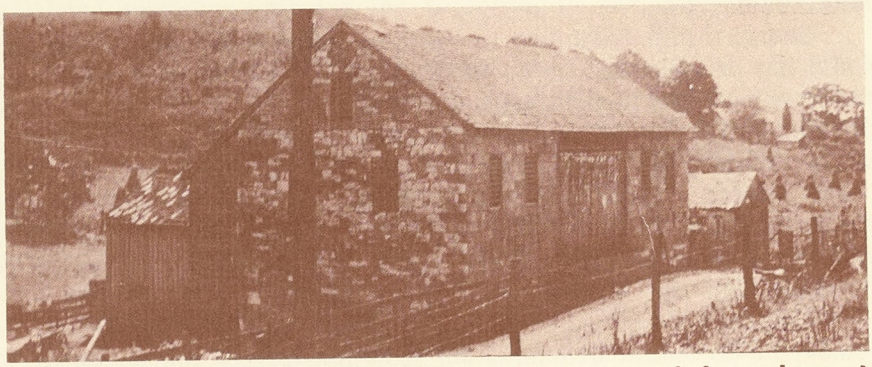
This second George McDonald, although raised a Presbyterian,[23] joined the Methodist denomination sometime before the mid-eighteen hundreds. His great Uncle Joseph McDonald[24] and sons, who have

been credited with bringing Methodism into the Blacksburg area, must have also influenced their relatives at McDonald's Mill. In the beginning, one definite factor in favor of the new denomination was its well-organized system for serving rural needs. First, there had been the faithful circuit riders and later frequent visits from ministers who were members of the Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Shortly before his death in 1886 George told his son-in-law that, for as long as he could remember, a room had been kept available in the McDonald home for visiting ministers, both Methodist and Presbyterian, and that, before the first church had been built, his mother's home had been used for both Presbyterian and Methodist services.

This same son-in-law,[25] writing a memorial to George, said of him, "as a husband, father, friend or counselor, he proved himself worthy of all the interests committed to his care. He had for fifty years been a dear lover of church literature and a constant Bible reader. To his Church, he was a liberal giver, often saying he believed in a religion that reached the purse as well as the heart."

George died in January, 1886 at the age of seventy-four. Prospects for collecting money owed by his creditors were dim. He left no will and the settling of his estate proved to be a lengthy and complicated affair. His heirs, besides his wife, Nancy, and three living children, included seven grandchildren, all under the age of twenty-one.

Legal advisors drew up plans for land division[26] and recommended a settlement sale of miscellaneous personal properties. This sale was held in 1887. Soon thereafter it became evident that a firmer family voice was needed in the control of affairs, and Harvey Black McDonald, George's youngest son, made the decision to return to the valley. This resolution to return to the family farm and milling business could not have been an easy decision for a man in his early thirties equipped, as he was by training and business experiences,



Stone barn at McDonald's Mill which furnished material for a home in Christiansburg.

to enjoy and benefit from the expanding opportunities in the fields of civil and mechanical engineering. However, once the decision was made, he seemed determined to establish a productive business.

He invited authorities in mechanical engineering from his alma mater in Blacksburg to visit the mill at McDonald's and inspect the mill's machinery.[27] Cheered by their praise of its efficiency, he next put back into operation the saw mill, so that lumber could be prepared for the building of a new home and store building. From his experiences in the Western Rockies, he had learned of the strength and endurance to be found in mule teams when pulling heavy loads up steep inclines, so he invested in six mules of his own to be used for regularly scheduled trips from the store at McDonald's to the new railway freight station at Ellett. There, via the Virginian Railway, refrigerated cars carried the produce of the mountain farms to the northern markets. In return, back to the country store came merchandise from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lynchburg, Petersburg, and Richmond.[28]

Five years later, Harvey Black McDonald married Annie Lee Early of Giles County. With her cooperative assistance his variety of merchandise expanded. Bolts of yard goods, trimmings, ribbon and patterns were added. Often "Miss Lee" would be called from the home or the Post Office to give advice.

With the installation of telephones, rural orders could be handled without delay. A call to Barrow-Penn in Roanoke usually meant that the desired article (or articles) could be shipped out on the Virginian that very day. A ride up the valley road to Ellett provided opportunity to speak to the families along the way—the Bennetts, the Milton Johns, the Browns, the Keslers and the Hendersons. And if you went in the opposite direction, across the mountain to Salem, there would be the Eakins, the John Johns, the Doosings, the Woods, the Huffmans, Thomases, Spessards and John Bennetts.

Harvey's younger daughter[29] remembers that as a child she frequently saw all available space at the long hitching post in front of the store taken up and other horses harnessed to wagons and buggies tied to the fence across the road from the store. She remembers, too, seeing the wagons loaded with wheat and corn lined up, one back of the other, in the lane leading to the mill.

Harvey took an active interest in the church and the school. His father's old home was now used only for storage purposes,[30] but his own home was always open to the visiting ministers and usually the public school teacher lived in his house. An enrollment of twenty-one students was a Virginia state requirement if a teacher was to be assigned. McDonald's Community, at times, had to draw in the five-year old pupils to meet this quota. One teacher,[31] recalling these days, told that she taught twenty-one students, grades one through seven,

Harvey McDonald family at mill in early 1900's

during the school day and after school tutored Harvey's older daughter,[32] in Latin and algebra, preparing her to enter the Methodist college at Blackstone.

This daughter, another Kate McDonald, with the same wide black eyes that could flash with fire when angry or dance with gladness when happy, little realized that when she graduated from college (1912) she would be coming back to a new and different home. Her father, on the advice of his doctor, had given up his variety of enterprises at McDonald's. He leased the store, gave more of the mill's management to his miller, John Moses, and moved with his family to a farm located between Christiansburg and Blacksburg. Twenty-six years had passed since his return in 1887.

During the last ten years of his life he made frequent visits back to the farm. Around 1916, the home and store he had built burned down. Once, for a brief period about 1919, a nephew tried opening a store in the valley. The experiment was not successful. The mill's business finally dwindled to the extent that keeping the mill doors open represented a loss rather than a profit. After Harvey's death in 1923, the mill was closed and a tenant farmer lived in a section of the old house so that someone would be on the premises.

Although the mill and farm continued to be owned by the McDonald family, no family member lived on the property for some thirty years after the death of Harvey Black in 1923. Following his widow's death in June, 1950, his older daughter, Kate McDonald McCollum, purchased her brother's and sister's interest in the place. She took seriously her responsibility of stewardship to the land. It was her hope to atone for the neglect of the past decades by selling

part of the land, but keeping the central area to be used as her own home when she retired. Her serious terminal illness prevented the materialization of her original plans. In 1952, the McDonald property on the North Fork of the Roanoke was sold, after two hundred years and five generations of McDonald ownership.[33]

1 Stone house off Route 779, Botetourt County, has date 1766 carved on a large stone in the side wall.

2 Original spelling of the name is MacDonald, shortened to McDonald in Delaware and so continued in most of the Virginia records.

3 Bryan MacDonald of Glencoe (1645-1707) served in the Scottish Army under the Duke of York, later James II. His father, Alexander, was a commander in the Army under James I. This information is based on research done by Miss Ellen McDonald and Dr. Frank McDonald.

4 Kegley, F. B. VIRGINIA FRONTIER: Southwest Virginia Historical Society, 1938; Stone Printing Co., Roanoke, Virginia; pp. 101-111.

5 Stoner, Robert: SEED BED OF THE REPUBLIC: Roanoke Historical Society, 1965. Roanoke, Va.; pp. 425-26.

6 HIGHLIGHTS OF RADFORD ARSENAL: Hercules Powder Co.; July 1955; p. 12.

7 Elizabeth Ogle McDonald was the older sister of George's mother, Susannah Ogle McDonald. The two sisters married the McDonald brothers at the Old Swedes Church in Delaware. Records of the Holy Trinity (Old Swedes) Church; Publ. by Historical Society of Delaware. 1890.

8 Botetourt County Will Bk.: Vol. I, pp. 60 and 96.

9 Kegley, VIRGINIA FRONTIER: pp. 493, 584-85.

10 Some believed there was a log fort in the vicinity that preceded the stone structure.

11 Lena McDonald Gardner (Mrs. G.W.M.) 1871-1967, daughter of the third George McDonald. Both of her parents died when she was quite young and she lived with her grandparents as a young girl.

12 Mrs. Gardner told that during her lifetime in the homes she never saw the doors bolted and seldom locked, but that her grandmother told her that they had been bolted on several occasions during the War Between the States.

13 The home, badly deteriorated, was torn down shortly after the property passed from Mrs. Kate McDonald McCollum (the last member of the family to own it) to Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Yost of Ohio (1952). Some of the materials from the old house were salvaged to be used in building a summer cottage for the Yosts, to the east of the mill.

14 Edward McDonald was killed in Botetourt County (1763). Kegley: VIRGINIA FRONTIER: pp. 284.

15 Harvey McDonald was the youngest son of the second George McDonald. He took over the management of the mill and homeplace in the late 1880's, and lived on the property until 1912. He owned the property at the time of his death.

16 George expressed in his will the hope that his young wife would not remarry but would care for the property so that it would be passed on to his children. He was especially anxious that his young sons, one five and other three at the time of his final illness, carry on the work that he had begun. Montgomery County W. B. No. 2, p. 290.

17 The miller's house stood where the present Yost summer cottage is located.

18 Nancy's father, John Sessler was one of the early settlers in the valley. Her sister, Catherine, was married to George's younger brother, Edward.

19 The John brothers.

20 Susannah (1837-1879) married at her father's home (1859) to James Slusser of Blacksburg.

21 Mark lived and owned extensive property in several of the western states before retiring in Florida. He died in Florida (1953) at the age of 101 years.

22 The "old" church across the road from the present church, probably built around 1840, became the community's first public school house, during the 1880's.

23 Jane McDonald, younger sister of the first George, was married to the Rev. Edward Crawford, an early leader of the Presbyterian Church in the Lexington Presbytery, also in Botetourt County and later on the Holston.

24 Joseph, while on a visit to Philadelphia, heard Francis Asbury, later Bishop Asbury, speak. He was so impressed by what he heard that he stayed after the service to request that some one from the Methodist denomination be assigned to visit his home community in Montgomery County, Virginia.

25 G. W. Gardner, husband of Ruth McDonald. Their home was near that of her parents. They lived in the McDonald's community until 1907, moving then to Shawsville, on the South Fork of the Roanoke, where six of their nine cvhildren had settled.

26 Land from the original holdings had been given to each of the children of the first George at the time of their marriage, prior to 1850. One daughter, who married and moved away, sold her share to the others. The other four children made their home nearby. The second land division, made in 1886, was based on the second George's portion of the original tract which had included the home and the mill.

27 The college professors expressed surprise and admiration for the sophistication of the mill's machinery and its installation, declaring it a feat of engineering and finding it hard to believe that it had been accomplished by members of the McDonald family without assistance from outside experts.

28 Harvey Black McDonald told of one family who paid for a cooking stove by selling maple sugar.

29 Annie McDonald Williams (Mrs. G. B.) of Bath County and Norfolk was about ten years of age when the family moved from McDonald's to Plateau Farm near Christiansburg.

30 Nancy McDonald, wife of the second George, moved from the old home (about 1891) to the home of her daughter, Ruth McDonald Gardner. She died there (1906) at the age of 96 years.

31 Mary Matthews Robeson (Mrs. F. L.) of Blacksburg.

32 Kate McDonald McCollum, last member of the family to own the mill property on the North Fork. Deceased 1956.

33 It was gratifying to Mrs. McCollum that the property's new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Yost, executed many needed improvements to the property.

"Long Way Home" Is Successful

by Mary B. Kegley

The New River Historical Society of Radford found out that history is not limited to meetings, tours and textbooks; it also includes the world of outdoor historical dramas. In February, 1970 the society agreed to sponsor "The Long Way Home," a play based on the capture of Mary Draper Ingles at the Draper's Meadows massacre in July, 1755.

The story is well known in Virginia history books and although the society did not seek out a manuscript for presentation, neither did it turn it down when it was presented by Steve Shelton as a possible project. He felt, as others did, that the story of the adventures of Mary Ingles in the Indian village and her escape and long walk back home to the New River settlement with an old Dutch woman was a story worth telling, this time in pageant form. He also noted that the site of the cabin where Mary Ingles lived after her return from captivity was in the bottom land of the New River west of Radford, and her descendants still owned the land and were willing that a theater site be placed there.

Much of the background work for the play and perhaps much of the inspiration came from articles written by Paul Simpkins of the Radford newspaper about Ingles Ferry and the Ingles family in and around the Radford area. Armed with all the material available, the men interested in promoting the drama, George Hillsman, Simpkins and Shelton, set out to find a playwright. They turned to Earl Hobson Smith of Speedwell, Tenn., the author of many outdoor historical plays, who produced the manuscript presented to the society for consideration.

Once the New River Historical Society agreed to sponsor the play, these persons were named to a special Drama Committee: H. C. Graybill, Radford, president of the society; Mrs. W. D. Macgill, Pulaski, chairman; Robert Chapman, Radford, treasurer; Mrs. James B. Kegley, Wytheville, secretary; Shelton, Pulaski, advisor; Hillsman, Pulaski; Mrs. Radford Adams, Radford, and Mrs. Melville Jeffries, Radford, a representative of the Ingles family. Later additions were Sam Mattox, Radford, business manager; Simpkins, publicity chairman and Mrs. Bentley Hite of Christiansburg.

The first work of the committee was to raise funds and find a director. Neither of these chores was easy but both were carried

Mary B. Kegley of Wytheville, whose article on Newbern was printed in Vol. VII, No. 1 of the Journal, is engaged in a number of local historical projects.

on simultaneously. Although money flowed into the treasury slowly, the first year's efforts were commendable.

Money was raised first by soliciting charter memberships from the general public, clubs and organizations. Shelton, Mrs. Hite, Graybeal and Mrs. Kegley told the story numerous times to encourage the sale of individual charter memberships. Certificates were issued as $10 membership fees came in. Once Richard Harshberger of Blacksburg was selected as director in February, 1971, businesses and individuals were solicited for larger contributions ranging from $50 to 1,000, even as the charter membership rolls increased rapidly.

At the time Harshberger was chosen there was no stage, no roadway, and not too much money to work with, but when word spread that the project would proceed and that opening night was set for June 17, work began in high gear.

Volunteers from Radford, Pulaski, Wytheville, Blacksburg, Christiansburg and other areas appeared to do the tasks that had to be done. Under the direction of Lloyd Matthews and Arby Phibbs of Pulaski, a stage began to take shape. Footings were poured, lumber sawed, boards nailed, a fence built and light towers erected. Under the direction of Jay Constantine scenery was painted while costumes were designed and put together by a team of 17 women under the direction of John Swope and Mrs. Becky Farmer. The site was wired for lights and sound and a thousand other tasks were undertaken by cheerful volunteers.

The director and his able assistant, Tim Ellmore of Blacksburg,

Three Mary Ingles who met at "Long Way Home" production on Aug. 14 were (left) Mary, daughter of Andrew Ingles of Radford; Miss Mary Draper Ingles, who celebrated her 92nd birthday, and Dee Huff, who portrayed the original Mary in the outdoor drama.

modified the script and held tryouts in neighboring communities. The cast was selected from a wide variety of interested persons. The pageant has more than 20 speaking parts and a total cast of 62. There was no pay involved, but still they came, willing to play a role requiring rehearsal five nights a week, and then presenting the

play three nights a week, all summer long. Most of the cast had previous experience, but some were members of the historical society who wanted to appear in their play. The youngest members of the cast are Ted and Kathy Harshberger who play Mary Draper Ingles' children. Ted is a third grader and his sister Kay is six. The oldest, Mrs. Elizabeth Gunn, is past 80. Mrs. Melville Jeffries, the only direct descendant of Mary Draper Ingles in the cast, portrays Eleanor Draper, her great-great-great-great grandmother.

The question of lights and sound for an outdoor theatre was of utmost importance to the Drama Committee. It was fortunate to find Al Shumate of Wytheville to be director of both. Experienced in the field, after working in army shows in the U. S. and Europe, he soon found the right sounds and right look for each scene. The committee groaned at the largest single expense of more than $12,000 but realized that this would make the show most memorable.

Everyone who had any outdoor activities planned for the spring and summer of 1971 will remember it as the year the rains came. Rehearsals were delayed or cancelled or moved to temporary quarters dozens of times, trucks and cars were mired in the mud before gravel was delivered, backstage received a flood for its christening before the roof was finished, and artists delayed painting scenery due to heavy thunderstorms. Graders and heavy equipment were delayed in finishing the work and they simply could not get the site ready for June 17th opening night. The cast, however, was more than ready for an audience and was disappointed when the opening night had to be postponed a week until June 24th.

While the stage and the play were being worked on, a group of "diggers" under the leadership of Graham Simmerman of Radford, was carefully moving dirt from measured squares to uncover any artifacts that might have been left in the ground by Mary Ingles and her family. She died here in 1815. The excavation was at the site of the Mary Ingles cabin which had been removed from the location about 70 years ago. Boy Scouts from Troop 345 of Pulaski were able assistants and were joined by members of the New River Valley Chapter of the Virginia Archeological Society.

A most interesting variety of artifacts came from the ground, including a wide variety of pottery, china, glass and iron and the foundation of the cabin was uncovered. Once artifacts are marked, identified, carefully cleaned and a report written, they will be returned to the Ingles family for possible display in the reconstructed cabin at the site. This is part of the long-range plans for the "The Long Way Home" drama committee.

In addition to yearly summer performances, another suggestion for the future is to revitalize the Ingles Ferry, which began operation across the New River in 1762. Except for a short period when a

Mrs. Bingamin and Mary Ingles at Big Bone Lick during Indian captivity in the historical pageant.

bridge was used from 1840 to 1864, the ferry remained in service until 1948. The theater site is within a few hundred yards of the eastern terminal. An old tavern on the west side of the River might be restored and used to welcome the passengers who crossed the ferry, it was suggested.

Area arts and crafts could be offered for sale at the theater site and Indian relics known to be in the area might be uncovered and displayed. The only deterrent to carrying out the suggestions immediately was finances.

Was the drama a success in its first year? The Drama Committee is very enthused and pleased with the results. Attendance was hampered by a great deal of cool, rainy and uncertain weather but those who came were not disappointed.

How did the critics receive the play? The first night performances of Dee Huff as Mary Ingles, Diahn Simonini as Mrs. Bingaman and Dick Harshberger who plays Pierre LeValle, were singled out as outstanding. Lights and sound were highly praised and the costumes were sparkling and attractive. The main criticism was that the third act was too long. This was trimmed and the production was improved.

Some questions often asked: "Is that the true story?", "Is that the way it really happened?" "Are all the characters real?" The answer of course is "No" for the true story has been lost for more than 200 years, and no one knows exactly how every detail of Mary Ingles' adventure really happened because she did not leave any

written record of the event. The playwright had to be imaginative and because no conversations whatsoever were available for study, the author had to be inventive. The play is historically correct in that the massacre took place at Draper's Meadows (near Blacksburg) and Mary Ingles was captured, her mother-in-law was killed, her sister-in-law was captured, her children were taken from her and one was lost to all knowledge, and the other returned home many years later. It is also true that Col. James Patton was killed and that William Ingles and John Draper escaped. Casper Barger is portrayed as a single man, when in reality he was married and had a family. The burial is portrayed with Thomas Walker in charge of the service. In reality, Walker was far away with Braddock's army at the time, and there is no record of such a service taking place after the massacre. Some accounts state Mary Ingles had her third child shortly after being captured, while other writers never mention it. The manuscript follows the first account.

It is known that French traders visited the Indian villages and sold cloth which Mary Ingles sewed into shirts for the Indians, and it is also told that Mary had magic medicine and healed many in the Indian village by the use of plants and herbs.

The old Dutch woman, in reality Pennsylvania-Dutch (German), whose real name has not been recorded, was given the name of Mrs. Bingaman for the production. It is known that she and Mary walked about 42 days in the wilderness to follow the rivers and streams back to the land Mary knew as home. Some estimate the walk covered 800 miles, others say as little as 300, but there is no way to be sure. The only thing agreed upon is that it was a miracle they both survived and were able to find their way back home. It was a "Long Way Home."

Old Communion Service Displayed

The four-piece communion set at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Fincastle, was part of an exhibition from 37 churches entitled "Church Silver of Colonial Virginia," organized and shown by the Virginia Museum in Richmond from Feb. 2 to March 8, 1970.

A pair of chalices, a paten and flagon, circa 1780-1800, were on display. They date from the original Botetourt Parish founded in 1770 and located at the site of the present Fincastle Presbyterian Church.

St. Mark's silver and an 18-piece communion service from Augusta Stone Church at Fort Defiance were the only objects displayed from west of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The Augusta service, largest colonial set remaining in Virginia, is believed to have been made circa 1760-70.

A Visit To Wythe County

Fort Chiswell Mansion has been a landmark since 1840.

In the longest tour of an interesting decade of pilgrimages, the Roanoke Historical Society joined the new Wythe County Historical Society for an inspection of iron, zinc and lead mining operations, the Shot Tower on New River, sites of the old Fincastle County seat and Fort Chiswell and a charming ante bellum brick manor house in eastern Wythe County on May 8, 1971.

Two buses from Roanoke and two from Wytheville, one of which suffered unscheduled motor failure, made the Wythe County trip. The Roanokers had a picnic lunch at Carter Memorial Wayside, a scenic park in a horseshoe bend of Reed Creek just east of Fort Chiswell. The wayside is named for the late George L. Carter, a West Virginia coal operator who had a home at Hillsville and owned the nearby Fort Chiswell Mansion property.

This three-story Fort Chiswell home, a landmark on Interstate 81 and U. S. 11 owned by Mrs. J. R. Mabe, was the first stop. Built by brothers Stephen and Cloyd McGavock about 1840, the mansion was made of 300,000 sand brick. The property, once worked by 75 slaves, remained in the McGavock family until 1918. John Montgomery, a Revolutionary War soldier and the first known owner of the land, is buried south of the house.

On a slope across Int. 81 to the north, they saw the site of Fort Chiswell, an important frontier stopping point, established in 1760 by Col. William Byrd and named for his friend, Col. John Chiswell. Troops gathered here en route to western skirmishes; the fort was a supply depot for lead, salt, corn and other provisions during the

Revolution; the Fincastle County Committee of Safety met here in 1775-76; Montgomery County's new courthouse was here in 1779 and Wythe County Court first met here in 1790. Built on land owned by Alexander Sayers, the land was sold to James McGavock, an Irish immigrant and father of Stephen and Cloyd, who moved here in 1772 and obtained a license for an ordinary. A triangular marker, now on a knoll southwest of the fort site, contains three millstones from a mill on a stream below the fort. Archeological excavation is anticipated at the fort site, soon to become the location of a clover-leaf approach to the intersection of Interstate 77 with 81.

At the old Cedar Run Furnace in the community of Grahams Forge, the early 19th century iron operations of David Graham were explained by Frederick O. Graham, his great-grandson. A kettle mold and a variety of iron products and items associated with the furnace and forge were seen on the Graham property.

On a scenic hill above New River, the buses visited the Shot Tower, now a state historical park. Built in the early 1800's like a fortress of limestone 70 feet high and with walls 2½ feet thick, the tower was used for molding of lead, carried to the top in kettles. It was poured through sieves and dropped 150 feet to a kettle of water at the bottom of the shaft near the river bank.

The lead was mined by Col. Chiswell starting in the mid-1700's, at nearby Austinville, named for Stephen Austin, "Father of Texas," who was born here. This was an important source of lead in the

Kettle mold on Graham farm was inspected on Wythe County tour.

Revolution and the Civil War. Mining of zinc, conducted by the New Jersey Zinc Co. here since 1902, was described by an official of the company for the tour.

Only a marker remains at the site of the 1773 Fincastle County courthouse near Austinville, where the Fincastle Resolutions were signed on Jan. 20, 1775.

New Books On Old Themes

VIRGINIA THE NEW DOMINION by Virginus Dabney, Doubleday & Co. Inc., Garden City, N. Y., 629 pages, $12.50.

Virginia Dabney, retired editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, has recorded Virginia's history from Jamestown to Henry Howell in one solidly researched volume valuable for all Virginians.

TRANS-ALLEGHANY PIONEERS by John P. Hale, 422 pages, $15, hardback; $7.50, paperback.

A third edition of the colorful narrative of the first settlements west of the Alleghanies and of Mary Draper Ingles' capture by and escape from the Indians has been privately published by Dr. Harold J. Dudley, 2726 Anderson Drive, Raleigh, N. C. 27608.

MEMORIALS TO SAINTS IN GLORY EVERLASTING by Jean S. Showalter, 57 pages, $1.

Mrs. English Showalter, a past president of the Society, has prepared an interesting historical sketch and record of memorials at St. John's Episcopal Church, Roanoke. Dating from 1831, St. John's, one of the oldest churches in Roanoke Valley, has had four buildings and three are gone without a trace.

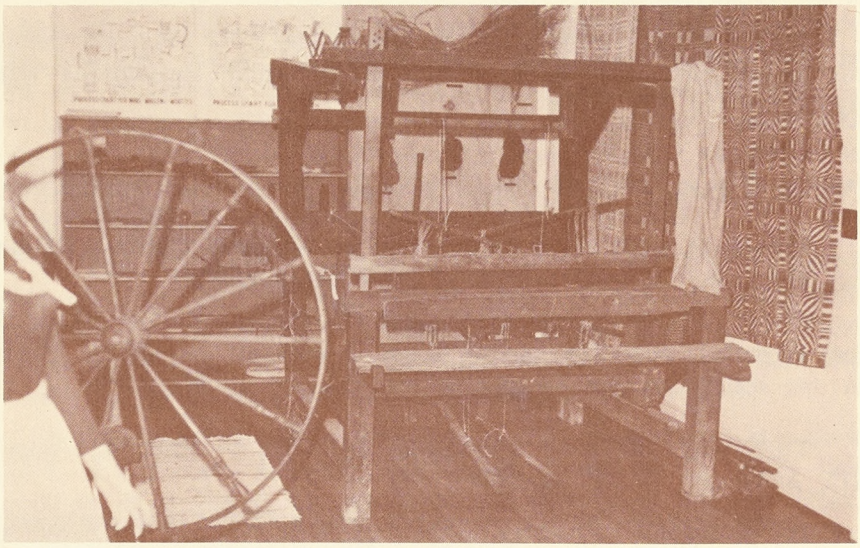
ARTS IN VIRGINIA, a magazine of the Virginia Museum, Vol. 12, No. 1, Fall, 1971, 44 pages, $2.

Contributing to a beautifully printed magazine on folk arts of Virginia were six writers and three of them—Marshall Fishwick, Klaus Wust and J. Roderick Moore—have spoken to the Society or written for its Journal. Folklore, painting, music, crafts, instruments and design are their subjects.

VIRGINIA LOCAL HISTORY, Virginia State Library, 42 pages.

More than 700 entries appear in this useful bibliography of practically all of the published local histories in the State Library. They are listed by cities, towns, counties and regions.

19th Century Crafts on Display



The Society's newest exhibit on home crafts in the mid-1800's will be seen at Cherry Hill by an estimated 2,500 children from Roanoke City and County public schools this year. A loom from Craig County was loaned by Mrs. Malcolm Eakin. Handwoven spreads and tools for flax and wool preparation are behind the loom and a wool or walking wheel is at left. An 1832 sewing machine, rag rug, appliqued quilt, woolen blanket and old dolls (left) are shown below.

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On Nov. 1, 1971, the Roanoke Historical Society had 568 members. Of these, 492 were in Roanoke, Salem, Vinton and the County and 76 were in other counties and other states. Local members are listed first; those with no address given are from Roanoke.

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Excerpts from the Statistical Gazetteer of the United States of America, Founded on and Compiled from Official Federal and State Returns and the Seventh National Census (1850), Published in 1858:

BIG LICK, p. o., Roanoke Co., Virg.; 136 m. W. by S. Richmond.

FINCASTLE, p. v. (post village) and cap. Botetourt Co., Virg.; in the Valley of Catawba cr., an affluent of James r., 137 m. W. Richmond. It contains a court-house and other co. buildings, four churches, various mills and mechanic shops, and about 800 inhabitants. Two newspapers, the "F. Democrat," and the "Valley Whig," are published weekly.

SALEM, p.v., sta., and cap. Roanoke Co., Virg.; on the N. side of the Roanoke r., and on the Virginia and Tennessee R.R., 60 m. from Lynchburg. 145 W. by S. Richmond. It contains a court-house, jail and a branch of the Exchange Bank of Virginia, Norfolk, with a capital of $100,000.

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