Reminiscences

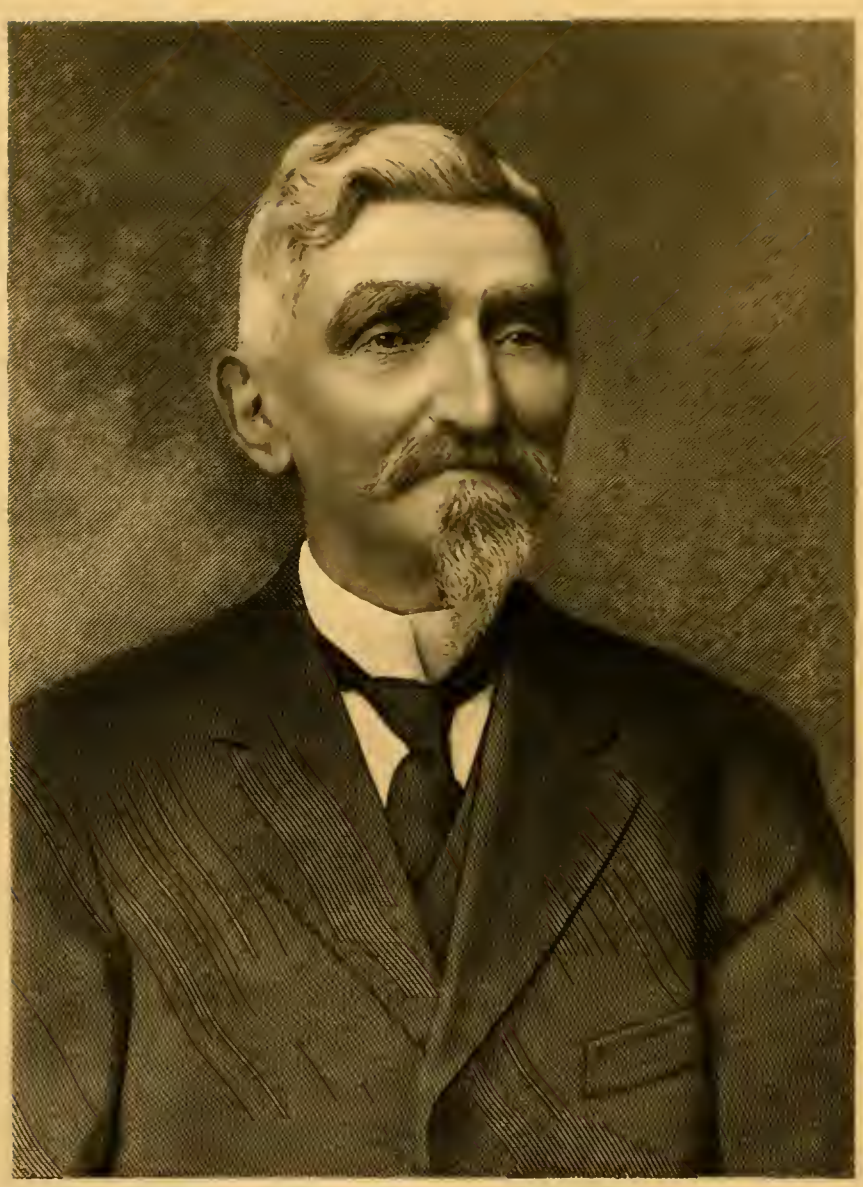
A Sketch and Letters
Descriptive of Life in Person County
in Former Days

By Alexander R. Foushee

As a sort of a co-laborer
in the fertile field of
Reminiscences my father
desires that a copy of his
little book be sent to
Mr. W. C. Bryant

W L Bryant

2/14/12.



A. R. Foushee

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By ALEXANDER R. FOUSHEE

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA
1921

1921
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Dedication

To the Men and Women of Person County; to those old friends who have wrought and toiled and grown old along with me; and to the younger generation, the sturdy offspring of old acquaintances of mine, with the sunlight of youth in their faces and the love of native soil in their hearts; I dedicate with affection these rambling notes of an old man's recollections.

AN APOLOGY

The past always has its interest whether it is the history of a nation or of a village. The old inhabitant likes to tell that he remembers when the place where that block of stores stands was a cornfield, or the site of that factory, a frog pond; and the people laugh and say, "The old man is trotting out his frog pond again." But he will always have listeners. A few years ago I wrote a letter to the Roxboro Courier *giving some reminiscences of the early days of our town. It was so kindly received that subsequently I wrote other letters until I had covered almost the whole period of the town's later life. I had no thought that these letters would ever be published in book form, and it is now being done because of requests of many friends.*

The letters as published are not in the exact order in which they were written, as will appear from the dates they bear, but are rearranged so as to follow more consecutively the times they describe, while parts of some of them have been omitted as not being of historical nature.

No claim is made that they have any great historic value except so far as a little account of the people and doings of a small community may be of worth. I shall be happy if this little volume proves of any pleasure and interest to my old friends or their children.

ALEXANDER ROUNTREE FOUSHEE.

AN OCTOGENARIAN SKETCH

An old man's memory lingers lovingly in the past. The faces of the boys and girls he knew as child and youth smile kindly and merrily to him out of the days that are no more, and he holds communion with them more familiarly than with the friends of later years. How clear and distinct the picture comes of that far day when I played as a child on the clean white sandy yard of my father with my brothers and sisters. In all there were eleven of us and I was near the middle, some older, some younger.

We lived on a fair-sized plantation of some 450 acres, on a beautiful ridge in what is now Bushy Fork Township of Person county, North Carolina. There were some negro slaves; but I remember that the real slave there was my mother "cumbered about much serving." She was ever busy, so busy at times that I really seem to have seen her little. And what with child-bearing and child-rearing and the multitudinous duties of the farm and home the candle of her life early burned out. I was but 13 years old when we laid her dear form in the grave but a few yards from the house. She was Frances Rountree, born and reared in Little River Township in Orange county. Her world included little more than the neighborhood where she spent her years as girl, wife and mother; for few traveled far beyond the environs of their birthplace.

I think with genuine pride of my father, Adnah Campbell Foushee. It may be that he knew and thought little how to approach familiarly to his children; we might possibly appear to him as incidents to the life he lived; for parents of my acquaintance then knew nothing of the modern idea of deliberate companionship of parent and child. Children were to be fed, clothed, sent to school, taught to work and to obey implicitly. Sentiment had little place. Besides, the world then was young—at least in Bushy Fork,—and my

father's farm was a secluded part of earth. The sounds of that big, far away world with its cities and its crowded haunts of men were but faint echoes there; the hand of governmental authority seldom intruded and my father was in a small way a patriarch. To his own family he was authority and protector; even the necessities of life were nearly all the products of himself, his family and his farm. And like him were his neighbors. They lived not near enough to hear each other's dogs bark.

But though I never was close to my father as a child, I know now, as I did not then, that he wrought well. What he accomplished came of his own powers, his own character. Religious, though never a church member, he called his children about him Sundays, read the Bible and under his leading all sang hymns, those hymns that led the way of Puritan Christianity into the wilderness of the New World. He was honest, pitilessly honest to all except to himself; for he gave more than the measure pressed down and running over, and he often labored for others without pay because he would not ask pay. Simple in his life; modest, almost shunning the world; really affected by attention of others, as a remembered incident of a candidate for office marking him for attention recalls to me; yet stern almost to harshness in requirements of uprightness in his children. He was withal quite competent to look after himself for by his own efforts he accumulated a good estate, reared and modestly educated his children and avoided those uncertain ventures that so often dragged men into financial losses. If in my early years I failed, perhaps, to understand him, and if he failed then to demonstrate affection to me, I am glad that in his later years he quietly indicated a certain pride in me, and I know now the fine qualities of the silent, yet level-headed man; for I believe no act of his ever was unworthy a good

man. He died in 1887, full of years, four score and six, and he sleeps beside my mother.

Simple was the life into which I was first ushered back in 1839; crude were the implements of civilization. Food and clothing were the outcome chiefly of home industry; life's needs were few and easily supplied; field and forest about my home were ignorant of sound of the steam whistle; the nearest railroad was many tens of miles away; the school house was a log hut of one room and the Blue Back Speller was a high mark in literature; the arrival of a stranger in the neighborhood was an event like a visitor from another world; of books there were few, and indeed little needed; for there were the *Bible,* Fox's *Book of Martyrs;* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* while nature with her book of fields, forest and seasons, her snow storms and her freshets ever called one to read; the teeming world beyond with cities and men was all but unknown and the noises of the world of business and of politics in State and nation drifted into that community planted in the woods like spent echoes.

The world was small, must be small; from the highest hill top, one could see on a clear day almost, perhaps, to its utmost limits and those who had journeyed far away out of the community, going fifty, one hundred or possibly two hundred miles surely must have gotten nearly to the boundary. Such were my childish ideas.

At seven years I made my entry into school, a little log building that stood over on the edge of my father's farm. Here were the neighbor boys and girls, most of whom I knew. Among them was the determined little brown-eyed girl who years after became my wife. Her father owned the farm adjoining my father's and his home sat upon the opposite hill two miles away. James O. Bradsher, of happy memory, taught the school. The school world about me was strange, and I eagerly sought knowledge here where doubt-

less it was scanty enough, but the teacher was sincere and earnest. The school room was crowded with live young folks and the teacher's task was to keep them busy. If his method of doing this was to make them all study aloud so that the hum of voices as from a bee hive was heard many yards from the school, this was because the teacher was following custom as his guide. Teaching then was not a science nor even an art. North Carolina had already then an established public school system but no schools for teachers had been conceived; furthermore all my teachers were male and one would have been considerd silly to suggest that the best teacher of the child is a woman. The patrons of the community looked around for a youth of character who wrote a good hand and gave him the job of teaching their children.

This my first teacher, James O. Bradsher, was a fine type of young man, intelligent, sympathetic and of sturdy character. I held his friendship through the years and as my first wife was his niece he was often a welcome visitor in my house. He lived to a great age, a good, gray old man, friend and counsellor of his neighbors, a sweet-spirited Christian, the head of a splendid family of sons and daughters. The impression he made upon my tender years has continued through my whole life. School sessions were brief, chiefly in the season when there was no farm work. Teacher followed teacher in quick succession.

My sixth teacher was my own brother, James. My memory loves to rest upon this kindly serious forward-looking young fellow with the gleam of ambition and hope in his eyes. To me he was like Reuben, with a sort of solicitious thought of his young brothers, such as was manifest to Joseph and Benjamin, sons of Israel. With decided tendencies toward the student, he made some name in the neighborhood. Later he attended the school of Samuel W. Hughes at Cedar Grove in Orange county where he soon

became assistant teacher. In 1855, at twenty-eight years of age, he passed away, a victim of typhoid fever. Narrow the confines of the world into which he was born; limited his opportunities; far from the stimulating influence of cities and educational centers; yet it is easy to believe that his sturdy determination and character would have broken the barriers of an almost frontier life and made him leader and thinker.

Typhoid fever that carried him off swept through all my father's family and the same year took my brother, Addison and even the bright young doctor, Samuel Jacobs, who ministered to the family at this time. It was no unusual thing for whole families to be almost blotted out by its blight. Medical science and the laboratory had not then learned the secret of the germ; nor how to fight and conquer typhoid. Religion and the pulpit afforded only the sad consolation that "It Was God's Hand." Many a young man and young woman of those early days who carried the possibilities of fine citizenship, whose intellect and character would have adorned our State and enriched our society were lost through this fell disease.

The most far-reaching event of my early life came in my fourteenth year when at Mr. Green D. Satterfield's request of my father for one of his boys to work in his store I was selected and was thrust at this tender age into the midst of strangers at the village of Roxboro, which sat upon the rugged hills in the center of the county. Here was the court house and whatever currents of the outside world swept into this hilly, secluded country eddied in the village. It saw the visiting judge and lawyer from other towns; the preacher had knowledge of far-off places; trade and business brought thither all the county to exchange ideas and commodities; the slave dealer from "down south" stopped over occasionally, and the stage coach every other day or so with the noise of horses' hoofs and bugle and

shouts of the driver plunged through the village pausing long enough to snatch refreshing food and drink and to afford sight of strange passenger faces. So different it was from the quiet farm in the forest-covered hills nine miles away, with its simple life and brother and sister playmates!

My father brought me to the village on a Sunday, January 31, 1853, and returned the same day, little knowing the homesick heart he left behind. Clad in my coarse homespun and visibly bewildered, I easily became the victim of the thoughtless teasing of the boys of the town. When one boy older and larger pushed me in derision to the ground I unhappily felt that no one was more wretched. Soon, however, came adjustments to the new surroundings and kind hearts arose to restore the even balance of thought. My mind quickly became alive to the sights and faces of this new and, to me, pulsing world, and its people and events were indelibly photographed on my young memory and I soon came to know nearly all the people of the county.

Two and a half years had passed quickly in the service of Mr. Satterfield when I, too, in the fateful year of 1855, contracted typhoid fever and returned to my home. After six months of sickness and recuperation I resumed my work of merchant and clerked for J. A. Lunsford & Brother, at High Hill in Person county, for about three years until 1859, when I entered school at Leasburg. The next few years carried me through many changes, farmer at the old home, clerk in Roxboro in the store of Hamlin & Hunt, deputy postmaster and, finally, soldier.

The decades of the 50's following the Mexican War carrying for me personally so many changes seems now, as I look back on it, quiet and uneventful enough in Person county. Nationally it was marked by great political discussion and the noise of those great constitutional debates thundered across the whole country; but in our secluded

country life the reapers reaped in the summer's sun, the fall gathered its crops and the winter drew the family circle about the log fire; there was little or no industrial or commercial progress, one felt that all things would be always the same and no one desired a change. Yet surely there was a deep undercurrent of restlessness; social and industrial life was stagnating, and young men were listening with credulity to the whispers of the West, the call of opportunity. Here, they said, the land was worn out; there lands were fertile and fresh and cheap. Scarcely a week passed but word came that some one of our neighbors had gone to Texas; there was a growing tendency to leave North Carolina for the big cotton farms and ranches of Texas and the Western States. This desire to seek new opportunities entered my father's home. First, my brother John, in 1856, turned westward to Texas and Colorado where he spent the rest of his life among those hardy sons of America who subdued the West. Thomas, in 1857, went to a Tennessee town, where a stranger and without money he purchased at $10,000.00 a tract of land and sold it the same day for a profit, and later went on to Texas where he speculated successfully in seed oats until the war called him to arms. Next, went Harvey in 1859, to Texas, where he was overseer of a cotton farm for one year, but the second year brought him home again.

Strange are the mutations of time. Of those Person boys who obeyed the Western call, many found the fortunes they sought, a few did not. It has been my lot to greet in later years many of these wanderers returned, myself almost their only surviving acquaintance and hear their wondering exclamations at what marvels of progress time has brought to North Carolina and to our county.

The five years beginning 1860 were for my native South a period of feverish excitement which penetrated to the remotest sections. At first, by the fireside, at the school, at

church, wherever neighbors met, there was much talk of Constitution, of State's Rights, of Slavery, of coercion and of resistance to the "arrogance of the North." To most, it seemed an easy task to meet any invasion and to defend Southern soil; but for some few there were concealed doubts and fears. And then came the rumor followed by the undoubted truth of Fort Sumter taken, Lincoln's call for troops in the North and the call to arms in the South to maintain freemen's rights; and the whole land was swept into red war.

Light-hearted boys, who had played their school-boy pranks, pulled the girls' hair and locked out the teacher, now put on their accoutrements of war, said farewell to heavy-hearted mothers and serious fathers, and went forth to battle. My father and his neighbors yielded their sons, and the farms were left with the old men and the women and the negroes—negroes who were the innocent cause of the deadly strife but who, to their everlasting praise, were true to their masters and faithful for four years to their trust.

My brother, Haywood, enlisted at the first call and followed the path of duty steadfast until, with his great leader, he laid down his arms at Appomattox and returned unscathed to take up again in 1865 the noble task of tilling the soil. Another brother, Legrande, died in an army hospital near Charlottesville and his dust mingles with the soil of Virginia. Still another, Harvey, died of wounds in an army hospital in Wilson, N. C., while my brother Thomas, volunteering at the beginning of the war in Texas, died of fever in a few weeks; my brother, John, joined the colors in the West and came unhurt through the fires of war. I, too, was called into the government service and served in the conscripting office and in other capacities until near the war's close I was placed in the line and sent with other troops to the defense of Fort Fisher. Many

of our neighbor boys fell; many returned without leg or arm or otherwise maimed.

The relentless hand of war swept away one-half of an entire generation of strong men. Inch by inch a proud people were beaten back to helplessness. The guns that stilled the heartbeat of gallant men, broke the hearts of Southern women, widowed them, made them childless, but did not shatter their unyielding spirit. Food became exhausted, linen gave place to cotton and cotton turned to rags, but their rugged souls fought on.

At last, leader and led laid aside gun and sword and again returned to civil life, thinking again to take up the broken thread of their lives. It meant much to have lived through such a time. No man or woman came through this period of struggle and sacrifice and sorrow who was not made finer and stronger. It was an education to the unlearned, a refining to alloyed souls; it gave sinews to flabby spirits.

When the end came, I returned to the old farm and planted a crop, worked and harvested it. The home circle had grown small. My father had married again, my stepmother bearing the romantic name of Jane Gray; my older sister, Rebecca Jane, had married Robert Anderson, a farmer in Orange county near Cedar Grove; my brothers, James, Addison, Harvey, Thomas and Legrande had passed away, the last three years in Confederate service; John was in the Golden West; I found only my sister, Elizabeth, and my brothers, Haywood and Burns, now at the old hearth-stone. I was twenty-six, in splendid health, and during that summer tilled my father's land and beheld the blade grow to fruitage in the sunny field, and felt that peace had once more come to bless me and mine. At night, after the day's tasks were done, we talked of the struggle now ended and of those who had made the supreme gift for a cause that was lost.

My tastes, however, were not for the farm; my former

experience led me again to seek the life of tradesman and merchant. There were temptations to go to Winston and to Durham, then rapidly growing towns; but in the fall of 1865, I came back to Roxboro and sought and obtained a partnership with my former employer, G. D. Satterfield. He reposed in me his implicit trust which, I believe I can say, I never failed.

I desire here to pay a tribute to this old man, also a native of the county. He was a strong man both in mind and character that manifested itself in a strong and rugged countenance. By force and energy he had builded well, and wielded a large influence in the affairs of his fellows throughout his life. He accumulated a good estate and was a man of vision, which in a large field would have made him a man of note. His wife, too, was a strong, well-balanced woman of kind heart and unflinching character. They reared a large family whom they educated as well as the schools of the day permitted. One of them, Fletcher, fell at the very front of Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. Another, Clement, was a young man of bright intellect, charming manners, and one of my truest friends. Another, Mrs. Ida Winstead, lives today to grace the life and society of our town.

The village in 1865 was little changed from the days when I first knew it, except that many of the familiar faces were gone; many of the young boys and girls were now the heads of families and there were new faces of children. I worked hard to please my kindly old partner and to gain a place in business. The customers were mainly farmers from the county, and it was my desire by industry and fair dealing to secure their confidence and I know that I gained and held their friendship through all the years. This is a great solace to me in my old age. They were good men, too, and I held for them great respect and affection.

Many of the people who had grown to maturity in the

old days, thought, the war over, things would settle back to the old ways. The slaves were free, it was true, but surely there would be the leisure class supported by large acres who would rule and enjoy the fruits of life while others would toil and labor as before. They were quickly undeceived. The end of the war seemed to have brought new ideas; the individual demanded a place and a reward no matter what was his family backing. Business of various kinds sprang up and the new men showed scant respect for social and business ideas that once prevailed. New men from families formerly of little note in the community came into power and influence and jostled the old in the way. Energy, business ability and general efficiency were the watchwords that opened the door of success now. We were living in a new world.

Perhaps our county was slower than other communities to get into the swing of the new tide of events; for we were almost a frontier. High hills east and south and hills and sullen streams north and west had always shut our people in and discouraged intercourse with other communities. Such streams as Hyco, Mayo, Country Line and Flat River were frequently flooded and impassable. The few bridges were often washed away. The roads were bad and getting worse, for adequate systems of working them had not been devised. No railroads touched our soil and more than two decades passed before the leaven worked results here and before the locomotive and the new contrivances of modern life came to sweep us into touch with the great busy life of the wide world.

The days of reconstruction did not ravage our county nor distress our people as it did other parts of the land. We were a remote community; but we heard the stories of its baleful progress and talked much about its events: the Ku Klux Klan; the killing of Stevens at Yanceyville; the struggles of Albion W. Tourgee, the "carpet-bag" judge,

who rode the district; the fanatics in Congress wishing to humiliate the South; the false ideas taught the negroes—the tragedy of it all! And there was comedy too; for did not the negroes' eyes roll white as they beheld horsemen in white drink gallons of water without stopping? Many wild stories were told and many false alarms were sounded.

About this time another change took place at the old home in the hills. My stepmother, Jane Gray, having died, my father, in 1869, married, a third time, Jacobina Milner, a good woman, who survived him many years.

I had long since become convinced that life would be incomplete without a wife, a helpmeet, and in 1869 I married Bettie Wilkerson. I smile now as I recall the joy that came to me when I received, in the midst of a busy day at the store, with customers thronging in, the letter that told me I was accepted by her. She was the daughter of my father's near neighbor, Stephen Wilkerson, likewise the owner of a large farm, an excellent and successful citizen. His wife was Mary O'Neal Bradsher and they reared a large and strong family of sons and daughters.

The choice of the wife of a man's youth determines in no small degree a man's career; her character and her capacity and her sympathy may make him stronger and better than he really is. Truly, Bettie Wilkerson was more than wife and the mother of my children; she was for thirty-five years during the period of my middle life, friend, counsellor, guide, and inspiration. Her sympathy never failed; her help never faltered; her counsel was always wise and I pause to pay my tribute of praise to her devotion to her home, her children, her church, her community; and whatever I was of worth through those years, I may say with truth, has to be attributed in great part to the young woman of my county who took her place by my side.

We were married on January 5, 1869, by the venerable preacher, John E. Montague, in her father's home amid the

hills where I had roamed as a boy. We set up housekeeping in Roxboro. Our children were three, Howard Alexander, William Linwood and James Louis. Those were happy days as we toiled together and watched the children one by one grow and develop into youths. Upon them we centered our hopes, our fortunes, and our toil. For what is the end of man's life but to project it onward into the future through the lives and well being of children and grandchildren?

With the growth of my eldest son, I began to feel a deep personal interest in securing good schools in Roxboro; for I desired my children to be educated—a feeling that was likewise shared by my wife with even deeper conviction. I had had small opportunity of education and I wished my sons to have every advantage education might give. I joined with my neighbors, particularly my friend and closest neighbor, J. A. Long, who believed the same way, and gradually under our influence, our town became blessed with good schools. I desire here to make special mention of one of the teachers, Miss Lucy Stanfield, (Mrs. George Lansdell), who was an excellent teacher and deeply impressed my own children in their tender years. She lived in my home many of the months of her work in Roxboro, for in those days the teachers were boarded by turn in different homes as part of their compensation. It was a time of great joy, both to parents and the boys, when she stayed with us. Other teachers were scholarly and patient and competent, but her name has ever been a household word of respect and affection.

There had not been a public free school in our village. From the late 60's until very recent years, the village children were taught in private schools altogether, and thus it fell to a few of us to keep our schools going. It is interesting to note that not until after the war did the woman school teacher begin her real work, since schools for boys had been uniformly taught by men. Women are doubtless the

best, the most sympathetic teachers because they understand children best, so I am inclined to think this is one of the good things the new day we live in has brought.

The two or three decades following the war saw many other changes and movements. Most interesting was the breaking up of the large landed estates that existed in the first half century of our State's history, the coming of small farms into the possession of the former renters and overseers, and more and more into the hands of industrious negroes; the rise of industrialism in towns and crossroads, and particularly the realization of the dignity of labor. It has taken a long time for men and women to learn that it is not degrading to labor with one's own hands.

During those years, there was also a great growth in the demand for more education and better schools. Temperance was a subject much discussed; societies for promoting it were organized over the county. Judge Edwin G. Reade, distinguished lawyer of the county, Congressman and later State Supreme Court Judge, was a prominent advocate of temperance and wrote pamphlets on the subject in the name of "Picklerod." In addition to this a great wave of religious fervor swept over our county. This was manifested particularly in protracted meetings, which were held for many days in succession, attended by great crowds of people. The speakers were often eloquent and powerful and large numbers were added to the churches, particularly the Methodist and the Baptist, which grew in membership and influence during this period.

An evangelist of singular power who came to Roxboro in 1879 was Mrs. Mary Moon, a Quakeress. It was during her preaching that I decided to join a church. My wife was a Baptist and since my own belief was the same, I joined that church. There were but few Baptists in the village and we built a small church on Main Street on the site where now is the Crowell garage. Religion must ex-

press itself through a denomination so I took a deep interest in the little church. Generous was the reception given it by the Methodists of the town, who formed the majority of the inhabitants. The little group grew until the church is today a strong organization with a splendid membership. I want to say that our community has never been cursed by those unhappy and often bitter denominational antagonisms that so often have marred the life of small towns, but the people have maintained, except in rare instances, that spirit of Christian brotherliness which has made religious life in Roxboro wholesome.

I cannot refrain here from paying a passing tribute to an early pastor of our church, Joseph H. Lamberth. His pastorate, beginning in 1885, continued for many years, and he lived many of those years in my home. With modest attainments as a scholar he was yet a tremendous force. His sympathies were universal and his knowledge of human nature was great. His generous nature, his kindness, his ready self-sacrifice, his fervor, his sense of humor gave him great popularity, while his courage and daring gave him influence. At one time, I doubt not he commanded as wide an influence in the county as any other man and, though he was intensely human, his influence was always for higher things. He was my beloved friend as well as my pastor. He influenced my life deeply, and laid his impress upon the hearts and minds of the youths of our county.

Fortune was kind to me and it was a great joy to me that I was able to put my sons in college. In 1885 my oldest son, Howard, entered Wake Forest College. I recall that at that time no other Person County boy was attending college. He was very young, and for me, like other men who never were privileged to have a college education, it carried a sort of mystery with it. The college man seemed like one set apart. That my son had that chance caused me great satisfaction and I watched his course with deepest

interest. I felt repaid, for he studied, was respected by his teachers and gathered many honors from fellow students. My other sons also attended college but the first joy came in him and his success naturally affected me more keenly.

In a life as long as mine there will be broken ties. In October, 1904, my wife, the companion of early years died; in January, 1906, my youngest son, James, followed her. He was a bright and charming young fellow, jovial, generous and possessed of a humor that met and enveloped every circumstance of life. He was a student of medicine and I believe destined for a useful life. In 1916 my oldest son, Howard, who had been such a pride to me, my first born, who had laid deep hold upon my heart, and whose career as lawyer and later as Superior Court Judge, had poured honor upon my white hair, passed to the grave.

In 1906 I married Miss Alice Tucker, daughter of Captain J. A. Tucker, veteran of the Civil War, who with his family had come many years before from Charlotte county in Virginia to North Carolina. The "Old Dominion," with its many good gifts to the political and social life of our country, has given none more splendid than her women, loyal to the traditions of Southland and family and devoted to all those traits of gentleness and of spirit that make up the charm of the Southern woman. If I may be permitted to say it, she who has been my companion and helpmeet these twelve years, and goes so softly and so loyally by my side in the evening days of my life, is typical of all that is best in Southern womanhood.

My efforts have been almost entirely concerned with the pursuit of private business, but in my time I served in some public and semi-public relations. I have been treasurer and at another time a Commissioner of my County and again a Justice of the Peace and Trustee of the town School. In business I have been President and am now Vice-President

of the Roxboro Cotton Mills, also vice-president of the Peoples Bank of which I am now President. For many years I had the honor to be trustee of Wake Forest College.

A backward look upon my life tells me that God has blessed me, blessed me in the county of my birth, in the friends that I have had and the loved ones who have at all times of my life been gathered about my fireside. I have played my part, small part though it has been, upon the stage of life; I have had joy, also sorrow; and I can say with the mariner of old time

> "All times I have enjoyed greatly, have suffered greatly
> Both with those that loved me, and alone."

But I can also say

> "I have lived, seen God's Hand through a life time and
> All was for the best."

I have seen great changes and they seem to me to have tended to making the world a better dwelling place for mankind. I rejoice that each change has possessed for me an absorbing interest, and years have not blunted my vision of events of this wonderful era. I have been happy in the success of my neighbors, in the development of the young men and women about me whose strength and wisdom are to bear the burdens of today and tomorrow.

It may not be improper for me, an old man, to say that I have always exerted my effort to help the advance of things that were true, honest, just and of good report; that made for the uplift of my time, as I have seen it; that I have desired the progress of education, morality and religion and for myself have set the high standard, though doubtless I have so often fallen short, so short, of reaching it, the high standard of the Good Book:

> "To do justly, to love mercy and walk humbly before my God."

My years are four score and one, the long day wanes, but

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;"

and I shall hope to find that

"The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who said 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid.'"

A. R. F.

Roxboro, N. C. July, 1920.

LETTERS IN THE COURIER

CUSTOMS, PEOPLE AND CONDITIONS, 1853-1860

MR. EDITOR:

As I am one of the older citizens of Roxboro I have consented at the request of friends to write some reminiscences of "Ye old time Roxboro and Person county for the *Courier*. I hope my readers will excuse all personal references, for I was a part of much that I shall write, and my story will necessarily revolve about my own life to a great extent. I first came to Roxboro to live in January, 1853, then a youth of less than fourteen years and was employed as a general clerk in the store of G. D. Satterfield and J. A. Lunsford and remained in their employ about two and a half years, but later went back to my father's farm, and to school at the Academy at Leasburg in Caswell county for ten months in 1859. This school was taught by Henry A. Rogers, an excellent young man, a native of Person county and afterwards a Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate Army. After the close of the Civil War in the fall of 1865 I came back to Roxboro to live and have made it my home ever since. The firm of Satterfield & Lunsford, later Satterfield & (Haywood) Williams, did the largest mercantile business in the village and county and indeed a large trade for that day. There were only three other general stores in the town, conducted by Dickens and Wright, Reade and Hamlet, and Barnett and Thaxton. There were two or three bar-rooms and one hotel, the latter being run by Colonel William R. Reade, who was also postmaster, and later mayor of the town.

We had no bank, the nearest one being in Milton, twenty miles away, where our people did their banking; the nearest drug store was also in Milton. We had no hardware

store, no furniture store, no barber shop. The boys had to shave themselves or go elsewhere to have their tonsorial work done.

There was one tailor shop, conducted by Wiles and Denny. Occasionally a "journey man" or tramp tailor would come by and put in at the local tailor shop and get a "seat of work," as it was called. The usual happening was that he would work a few weeks, make considerable money, get on a spree, rid himself of his cash and strike out for the next town for another job These men were of a roving disposition. We also had two or three wagon and buggy repair shops, two or three blacksmith shops and a brick yard.

This list includes about all the business of the town. The day of ready-made clothing had hardly come and very little of it was kept in the stores. The sewing machine had not come into use. I heard Mr. W. T. Noell, of Mt. Tirzah, in this county, say that he brought the first sewing machine into this section and, in fact, the first one to North Carollina. This, I think, was about 1854. He said people came from ten to twenty miles to see the "show."

There was no coffin shop; wagon shops and carpenters over the county made common coffins to order. When a fine coffin was wanted one went to Tom Day's shop in Milton, waited to have it made to order, and brought it home on a wagon. No hearses were known in this section, nor had cases for coffins been introduced; simply a vault was cut into the clay to fit the coffin. Tom Day was a high type of the "old issue" free negro.

He accumulated a good estate by industry and fair dealing and stood well with the white people. He educated his children up North, as it was out of the question to find schools for them in the South. He had a large furniture factory and made fine articles which found ready sale at good

prices. His furniture can be found today in many homes in Caswell and Person counties.

We had a flourishing Masonic Lodge in Roxboro, with Hon. E. G. Reade or Col. C. S. Winstead, Master, and S. L. Wiles, Tiler; but there was no church building of any kind in town. The old Cool-Spring Methodist church, a mile north of town, had become so dilapidated that in time it was abandoned and the congregation moved to town and worshipped either in the Male Academy, or in the old court house. This continued for four or five years until a church house was built on the spot where the new brick Methodist church is now located. The Academy was afterwards changed to a residence and used by Rev. W. R. Webb until his death.

At the time the writer came to town to live, the population of the town was 225 or 250, but only two people are here now that I remember being here then, these are W. E. Webb, our present Register of Deeds, and Mrs. S. B. Winstead (née Ida Satterfield), both then small children. The heads of families were as follows: G. D. Satterfield, merchant, farmer and tobacco manufacturer; Stephens M. Dickens, merchant and farmer; E. G. Reade, merchant, lawyer and farmer; Col. William R. Reade, hotel proprietor and postmaster; John M. Winstead, sheriff; William O. Bowler, harness and saddle maker; John H. Jones, farmer; Thomas Sizemore, blackmith; James M. Barnett, merchant and farmer; B. A. Thaxton, merchant; James Whitt, shoemaker; Richard Springfield, shoemaker; C. H. Bradsher, physician; W. R. Webb, local preacher and clerk of Superior Court; Ira T. Wyche, circuit rider of the Methodist church; S. L. Wiles, tailor; Nat H. Baird, farmer; Charles Mason, clerk of County Court; George B. Chambers, jailor; John C. Wiley, stage driver; Alexander Hopkins, trader; Joseph W. Nance, tobacco manufacturer; Kemp Sanders, wood workman; Horace Mason, Alonze

Bowler, Cad Hopkins, Iverson Cothran and perhaps there were a few others. All of them have passed away and live in the memory of few.

The old bachelors and young men whom I recall were: Thomas T. Satterfield, teacher; C. S. Winstead, lawyer; E. C. Jordan, lawyer; James Wright, merchant; Chesley Hamlen, merchant; Alex O'Briant, clerk; Henry Satterfield, deputy sheriff; H. S. Thaxton, clerk; James H. Woody, teacher; John G. Dillehay, tobacco manufacturer; W. M. Denny, tailor; Kemp Sanders, wheelwright; W. B. Austin, shoemaker; Cad Hopkins, Thomas A. Wiles, Louis Hopkins, John A. Baird, Alonzo Bowler, Horace Mason, Tip Hopkins, E. F. Satterfield, John G. Dickens and Henry T. Jordan.

Of young ladies there were: Misses Sue and Jennie Satterfield, Lou Dickens, Sallie Mason, Cerilda Bowler, Emily Chambers, Sallie Gallagher, Jennie and Mag Palmer and Emma Reade. Miss Mag Palmer alone survives; she lives in Durham and still maintains the charm and grace of '53.

This was the era of light-wood knots and tallow dip candles for light, of cotton cards, flax and cotton spinning wheels, hand looms, clock reels, home-spun, hand-made clothes. The sewing machine and cook stove had not been introduced. Cooking was done in ovens, skillets, frying pans and pots, over the fireplace, as in Colonial days. This was also the day of the old stage coach for the public conveyance of passengers and Uncle Sam's mail. A stage line then ran from Danville, Virginia, via Yanceyville, Milton, Leasburg, Roxboro, Oxford, to Henderson on the old Raleigh and Gaston railroad, now the Seaboard Air Line. I think the stage line was continued west from Danville to the B. & O. Railroad in West Virginia, the nearest railroad west of us. Danville then had no railroad as the Richmond and Danville and the

old North Carolina railroad had not been built. Henderson was our shipping point. Freighting was done largely by wagons from Petersburg, Richmond and Lynchburg, in Virginia. Tobacco was hauled in hogsheads to these markets and the wagons brought back loads of merchandise for the merchants. It required quite a time to make the round trip. I remember being told that wagons had been run from here even to Baltimore to haul goods.

The arrival of the stage coach in town was quite an event. People flocked to the hotel and postoffice to see the passengers, to get their mail and to hear the news. When the stage got in hearing of town, the driver would blow his bugle to announce its coming; he would then blow again giving the signal as to how many passengers on board wanted a meal at the hotel, so the hotel man could set about preparing it. The driver would change horses on arrival here and, after giving the passengers just time for eating, start right out for the next town.

As I now remember, the stage passed through town only about four or five times a week. They usually drove two or four horses, perhaps sometimes six, and carried from two to eight passengers and their baggage. No Saratoga trunks were allowed, only light weight baggage. It was very expensive traveling, costing about fifteen or twenty cents per mile. We had no kerosene oil, electric lights or telephones. Flint and steel guns were used mostly, but gun caps were coming into use. Schools were not neglected, as there were two flourishing schools here; one for boys, conducted by James H. Woody, and one for girls and young ladies, conducted by Mrs. William O. Bowler. Both were well patronized by the town and country people and from a distance. Good schools were kept up until the Civil War.

People in those days produced their supplies at home, lived at home and "boarded at the same place." Nearly everybody raised a flock of sheep. The wives and daughters

spun and wove the wool into jeans for men and boys, also flannels, blankets, stockings and socks. In fact, almost every thing worn and used was raised and made on the farm. Even cotton and linen goods were produced at home and materials also for dyeing the goods were found on the farm except a few cents worth of copperas to "set the colors." Then nearly every man who claimed to be a farmer had meat, wheat, corn and other products for sale.

At that time we had only two Superior Courts and four County Courts a year, the latter called Courts of Pleas and Quarter sessions. These County Courts were presided over by three justices of the peace, one of which was chairman. Charles Mason was the Court clerk, an office which he served for about thirty years, and C. S. Winstead was County Attorney. Ordinary cases were tried in this court, but capital cases and all cases of much importance were carried to the Superior Court. The county court clerk issued marriage licenses as a part of his duties, but kept no record of them as now. This court transacted much of the business now done by the County Commissioners. G. D. Satterfield was Register of Deeds. The Superior Court attracted large crowds; it seemed as if everybody tried to come on Tuesday of November Court which was the biggest day of the year. It was also market day for home-made chairs, flax and spinning wheels, slays for the loom, clock reels, wool hats, shoes, leather, all home production. It was also a great time for the sale of ginger cakes and locust and persimmon cider.

These last articles, cakes and cider, were made and sold chiefly by the old free colored people. Old man Jordan Martin and Nelson Cousins, whom many of our older people remember, were prominent in this line of trade. On one occasion during Court week, a tramp struck the town for the first time about ten o'clock in the forenoon during court hours, and saw a chance to steal a little bag of money

from old man Cousins' cake stand while he was making change for a customer. Some one nearby seeing it, called the old man's attention to it. Whereupon the fellow was arrested, tried, convicted and whipped at the whipping post all in a few hours. When he was discharged and was departing in a hurry, he remarked that Roxboro was the most business-like town he had found in all his travels.

In those days if a man was convicted of murder he had to "pull hemp." It was very difficult to dodge the gallows, as we then had no penitentiary in the State—had to hang him to solve the problem of what to do with him. For manslaughter one cheek was branded with the letter M with a hot iron; for bigamy the letter B was used. These letters could not be effaced and the culprit had to wear the evidence of his disgrace the remainder of his life.

Among visiting tradesmen at our Courts I remember that Gunn and Bowe, of Yanceyville, who had a large tan yard and shoe shop, attended our Courts and sold their make of shoes in large quantities. They were known to make and sell honest goods. When a boy, I remember my father bought a pair from them on the Court House ground for me.

Among the visiting lawyers at our Courts were Gov. W. A. Graham, of Hillsboro, Col. L. E. Edwards, of Oxford, Hon. John Kerr and Samuel P. Hill, of Yanceyville. On one occasion, I remember seeing the future General M. W. Ransom at Court here to defend one Joseph P. Williams—a case moved here from Caswell county—charged with the murder of his father. General Ransom lost his case and Williams was hanged. This was in 1855 or '56. Ransom was then a young attorney, very handsome and straight as an arrow, a fine specimen of young manhood.

In speaking of our courts, I recall hearing of a suit tried here between old General Chambers, a prominent citizen of the county, and some other man about a stack of

oats. The case was carried through the courts until the costs and fees amounted to about a thousand dollars. I recall also a case where a man owed another $350.00. The holder of the note refused to accept anything but coin. The debtor became angry, went all the way to Raleigh on horse back and, to spite the holder of the note, bought copper cents to the amount of the whole debt, quite a load of money, and offered it for his note. But the note holder, knowing the law, refused the copper coin, except one dollar of it, as he had a right to do, leaving the debtor in a worse fix than before. The debtor had a time of it exchanging his copper for silver and gold, which were the only legal tender, illustrating an old saying "the biter got bit."

At this time Rev. W. R. Webb was clerk of the Superior Court and John Bradsher was Clerk and Master. I don't know what his duties were, but I remember that the Judge, holding Court on one occasion, asked Mr. Bradsher where his office was and he replied that it was in his saddle bags, which he had on his arm. This caused much amusement in the Court room.

John Y. Parker, a rich old bachelor, whom a few of the oldest men of the county remember, was a prominent figure of the town for many years, just prior to the time the writer came to town to live. He was a great turkey hunter and when hunting he wore a garb to make him look as much like a turkey as possible. While he was out in the woods one day in the thick brush calling up turkeys another hunter passing near by, mistook him for a turkey and shot and killed him. This occurred in October, 1852. No blame was charged against the slayer by the Coroner's Jury, who felt that any hunter would have made the same mistake under similar circumstances. Parker, it is said, remarked that morning that he "expected some d——n fool would shoot him for a turkey."

His estate proved to be about $85,000.00 in cash, a big estate in those days. He started out a poor boy, ploughed or did anything he could find to do, at twenty-five cents a day. He was a hard worker, sharp trader and note shaver. He saved the pennies and dimes as well as the dollars and grew rich. He left his money to his kinspeople. He was buried at old Cool-Spring church, and his grave is marked by a white marble slab, as may be seen at this day.

To illustrate his shrewdness, or rather his daring, I heard Rev. W. R. Webb say that he once bought a tract of land at a public sale for 50 cents per acre. Parker found it out, and without saying anything to Mr. Webb, sold it for one dollar per acre for cash and made the purchaser a deed to it. A day or two afterward he saw Mr. Webb and bought it for 75 cents per acre. As Parker paid him and took the deed he said: "Webb, I have already sold it for a dollar per acre, made the buyer a deed to it and got the money." Mr. Webb said to him, "You rascal, if I had known it I would have had you put in jail." They both made money by the transaction, and Parker thought it a good joke.

It was customary then for candidates seeking office to "treat" to whiskey and brandy, or "spirits," as it was called then. An office seeker who failed to do this, was considered stingy and illiberal and, as a rule, not apt to be elected. I heard of one candidate for the Legislature, who "treated" to a whole barrel of whiskey at one precinct; of course, he was elected. "Up country" corn whiskey sold cheap, 25 cents per gallon delivered by the barrel. It retailed at 30 to 35 cents a gallon, 10 cents per quart, 5 cents per drink or three for 10 cents and was sold for 22½ to 25 cents a gallon wholesale. Anybody could make and sell it without license, as I remember, unless they sold less than a quart. This was a time of "free trade and sailors' rights." Merchants over the country usually kept it in stock and sold

it as they did any other goods, considering this a respectable business. Much of the whiskey was hauled here from Alamance, Guilford and other counties on wagons and peddled over the country, being sold by the quart and gallon. Both whiskey and brandy were plentiful, made on every spring branch, so to speak, by anybody who cared to do so. Yet there was less drunkenness then than at a later period under the Revenue laws. Every household kept some "spirits," to set out to visitors. Many of the ladies even would take a cup of coffee at the table "laced with the ardent" and no harm was thought of it.

ROXBORO, N. C.

September, 1914.

FARMING

EDITOR COURIER:

In my former letter, I failed to tell about the Cotton Gin used by our forefathers of two or three generations ago. It was a combination Cotton Gin, Corn Mill and Wheat Threshing Machine, propelled by horsepower, and built in a large barn with sheds to protect the machines, which were largely of wood, from the weather. This machine was made at home, but of course required good machinists to make and erect it. It was a rather crude and clumsy affair, it is true, but served a valuable purpose in its day.

It could not be moved from farm to farm like the threshing machines of the present time as it was made to fit the barn. But there were many of them in the county. Many of our older men and some of the younger ones still remember these old machines with large wooden cog wheels and machinery.

Wheat crops were small and wheat was mostly threshed out with hand flails, or trampled out by horses on the barn

floor. After this came the horsepower threshing machine hauled from farm to farm. It was called the Ground Hog. This did not clean the wheat, but left it in chaff for the fan mill to finish up by hand. Now we have the steam-propelled thresher and cleaner, which prepares the wheat for the flour mill. As for cotton seed, it was used to stop gullies, deemed of no value at all.

The custom was to cut and clear all the land possible, to burn the timber, to ged rid of it, leaving enough for rails for fencing and for fire wood. As fast as the land was worn out, it was turned out to wash away in gullies and waste land for succeeding generations to bring up again to a state of cultivation. They had not learned the art of improving the land while making a crop on it. From two to five barrels of corn was a fair crop to the acre. Now by improved methods we produce from ten to forty-five barrels to the acre, and use no more hand labor than was used then; and at the same time we improve the land while making these crops. Commercial fertilizer had not come into use, nor seeding clover nor legumes for improving the soil.

Roxboro, N. C.
March, 31, 1915.

THE FOUNDING OF THE COURT HOUSE

Editor Courier:

Person county was cut off from Caswell, which was originally a part of Orange county (the mother of counties) about the year 1790, and named for General Person, of Granville county, of Revolutionary fame. The Court House for Caswell county after Person was cut off was for a while in Leasburg, on the lot afterwards owned by the late Hon. George N. Thompson. The Court House

for Person was for a year or two at Paines Tavern, four miles south of Roxboro. During this time a committee was appointed by the Court, or Board of Magistrates, to select a more central point for the permanent location of the Court House, and the committee decided upon the present location as being very near the center of the county; besides, they found a good spring of water near by, known ever since as the "Public Spring;" this spring, which is near the rear of the Primitive Baptist church, had much to do with the choice of location of the county seat; this is a rocky section and wells of water were difficult to dig and not much in use.

The land for the Court House Square was given to the county by Dempsey Moore in 1792. The deed for the same can be seen by reference to Book A, in the Person County Register of Deeds office.

Roxboro was named, so I have often heard, by James Williamson, a native of Scotland of Angus county, who then lived two miles south of Roxboro on a farm, known a long while as the "Williamson Place," but now as the "Murdock Place" and belonging to the writer. It had one of the finest homes in the county. Mr. Williamson was a prominent citizen. He had the Scotch gift for accumulation and consequently owned many large tracts of land and many negroes. He was a large farmer and merchant, having a store in Roxboro and one at his home. He was married twice and reared a large family. He educated his children in the best schools and colleges in the country, thus fitting them for places of honor and trust. One of his sons, John Gustavus Adolphus Williamson, was many times elected to the Legislature from the county, and to other honorable places. He was also appointed by the President of the United States to a diplomatic post in Venezuela, South America. He married in Philadelphia, died and was buried there. Another son was Dr. James M. Williamson, who

lived in Memphis; another a lawyer in Alamance county; one daughter married Judge Dick of Greensboro; one married a Mr. Donahoe, of Milton, N. C.; another married James Ruffin, of Hillsboro, and the others married prominent men. Mr. Williamson died about the year 1832 and was buried, himself, both wives and daughter, Mrs. Ruffin, at the old home place near Roxboro, as their tomb stones there indicate to this day.

After the death of Mr. Williamson, this home was bought by Elder Stephen Pleasant, a prominent Baptist minister who lived there many years and raised a large family of children, many of whom were prominent in the business and social life of the county.

Roxboro was named for "Roxborough," a shire of Scotland on the English border and not on account of the rocky section in which it is located. The name has been variously spelled in my own time on maps and postoffice books "Roxborough," as well as "Roxboro."

Our county has always been, until late years, a very conservative county, rather slow in voting money for improvements, or for men to office who favored taxation for internal improvements. Several routes for railroads were surveyed through the county long years ago, one as far back as 1852, but none availed until years later.

Roxboro, N. C.
October 6, 1915.

TOBACCO PEDDLING AND ROXBORO INCORPORATED

Mr. Editor:

In my first letter, which gave a description of Roxboro from 1853 to 1861, I left out some things of interest which I might have noted.

At this time there was quite a number of tobacco factories in the county; and, in fact, over all this tobacco belt, they were almost as numerous as cross-road stores, and it seems they made money. No stamp tax nor license to manufacture it was required. A revenue officer had not been heard of in this part of the world, nor was any needed, as State and county taxes were all the revenue required in those days and they were collected by the sheriff.

Our tobacco manufacturers sold much of their tobacco "Down the Country" as they called the eastern part of North Carolina and Virginia. They ran wagons and "peddled" it out along the roads to farm houses and stores, often selling a whole load of ten to twenty boxes to one store. Many people made it their business to trade in plug tobacco the year round, and prospered at it. These peddlers usually camped by their wagons at night in town or village, often on the road side, and dealt out their tobacco by the plug or in "chunks" and found ready sale for it at big profit. As railroads were few and literally "far between" they had to return a long distance to load up their wagons for the next trip. At this time very little tobacco was grown east of Granville and Warren counties; thus the large scope of the country, even to the sea coast, offered a splendid market for this tobacco wagon trade. Good traders often loaded up for the return trip with salt fish—shad, herring, and rockfish—which found ready sale all the way back home. They thus made money both going and coming.

But the advent of the railroad and Federal revenue laws following the Civil War put an end to the wagon trade, and peddling of tobacco. Revenue laws forbade the retailing of tobacco except by local dealers who had government licenses. The sale of leaf tobacco was also forbidden to any one except dealers and manufacturers; this law is still in effect. The U. S. Government needed money with which to pay the war debt and levied a heavy tax of

40 cents a pound on all manufactured tobacco and snuff, and a tax of $1.10 a gallon on liquors. Many a poor fellow got into trouble trying to evade the tax; for the government generally got the best of it in the courts.

Up to 1854 Roxboro town had not been incorporated, and a move was made about this time to have it done. Chesley Hamlen, a merchant of the town, took the lead in the matter; a petition was got up, signed by many citizens of the village and sent up to the State Legislature then in session. A charter was granted incorporating "the town of Roxboro." There was much sport made over it by many people in and out of town; they called it "The City," and the mayor, "The Lord Mair." A mayor, alderman and town constable were elected and sworn in. Col. Wm. R. Reade was the first mayor and made a very acceptable officer. I don't remember who the other officers were. The town laws were strictly enforced for a while, which created much prejudice against the town, and no doubt injured its business to some extent.

Up to this time we had practically no sidewalks, and the streets, or roads, through the town were very narrow, only about 16 feet wide. They were worked by the county road hands and overseers just like the other county roads. Mud holes were stopped up with pine brush and poles with a little dirt thrown over them. Town lots were enclosed with rail fences except that some of them had a plank fence or paling to the front yards. Very few of the houses had ever been painted and there was only one brick house in town. This was a small house on the corner of the now Jones Hotel lot, used by Reade and Hamlen as a general store.

The new corporation by-laws forbade the sale of liquors on Main Street. Moses Chambers, however, operated a bar and sold liquor on this street in defiance of this ruling of the town Aldermen and was indicted. At the trial,

Chambers introduced a witness, an old resident, who was asked by Josiah Turner, council for Chambers, to locate Main Street. This witness said that Main Street ran through Roxboro from South Boston to Hillsboro, which caused quite a laugh in the court house at the expense of the town authorities who were prosecuting the suit. The aldermen lost the suit. This witness, by the way, was a good customer of Chamber's bar room.

In these "good old times" nearly all goods were sold on time, and as a rule, accounts were paid only once a year. Nearly everyone was good for his debts as there was no homestead exemption and all the property a man had could be sold for his debts except the family clothing and a few other articles; the chattel mortgages and crop lien system were not known, nor was a land mortgage often given; the people lived "the simple life" and a little money went a long way.

Roxboro, N. C.
January 13, 1915.

COUNTY HEADS OF FAMILIES

Editor Courier:

I have concluded to change my program for this letter by giving names as far as I can recall them of the heads of families and some old bachelors too who lived in the county during the period of my early years in Roxboro. I make the list entirely from memory; I have not consulted any record nor asked any one for information on the subject. These names are given by townships. The location of the individuals in townships may not in every instance be exactly correct, as the county was then laid off in districts, not in townships as now. But the names given are correct, as I was personally acquainted with nearly all of them and

knew of the others. Most of these men served with valor in the Confederate Armies and were splendid citizens of whom any county might be proud and posterity hold in grateful remembrance. I do not include the names of any persons who lived in Roxboro who were listed in a former letter. I feel sure that the list of names given has real historic interest, greater perhaps than anything else I might write, as it portrays at a glance a picture gallery of the entire citizenship of the county where some can see the name of ancestor or forefather and all will find the forefathers who built a civilization and now sleep in the soil of the county.

The most of these men were farmers and constituted the bone and sinew of the county.

Roxboro Township

Josephus Younger, Tinsley Brooks, Captain John Buchanan, James Buchanan, Tinsley Buchanan, Solomon Walker, John Stansfield, David W. Brooks, Thomas H. Brooks, John Lewis Brooks, Alex O'Briant, Ransom O'Briant, Albert O'Briant, Thomas Westbrooks, James Jackson, Ben Hix, John J. Ellison, Elder Stephen Pleasant, William R. Pleasant, Brown Pleasant, Reuben Long, Sr., Ratliff Long, G. C. Pucci, James Hamlen, William M. Brooks, Matthew Daniel, William W. Wrenn, Jerry Satterfield, Joseph Wrenn, Mac Humphries, Simon Gentry, Abner Williams, John D. Carver, Jackson Winstead, Jesse C. Clayton, Thomas Clayton, Jr., Hardy Clayton, Calvin Daniel, John C. Clayton, Thomas K. Glenn, Thomas Horton, Thomas Byas, Micajor G. Thomas, James L. Wagoner, John D. Clayton, Sr., Major Davis, Sam Wright, William Mann, Martin Gravitt, George Satterfield, Sr., J. P. Traynham, Jesse Monday, Bob Westbrooks, Solomon Painter, William Slayton, Draper Carver, Calvin C. Clayton, George Daniel, James Cow-

horn, Sam Draper, Henry True, James A. Westbrooks, John B. Stanfield, Martin Clayton, Talton Bowles, Benjamin Hicks, John Long, Sr., Jack Wilson, Robert Whitt, Drewey Gravitt, Madison Bowden, Allen Hicks, Benjamin Wheeler, Thomas Humphries, Richard Bowen, William A. Ellison, Garrett Brooks, Jacob G. Slaughter, John Dunn, John Wrenn, Sr., Phil Dunn, Jackson Dunn, John Bumpass, Sr., George W. Burch, Edward Forlines, William D. Satterfield, John O'Briant, Ben. Wheeler, Elijah O'Briant, Matt Nelson, Robert Daniel, Romulus Daniel, Green Daniel, John Wrenn, Sr., Grandison Wrenn, George Capril, Garrett Brooks, George R. Satterfield, Gabe Bumpass.

Holloways Townhip

William W. Humphreys, Major T. A. Yancey, Dr. James L. Sanford, William Gillis, Sr., John Neal, James W. Beavers, William W. Ramsey, Major James Street, Gabriel Bailey, Sr., Gabriel Bailey, Jr., William Pool, Elder John E. Montague, Madison Walker, Robert D. Bumpass, Sanders Day, Jas. W. Blackwell, James Walker, Dr. William Merritt, Jesse D. Walker, Baldy Ramsey, Billy Holloway, David Holloway, Robert Jones, Sr., Jack Humphries, Jones Drumright, John Baird, Sr., Dr. William Baird, Thomas A. Baird, Erasmus Wilkerson, Peyton West, Dr. Ben Wilkerson, Larkin Brooks, Sr., William T. Woody, Robbin Brooks, Thomas Woody, Solomon Walker, Wm. Link, Matt Nelson, Haywood Nelson, Moses A. Woody, Ruffin Woody, J. D. Wilkerson.

Woodsdale Township

John Rogers, John Barnett, Sr., John A. Barnett, John Barnett (long Jack), Cam Barnett, Sam A. Barnett, Ab Barnett, John H. Clay, Hugh Woods, Sr., Hugh Woods, Thos. Woods, Jr., William Baird, Sr., Charles G. Mitchell,

Sr., Elder A. N. Hall, Elder Durham Hall, David Brooks, Sr., John Brooks, Esq., Asa Brooks, Sr., Reuben Brooks, Moses Walker, Solomon Walker, Reuben Long, Stanford Long, Dempsey Brooks, Major Green, Alex Walker, John Bailey, Jesse Chambers, Martin Chambers, Josiah Carver, Col. Henry Carver, William Jones, John H. Monday, William H. Bailey, Matt Long, Richard Long, Jake Long, Dr. C. H. Jordan, Ben Chambers, Sam Jones, George Duncan, Burl H. Dillehay, Arthur Dillehay, Reuben Carver, Elder Frank L. Oakley, Moses L. Oakley, James Barnett, Sr., Robert Palmer, Major S. C. Barnett, James M. Barnett.

Mt. Tirzah Township

G. G. Moore, Dr. E. A. Speed, Julius Burton, Alex Gray, Benjamin R. Moore, William T. Noell, Alonzo R. Moore, Rev. Junius P. Moore, Rev. T. W. Moore, Alford Moore, Henry J. Montgomery, Squire Meadows, Noah H. Meadows, Granville Andrews, Thomas D. Clayton, Monroe Cash, Charles Holeman, Sr., James Holeman, Sr., Andrew Gray, David Rountree, Richard Holeman, Sr., James Webb, Moses Chambers, Sr., Griffin Jones, Elder Jesse Mooney, Isaiah Bumpass, M D. C. Bumpass, Dr J. W. Hamlett, W. F. Reade, William Gray, Hiram Satterfield, Buck Blalock, Elder A. Blalock, Henry C Sweeny, Samuel Clements, Thomas Sneed, Stephen Sneed, Alex Jones.

Allensville Township

Thomas T. Allen, Drewey Allen, James Bullock, James Snipes, John Lunsford, Robert O. Burch, John Yarbro, James W. Townsend, Frank Townsend, Madison Yarbro, Henderson Yarbro, Frank Day, Sr., John Day, Sr., Moses Hicks, James H. Chandler, Henderson Chandler, David Yarbro, Robert Beasley, Spotts B. Royster, William B. Greenwood, Woodson Lyon, William H. Thomas, James

H. Harris, Elder E. J. Montague, Henry H. Duncan, William Clayton, Jesse B. Clayton, John G. Dixon, Green W. Denny, William H. Royster, Robert Royster, Lem. G. Clayton, Solomon O'Briant, Dr. William E. Oakley, James G. Burch, W. H. Lawson, Governor Slaughter, Simon Gentry, Jacob G. Slaughter, Solomon Slaughter, James Bullock.

Bushy Fork Township

William Arch Bradsher, Nathaniel Torian, William Whitfield, A. C. Foushee, Burnel Russell, James Bradsher, John Bradsher, Sr., James O. Bradsher, Armistead Henry, John H. Henry, Robert D. Henry, Alex Gordon, Richard Gordon, William Marshall, Sidney Marshall, Ben Davis, Richard Hargis, Sr., Orval V. Hargis, William H. Long, Sr., William H. Long, Jr., George Briggs, Sr., Samuel H. Briggs, Sidney O'Briant, Elder Ingram Chandler, Elder Wells, Elder William Burns, Hasten Blalock, Hasten Rimmer, Wilson McCullock, Calvin Hawkins, Dolphin Villines, Silas Moore, Willis Villines, Thomas Villines, Nat Villines, Robert Malone, Washington Malone, John Whitfield, John Moore, Sr., B. D. Harris, John Blackwell, Dr. R. S. Baynes, Dr. James McMullen, John Mansfield, John Smith, Sr., Calvin Brown, Rev. S. Young Brown, Ransom O'Briant, George Broach, Asa Fuller, Stephen Monday, Thomas Whitfield, Sr., Thomas Phelps, Alex O'Briant, Richard Lee, James Allen, Sr., Reuben Allen, Richard Broach, John Newton, Lewis G. Stanfield, Nat Broach, Nathan Oakley, Thomas L. Whitfield, Alex Whitfield, Green W. Brown, Richard Phelps, Bently McKee, Mincey Whitfield, Edwin Whitfield, Samuel Horton, William Cooper, Daniel W. K. Richmond, William B. McCullock, William Chatham, John E. Harris, James Whitfield, Sr., Silas Moore, William Daniel, Hardy Hurdle, Bedford Hurdle, Alex M. Long, Richard Broach, Walker Davis, Sanders Johnson, W. H. Smith, James Smith, Thomas Whitfield, Jr., William

A. Lee, William Gregory, Jackson Jones, Wm. Hamlen, Geo L. Torian, Andrew Torian, Ben Javis.

Cuningham Township

Jeff Franklin, Jarrell Powell, John W. Cunningham, Thomas McGehee, Haywood Williams, Sandy Williams, Green Williams, William Williams, Joseph Pointer, Jefferson Jones, Dr. Jack Jones, Barksdale Jones, Dr. John C. Terrell, Joseph Barker, Rev. Addison Stanfield, Obadiah Faulkner, Montford Faulkner, Thomas Faulkner, John Faulkner, Kinchen Newman, James Shanks, Abner Dixon, Sam Dixon, Cary Williams, Sam Pointer, Banks Newman.

Olive Hill Township

George C. Rogers, George A. Rogers, Henry A. Rogers, Stephen Wilkerson, Obadiah Pearce, Sr., William Pearce, Carter Woods, George Tapp, Samuel Johnson, Sr., John Bradsher, Sr., William Paylor, John Paylor, Bird Paylor, Robert H. Hester, A. J. Hester, Nicholas Hester, Sr., John Bradsher, Jr., Kindle VanHook, Solomon VanHook, David VanHook, Daniel Sergeant, James T. Sergeant, William G. Winstead, Wilson Yeallock, Franklin Yeallock, Joseph Sallie, Abner Bradsher, Olive Bradsher, Jesse Bradsher, Stephen Garrett, James Grubbs, Elijah Snipes, Jerry Brooks, James J. Scoggin, Barton Woods, Joseph Coleman, Sr., Joseph Coleman, Jr., Robert Coleman, John Monday, Thomas Davenport, Lewis S. Morton, Reuben Walton, Ransom Frederick, Ben Jacobs, John Tally, Stephen Winstead, Britton Wagstaff, John Wagstaff, James B. Wagstaff, John M. Morton, Monroe Yarbro, Albert Yarbro, Rev. B. W. Williams, Camel VanHook, Col. John C. Van Hook, Charles Mitchell, Brown Pleasant, William B. Pleasant, Joseph W. Neal, Nathan Fox, Carter Lee, Billy Bradsher, Sr., Richard Bradsher, Sr., William W. Royster, John G Lee, Ambrose Loftis, Issac Satterfield, Sr., Au-

gustine VanHook, Monroe Bradsher, Andrew Jackson, Sr., Andrew Jackson, Jr., Nathan Oakley, Ab Bradsher, James Nelson, Anderson Harris, Ezekiel Woods, Dr. J. J. Thaxton, George W. Trotter, Richard Lee, John Scoggins, James M. Snipes, John C. Wilkerson, Obadiah Pearce, Jr., James T. Sergeant, Thomas Lawson, Charles Bolton, Dixon Bolton, Henderson Bolton, William Bolton, James Scott, James W. Featherstone, George W. Whitfield, John T. Nelson, J. P. Harris, Geo. E. Harris.

Flat River Township

Joseph Lunsford, Nicholas W. Allen, Allen H. Lunsford, George H. Daniel, Captain Jacob A. Loy, James H. Cates, James T. Cates, John M. Cates, John Hamlen, Sr., Isaiah Cates, Richard H. Cates, Robert Trimm, Jacob Hormer, Samuel H. Clements, Jesse A. Lunsford, Henry Tapp, James Tapp, John Trimm, James Satterfield, Sr., George Gray, Sr., George T. Gray, Alford Gray, William Daniel, John J. Rogers, Elmore Gates, Gilbert Moore, William Timberlake, Thomas C. Green, John W. Pearce, William P. Satterfield, William A. Barton, Terrell Moore, Ruffin Rhew, H. H. Garrett, John Burton, Sr., Green W. Blalock, Dudley Burton, Thomas Barton, Larry H. Moore, Isaac Satterfield, Jr., David Evans, William H. Harris, Thomas Trimm, Rev. John H. Loy, Robert R. Moore, John Jones, Stephen Phillips, Henry Burton, Larry Welch, William B. Mann, Larry Blackard, Lewis Frederick, Jesse Walker, Sr., Thos. C. Green and Dr. W. M. Terrell.

Roxboro, N. C.

Nov. 10, 1914.

TORIES AND PAINES TAVERN

EDITOR COURIER:

When I was a boy many interesting stories were told of the time when the British Army marched through our county during the Revolutionary War, under the command of Lord Cornwallis.

One of them is to the effect that, in 1781, when he was moving east from Caswell or Alamance county through Person county on the way to Yorktown he passed what is now known as Roseville, four miles southwest of Roxboro. A man living there by the name of Rose, whose smoke house was near the road side, had a large lot of provisions cooked up and put under lock and key. When the army arrived he handed General Cornwallis the key, saying as he pointed to it: "Here, my Lord, is the key to the smoke house. It is full of provisions, open it and help yourselves." This man Rose was what was called a Tory, a member of a political party that was opposed to the war, and was in sympathy with the British.

The soldiers took the provisions and went on to old Paines Tavern, two or three miles, and stacked their guns, "Flint and Steel" muskets, and spent the night in camp. A big white oak there was ever afterward known and pointed out as the "Cornwallis" tree. The writer has often seen this splendid old tree and it has not been so long since it died and was cut down. "Paines Tavern" was then a place of note, a popular camping ground for emigrants from a large section of the country, moving to the West to seek new homes. Paines, a man of some wealth, owned the place and kept a house of entertainment for the public called a "Tavern," a name perpetuated even today

This writer remembers, when a boy, seeing a few of the old Revolutionary soldiers of Person county, who had land warrants as an extra bounty given for service in help-

ing to free our country from the British yoke. These land warrants conveyed to each of them 160 acres of Western land, a quarter section. Very few of them ever went out to occupy their land, but sold their claims to land speculators.

Roxboro, N. C.

October 30, 1915.

HOGS, AN INDIAN SHOW AND COFFEE

Mr. Editor:

I have decided to write another short letter covering the period from 1853 to 1860, thus "threshing the straw" over again.

During these old times, it was not an unusual sight to see, during fall and winter months, droves of fat hogs sometimes 300 or 400 head on the roads driven hundreds of miles from Kentucky and Tennessee. The dealers drove them along the public roads from town to town, from state to state, looking for purchasers. It must have taken a long time to dispose of them even at low prices for the majority of the people raised their own supply of pork, and many of them had a surplus for sale. This will interest boys and girls of the Pig Clubs of today.

On one occasion during court week General Chambers, who was keeping hotel, finding his house full of guests and no coffee to serve could find in the whole town nothing but a cheap, shabby-looking, small grain, greenish coffee, which he parched and served. To his surprise the guests, one and all, praised the coffee and inquired the price and brand. With its appearance in mind he quickly replied that it was "seed tick" brand. This circumstance was said to have made this coffee famous and it is still sold as "seed tick" coffee.

I remember well the first show I ever saw, it was an Indian exhibition, known as the "Kashawgance Indian Company", consisting of an Indian chief, a few other Indian men, some Indian women and one small boy, traveling in wagons. As it was a bad, rainy day when they were in Roxboro, they used the court house instead of the tent. The only act of the show which I now call to mind, was that of Pocahontas saving the life of Capt. John Smith. It seemed so real to me that I have never forgotten the scene. At night the Indian chief lectured in the court house to a good crowd on the life and habits of the red men. The lecture was highly complimented. Many of our people, having never seen an Indian before, were much interested in them, espeially in the little boy.

The first animal circus and show the writer ever saw was on the lot near the place where the Methodist church now stands. This was Robinson & Eldrids Exhibition and the act that made the most lasting impression on me was that of a lady putting her head in a lion's mouth, a very silly and foolish act. This was considered a great show.

Roxboro, N. C.
February 3, 1915.

PREACHERS OF MY EARLY LIFE

Editor Courier:

Having been requested by a granddaughter of one of the old pioneer preachers of this county to give the preachers of my early life a writing, this I will attempt to do, giving a list of their names as I remember them, as well as the denomination to which they belonged.

As the Primitive Baptists were the first preachers whose services I attended I will give their names first. They were: Elders Ingram Chandler, John Stadler, William

Burns, Elder Wells (a blind preacher), Hensley, Andrew N. Hall and Durham Hall his father, David R. Moore, James J. Scoggins, George T. Coggin, R. D. Hart, John H. Daniel, Ross, Bell, Drewry Seit, Dameron, P. D. Gold, L. I. Bodenheimer and C. B. Hassell. Elder John Stadler was considered by his people one of the greatest preachers of his time and had a large following. Elder A. N. Hall, who was pastor of churches in this county for more than fifty years, was a great preacher, highly esteemed, not only by his own churches and people, but by the people in general, both in this and other counties. Several of these preachers lived in the eastern part of the State but made preaching tours up the country as far as this and other sections west of us.

The Missionary Baptist preachers whom I remember in the "long ago" were: Elders James King, Stephen Pleasant, Brown, John E. Montague, Elias Dodson, F. M. Jordan, Elder Waitte, J. J. James, Poindexter (of Virginia), Robert Jones and John Mitchell, J. D. Huffham, Dr. Wm. Oakley, and Sam Mason. Some of these were considered great preachers. One of them, Elder F. M. Jordan, has been preaching more than sixty years. Elder Dodson was an eccentric brother, and traveled most of his life as agent for missions, especially "Indian Missions," which was his great hobby. Many of the older people remember him well at this late day.

The Methodist ministers whom I remember in early and middle life, were: Revs. Ira T. Wyche, Alford Norman, Jas. Jamieson, Benj. M. Williams, J. P. Moore, T. W. Moore, Jas. Reid, Fletcher Reid, William M. Jordon, P. W. Archer, Lewis, S. S. Bryant, T. A. Boone, Jas. H. Brent, W. R. Webb, H. H. Gibbons, W. E. Pell, Tillett, A. W. Mangum, and Jesse Page. Many of these men were eminent preachers.

The next in point of numbers are the Presbyterians, who had but a small following in the county and still have

only one or two churches: Revs. Addison Stanfield, who lived in the county, Hines, of Milton, and T. U. Faucett, of Orange county, held services in the Court House or in the Methodist church in Roxboro at stated times. This was before the Presbyterian church was built.

The Episcopalians had only one church in the county, Cunningham's Chapel.

The first sermon I remember to have heard was at old Wheeler's Church near Gordonton. Though a small boy I recall many circumstances connected with my trip there, and what I saw on the way. The greatest thing was the sight of the Gordon residence, which was new and had just been painted snowy white. This being the first white house I had seen it made a lasting impression on my young mind. I thought then this must be a heaven below, and that no care or trouble could enter its white walls. The preacher on this occasion was Elder Ingram Chandler, then a popular Primitive Baptist pastor. I still remember some of the people whom I saw there, and the manner of the preaching, singing and the good attention to the preaching by the congregation. I thought then that all church members had a passport to Glory land.

Roxboro, N. C.
December 15, 1915.

ANOTHER PREACHER AND LEASBURG

Editor Courier:

In my last letter I wrote of the preachers of the various denominations who served in this county during my boyhood days and middle life, but I overlooked the names of some, among whom was Rev. Solomon Lea, of Leasburg, who spent his life in school work and preaching the gospel in Person and Caswell counties. He was the first president

of Greensboro Female College, but resigned this position and established the "Summerville Institute" for girls and young ladies at Leasburg, in Caswell county, which he kept up until the time of his death in 1896.

Mr. Lea did a great work for the cause of education to which a great many ladies now living can testify. This school was patronized by Caswell, Rockingham, Person, Orange and other counties in North Carolina, and by Halifax, Pittsylvania and other counties in Virginia. It was in a great measure the life of the town socially and otherwise. No one has ever been found to fill the gap caused by the death of this good, sweet-spirited, useful man. Leasburg must have been a very healthful town, as it was noted for its old citizens, many living to be upward of 80 and some very near to 100 years of age.

Other preachers omitted were Elders Jesse Mooney, Q. A. Ward and J. P. Tingen, of the Primitive Baptist faith. These have all, except one, passed to their reward.

Roxboro, N. C.

January 5, 1916.

EARLY TEACHERS AND LEASBURG

Mr. Editor:

In this letter I shall give a list of the school teachers of my early years.

My first teacher was Mr. James O. Bradsher, my next was Major Burnel Russell, next in order were William Whitfield, Franklin Yeallock, Moore W. Dollahite, James R. Foushee, my oldest brother, and Col. Henry A. Rogers. Colonel Rogers taught the last school which I attended. This was in 1859, in the old brick Academy in Leasburg, near the town cemetery. Colonel Rogers had quite a large school of boys and young men, who taxed his time and

patience to a high degree, as he had a house full and no assistant in the work. I can't, at this late day, see how he managed to get through it so well, giving general satisfaction to the boys and patrons of the school. Of all this crowd of boys who attended the school, there are but three or four now living that I am aware of. One of this number is my friend C. M. G. Wagstaff, of the Concord section of this county (died since letter was written).

I remember that old Mr. William Lea had a fine orchard of apples near the Academy to which the boys gave special attention; we appropriated our full share of fruit without "leave or license."

Leasburg then had a population of 300 or 350 including two schools, who were as good people as could be found anywhere. Situated near the Person line most of the families living there were either from Person county or closely related by marriage or other ties to the Person people. The school patronage was largely from this county. For a town of its size, it had a large trade, having several stores of good size for that day, run by popular merchants; it had also wood shops, blacksmith, harness and saddle shops, a hotel, a tailor shop, a shoe shop, a picture gallery, tan yard, besides the two large schools.

Leasburg produced many men of note, among them was Hon. Jacob Thompson, member of President Buchanan's cabinet, also of President Davis' cabinet of the Confederate States. It was claimed by some people that in surveying the line between Caswell and Person for a division, Leasburg ought to have been given to Person county by right.

The other teachers in this county whom I remember were Wilson Yeallock, Thomas J. Farrar, Hosea A. Carver, Henry J. Montgomery, Thomas T. Satterfield, James H. Woody, John M. Morton, James L. Wagoner, Samuel H. Horton, Q. A. Ward, Geo. M. Bradsher, Samuel Jacobs,

Jones Drumright, Parham O'Briant, Mrs. W. O. Bowler, and later on were Miss Corinna Bradsher, Mrs. Bettie Brooks, Miss Sarah Gallagher, John W. Coleman, James Bradsher, Jr., John A. Bailey, Miss Brock Satterfield, Samuel Y. Brown, Obadiah Faulkner, Robert Jones, and W. T. Blackwell. Mrs. Richard Gordon also taught a select school for young ladies at Gordonton. Elder T. J. Horner established and taught a school at Bethel Hill for many years, which was re-established about 1888 and continued on a much larger scale by Rev. J. A. Beam until the school buildings and residences were burned at a great loss to him, as well as to the whole county. Mr. Beam and his good wife did a great work in promoting this school so long, more for the good of others than for themselves, except in the satisfaction of having given the helping hand to hundreds of young men and young women. All of these teachers, except four or five, have passed from the stage of action, leaving their imprint for good on the generations following them.

Roxboro, N. C.

January 10, 1916.

THE DOCTORS

Mr. Editor:

In this letter I shall speak of the physicians who practiced their profession in this county when I was a youth and during my middle life.

I planned to do this many weeks ago but was delayed on account of the great calamity which has crossed my pathway recently in the death of my oldest son, Howard, who has fallen in the midst of his young manhood and usefulness, and whom I had hoped to have to lean on for comfort and advice in my declining years. For a long time

after this sad occurrence I felt very little like writing or doing anything else.

These are the names of the doctors as I remember them: The first one I think of was James McMullen, my father's family physician, away back in 1846. Then come Doctors Durham; Gibson; James Lea, of Leasburg; C. H. Bradsher, "Old Prac" as everybody called him, a very popular physician, with a large practice all over the county; C. H. Jordan; John C. Terrell; Cook; R. C. Baynes; Sam Jacobs; J. J. Thaxton; J. A. Stanfield, of Leasburg; J. L. Sanford; William I. Jordan; Dr. Brooks, of Milton; William Strudwick, of Hillsboro; J. W. Hamlett, Richard Marable; John H. Edwards; Currie Barnett; and later on, come Drs. W. M. Terrell; John B. Bradsher; Thomas Oakley; Bob Hester; E. J. Robertson; Jake Thompson, of Leasburg; and E. A. Speed. All these have passed away and their places are filled by others who have adopted great changes in the manner of treatment of the diseases of the human body, but no improvement in their devotion to science and the good of their fellowmen.

It was then the custom to wrap fever patients in blankets, even in hot weather; now the patient is put in ice to reduce fever. In former times they even bled for many diseases, which practice has now been entirely abandoned. It is said that George Washington in his last sickness was literally bled to death, in order to cure him.

The doctor used to carry his drug store in his saddle bags, prescribe for the patient and compound the medicine on the spot. At that time, we must remember, drug stores were few and usually miles away, our nearest being distant twenty to thirty miles, at Milton, Hillsboro, Oxford or Raleigh.

Roxboro, N. C.
March 1, 1916.

DOCTORS AND DENTISTS

Dear Editor:

In my last letter I told you about some of the doctors of the "long ago," as well as of some of more recent years, but I find that I omitted the names of a few whom I now recall: William Merritt, Junius T. Fuller, Charlie Bradsher, John C. Dickens, all prominent physicians, while among the dental surgeons were: W. G. Bradsher, C. G. Siddle, and Carter Day. Dr. Siddle, an itinerant dentist, from Caswell county, operated in many sections of this county and had a large practice. At that time, however, people must have had better teeth than at present; at any rate, there was not so much demand for the services of the dentist as now. Most of the work consisted of extracting and filling teeth. A full set of teeth on a plate was rather unusual, and, as little attention was given to the teeth, the services of the surgeon was not so much called for by the average person, except to extract the aching tooth; and for this service even the medical doctor with set of forceps sufficed.

In speaking of the custom of bleeding for the cure of many diseases it is said that the barbers formerly, in addition to their tonsorial work, bled sick people as a part of their profession; hence, the present day barber sign of white and red, representing the blood flowing from the naked arm.

The old professional men have passed away and with them many of the old ideas and styles of practice, being succeeded by men with new and improved ideas, and recent discoveries and inventions. These men were often more than mere practitioners but were men of vision and had the true scientific imagination. This writer recalls hearing Dr. C. H. Jordan, late of Person county, speak, some forty years ago, of the possibility of the wireless telegraph

and at that time described how it could be done. His plan to acomplish it was just about the same as is now in use by the Marconi system. Of course he was considered a "dreamer" and a "crank." It would be rash to say that he was the first to think of this wonderful idea. He was a gifted and well educated man and pondered much on the lines of modern invention. I never thought anything more of the matter until the newspapers a few years ago began to discuss the discovery of the wireless system, which brought back to my mind the words of this gifted Person county physician.

ROXBORO, N. C.
May 3, 1916.

MERCHANTS

EDITOR COURIER:

After a long silence I have concluded to write you once more about the good old times "befo' de wah," giving the names of the merchants of the county, outside of Roxboro.

First I will begin at Bushy Fork, my old home township, and name them consecutively in rotation around the county. William A. Bradsher (father of our Superior Court clerk) was the first merchant I ever knew. He sucessfully conducted a store at Bushy Fork, formerly known as "Norfleet's Store," for a great number of years doing a large business for a country store in those days. He was also a large farmer and mill owner, and, in general, a prominent and useful man in his section, popular and much beloved. For one or two terms he was a member of the State Legislature.

The next in order was Robert H. Hester, father of the late Captain A. J. Hester. He was merchant, mill owner, one of our largest farmers and land owners and

was possessed of large means. He was elected to the State Legislature several sessions, though he was not an office seeker. His was a case where the office sought the man and he was never defeated when he consented to accept a nomination, as he had the confidence of the people, and, I think, gave entire satisfaction to his constituents as a legislator. He was a Justice of Peace for many years, and a wise counsellor, whose advice was often sought by his neighbors when in trouble. He raised a large and sterling family of children, some of whom still survive. He was a popular, highly esteemed, and useful man.

C. S. Winstead, merchant, lawyer, farmer, mill owner and all round business man, was a success in all his callings. He was in public life a great many years, as county attorney, member of both House and Senate, and revenue collector under President Grant. He was courtly in his manners and held many other offices of trust and served well his day and generation, being a useful and popular man. He was one of the largest land owners of our county, and had accumulated quite a large estate. He died in 1908 at an advanced age of about 84 years.

William G. Winstead, of Olive Hill, merchant and farmer of large means, was a prosperous and useful man in the county. He never aspired to any office, though he was, I think, Justice of Peace in his district for a long time, and a county commissioner for one or two terms after the war, a good man and popular in his section.

The next in order was Col. John W. Cunningham, father of our Col. John S. Cunningham, merchant, farmer, mill owner, legislator, and all round business man. He was most successful in business and was the largest land owner and farmer and wealthiest man of our county in his day. He was elected to the State Legislature and served in both houses many times, or as often as he would have it. He was never defeated in an election for any office, which is

evidence of his popularity with the people of his native county.

John Rogers, of Woodsdale, was merchant and farmer, who successfully conducted a business for many years at that point, both as merchant and moderately large farmer. Some of his descendants are still living in that section.

The next were A. Bailey and Company (Albert Bailey and Alex Walker, both farmers), who conducted a store about half a mile south of Bailey's Bridge and commanded a good trade for years; Mr. Bailey died and Mr. Walker moved to Durham, where he spent the latter part of his life.

John F. Neal, I think, had a store at his home in Holloways Township, and David Holloway merchandised for years at Daysville in the same township.

The next in the round was Major James Street, father of our esteemed fellow citizen, T. H. Street, Esq., at Mill Creek. He was a merchant, farmer, mill owner, conducted a store there for many years, owned much land and farmed on a large scale. He was very successful in business and was perhaps the wealthiest man in the township.

The next in order were Bentley Vaughan and Sweaney, at or near Moriah, merchants, farmers, and sawmill men.

At Moriah also was M. D. C. Bumpass, who was a merchant and farmer and who made a success.

The next in order were Allen and Royster, at Allensville (H. Royster and T. T. Allen), who were successful in business.

At Center Grove was the firm of Day & Townsend, who sold goods several years, and were succeeded by Ben. A. Thaxton, merchant and farmer, who continued the business the rest of his life.

William T. Noell, at Mt. Tirzah, was a merchant, farmer, tailor, Justice of the Peace and a county commissioner for the last thirty years of his life, a good business man, a popular, useful and much-beloved citizen. He it

was, as I have stated before, that introduced the sewing machine into North Carolina. Mr. Noell was never an office seeker, but had tact and talent, fitting him to fill acceptably any office within the gift of his county people.

Thomas Webb, at Hurdle's Mill, was merchant, farmer and mill owner.

J. A. Lunsford and Brother, at "High Hill," near old Flat river church, were merchants, farmers, mill owners and tobacco manufacturers. They were large dealers for a small country village and at one time kept the finest stock of goods in the county.

The next and last I can recall was Augustin Van Hook, at VanHook's mill, about a mile west of Paines Tavern. He had a store, mill, and farm and lived on the farm, lately occupied and owned by the late Lewis S. Morton. Mr. VanHook moved from the county to the South or West when the writer was a small boy.

Roxboro, N. C.
June 28, 1916.

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS

Editor Courier:

I have heretofore given you the names of the merchants of the county during and prior to the Civil War; but I find that I omitted the name of John ("Jack") D. Wilkerson, who conducted a store for years in the front yard at his home (Buck Walker place) in Holloways Township. He afterwards joined in partnership with Gabe Jones and moved the store to the opposite side of the road in front of the old Billy Link place.

The object of this letter is to give you a list of the tobacco manufacturers of the county in those old by-gone days. I shall begin in Roxboro. First of all were Satter-

field and Dickens, whom I have mentioned before. They were the pioneers in the tobacco business here and they carried it on successfully. As no license or stamp tax was required anyone could engage in the business who cared to. After a few years Mr. Dickens died and was succeeded by Geo. W. Trotter, and the business was continued under the firm name of Satterfield and Trotter. After a few more years Trotter died and was succeeded by Ab Barnett, the firm name being Satterfield and Barnett. Satterfield and Barnett carried on the business until the close of the Civil War. Another was the firm of Winstead & Co. (John M. Winstead, E. G. Reade and C. S. Winstead). Both these firms made "flat tobacco" as plug tobacco was called, distinguishing it from the home-made twist. It was packed in plain oak boxes made in the factory, containing about 40, 50 or 100 pounds each. It was usually branded "Pound Lumps" in addition to the trade mark, the plugs weighing four and eight ounces. They made no twist or smoking tobacco, as smoking tobacco in commercial shape was very little known. Tobacco was scarce at the close of the war and brought good prices, for war disorganized labor, and, in fact, all our labor then was needed to raise supplies for the army and folks at home. Being a luxury, it could be dispensed with in a measure, though the soldiers of the Confedrate army were supplied with tobacco rations most of the time during the war, and it was said they often swapped it to the Yankee soldiers for coffee as they had opportunity.

Reade and Norwood also operated a tobacco factory in Roxboro, for many years before and after the war, as did John G. Dillehay and Company.

Tobacco manufacturers also were J. A. Lunsford and Brother, at High Hill, near the present home of Mrs. Joe L. Wilkerson. They had quite a little town there then, all their own, consisting of a tobacco factory, store, wood-

shop, blacksmith shop, tan yard, drug store and several residences. It was the home also of a local physician. But there is little sign now of this "city," only a residence or two left to tell of the bustle of the past.

James I. Cothran manufactured tobacco on a small scale for years near Mt. Tirzah and Ike Allen near Old Wheeler's Church, and Haywood Williams at his home near Cunningham. Chas. G. Mitchell was also an old manufacturer of tobacco at his home near Woodsdale, as were also Jesse and Alex Walker, at Daysville.

The manufacture of smoking tobacco had not then begun as a business; nor was yellow or flue-cured tobacco known. About the year 1857 Thomas Slade, a farmer of near Locust Hill, Caswell county, made the discovery by accident. In those days everybody tried to cure by sunshine or with wood burned in trenches under their tobacco hanging in barns. Mr. Slade's wood ran short and having a lot of charcoal on hand concluded to substitute the coal for wood, burning the coal in the trenches instead of the wood, and he found that the tobacco cured up a yellow color instead of red. This seemed a miracle, something "new under the sun" and it created quite a sensation all over the tobacco region. Other farmers soon caught on and used charcoal too, thus introducing the yellow weed all over the tobacco-growing belt of North Carolina and Virginia. After this, sheet-iron flues were introduced, which made the curing of yellow tobacco more convenient and saved labor and time. I heard Hon. Geo. W. Brooks, brother to Mr. Jeff Brooks, of Woodsdale, claim that he was the first man that ever suggested the use of sheet-iron flues for the curing of tobacco.

When first offered on the markets, this yellow tobacco sold for fabulous prices. Up to this time the prevailing prices for red tobacco ranged from $2.50 to $10.00 and $12.00, a hundred pounds. An average of $7.00 to $9.00 all

round was considered a good price; but yellow or "coal cured" tobacco sold so high that most of the farmers in this Piedmont section were soon raising the "golden weed" and selling it for golden prices. The news spread like fire and soon Eastern North Carolina and South Carolina took up the raising of tobacco and even beat us at our own game, at least in brightness of color, if not in quality. Thus they killed our monopoly on fancy bright tobacco.

In the old days of red tobacco, a rather amusing and unusual circumstance occurred on the warehouse sale floor in Clarksville, Virginia, which was the main tobacco market for this whole section. Old man John D. Clayton, of Person county, and one of the most honest men in it, had a load of tobacco on the floor. It was being sold and the price of one pile had gone up as high as $40. The old man got excited and rushing among the bidders told them to stop bidding, that $40 was more than it was worth. This circumstance gave him the name of "Forty Dollar" John Clayton ever afterward. At this time $15.00 was considered a high price.

Up to the time of the yellow tobacco period, our farmers did not put so much stress on raising tobacco as they have since, but raised supplies of "hog and hominy" and almost everything else to live on.

Roxboro, N. C.
August 29, 1916.

MY FIRST RAILROAD TRIP

Mr. Editor:

In 1857 railroads were few, and in Person county they were things that we felt belonged to other and distant communities. Henderson depot on the old Raleigh and Gaston Railroad (now a part of the Seaboard Air Line), was our nearest shipping point, 40 miles distant. At that time

the Baltimore and Ohio Road, in West Virginia, was the nearest railroad to the west of us. The old North Carolina road to the south of us was not completed, nor was the Richmond and Danville, north of us. Our county was a part of a wide stretch of country without railroad facilities.

My first sight of a railroad was with Mr. J. A. Lunsford, for whom I was clerk in his store. On the morning of the 2d of March we left his home near Roxboro in his carriage for Oxford, and spent the night at the Oxford Hotel, kept by Samuel A. Williams. We left Oxford at daybreak next morning, the 3d, on the stage (mail coach) for Henderson, arriving there for breakfast at Alley's Hotel. Here I first saw a railroad and train. We boarded the train and I began my first railroad ride from Henderson to Weldon. We took dinner at the Weldon Hotel, kept by W. W. Harper. We left Weldon about two o'clock in the afternoon on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, for Petersburg, Virginia, arriving at Petersburg about dark. There we took supper at the Bollingbrook Hotel kept by Thomas W. Epps. We left Petersburg after dark on the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad arriving in Richmond early in the night, and left Richmond for Washington, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, but making the latter part of the journey by boat. We reached Washington about sun-up, and I had my first view of our great national Capitol. This was on the 4th of March, the day on which James Buchanan was inaugurated President of the United States. We did not remain to witness the inauguration, but went on by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Baltimore. We stopped at the Fountain Hotel, kept by J. W. Clabaugh, and after spending a few days in Baltimore buying a stock of goods, we went on to Philadelphia via the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Here we stopped at the Ameri-

can Hotel. In Philadelphia we bought a part of our stock of goods. On our return home we spent a day in Petersburg concluding our purchases.

This was a big trip for me, which I have never forgotten, and I still remember the names of most of the firms from whom we bought goods in each city.

No through tickets were sold, nor through trains run. Each road sold tickets, and ran trains for itself. We had to change cars and buy tickets at each road terminus, and look after our own baggage, as there was no checking baggage through. We bought tickets at Henderson, Weldon, Petersburg, Richmond, Washington and Baltimore. It took two and a half days and nights of travel to go from Person county to Baltimore, a trip one can now make in about twelve hours, with two hours to spare on the way.

We had to change cars on arrival in each city. There were no street cars and to go from one depot to another we had to go through the city by private conveyance or on the "omnibus of the line," paying extra for transportation of ourselves and baggage. On arriving in the city of Baltimore, there were so many people on the streets it looked to me as if it must be "court day."

Everything looked novel and strange to a boy of eighteen from the "backwoods" on his first visit to a great city, but I hugely enjoyed seeing the big stores and various things of interest. In Philadelphia, I visited Independence Hall, Girard College, Franklin's grave, and other places of note. I gratefully remember that Mr. Lunsford took much interest in having me see the things worth while. I recall that the conductor on my first train from Henderson was not dressed in railroad uniform, but in a black suit with Prince Albert coat and a "high-top" black silk hat, gold watch and chain and was as polite as a "dancing master," and proud of his job. This may have been Captain Tim-

berlake, who served the Raleigh and Gaston Road, I think, for over fifty years and was then pensioned for the rest of his life.

Roxboro, N. C.
January 20, 1920.

1861 to 1865

Editor Courier:

In the Civil War although North Carolina was slow to leave the old compact, it sent more soldiers to the field, it is claimed, than any other Southern State. Our little county of Person, 20 miles square, put in the field 800 to 1,000 men, taking them from 17 to 55 years of age. Four full companies of 100 men each went as volunteers from the county in the early part of the war and a great many enlisted in companies from other counties. A large number was drafted, and later as a last resort a great many more were conscripted to fill depleted ranks and sent to the camps of instruction to fit them for service in the ranks. The boys under 18 were called the Junior Reserves and the men over 45, Senior Reserves, thus taking them "from the cradle to grave."

Enthusiasm was so great in the early stage of the conflict it was impossible to obtain guns and munitions of war to equip the boys who were ready and anxious to go to the front. Excitement ran high; drums, fifes and brass bands were heard on all sides. The boys were eager for the fray and even afraid the war might end before they had a chance at the "Yankees."

After the first year of the war when Southern seaports were closed and there was no exchange of cotton and tobacco in foreign trade we had to depend almost entirely on home-made goods and supplies of all kinds, even for guns and all war ammunition. It was very difficult at times to procure even

salt; the people finally dug up the dirt floor in their smoke houses and extracted the salt there. Our good women brought out their old hand looms, spinning wheels, cotton and wool cards which had been laid aside for years, spun and wove dress goods for themselves, cloth for men and boys, clothing, blankets, sheets, counterpanes, stockings, socks, and in fact almost everything to wear. They made and "wore their homespun dresses with much grace" as the old Dixie song expresses it. A great many things of necessity and especially of luxury had to be abandoned wholly; for instance, parched corn, wheat and rye were substituted for coffee, home-made sorghum for sugar and molasses. Sorghum was called "long sweetening." Pine knots and tallow dip candles, home-made hats for the ladies, their own make and fashion, wool hats for men and boys made at home, wood bottom shoes and many other substitutes were resorted to from necessity.

During the last year of the war prices "soared like the lark;" for instance, coffee, when it could be had at all, sold for $15.00 to $25.00 a pound; nails, $10.00 a pound; a bunch of cotton warp, $100.00; flour, $100.00 a barrel, horses, $1,000.00 to $3,000.00 each, and other things in proportion. These prices were, of course, in depreciated money, which was more plentiful than anything else. Many of our people had invested their money in Confederate bonds and lost all with the downfall of the new government. The close of the war left the whole of the Southern country bankrupt, our money and bank currency worthless; railroads and rolling stock were worn out; cities and farm houses in the war zone were burned down; cattle, hogs, horses and sheep were stolen or killed. The negroes being set free, our best labor was gone. Desolation prevailed on every side and, worst of all, thousands of our best men were left on the battle field to return no more, and there were thousands of sad homes, widows and orphans. But

such is war. General Sherman did not miss it much in his definition of war.

Roxboro's and Person county's contribution to the war was most worthy. John Graves Dillehay was the first captain of the first company of volunteers that went to the war from this county in April or May, 1861. John L. Harris was captain of the second, John C. VanHook of the third, John G. Jones of the fourth, James Holman succeeded Dillehay as captain of the first company. Captains Harris, VanHook and Jones were all promoted to the rank of Colonel. In fact, as I remember, Colonel Jones was made a brigadier general by the War Department for gallant service on the battle field. He was killed in action near Petersburg before he took command of his brigade. Among all the men and boys who went to the "front" from this county only about 135 or 140 are still with us. But they are no longer "boys." They are now the old men of the county.

During the war period the population of Roxboro increased to about 400 or 450, several families having moved in, among whom were J. D. Wilkerson, H. R. Boshammer, shoemaker; W. P. Wilkins, lawyer; Col. J. W. Hunt, saddle and harness maker; W. H. Smith, sheriff; Geo. W. Norwood, tobacco manufacturer; Dr. J. T. Fuller; S. C. Barnett, lawyer; Jas. T. Critcher, buggy and wagon maker, and William H. Foushee, wood worker and buggy manufacturer.

These new comers added much to the business and social status of the town. In 1861, a bank was organized here with a cash capital of $25,000.00 known as the bank of Roxboro, with Hon. E. G. Reade, president, and Col. C. S. Winstead, cashier, but soon closed its doors as a necessity of war. New stores were opened by Hamlin and Hunt, Wright and Clay, Barnett and O'-Brien and others, but they all went out of business before

the war closed. At this time goods of every kind were so scarce that it was difficult to find or purchase anything at all, even writing material, pocket knives or handkerchiefs. But conditions changed rapidly when peace was made.

Roxboro, N. C.
October 20, 1914.

THE OLD SOLDIERS

Editor Courier:

In this number of reminiscences I have decided to give as near as I can a list of all the old Confederate soldiers now living belonging to the Jones Camp of U. C. V., No. 1206, Person county, nearly all of whom are still residents of this county. The most of them were natives of this county and enlisted here for the war.

J. A. Long, commander of camp, A. R. Foushee, adjutant, J. Y. Allen, A. V. Allen, John H. Burch, Thomas W. Blackard, Sam Bowes, George W. Burch, W. A. Blalock, Marion T. Carver, John S. Coleman (captain), Levi M. Cothran, William D. Cothran, L. B. Chandler, Alex Clayton, Sol D. Clayton, Ralph Clayton, Thomas T. Clayton, Stephen A. Clayton, J. W. Duncan, James J. Dixon, Robert J. Day, T. C. Ellis, Haywood Foushee, Stephen P. Gentry, Ben M. Gentry, Geo. D. Stephens, D. W. Thaxton, John L. Wiley, Henry Spec Williams, T. J. Warren, James E. Yancey, E. B. Reade, W. S. Lawson, James M. Long, Byrd Long, J. J. Brooks, James R. Gooch, John Whitt, D. C. Cozart, Dr. P. G. Pritchett, David A. Hicks, F. M. Clayton, James Matt Brooks, Pleasant T. Gentry, John J. Hudgins, James B. Hudgins, D. Harris, J. W. Hicks, Smith C. Humphries, Thomas J. Jones, William Latta, A. M. Long, J. P. Long, Wesley Laws, S. M. Long,

George W. Moore, James S. Noell, E. M. O'Briant, S. R. Parham, George B. Pearce, William J. Ragan, Richard T. Ramsey, John E. Smith, A. D. Talley, Charles W. Loftis, John J. Coleman, J. R. Hayes, Frank M. Daniel, W. H. Holsomback, Stephen M. Lee, W. R. Neal, James H. Barnwell, D. C. Lunsford, John D. Harris, David Slaughter, W. C. Lawson, George G. Moore, George F. Holloway, James A. Carver, Joseph Pointer, D. Frank Oakley, John McJones, R. W. Jones, Sam Glenn, S. T. Covington, James B. Blackwell, John Oakley, Alex Bowen, J. J. Raines, Gid Davis, Kemp Walker, G. G. Morton, John Ed Owen, John M. Thaxton, Jordan T. Thaxton, Joseph Bowling, A. D. Moore, A. J. Holsomback, Sidney Moore, James E. Barker, William T. Wilson, William T. Ragan, William M. Loftice, Samuel H. Cates, C. M. G. Wagstaff, E. B. Barker, Thomas Ragan, John H. Strange, J. R. Long, J. I. Long, R. D. Malone, W. R. Stewart, W. S. Barnwell, George W. Holsomback, Jesse Long, William F. Reade, J. B. Wright, John E. Harris, Richard J. Clayton, M. M. Featherston, S. T. Pittard, R. B. Beasley, R. H. Hubbard, John R. Perkins, Taylor Jackson, T. J. Terrell, C. C. Woody, Ruffin Davis, J. R. Hunter, John W. Ellison, James M. Ellison, Loftin Scott, R. H. Oakley, James Barker, A. J. Hamlett, A. P. Edwards, S. C. Rice, Moses S. Jones, John A. Tucker, and J. T. Yancey.

In this list there are a few, perhaps a dozen, who do not live in this county now, some in Caswell and Orange counties and some in Virginia, and about as many who have moved in from other counties. The majority of these old soldiers came out of the war penniless, or worth very little in the way of this world's goods, but by industry and hard work they have made good and are of our best citizens. Nearly all of them are farmers and have succeeded well. May they live long to enjoy the laurels won in the days that "tried men's souls."

I think Mr. T. W. Blackard is the oldest man in the above list and it would be hard to find a better man or a finer Christian gentleman. I have known him well for about half a century.

Roxboro, N. C.

December 8, 1914.

RECONSTRUCTION AND A NEW COURT HOUSE

Mr. Editor:

As a result of the Civil War, the county, and the whole South as well, was in a dilapidated, rundown condition. Poverty and distress were on every side. Fortunately the war closed in April, just in time for the returning soldiers, who were farmers, to "pitch" a crop. They went to work with a will and determination to succeed and to build up again the waste places, and they succeeded well, considering the disadvantages under which they labored. Providence smiled on them and their labors produced bountiful crops as a result of their industry.

There was a great demand for carpenters; farm houses and all other buildings had become dilapidated and much in need of repairs and remodeling. But the lack of ready money to pay the bills was the great problem to be solved.

The short tobacco crops for the last two years of the war period caused money to be very scarce, and our people resorted in part to a barter trade, exchanging everything they could spare from the farm with the merchants. A trade was even got up on rabbits, rabbit skins, partridges, raw hides, furs, farm produce of all kinds, lightwood, sumac, and other things too tedious to mention.

This reminds me of a story I read about that time, of an incident in the mountain section of Virginia. A drum-

mer pulled up at a country store on the mountain side and went in to sell the merchant some goods. Before he could show his samples a countryman came in and after looking around in the store, saw a box of tobacco and bought a plug of it for ten cents. He took out of his pocket a mink skin to pay the bill, the merchant giving him a fox skin as change. He then bought twenty-five cents worth of something else and received back a squirrel skin as change. Next he bought a paper of pins for ten cents, giving the merchant back the squirrel skin and receiving a rat skin as change. His next purchase was a paper of needles for five cents and in payment he gave the merchant back the rat skin, which closed the deal, and he rode away. The drummer was astonished, remarking that in all his travels he had not come across such currency. The merchant told him that once in about every six months the fur dealer came around with his wagon and paid him cash for the furs, this being his opportunity to secure ready money. However, we were not quite so bad off in Person, for there was some gold and silver in our country which had been brought out from old stockings and other hiding places during the war, and we also had a little tobacco and cotton, which found ready sale at good prices. This afforded great relief in this emergency.

There was about this time—in the summer of 1865—a sale here of a large lot of government horses, mules, wagons, and harness, which had been mostly taken home by Confederate soldiers and which had been forcibly seized by the United States government from the people, brought here, advertised and publicly sold. This sale amounted to between five and ten thousand dollars cash. The farmers were in great need of teams and wagons and paid big prices for this property so that everybody wondered where the money came from to pay with. This seizure by the Federal government was felt to be an injustice and an outrage.

The poor Confederate soldier was deprived of all that he had saved and brought home from his four years' service in the ranks. In some instances the soldier bought back the same mule or horse that he rode home from the army.

By the fall of the year (1865) the merchants of the town, George Norwood and J. A. Long (Norwood & Long), Chesley Hamlen, James H. and John D. Paylor (Paylor Brothers), Green D. Satterfield and A. R. Foushee (trading as Satterfield and Foushee), and a few others opened up full stocks of goods and merchandise in Roxboro, as did some few country merchants, and had a lucrative trade. The sight of a full store of goods was as big a show as a circus. People came from far and near to trade; even a side of red sole leather, something we had not had for years, looked good and sold for 75 cents a pound. Goods of all kinds were scarce and high, even up North among the factories, when compared with the present quantities and prices; yet they were cheap compared with Confederate prices, to which we had been accustomed during the war period. It was not long before the country was fully stocked with all kinds of goods, wares and merchandise; prices declined with the price of cotton which had sold for forty cents at the close of the war, but soon went down to fifteen or sixteen cents. Real estate felt the gravitation to lower prices perhaps more than any other property. The negro being set free, his anxiety to enjoy his new-found freedom made his labor and services, as might have been expected, a very uncertain commodity. The scarcity of labor meant idle land, which was aggravated by scarcity of money. Few people wanted to buy land. Those who owned much land were considered "land poor," and lands which sold then at $1.50 to $2.00 per acre are now worth from $25.00 to $100.00 per acre. Although land was so cheap Peruvian Guano, the only commercial fertilizer then used in this section, sold in 1867 at $100.00

to $110.00 per ton. These prices will look strange to the young farmers of today, who can buy their tobacco fertilizers at about one-fifth of these figures.

After a few years of progress our people realized the need of a new courthouse at the county seat, the old one being small and of antiquated style. Our magistrates and county commissioners took the matter under advisement and in 1883 built a new courthouse and jail of more modern style—yet not stylish enough to hurt—at a cost of about $10,000.00 and in the steeple they installed a clock at a cost of $750.00.

Citizens who, as our town has grown, cast their lots with us during the years after 1865 have been: Elder J. J. Lansdell, Rev. J. H. Lamberth, W. H. Williams, R. H. Dowdy, Dr. C. G. Nichols, William H. Long, Willis I. Johnson, R. K. Daniel, Richard T. Howerton, E. D. Cheek, James T. Sergeant, Robert A. Noell, John A. Noell, Joseph W. Noell, J. C. Pass, Woodson Thomas, Luther Thomas, George T. Thaxton, D. W. Bradsher, D. M. Andrews, Walter Woody, R. A. Pass, W. T. Pass, T. W. Pass, J. H. Carver, H. H. Masten, W. R. Hambrick, Flem Hamlett, Albert Clayton, H. G. Clayton, Dallas Long, R. A. Spencer, Samuel C. Barnett, Luther Thomas, Geo. W. Thomas, Woodson L. Thomas, Jno. M. O'Brient, A. S. DeVlaming, R. I. Featherstone, Jno. J. Winstead, H. W. Winstead, T. W. Henderson, W. L. Lewis, C. H. Hunter, Victor Kaplan, Mr. Abbott (of Viccillo Bro. & Abbott), A. M. Burns, J. W. Chambers, E. B. Yancey, Jno. H. C. Burch, Henry Field, Jno. F. Reams, J. W. Algood, T. S. Clay, Dr. E. J. Tucker, Dr. R. J. Teague, W. H. Pulley, T. H. Street, Dr. J. A. Wise, H. Fields, J. S. Merritt, Capt. J. A. Tucker, D. W. Whitaker, S. P. Williams, C. H. Hunter, W. W. Kitchin, Eugene Bradsher, M. C. Winstead, J. S. Bradsher, F. B. Reade, L. D. Veazey, E. C. Veazey, Benj. Davis, R. W. Stephens, A. Lipshitz, W. I. Newton, Jake Jones,

Wm. Jones, Jno. Blanks, Jas. H. Clayton, N. Lunsford, J. D. Morris, W. A. Mills, W. C. Bullock, W. C. Watkins, W. J. Pettigrew, Jno. Pettigrew, C. C. Cunningham, J. M. Pass, J. H. Pass, Ed Davis, T. E. Austin, L. G. Stanfield, Hugh W. Foushee, Jake Loy, J. H. Perkins, H. J. Whitt, Frank Burch, Chas. A. Whitfield, T. C. Brooks, A. B. Stalvey, W. D. Merritt, L. M. Carlton, Baxter Allen, W. A. Winstead, Dr. B. E. Love, R. L. Chappell, Dr. O. P. Shaub, Hubert Morton, L. L. Lunsford, and Dr. Crisp.

Roxboro, N. C.
February 3, 1915.

TOBACCO DEALERS AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

Mr. Editor:

In a former letter I gave a list of the tobacco manufacturers operating in this county up to the close of the Civil War; I will now name those who have carried on this business in the county since that period, and I begin with those operating in Roxboro.

First was Geo. W. Norwood, who perhaps did the largest business of all who have ever engaged in the tobacco business in this county. His plant was burned about the year 1868 or 1870 and having no insurance he was so crippled that he was constrained to quit the business. His loss was estimated to be more than $30,000.00. After this misfortune Mr. Norwood and his family moved to Winston, North Carolina. S. B. and W. H. Winstead, brothers, made plug tobacco, but after a year or two of doubtful success they sold their factory and fixtures to G. D. Satterfield and Company, who carried on this business for a year or two, when they in turn closed out to W. C. Satterfield and Geo. W. Jones, with firm name of Satterfield and Jones. They continued the business for only a

few years. J. A. Long manufactured plug tobacco for a few years, but Roxboro was then so far from a railroad that he decided to discontinue the business. W. H. Winstead and Chesley Hamlen made plug tobacco for a year or two. Mr. Hamlen moved to Winston and engaged in the same business there. Several parties have made smoking tobacco on a small scale, and among the number were James Wright, Moses Chambers, S. P. Satterfield and W. H. Winstead. Mr. Winstead had a brand called the "Roxboro Ram" on which he had quite a run. If he had pushed it it might have rivaled the celebrated "Bull Durham" brand. S. B. Winstead and John S. Long (Winstead and Long), also made plug tobacco a year or two and gave it up because Roxboro was so far from a railroad. Naturally and by circumstances our town was quite a tobacco center, even before we had any leaf tobacco market here. Our factory men then bought their stock of leaf tobacco at the barn door or on the South Boston market and hauled it to Roxboro. When they had manufactured it they hauled it back to South Boston and other points for shipment.

There were at this time a few factories out of town. H. A. Reams, at "High Hill;" did a large business, also Chas. G. Mitchell, near Woodsdale, Brooks and Walker, at Daysville, and J. I. Cothran, near Mt. Tirzah. They all soon discontinued, badly handicapped by lack of railroad, warehouse and market facilities. Our neighboring town, Leasburg, also had several tobacco factories at this time, and did quite a large business, but, like Roxboro, it was too far from transportation lines to make a success. Wilkerson and Fuller and R. P. Hancock were the largest operators at Leasburg.

ROXBORO, N. C.

Sept. 13, 1916.

THE RAILROAD AND PROGRESS

EDITOR COURIER:

A former letter brought us to about the year 1885 when the talk of a railroad to Roxboro was in the air. Most of our people had their doubts that it would ever be a reality; but my life-long neighbor, and a most enterprising citizen, J. A. Long, devoted himself to the task with all his characteristic energy and push, worked for this enterprise day and night, wrote letters, traveled, talked much at home and abroad in an effort to get others interested in a railroad for Roxboro. After a hard fight, his efforts were crowned with success, and the road was completed to our town in May, 1890. Had it not been for Mr. Long, I doubt that we would have had a railroad so soon. By the time the road reached us he was having a warehouse built for the sale of leaf tobacco, and the market opened up at once. Later other warehouses were built, and we now have five excellent warehouses. This market sold in 1913 about seven million pounds at an average of $20.00, the total sales amounting to over a million and a quarter dollars. Between 1885 and 1890 two banks were organized in Roxboro, the first one with a capital stock of $40,000, the other one $25,000, with J. A. Long president of the first, and E. B. Reade president of the other. Both institutions have prospered well, have withstood the financial panics which have come, and have met promptly all demands on them for ready money. In 1907 they did not issue "script" as many other banks did when money was tight, in order to run the tobacco markets. By aid of these banks our market paid cash for every pile of tobacco sold, and paid as good prices for it as other markets. The president of one of our banks said that he had a machine making the money each night for the next

day's tobacco sale. Whether this be true or not, the warehouse checks were always paid when presented.

During this period the town took on a pronounced air of growth. Carpenters, brick layers and painters were busy providing houses to shelter the new citizens; the saw, hammer and trowel made music on every side in a way unknown before. Quite a lot of property changed hands; a number of brick stores and shops were constructed to take the place of the old wooden houses; three or four new churches were built for the white people and colored brethren also caught the spirit of progress and built three or four places of worship. Up to 1900, our population had increased considerably, and all found employment and thus helped to build up the town and county.

Our local lawyers at this period were W. W. Kitchin, Col. C. S. Winstead, Jas. F. Terry, J. S. Merritt and Wm. T. Bradsher.

I failed to state that the first newspaper ever printed here was established by D. W. Whitaker and J. B. Hunter about the year 1884. It did not succeed well financially and was afterwards purchased by Messrs. J. A. and J. W. Noell, who took in hand this paper, now *The Roxboro Courier,* and have managed it with success ever since.

Since writing my former letter, I take notice in the *Courier* of a communication entitled "More Reminiscences" from my friend Charles F. Clayton, of Tarboro, a native of Person county. It is so well written, informing and entertaining, especially to us older people, that I am grateful to him. I thank him very much for his kind references to me.

Roxboro, N. C.
December 12, 1914.

1900 TO 1914

Editor Courier:

I will now speak of the progress made in our town since 1900.

The first event of importance was the building of a cotton mill near the railroad station in 1901 or 1902, projected and built under the direction of Mr. J. A. Long, president of the company and large stockholder. This mill was run with so much success and profit that the stockholders and directors decided to enlarge the plant. In 1907 they increased the capital stock and built and equipped another mill of much larger proportions, two miles north of Roxboro on the railroad at the point formerly known as Reade and Hamlin's (later Pass') mill, on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. Both mills make only cotton yarns but consume twenty-five to thirty bales of cotton daily, running some 25,000 to 30,000 spindles. The two mills cost upward of half a million dollars. An addition to the new mill is now being built, at an outlay of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more. These mills will be propelled by electric power supplied by the Southern Power Co.'s plant located near Wadesboro, N. C. Other machinery here, too, will be run and the town lighted by this company.

Quite a village has sprung up around the new mill, with a church, school and stores. The price of land near the mill has advanced from $10.00 to $50.00 or more per acre. Besides, the mill has brought much trade and business to Roxboro and vicinity and the advent of the Southern Power Co.'s electric line to our town opens up the way for other new industries. We have a fine back country, good farm lands which produce the best of tobacco, wheat, corn, oats, fruits and vegetables. Best of all, we have a splendid citizenship of honest, industrious people.

We have good railroad, express and telegraph facilities, and also telephone lines to nearly every section of the

county as well as to the outside world. Our town has stores well stocked with goods, wares and merchandise, hardware, and agricultural implements, and everything needed to cultivate the farm. Also we have an excellent graded school of 300 to 400 pupils, and churches and Sunday schools representing the leading denominations of the country, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Primitive Baptist. Our school facilities are good throughout the county. An educational spirit has been awakened among our people to an extent unknown before, and this is as it should be.

The legal profession is now represented by Messrs. L. M. Carlton, W. D. Merritt, F. O. Carver, M. C. Winstead, C. G. Winstead, N. Lunsford and T. C. Brooks. The doctors of medicine are W. A. Bradsher, B. E. Love, C. G. Nichols, W. T. Long and C. G. Montague, and the dentists are E. J. Tucker, B. R. Long. B. R. Vickers, and A. P. Reade.

We also have Masonic and Odd Fellows' organizations and the ladies have clubs and societies galore.

Roxboro, N. C.
December 23, 1914.

PERSON COUNTY AND "BULL DURHAM"

Mr. Editor:

The history of our county, so richly endowed with good tobacco lands has been closely connected with the history of commerce in tobacco and so, naturally, several of my letters have dealt with the manufacture and sale of tobacco. With your permission, therefore, I will give my recollections of the origin of the celebrated "Bull Durham" brand of smoking tobacco.

The "Bull' brand originated in the genius of a Person county man, J. Ruffin Green, of Woodsdale, this

county. Some time about 1856 or 1857 his father, Mager Green, a farmer living near Woodsdale, sold his farm to elder A. N. Hall, a Primitive Baptist minister, a neighbor and his pastor. Mr. Green expected to find soon another farm more to his liking, but after looking over the country for some time failed to do so, and being anxious to have his land back, called on Mr. Hall for this purpose. But as Mr. Hall desired the land himself he would not let Mr. Green have it back. Deeply disappointed he and his son Ruffin, therefore, set out to find homes elsewhere and after looking around for some time in this and other counties, they each bought farms about five miles from the then little station of "Durham's" of about 100 inhabitants, on the old North Carolina railroad in Orange county and moved there with their families and engaged in farming. Pretty soon Mr. Ruffin Green deciding to add a side line to his farming activities, bought up a lot of leaf tobacco and beat it up by hand into a granulated shape into smoking tobacco, and hauled it off in wagons to the eastern part of the State. He found a ready sale for it at good profit and soon made money with which to build a new frame residence and perhaps a small factory to run the business in. Just as the residence was about completed it was destroyed by fire and he had no insurance. Of course, he felt that he was financially ruined and did not know what next to do.

After considering the situation for a while, he decided that, as the cost of hauling to the "depot" was considerable, it would be wise to buy land and move his family and business there, for land was cheap then. So he bought a tract of land in what is now the middle of the city, and built a factory and comfortable residence near the railroad station, and continued there the manufacture of smoking tobacco on a larger scale. He gave it the name of "The Bull Durham" smoking tobacco, and had the brand patented

or trade-marked for his protection. He increased the output and soon had a larger demand for his goods. The business ran on up to and during the Civil War. At its close the armies of Johnson and of Sherman were both disbanded near Durham, and the soldiers of both armies, North and South, it was said, made depredations on the little factory, and carried off a large portion of the tobacco stored there.

Mr. Green felt that he was again ruined, but it proved to the contrary, as it turned out to be the best and cheapest advertisement he ever had, making the "Bull Brand" famous all over the country, North and South, bringing orders for it from every quarter and building up a big trade. Not long after the close of the war Mr. Green died and his father, Mager Green, his administrator, advertised in a Raleigh paper for about six months the sale of the factory and fixtures with the "Bull standing by." At last he found purchasers for the plant, and sold it to W. T. Blackwell (widely known as "Buck" Blackwell) and James R. Day, Person county boys, for a sum which would seem small at the present day for the beginning of such an immense business.

These young men had already been engaged in a small way in making smoking tobacco in Person county, but discontinued their Person business at once after buying the "Bull Brand" plant. Money was exceedingly scarce and hard to procure. It required grit to undertake to carry on this newly-bought enterprise. But they had had some experience in the tobacco business, and they paid what they could on it and borrowed money with which to push the business, which met with great success. After a few years Gen. J. S. Carr, then a young man, bought an interest in the business and with the addition of his talents and energy carried it on to greater success.

The location of this plant made it necessary to have a leaf tobacco market in Durham, so Messrs. Henry A. Reams and Alex Walker, of Person county, moved to Durham and opened up and conducted the first leaf tobacco warehouse in that town. This enterprise was needed to furnish tobacco for this plant, and made a permanent market for a large section of the finest tobacco territory in the State. These enterprises, with many others, caused people to flock to Durham, where they engaged in many varied industries and the city has grown rapidly to be one of the largest in our State, and is perhaps the best known city of its size in the United States, or in the world.

After some years Mr. Day sold his interest in the "Bull" factory to Messrs. Blackwell and Carr, his partners, who continued the business, enlarging the plant and increasing the output. After a few more years W. T. Blackwell sold his interest for a princely sum to Mr. McDowell, of Philadelphia, and the business continued to run under the management of Carr and McDowell until it was sold to or merged into the American Tobacco Company.

The history of the origin and rise of this world-renowned smoking tobacco is thus interwoven with the lives of some of our strong and resourceful Person county men.

Roxboro, N. C.
February 15, 1917.