

BIOGRAPHY OF THE PASCHAL FAMILY
IN THE U.S.A. 1709--1917

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Preface-----

Most old things are forgotten, for our hands are outstretched to the new. Yet memory treasurers the past, the old things of the old days of the simple life now and then recur and awaken our sweetest emotions. The old school house, the old farm and the old apple trees in the orchard, the old spring with its refreshing water. The homely old fashions, the simple meals, and the old strength and health and vigor of the days of plain living. How dear are the recollections gone by but not forgotten. We remember the old family Bible with its births and deaths recorded there, and hear again the song of the mocking bird and whippoorwill. And in our minds eye we again traverse the winding paths across the hills to a little country church where we first saw the light of eternal hope. In our rush for the things that are new and our eager haste to discard and forget the old. Let us now and then spare a moment to revel in the joy of the early days when ambition wrought its dream of a golden future. After all there is nothing finer than the recollections of the first struggle for a foothold. When the highest reward of toil was a vigorous appetitem, restful slumber, and the glow of health in every fibre of our being. The old days like the old friends are the best.

Time oh Time turn back in your flight,
give us a vision of those things once more,
that we may spend one imaginary night
around the hearthstone of the dear old home .
It is with the most profound and sacred
reverence to the older generation of the
Paschal Family that I dedicate this biography
to my children. This January 1st, 1917.

E. F. Paschal

H733

INTRODUCTORY

IN the beginning of this Biography, will say that the first part is incomplete as the writer is without proper data to give in detail an accurate history of the first families and will therefore elaborate more extensively on the direct decendants of the one branch of the family. Sufficient to say as you will see, the family all the way down has been a prolific one, and have produced men and women of nearly all ranks and stations of life. They are migratory people, being now extensively scattered throughout the Southern, and Middle Western States, and wherever you find them, you find a God fearing energetic and patriotic people. Democratic in principal as well as Democratic in Politics and so far there have been no Atheists or ~~infidels~~ infidels, and no suicides. There is one particular characteristic about them, they never marry but once and some few are Paulites, never marry the first time. Not that they are sceptical or adverse to a second marriage, but having a consciousness of the sacredness of the marriage vow. They esteem it proper to live true to their first love, consequently divorce and abandonment have no prestige in this family. The writer of this Biography knows of widows and widowers who have been thus from twenty to fifty years. Not of necessity but of preference and they are great preservers of family relics. The old Grandfather clock 7 ft. tall that marked the time of day for Great Grandfather is now a jewel in the old home of the writer, and as correct as it did one hundred and twenty-five years ago, as the hours go by it chimes its old familiar melody. And the writer has an uncle, the only one living now of the third generation lives so true to his departed wife that he keeps everything she left and sacredly worships the fruit she canned just before her death 35 years ago, which is in as perfect state as when she first canned it.

Says Dishes H
was Primitive Baptist

Dishes, H

Elisha Paschal, Sr. the original head of the Paschal Family of America, emigrated from France to America with a colony of French Huguenots in the year 1709 first settling in Warren County, N. C. His family consisted of 12 children, 8 boys and 4 girls. His occupation was farming. He was a descendant of that great French family. - "Blaze Paschal" - as the record of the first family is somewhat incomplete will only take up the one branch of the family the writer directly descends from, to wit: Elisha Paschal Jr. Great Grandfather of the writer was the youngest son of the emigrant father, was born in Warren County, N. C. in the year 1735 and in early life moved to Caswell County, N. C. near old Pleasant Grove Primitive Baptist Church and married, ^{7 no name} He raised a family identical to his father, -12 children- 8 boys and 4 girls namely:

source
of
1735?

William Paschal Born 1757 ^{c1767} and served throughout the Revolutionary War. ^{source of age & Rev War}

Samuel Paschal born 1759 ^{c1767 d c1806}

Alexander Paschal born in 1763 ^{c1772}

John Paschal was born 1774 ^{ok}

Elisha Paschal the 2nd Jr. & fifth son was born in 1776. ^{gap}

Jesse Paschal the sixth son was born in 1784

Isaiah Paschal the seventh son was born in 1786

Ezekiel Paschal the eight son was born in 1788 and is the grandfather of the writer who died in 1856 ^{The writer did not die}

Betsy Paschal the oldest daughter was born 1761 and married Thomas Sartin just after the Revolutionary War. ^{c1766}

Riley Paschal the second daughter was born 1765 ^{c1760} and married William Morgan and moved to Tennessee ^{to Raleigh NC then Ky?}

Jerusha Paschal, the third daughter was born 1767 and married William Berry who also served throughout the Revolutionary war

Rachel Paschal, the youngest daughter born 1771 was never married and up to about the age of 30 years lived a very quiet and unpretentious life, but after this time she became a neighborhood visitor, seemed to have a mania to know what was going on in the community and her continuous roving around gave considerable credence to her life, and I suppose that if I had no more newspapers of communication to know the news than she had in those days that I would be roving around for the news too. For it is a veritable characteristic of the Paschal family to keep posted as to the events of the day, thus ended the chapter to the first generation.

Second Generation

Ezekiel Paschal, the writer's Grandfather, was the above stated eighth and youngest son, of Elisha Paschal, Jr. was born in Caswell County in the year 1788, and in the year 1812 he married Thursa Ann Canady, who was a descendant of Pocahontas. And some of the present day Canady's would pass very well for an Indian., they are so much like the Indian that there can be no question about their relation. Soon after his marriage he purchased a farm on the waters of the Country Line Creek, 230 acres, for which he gave one hogshead of tobacco. This farm is near old Trinity Baptist "Missionary" Church, and it is upon this farm that he established the Paschal Graveyard or cemetery, and upon this farm he raised all of his family of twelve children (5 boys and 7 girls), and died in the year of 1856, and is buried on the farm, the Paschal Cemetery. ^{H2}

The children are:

1 Fannie Paschal the first child was born in the year 1814 and at about the age of thirty years married Elisha Sartin of Caswell County, who preceded her to the grave about twenty years, to them were born seven children, three boys and four girls, and Fannie died 1900, age 86 years, and is buried at Camp Springs M.E. Church. ^{Rock}

2 Sallie, the second girl, was born in the year 1816 and while in her teens married Ira Somers, and died of consumption at the age of 28 years, buried in the Paschal Cemetery. ^{check?}

- 3 Susan, the third daughter, was born in the year 1818 and about the year 1840 was married to Thomas Butler and soon thereafter moved to Rockingham County near the old Iron Works Mill, and to them was born three boys and three girls. Susan died at the age of 56 with tuberculosis. Thomas Butler, her husband, died about the year 1883. They were both buried in the Paschal Cemetery. ✓
- Eliza Paschal, the fourth child, was born in the year 1820 and about the year 1844 married Pharo Sommers of Caswell County, and shortly after their marriage moved to Taswell County, Tennessee., and she died at the age of 65 of cancer of the breast. Henry Co. Tn
- 5 Nancy, the fifth child, was born in the year 1822 and was never married and died at the age of 68 years, and is buried in the Paschal Cemetery. 5th dau
- 6+7 John H. & Elisha Paschal were twins, born in the year 1824. Elisha married Fannie Harrelson of Caswell County, about the year 1852. To them were born four children, two boys and two girls. In 1864 he joined the Yanceyville Greys and served in the Civil War about eight months and died while in service, from the effects of chronic diarrhea 1865, and of his burial place we have no record.
- John H. his twin brother was married to Martha Justice of Caswell County about the year 1857 who only lived a few years after marriage and about the year 1859 he was again married to Parthenia Totton who died about the year 1888. To them was born five children—3 boys & 2 girls. John died in the year 1908 at the age of ~~84~~ 86 years and is buried beside his last wife in Greenview Cemetery, Reidsville, N. C. ✓
- 8 Mary, the 8th child was born in the year 1826. She was never married, of the fact that she was engaged to be married but owing to the urgent calls for soldiers to fight in the civil war her lover enlisted and lost his life in battle, and to him she remained true and died single at the age of 41 years and is buried in the Paschal Cemetery. 6th dau
- 9 Ezekiel Dennis, the 9th child was born in the year 1828 Sept. 22nd, and who is the father of the writer, married Eliza Parrish of Caswell County, N.C. in the fall of 1850 who was born in the year 1829 June 20th and died February 26th 1907, to them was born 12 children—7 boys and 5 girls—. He died June 2nd 1912. Jesse
- 10 Dodson, the 10th child was born 1831 and married Eliza Ann Canady a first cousin in the year 1859 to them was born —8 children., 4 boys and 4 girls. He died in 1886 and is buried in the Canady Cemetery. "Alexander R. the 11th child and the only one of his generation now living was born in the year 1835 and in the year 1869 married Hattie Rich of Caswell County, who only lived a few years after marriage. She died about 35 years ago, and her husband remained single and is hale and hearty at age of 81 years. While he only lived with his wife a few years you would think to hear him talk about what he and Hattie did that they had lived together 100 years, and it is he that has the fruit that his wife canned before her death. Rebecca, the 12th and youngest child was born in the year 1837 and about the age of 30 years married Iverson Brooks of Guilford County, no children and died with Tuberculosis in the year 1874, buried at Paschal Cemetery. The father of the foregoing generation followed farming alone until his children grew up to be of some service, yet too frail to do manual work on the farm, of necessity there must be some plan devised to improve their time, and it might be well right to say that in those days it is not like it is now for the public school system solves this problem for the present day father. In school from 6 years old to gray hairs completely eliminating the question of what shall we do to employ the time of our children, but grandfather while totally uneducated in books was a man of progressive ideas. He begins the manufacture of tobacco. At this kind of work in some of its departments children are worth as much as men, after the tobacco was manufactured it must be sold. This was before a foot of railroad was in the south, and the only means of transportation was by wagon. So he rigged up two big wagons which would take from 4 to 6 horses or mules to pull, according to load. Now John and Elisha the two oldest boys were large enough to go one with each wagon. Each wagon had a good trusty grown man to drive and take care of the team and help the boys. It would usually take four or five weeks to peddle out a load in those days. There were very few stores in the country and tobacco had to be peddled from house to house. Some of the larger farmers would buy one, two or three boxes to supply their tenants or laborers, and finding that the selling would be easier if they could take cow hides and tallow in exchange and in order to make things go easy he and Elisha Sartin, who afterwards became his son-in-law and who was also in the tobacco business entered into a tannery & shoe making business. 7th dau

Now this gave them precedence over their competitors as they needed the hide for the tannery and the tallow for the shoes. And after this when they would start their teams out with tobacco they would throw on a lot of shoes to sell the cotton farmers. As I have already stated there were very few stores in the country, because the goods had to be hauled from a seaport town by wagon, Fayetteville, N. C. then being the nearest boat landing to this section and being in route of the tobacco wagons and figuring that the wagon had just as well come back loaded as empty. You see the cowhides when they had them did not make a load in weight so he decided to go into the mercantile business forming a co-partnership with George W. Swepson, who the State knew nothing of at that time, but has learned a lot about since, for he is the same Swepson who together with Oscar Littlefield the Carpet Bagger, came very near stealing the State, or at least nearly the entire issue of 1868-1869 State bond, which were readily repudiated as the State received no benefit from them, but they are still in existence, and are continually bobbing up perpetuating the memory of Swepson and Littlefield. And he is the same George W. Swepson of Swepsonville, N.C. who shot and killed Dolph Moore, and remained sick until his death and was never tried for either of the above crimes and died under bond for his appearance in court. But to back to ~~WHERE~~ I left off, grandfather and Swepson located in the mercantile business at Col. Bedford Brown's place on the old Stage Road from Greensboro, N.C. to Yanceyville, N. C.. It was one of the most prominent places on the route as Col. Brown was extensively known first as a Dr. of Medicine and next as a big farmer and slave owner, and then a Statesman having represented his "then the leading" county in the State and Senate and Legislature several times, and owned at that time the largest corn and wheat mill, cotton gin, and sawmill in the county. The store was then about two miles from Locust Hill Post Office. But in recent years the Post Office has been moved to the old Brown place and is now called Locust Hill, N.C. They succeeded nicely as the wagons were continually hauling in new goods. This business continued for several years, finally Dr. Brown decided to sell his Grist Mill, Cotton, Gin, and saw mill with about 50 acres of land, and Grandfather, wishing to buy, disposes of his interest in the store to Swepson and purchased a mill etc, which he owned at his death, and it was at the mill that the writer was born. Now while he was doing the things above mentioned his farming was being pushed with the same vigor as his other business, and he termed his farming the back bone of his business. He raised all he needed for his own consumption and some to spare, but there was one thing he would not do and that was he would not sell his hams, kept them for his own family's use. If any body was sick in the neighborhood and wanted some ham, (lean meat), he would not sell them a pound of his ham but would cut off a nice chunk and give to them. And when he died had ham three years old. While he was progressive and prosperous he was plain in his habits, courteous in manner and generous in spirit, truly a poor man's friend. Died 1856, age 68 years, is buried on the old farm Paschal Cemetery.

10th? SYNOPSIS

Ezekiel Dennis Paschal, the 9th child, of the preceeding generation was the 3rd son of the 3rd generation, and is the writer the 3rd son of the 4th generation. He was a member of M.E. Church 63 years, Steward in the Church more than 50 years, Superintendent of the Sunday School a number of years, Justice of the Peace for 30 years, County Commissioner of Rockingham County four years, Blue Lodge Mason "Yanceyville Lodge" 62 years. Was Captain in the Civil war 1861-1865. Tax Lister and Assessor for Rockingham County for a number of years, and filled various other offices of the county. Was leader of the Song Service at Camp Springs, the Church to which he belonged, about 45 years. He was a devoted Methodist and his wife was a devoted Presbyterian, and there/^{home} was truly a preachers home. The Methodist as well as the Presbyterian preachers were often visitors of the home and hospitality was the same to one as to the other. The father never tried to influence the mother to join with him, but encouraged rather than discouraged her in her faith, and vice versa. They never argued their doctrinal differences. Father would kid a little with a new preacher by saying, "I am a Methodist but like the Presbyterian the best", Of course this was a little strange and puzzling and would cause some speculating and guessing, but at length he would say "You see my wife is the Presbyterian".

And now follows the history of his life--

E. D. Paschal and Eliza E. Parrish were married in the year 1850, and to them were born 12 children (7 boys and 5 girls).

John James Roan, the 1st, was born near Yanceyville, N. C., Caswell County in the year 1851 (Dr. Roan the attending Physician), and died at Lenox Castle N. C. Rockingham County, 1864, Diphtheria. Buried in Paschal Cemetery.

X Jesse Thomas, the 2nd child, was born at Locust Hill, N. C. Caswell County, August 29th 1853, Dr. James Williamson attending. Was married to Emma G. Watlington of Guilford County in the year 1886, to them was born five children (1 Boy & 4 Girls), and in 1889 moved to New York to work for the New York and Boston Telephone Co., and has held a continuous job with the same company up to the present time.

X Ezekiel Franklin, the 3rd child was born at Locust Hill, N. C. Caswell County April 1st 1855, Dr. James Williamson attending, married to Isabelle Jane Groome of Rockingham County, N. C. Dec. 19th 1878 and to them were born 11 children (6 Boys & 5 Girls).

X Mary Caroline, 4th child was born at Locust Hill N. C., Caswell County 1857, Dr. James Williamson attending, she died 1863., Diphtheria, Age 6 years-buried at Paschal Cemetery.

X Bedford Brown, the 5th child was born at Locust Hill, N.C. Caswell County, 1859, Dr. Bedford Brown attending, died 1865, abscess of the jaw, age 6 years, buried Paschal Cemetery.

Annie Eliza, the 6th child was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County, 1861. Dr. J. T. Ware attending. Died 1864. Croup. Buried at Paschal Cemetery, Age 3 years.

Fannie Susan Paschal, the 7th child was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County, August 1st, 1864. Dr. J. T. Ware attending. Married to R.H. Brannock of Lenox Castle, N.C. Rockingham County 1905. To them is born two children (1-Boy and 1-Girl), all living to date.

X William Alexander, the 8th child was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County Jan. 3rd. 1866, was married to Eliza Wilkins of Alamance County, N. C. 1886, to them is born 8 children (4-boys and 4 girls), all living except one boy, "James".

X Fletcher Ware, the 9th child, was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County, Jan. 15th 1868. Dr. J. T. Ware attending, was married to Ida Simpson of Rockingham County 1893, to them are born 7 children (4 boys and 3 girls), all living today.
X One girl still born 1870. (10th child)

X Jimmie Sawyer, the 11th child, and 7th son, was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County, N. C., August 21st, 1872, Dr. J. T. Ware attending, and up to date is not married.

X Eddie Davidson, the 12th and last child, was born at Lenox Castle, N. C. June 20th 1874, and up to date is not married. Dr. J. Hawkins Simpson was the attending Physician.

Reminiscences and some characteristics of Capt. E. D. Paschal, the head of the last above named generation. --

At the time of his early life educational advantages were limited, hence his education was also limited, however, he was a devoted reader, and close observer, and by persistent effort he acquired a great store of literary knowledge and as a historian had few superiors and at an early date in life identified himself with M. E. Church, and strange as it may seem was the first to digress from the faith of

his fathers had tenaciously without a single digression kept the faith of the Primitive Baptist Church, and all of his own brothers kept the faith of their fathers and died fully possessed of the primitive Baptist faith. He not unlike his ancestors the French, was a great lover of music and at the age of eighteen years began to acquire the knowledge of music, and soon equipped himself and became very efficient in the rudiments of vocal music, and for a period of 30 years as a successful and proficient teacher. He had an unusually sweet voice, one technically distinctive from all others, thus making him a great leader of the congregation. This being before the day of church organs, he was universally sought as leader of the singing, and there was nothing that afforded him more pleasure. The writer has often heard him say, that he felt like that was his mission, as the Lord had blessed him with a voice of song to sing his praises. At the age of 22 years he married Eliza Ellen Parrish, of Scotch Irish and Welsh descent. Here again he breaks ranks with his Ancestors faith by marrying a Presbyterian, and now having assumed greater responsibilities takes a fresh hold on life. The year after marriage lived with his Father-in-law Jimmie Parrish, a farmer three miles west of Yanceyville, N. C. and in connection with his farm work with

would take two days of each week for his music teaching. At the close of the first year, he together with his wife and first born, moved to his father's mill. This is the Brown Mill, previously spoken of and for eight years was the miller attending to each-the grist mill, the cotton gin, and sawmill. The mills in those days were not like the mills of the present days, they were run altogether by water. Ideal Mill Sites in those days were considered valuable assets. The first requisite to a mill was a dam to create a pond of sufficient water to run the mill which is conveyed to the mill seat through a canal "ditch" called then, mill race. The mill house was built at the end of this canal emptying its force of water in to the overshot water wheel which runs the entire machinery of the mill. At this mill four of his children were born.

The year 1859 he and his brother John buy a farm near Lenox Castle, N. C. Rockingham County., so he, together with wife and their accumulated wealth, consisting of five children, one old Roan Mare, spring wagon, and a bull dog, migrated to Rockingham county, and the writer being about five years old remembers well the long journey "six miles" this being the longest trip of his life, and came to the conclusion right then that this was a whooping great big country of ours and has not changed his mind very much yet.

Now being settled down, he again takes a new start, and this being right upon the eve of the Civil War progress was slow and before he got things in running shape he was called into service. There being a call of volunteers for practice for the army, and as there were no military schools in those days to train young men for war as at the present time, it was necessary in order to learn them the tactics of war, to form companies which was done in every community to meet twice a week to practice, then called "mustering" and at Locust Hill, N. C. Caswell County, the first in which he figured was organized on their mustering grounds and E.D. Paschal was elected or appointed Captain, and was ever after known as Capt. Paschal. This company was soon merged into the Yanceyville Greys, "Capt. Mitchells company" and Capt. Paschal was ordered to drill on another company at Lenox Castle and in the spring of 1863 he with his company went into a camp at Kittrell Springs, N.C., and after remaining there for a short while was paroled as Captain of the Home Guard and Recruiting Officer, which office he held up to the close of the war, made frequent visits to the army headquarters, for purpose of returning deserters or turning in new recruits. Yet while in the service all the time was never in a battle. Now the war over, the country ruinously devastated, five of his children dead, he again returns to the remains of the home, and with that same old Roan Mare, and two boys, Jesse, aged 12 years, and Frank (the writer) aged 10 years, his only help, takes a new start again. It was an uphill life and death struggle for the first year, for we had but very little to draw on, and we worked until we could see stars.

Early and late morning stars and evening stars, and hard work all the time., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres of tobacco and other crops, and in order to have a little revenue to meet emergencies he organized two singing classes, this being his only income for the year to make the crop on. But the years work was crowned with success \$1,833.00 for the tobacco crop, and a nice crib of corn and rough food sufficient to get us through the winter. Prospect begins to brighten and things look altogether different, especially to us boys, for now he buys more stock, two good horses, a two horse wagon, and good harness, better tools. A nice Rockaway for mother-perhaps I had better explain what a rockaway is or some of this generation might accuse him of doing something wrong., it was a kind of carriage styled somewhat after the fashion of the old stage coach. Among other things to still brighten the horizon he bought us some store shoes the first we boys had ever had and it makes me blush now at the age of 61 years to think how proud we children were of those nice store shoes and the present boy or girl would ask for no better sport than to have seen us out in a sandy place making tracks with those nice shape store shoes, and then turning around and looking at them, they sure did look good to us. Everything moves along nicely, good success crowned every effort and undertaking, and in 1870 and 1871 he takes another start. This time as a tobacco buyer. Leaving the farm in charge of the writer and brother, locating at 3d creek station in Rowan County, handling only the leaf tobacco, assorting, grading, packing, and shipping., remained there for two seasons with fine success. In the fall of 1872 he locates in Reidsville, N. C. together with his brother-in-law W. T. Parrish of Danville, Va. and J. Willie Smith of Reidsville, N. C. formed a copartnership styled Parrish, Paschal, and Co., Proprietors of the Farmers Warehouse, for the sale of Leaf Tobacco. A Successful year passed, and in the spring of 1873 they begin the manufacture of tobacco, and for two years made great success, both in the warehouse and factory, and in the fall of 1875, disaster began. W.T.Parrish had been South collecting for the Company, returned home with about \$2700.00 of the companies money, there were no banks in Reidsville, at that time, and he getting back after night, carried the money home with him, and according to his wife's statement, he and she before retiring for the night, counted the money over, to see what amount he had on hand, and the above amount is what she reported, which was about correct, as receipts issued by him afterwards showed, plus expenses. After counting the money it was put in his pants pocket and by him placed under his pillow, and during the night he was taken violently sick and died unconscious in about 24 hours, and naturally the money belonging to the company was called for, but when the pants were produced there was no money. Where it got to remains a mystery to this day. This loss was a heavy blow to the surviving partners, but with unfaltering courage they press on, continuing the business as though nothing had happened, but in the spring of 1876 the warehouse together with factory, stock and fixtures, were completely destroyed by fire, and not a cent of insurance. The partnership now was only Smith and Paschal, as they had bought the Parrish interest, and this loss was theirs only. They at once rebuilt the warehouse and continued the sale of leaf tobacco only, for a short while, and sold out to John B. Johnson, who continued the business. Capt. Paschal again in the spring of 1877 returns to the farm and settles down for the remainder of his life, and begins the condition of the home life. In the fall of 1877 he begins the erection of a large and handsome residence at a cost of \$2,000.00 or more. This building was built from the very best material and workmanship and while this building was in course of construction, the kitchen, a log building, with its entire contents, in August 1879, was burned down, it being about 30 or 40 feet from any other building was the only one burned at that time. No insurance again. At once a new and better one-a frame building was built in its place. Work still progressing on the residence and was nearing completion, which was a model piece of work, first class lumber, and first class work. Every piece, doors, windows, flooring, ceiling, moulding etc made by hand, and all done except the finishing touch on the stairway and the parlor, and the carpenters, Robert Walker, and Henderson Roberson were at work on this, but fates decree again-frowned upon him by burning the new building on April 28th 1880.--together with the kitchen, amokehouse, and henhouse, with their entire contents, the origin of the fire unknown, and was a miracle that family was not burned, as the fire happened between midnight and day, and no men folks at home,

no grown person in the house except Mother and Mary Hall, a young woman father raised and who was the first to discover the fire, and that part of the family that was at home escaped from their beds with nothing but night clothing. Mary Hall, as she ran out gathered up the feather bed on which Jim and Ed were sleeping and carried them out bed and all, and this bed was all that was saved from the fire. The sight of the fire brought the neighbors in and having lived such a life, as to merit the friendship of the community, the neighbors did all they could to share the sorrow as well as the loss. They came with clothing, beds, and bedding, chairs, stoves, utensils, meat, lard, flour, sugar, coffee, money and in fact everything that was absolutely necessary for the time being, and amid the conflagration, disaster the whole elements were pregnant with love and sympathy, and all this before the head of the family returned home as he was fifteen miles away. His absence from home at that time was owing to the fact that he was Administrator for his Father-in-Laws Estate and had just previously had a sale and was engaged in winding up the accounts of the Estate, and on returning home, (or what was home when he left it) about noon, and finding everything in ashes, he bore up well until he met his two little boys, about 4 and 6 years old, with some grown peoples old clothes and pants and coats on them, he could stand it no longer. To be sure the little fellows did look pitiful and remarked that he could shoot the person just he could a sheep-killing dog, that set fire to his house burning his little ones and loved ones out of a house and home. But when he was informed that the women were busy making clothing for them he sat down beside a tree and wept, as much for joy as for sorrow. Unaware of what was going on he exclaimed, "I am ruined", and just about this time the wagons began to come in loaded with lumber. The whole male population of the neighborhood had gone into a neighbors beautiful pine forest and with axes, broad axes, and wagons, were cutting and hewing pine logs and hauling them to the place, and almost before the smoke had cleared away they had him a house, "not so commodious as the one burned" but a beautiful log house which was sufficiently furnished to meet the immediate needs, all this planning was done by his neighbors before he reached home. This was the house that sheltered him in his last days and the one in which he died, June 2nd 1912. He often said afterwards that while it did not restore unto him his loss, the kindness shown him in such dire distress in a measure repaid him. Up to this time he had not fully realized what he had in a wife, not in name only, but a wife tried by the fire test "a jewel among jewels". One who truly and lovingly shared with him the sorrows and disasters as well as pleasures. With the fortitude of a heroine and meekness of an angel, a woman of high aspirations but reserved and gentle in manner, kind in disposition, gentle in expression, giving her life unreservedly to her family and friends, unpretentious in religion, but ever walking uprightly before God and man, serving rather than being served, always striving to lighten the burdens of those about her, and with her large circle of children she had no special favorites. They were each one a pet to her. Always preparing or fixing just what each one wanted and just as he or she wanted it fixed. Making home as attractive as possible for her children, and died February 26, 1907. Leaving to her children the blessed assurance that she was going to the Home above and would prepare attractions there for her children, just the same as she had here. She died with full assurance of immortal glory. She was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church for more than fifty years and those of her family who mourned their great loss, had great consolation in her dying hours, of the fact of her consciousness of her departure and immortal glory. For several days she seemed to be just hanging by a thread, too weak to talk, but said she wanted to be able before she died to talk to the family. Just about forty hours before she died, she had a sinking spell, the family and friends gathered around the bed, to witness what was supposed to be the last, but the end was not yet, for the Lord yet had something in store for her, and about twenty hours before the final end on earth she rallied and all the family was called for by name, and with eyes sparkling, with the face of an angel, voice clear, distinct, angelic, called each one by name, soliciting a promise to meet her in Heaven. Tongue cannot tell or pen portray the transformation of a death chamber "by angelic words" into visions of joy and gladness, as when she designated the place to which she was going and at the same time stating the exact time of her going 12:30 A.M. at which time the angels peacefully bore the spirit of the loved one to that home where there is no sorrow or pain.

My mother dear aged and gray, struggling on with
 heart of love, gaining victory day by day,
 Patiently waiting to be summoned above.
 Mother dear I remember well, of lessons taught
 When young, of the sacred stories you would tell
 And of the good old songs you sung.

Time rolls on and years go by, but memories
 Still carry me back, when I your patience would
 Try, unconscious ere long I'd follow your track.
 But Oh! I too am growing old, time's plow
 Has furrowed my brow, the truth then taught
 Are threads of gold, Which binds me
 To my Mother now.

Written by

E. F. Paschal

H793

Now Mother gone, in the old hime there is a vacant chair and an aching void
 that time only can heal. Father sits alone awaiting the summons to meet his dear one,
 and just five years later, June 2nd 1912, he died with full assurance of meeting
 her to begin life anew in the better world where there will be no fires or disasters
 to mar their happiness, and wreck their home, and that their joys may be increased
 if possible by the ingathering of their entire posterity around the Throne, to live
 together throughout Eternity.

TO MY FATHER

Father dear the sweetest of names, to me a boy of
 Sixty one, to think of thee, without fortune
 Or fame, as the greatest man beneath the sun.
 It may be vain but God forbid, to esteem my
 Earthly father so, but when I remember 'twas he
 Who did the many things that made
 Me love him more. He loved his family devoted
 And true, and without a sigh or without a groan
 With unfaltering steps his purpose true
 He bore his burden without a moan.

Its a fathers love, a fathers care, that keeps
 the wolf from the cabin door, providing the meat
 The bread, the clothes we wear, always wishing that
 He was able to do more. Without fame or fortune
 or earthly goods, he leaves us the assurance of
 Heavens reward, a far greater heritage than
 Silver or gold, leave each other and servé the Lord.

What more can I say to prove my love, of a Father
 So tender and true, who is now anxiously waiting
 In Heaven above, to welcome his children through
 The open door. To reward him for his labor for
 Me to my Savior I want to be true, so as to live
 With him throughout Eternity, as a reward of
 His work so noble and true. Father just wait, It
 Will not be long, until your boy will be with
 You to part not agein, to walk the golden streets,
 No burden to be borne, shouting and singing
 The Angelic Refrain.

By E. F. Paschal

Capt. E. D. Paschal Dies at ripe age of 84 years.

Capt. E. D. Paschal, a resident of the Lenox Castle section is dead, and having finished a useful career of 84 years he fell upon the long sound sleep as a tired child. He was a useful citizen of his community and was held in the highest esteem by his neighbors and acquaintances. The remains were buried today at Camp Springs, of which church he was a member. Capt. Paschal had been a consistent member of the Methodist church for 63 years. His surviving children are., Jesse of N. Y., Frank of Greensboro, N.C., William of Stony Creek, Fletcher of Greensboro, N.C., James S. and E. D. Paschal and Mrs. R. H. Brannock of Rockingham County, N.C. - writ
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✓

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MOTHER AND FATHER:

Ezekiel Dennis Paschal and Eliza Ellen Paschal were truly devoted to each other, a devotion exemplified by acts, not words only, a look, a smile, a twinkle of the eyes spoke volumes of love, more enduring than a flip of the lip, or continued repetition of "you are sweet, I love you better than myself", and all such tommyrot, that had no place with them. The affections one had for the other were plainly visible, and didn't require a magnifying glass to see it, nor did they have to be continually arguing with each other or by public exhibitions of caresses.

To prove or try to prove, or make belief that they did really love each other, they were living epistils of what the world needs most the present day, their lives were so interwoven that you could not think of one without thinking of the other. They were blessed with a long and peaceful life together having celebrated their Golden Anniversary, some years before Mother died, who preceeded father about five years. Mother was a remarkable woman in some ways making no great pretension nor yelling from the housetops of her deeds of kindness, but hidden deep in the recess of her noble heart. Were the fountain of love gushing forth its fragrance of good love and fellowship. Permeating throughout the entire community. Wielding an influence that will bloom as a rose perpetuating her memory. She was ever mindful of those about her, trying in every way possible to lighten their burdens. Her home was her sanctum, striving in every way possible to make home attractive, always busy about the affairs of home, looking after the needs and wants "and I might say whimsical notions" of each one of her household, and I, "the mean self of me" tried my best to think that mother had her pet and it was not me, but try as best I could to kunger up something to sustain the wicked thought, my efforts proved futile for when after her arduous days work was done trying her best to please each individuals taste and believe me there were many, for some wanted salt in his bread and some did not, some wanted their eggs broiled, some fried, some scrambled, some wanted the steak cooked done, some wanted it rare, and so on, and they got it just as they wanted it.

I feel now that we expected too much and that we could have lightened her burdens and cares so much by leaving off those notions, but she seemed to really enjoy fixing these individual wants. And I find nothing here to sustain the story that she had a pet. The days work done, the night work begins, and by candle light she goes through the clothing and socks and stockings, patching the torn places, sewing on the buttons and darning the holes in the socks, etc. In this I fail to detect any favoritism, so I decided she was truly a mother without a pet, or favorite in her flock. And after the boys had married and could only visit the old home occasionally she still remembered just what each one liked best and just how they liked it served. And that is the way they got it and there was nothing that she enjoyed more than for her children "now old men" to keep up the boyhood custom of going to the cupboard and getting something to eat, and that was about the first thing they did on visiting the old place, was to see what good things mother had in the safe. There never was anything there too good for her children, and it was this great love she had for her children that prompted her in the strict discipline under which she brought us up. If we disobeyed her or would use bad words, fight, tell a story, go fishing or play marbles on Sunday, and she found it out we was sure to get a whipping, but it would be Monday of some week day, for she never whipped on Sunday. If she promised a whipping, you were just as sure to get it as you lived.

SHE would never whip while mad and she used the same precautions in whipping as she did in anything else. Would get a nice little keen switch, not a great knotty scrubby stick, as some mothers do, never saw her hit one of her children about the head. Father never whipped very much, left that for mother to do, as he often said men were too brutal to whip children, but he gave us to understand that mothers orders must be carried out.

When he saw us doing some work about the house or farm, that did not coincide with his notion he would ask who told us to do it and being told that mother did, he would say no more to us, but go on to see mother and after talking the matter over, they would decide either to go on or make some change, or stop. He never countermanded her orders, neither did she his, but she would see that his orders were carried out. They were careful of each others feelings, and never argued before their children. Father when he would come into the house and not seeing mother, would go right on through into the kitchen, out in the garden and all around the place until he got his eye on her, and then to one he would return to the house without speaking, perfectly satisfied now he knows where she is. This he does as often as he goes out about the farm or neighborhood and returns. She was the only woman in the world to him, he made no big demonstration of his love for her, but "if possible" he worshiped the ground she walked on. He was a man fixed in his opinion and you had to show him before he would change his mind. Was not given to revelry. Never indulging in anecdotes or smutty yarns, yet he was full of life. He delighted telling historical stories and fairy tales. His deportment was above suspicion. He unqualifiedly scorned immorality, and the writer remembers one little occurrence that transpired one night in Reidsville, N. C. We were walking along down the street after dark, we met a white woman and purposely or accidentally she rubbed up against him, and right there and quick as a flash a certain passage of scripture appeared unto him which he appropriated to the occasion. Shaking the dust of that street right off his foot onto that woman's dress about three feet above the ground and bade her (not in love) to speed on, and I am a witness to the fact that she did move about four feet right quick, carrying the dust of the street on the gable end of her dress. Another one, As Justice of the Peace, he was called on right often to write Wills, Contracts and such, he was one of the old time scribes, just striking the paper in the high places, and naturally it would take a wizard to read it. He would always get some one to write for when he could, however this time did his own writing. It was a tenant "croppers" agreement between the Landlord and a negro, and dividing time near at hand the negro became dissatisfied and contended that the contract called for a fourth instead of a third, but was willing to stand by the contract, so they agreed to let Capt, "or rather" Squire Paschal settle the dispute. Arming themselves with the aforesaid agreement they went before his Honor "the Squire" and giving him the aforesaid Indenture he scrutinizingly scanned the instrument but being unable to read the zigzag lines and not wishing to comment on the writer, or acknowledge his inability to read writing, he began to ask the parties about their contract. Expecting to get some light on the matter through this medium. But being informed that they only wished to comply with the written contract and the Honorable had to confess his inability to read it. Saying "Tommie, (this was Tommy Slade the Land Lord) you are a graduate-you read it for me", but being told that it was an instrument from his own hand it was no longer a puzzle to him. The facts are, (as Slade afterward said) if he could have read the agreement they would not have gone before the Squire. One more--on one occasion in Reidsville, Dr. Parker, a Phrenologist, was giving in connection with his lectures, some free examinations. So the Capt'n volunteered and marched upon the platform with the dignity of a sage, and the air of an Apostle as if to say "crack your whip old horse you will get nothing on me". The Dr. began fingering about his head finding one good quality after another until it looked like his whole cranium was full of golden crowns, but alas! his finger struck something he stopped, he hesitated and looked around, and the more he procrastinated the worse things got, so finally gave it up. Said that it meant that the subject was a great talker and frequently would talk to himself, for two reasons, the first was that he loved to hear a smart man talk, and the second, that he loved to talk to a smart man, and whenever a person agreed with him, he thought him a smart fellow, but if he disagreed with him then he was a fool. This you see was taken aserious by the Captain,

and to add fuel to the fire that had just begun the Dr. slipped his finger a little further down, and again discovered another bump, and again had an embarrassed look as if to say, I certainly do wish I had not found this bump, and was trying his best to get away from it. The crowd began to laugh, when the Captain raised himself up saying, "Sir! do you wish to insult me? and with this saying, he ended his career with Phrenologists, and to his dying day the meaning of that bump was unknown to him.

The farm bought in Rockingham County by J. H. and E. D. Paschal, afterwards owned by E. D., and it is the one upon which he died. They bought it in 1859. It had a history at that time of more than 125 years, being one of the first settled places in this part of the country. The farm contained 232 acres and just the same today. And it had what was termed in those days a fine house. A one room (20X24) building with a shed room, the walls were of logs hewed nicely, covered with shingles, weatherboarded and ceiled, some of the ceiling being 22 inches wide, the ceiling, flooring, siding, facings, casings, were sawed out by hand and dressed by hand. This was before the day of sawmills and to undertake to build a house of this kind required some nerve. Every nail used was made by hand in the blacksmith shop. The place was settled by an Englishman by the name of Leathers who was a great fruit grower, had more than 20 acres in fruit trees, which was a large orchard for those days. There being no market for fruit., but Leathers raised it for the purpose of making it into brandy. There is a pear tree on the old place, yet bearing fruit, that according to the best information attainable is 133 years old. It was brought here from England by Leathers and planted just where it stands today. There were two of the trees when we bought the place, but one of them died about 40 years ago. They were called pound pears and many would weight more. The abundance of fruit and no market for it and the place fit up with a complete outfit for stilling, and stilling in those days being as honorable as any other business, so it was either to let the fruit rot or still it, consequently stilling was the result, and for several years they followed stilling for six or eight weeks each fall stilling fruit only, and the close of the war had several barrels of brandy on hand. Sherman's army disbanded and making their way back home, was taking everything they could and destroying the rest, so as soon as Lee surrendered, Father "Uncle John wounded and not able to help", and neighbor C.J. Fowler and two negroes Henry Russel and Ike Brown rolled the barrels of brandy down on the hillside, which for the want of attention during the war had washed into gullies about four feet deep, making an ideal place to hide the barrels. After being put in the gullies they were covered with chips, straw and other trash. A Box of meat was taken to another part of the field, and buried and then the land was plowed, concealing all identity of the hidden treasures. The Yankees did not come along as soon as was thought, consequently we had gotten our of meat as we only saved out a small quantity of meat when the box was buried. Finally a squad came, it was just about noon when they rode up, they abruptly demanded that dinner be fixed for them. They were informed that bread and molasses, and cornmeal coffee was all that we had to fix for them, but would gladly fix that, they talked pretty saucy. Father told them to to to the Smokehouse and other places and satisfy themselves, so two of them went to the smokehouse, kitchen and corn-crib, returned to report to the rest of the crowd which were yet outside of the gate. Dont know what they said to each other but pretty soon these same two fellows appeared at the door and asked mother if she would cook them meat, said they had bread, and would furnish the meat, of course mother cooked it and also cooked some nice thin cornmeal hoccakes, which they pronounced the finest they had ever eaten. While they were eating their horses were also eating. While they appeared rough and wicked when they first rode up, but dinner over and about two hours lounging on the grass they had gotten to be real nice fellows,, and when they began to pack up to leave they gave me an Enfield Rifle, a cartridge belt and some cartridges, left mother out 20 or 30 pounds of pickle pork and by the way that was the first 30 pounds of pickle pork that I had ever seen. They left with the best of feeling and all the Yankees that came to our place were treated nicely and left "seemingly" with the best of feeling. In the course of a few months the Yankees gone, the brandy and box of meat saved was again brought in and the brandy was soon disposed of at 75¢ Per Gal.

This was the last experience in the stilling business.

In closing this part of the Biography, I feel duty bound to pay tribute to two old colored people, Henry Russell and wife Minerva. Prior to Lee's surrender old man Henry belonged to William Russel of Caswell County and his wife belonged to Sam Moore of the same county. Capt. E. D. Paschal owned no slaves and during slavery those who owned more slaves than they could work hired them out. The method of hiring was by giving notice not because of any law, but merely to those who wanted to hire. To know at what time and what place the hiring out would take place, and on the appointed day the owner would appear with the slaves. The slave to be hired out would be placed upon a block or goods box, so that the crowd could get a good look at the one to be hired. After thus being placed the Auctioneer would give a description and the bidding would then begin, and then knocked out to the highest bidder for one year only, and it was in this way that Capt. Paschal secured the service of Minerva. This was several years prior to the Civil War, and Mother Paschal becoming so much attached to the young negro, and Mr. Moore her owner at the time being a neighbor, made terms whereby Minerva never appeared on the Auction Block any more, and remained a hireling in the Paschal home up to the close of the Civil War. She now becomes almost a part of the household for when shown her freedom papers she absolutely refused to even look at them, saying "go way go way, I'se not gwine anywhere I'se gwine stay right here with my chillun and Miss 'Liza" and she is right there today at the age of nearly 90 years, and for a period of 57 years has not stayed off the farm for more than two or three nights, and then with the sick. She never visited or mixed very much with her race and yet was one of the old time darkies, always in her place as such, respectful and courteous to white people, reserved in deportment, and knew just how far the relation between the whites and blacks extended and as time goes on she becomes more and more a fixture in the old home, sharing "it seems" more than her part of the sorrows and burdens of the family, and since she has outlived the older heads of the family she becomes the idol of the old home, and loves "what she calls" her children and grand children, better "if possible" than she loves her own life, for when we visit the old home if any of the children come out of her sight she is badly upset and hobbles around on her stick until she knows of its whereabouts faithful to the end. Ask her about her future prospects and she will at once with smiling countenance, eyes sparkling with vision of rapture as if looking right into the gate of Heaven saying "I am going right straight to Heaven to be with Miss 'Liza, Mars 'Zeke and the children that are up there and I want all my children and grand children and all their folks to come up there" She is almost a walking angel, you can almost get a foretaste of Heaven when you are in her presence. It is surely a benediction to be in her presence. Old man Henry her husband at the close of the war tried to get her to move with him to his old Masters' home. He loved his white folks too but Minerva absolutely refused and he decided to move with her so arrangements were made and pretty soon they were domiciled together and Henry provided work on the farm. Henry was no stranger to the Paschals as he had been walking a distance of 9 miles nearly every Saturday night after sundown to spend the night with Minerva and back home Monday Morning before day. This he had done for several years. Everything now moving along nicely and in the meantime the lawmakers were at work too and the 14 and 15th Amendment of the United States Constitution were added, making the Negro a Citizen with Sovereign rights the same as the white people politically. Therefore they must be subject to the law just the same and up to this time had been no legalized marriage all they did prior to this was to agree to be man and wife and their seal to this arrangement was to either lay a broom down and jump over it together or make a circle and both stand inside the circle and make their vows to each other.

This done they are man and wife, but not, so since this special act of the law made them citizens, it also made them amenable to the law, and not being legally married they were subjects of indictment if they continued to live together without complying with the matrimonial law securing licenses and being married according to the law, so Capt. Paschal acting guardian for Henry and Minerva secured the legal papers and he being a Justice of the Peace called them into the house and made known to them the law, and began the ceremony, but the Squire had not gotten more than half through the ceremony, when Minerva had stood it as long as she wanted to saying in her jovial way, "I aint gwine to marry dat stinkin black nigger, no I aint", but the Squire finished up and returned the papers in due form. They never had any children, they were considered the best negroes in the community, industrious, truthful and honest to a word, no keys turned against them. Henry was a negro of the old school, respected the white race with supreme reverence, and at corn shuckings and wheat thrashings, he would not sit down at their tables as other negroes did, would say "negroes got no business in white folks house, just give me a piece of bread and meat in my hand", by this he invited hatred of his own race, but gained the more respect of the white. He would when talking to white folks hold his hat in his hand, and by this great respect for the white people it naturally brought sneers from his own race. But it made no difference with Uncle Henry. The more you knew of him the better you would like him. Now he is a Citizen entitled to vote, and the Carpet Bag Republicans using every method known to line up the negro vote. Henry became one of their objects. He attended a few meetings, heard them abuse the southern white people, this did not take very well with Henry so he talked the matter over with his wife, and she laid the law (her law) down to him, told him to just stay away from the low down white trash, running around here at nights fooling with no count niggers just trying to get you into trouble, so then he asked the Captain about it and he was told that he was a free man and had a right to vote any way he wished to, this was the time of Kirk, Holden, Turgee etc. reign in the State, so the Captain was not very officious in Politics just then, merely told Henry to vote as he pleased. I never knew whether he exercised his or his wife's judgment but any way the day before the election, Henry went to Danville, Va. with a load of tobacco, consequently he was not at the Election. A few days later he met one of the negro politicians, who began to drag Henry about not being man enough to stand up and vote in the face of the white man, and that he knew it was a trick of Zeke Paschals sending him off on election day with a load of tobacco to beat him out of his vote. Henry could stand his abuse no longer and gave him the D.Lie, and punch in the face and after satisfying himself left his man lying on the ground, not knowing that he was now amenable to the law. This being his first fight under the new code "to him" he returned home, and told about his fight., just as one would a Rig fight. The Captain informed Henry that he was liable to indictment. This kind of worried Henry, but the Captain told him that he would take care of him, so they went over to the Squire Brannocks and Henry submitted. The Squire suspended judgment on payment of the costs. The Captain forthwith lay down the cost, saying "Henry it shant cost you a cent". the Squire then remitted the cost, "saying "it shant cost any body anything". Henry never was much of a politician afterwards. A Few times he would pretend like he was going to move stating that some one had promised him great things, Minerva would say "you can just go where you please" I am not going anywhere. Henry remained to his death nearly 100 years old, fell in the fire and burned to death, he made no profession of religion and died without hope.