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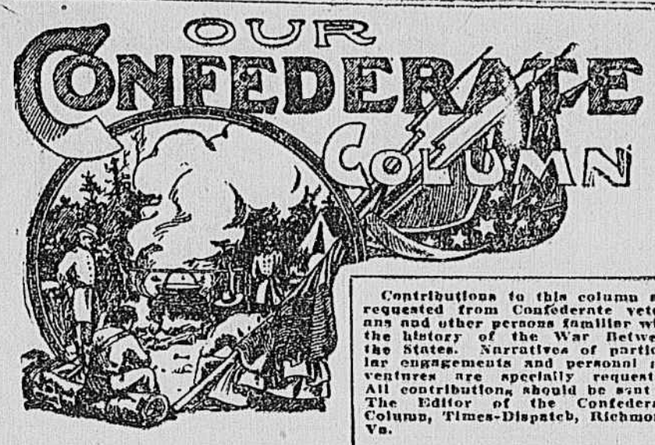

Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and other persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular engagements and personal adventures are specially requested. All contributions should be sent to The Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

SIDELIGHTS OF SERVICE IN THE RANKS OF GRAY

What a Private Saw and Heard—Amusing Incidents in Camp and on the March. Ready Repartee.

BY EX-PRIVATE WM. H. TURPIN, Co. D, Fifty-third Infantry, Pickett's Division.

Dr. R. H. Pitt, editor of the Religious Herald, wisely suggested that the little remnant of the private soldiers of the Confederacy should write some incidents and events of the war, and The Times-Dispatch that has done so much to keep the camp fires brightly burning very kindly offered its columns to any who would send anything worth relating. So here goes a few incidents which may be of interest to some from one who was "nothing but a private" in the Fifty-third Virginia Infantry, from April 15, 1861, until the bottom dropped out, April, 1865.

While stationed at West Point, in King William county, a private of Company D was guarding some Federal prisoners sent from Little Bethel. Asked one of them what he was fighting for, the Yank replied, "For peace." "No," said the guard, "we are fighting just for a small piece—you fellows want it all."

In the charge at Malvern Hill, a private got very much scattered. Getting with his company late at night, the boys said, "We heard you were killed." "Yes," said the private, "I heard so, too, but I did not believe it."

One cold, dark, rainy night, when the picket lines of the two armies were close enough to exchange papers, tobacco, coffee, and to carry on a conversation, a Johnny Reb called out, "Say, Yank, does your mamy know you are out doors in this cold rain." "Yes," said the Yank, "for she gave me 5 cents to buy a puppy. Are you for sale?" "Yes," said the Johnnie Reb, "but my mamy told me not to sell myself to a cur."

On one occasion our brigade was ordered to North Carolina. Just before we entered the old Tarheel State we passed a brigade of North Carolinians basking in the sunshine of idleness on Virginia soil. As each regiment would pass, the Tarheels would ask, "What regiment is you?" The little fellow carrying the flag of the ninth said, "This is the Bloody Ninth." A little Tarheel said, "Yo-uns had ought to be bloody, We-uns ain't never hear talk of yo-uns losing any of you blood in de Whar." The little fellow of the ninth said, "Dry up, you Tarheel." The Tarheel quickly replied, "We-uns used to have right much tar on our heels, but Gin'l Lee done made acquisition for it, and had it all scraped off to put on heels of Virginy troops to make them stick in de wahr."

While in North Carolina Private R. C. Shell made a very fine speech, urging the boys, especially the privates, to do their duty. The next day Private Shell passed a squad of soldiers. One said, "Look out, boys, that shell may bust again. Private Shell turned and said, "I it does it will not knock out many brains in that squad."

A private who was badly wounded at Fredericksburg and left on the field for dead, was afterwards taken to the hospital by some of his company. In a few months he got well, and went back to his command. When a member of the ambulance corps came to apologize to him for leaving him on the battlefield that cold evening for dead, the private said, "No apology necessary. I don't blame you for thinking I was dead. I'd have thought so myself but for two reasons: I was hungry and my feet were cold, and I knew if I had been in heaven I would not be hungry, and if I'd gone to the other place, my feet would not be cold."

A private of our company, after a two weeks furlough told the boys of the many dinings, etc., to which he had been invited, and the good dinners he had eaten. One fellow who had been listening until his mouth watered, said, "Were I to sit down to such a dinner now, I'd kill myself eating." "No," said the other fellow, "do as I did and it won't hurt you. Just take a seat seven inches from the table, and eat and eat until you begin to touch the table; then stop, for that will be as much as you can safely carry. Woe to the nicely dressed male citizen who happened to meet the marching army. But enough for the present. If this will provoke other privates to write some I shall be more than paid.

PICKETT NEVER PUT UNDER ARREST BY LEE

By M. G. ELZEY.

I neither purpose nor desire to intrude in matters which do not concern me, but when a respected friend, long dead, is placed in a false light, I claim the right to intervene in his behalf. I refer to the statement by Colonel John S. Mosby, recently published in The Times-Dispatch, that General Pickett was placed under arrest by General Lee (he supposes because of something which happened at Five Forks). I am a competent witness to the fact that nothing discreditable to General Pickett did happen at Five Forks, and that he was not placed under arrest by General Lee for any cause, at any time or place. I was at that time surgeon of Hunton's Brigade (formerly Pickett's), and which, then, was the leading brigade of Pickett's Division, which division was the leading division of Anderson's, formerly Longstreet's Corps. My regiment was therefore the leading regiment of Anderson's Corps, and I was one of the group of mounted officers at the head of the column on march. I was General Pickett's personal medical adviser, and continued to be such until the time of his death. We rode together a greater part of the way during the retreat of our army from Petersburg to Appomattox. We escaped together from the battlefield at Sailor's Creek, and were constantly together until we reached Appomattox. I repeat it, therefore, with all confidence that I am a competent witness to the fact that he was never under arrest, but remained in command of his division until the last scene at Appomattox. Further, I saw General Pickett meet General Lee at Dinwiddie Courthouse without the slightest show of embarrassment on the part of either. We were expecting an attack by General Meade at any moment. Pickett was in command of his division, and the manner of General Lee was perfectly cordial. That General Pickett commanded his division in its last battle at Sailor's Creek is a fact that is known to the writer, who was near him throughout the day, and at nightfall, as previously stated, escaped from the field in company with him. I therefore positively affirm that it is a matter within my personal knowledge that no arrest of General Pickett by General Lee ever occurred, and that no interruption of personal relations between the two men ever took place. As to General Pickett accusing General Lee of slaughtering his division at Gettysburg, it is well known that General Longstreet, and not General Lee, selected Pickett to lead that charge, and failed to support him, as ordered by General Lee. While the writer was a member of the faculty at Blacksburg General Pickett was often there and in that vicinity doing an insurance business. The writer was his medical adviser and saw much of him, and he often referred in our conversation to war incidents, and spoke of General Lee always in terms of the highest veneration and respect. I have never felt any personal unkindness toward Colonel Mosby, but certainly all right-minded men must deplore the disposition to attack and disparage his former associates in arms in our lost, righteous cause. No one has questioned his right to leave the Democratic party, to declare himself a Republican, to seek and obtain Federal office; and now, in helpless old age, when they have cast him off, no one has cast these things in his teeth. What can he hope to gain by disparaging such men as Heth and Pickett? What has the writer to do with General Heth? He was merely a pleasant acquaintance, but his brother, Captain Stockton Heth, who was his adjutant, was a classmate and roommate of the writer at the Virginia Military Institute, and no braver man nor truer gentleman ever lived. The youngest hero of our Lost Cause is an old man now. It is sad to see old men companions in a lost cause, who stand tottering on the verge of eternity, casting slurs upon each other, and even upon the reputations of the dead, their former companions in arms. What do they hope to gain by defaming the dead? What must our children think of such things? Would you teach them to despise the cause in which their fathers fought and fell, and the very graves in which their ashes repose? Comrades, in the name of God, in the name of the dead who sleep, let us at last have peace among surviving heroes of our Lost Cause!

HOW THE CONFEDERATE FLAG WAS DESIGNED.

The recent death of General W. T. Cabell, "Old Tige," former commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department of Confederate Veterans, recalls the fact that he had supervision of the making of the first Confederate flag. His interview, given several years ago, made public for the first time the true history of the Stars and Bars, contributing one of the most interesting chapters to Confederate history. He was one of the first United States Army officers to send in their resignations when the Civil War began, and he left the service under flattering prospect for promotion. He quit the position of chief quartermaster, Army of Northern Virginia, to engage in field service for the Confederacy. He died recently at his home in Dallas at the age of eighty.

"When the Confederate Army, commanded by General Beauregard, and the Federal Army confronted each other at Manassas," said General Cabell in regard to the adoption of a Confederate flag, "it was seen that the flag being used by the Confederates and the Stars and Stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. General Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, after the battle of July 18, at Blackburn Ford, ordered that a small red badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops; and as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large quantity of red flannel and to distribute it to each regiment. I distributed the red flannel to a number of regiments, the men placing red badges on their left shoulders.

"During the battle of the Bull Run it was plain to be seen that a large number of Federal soldiers wore similar badges. I saw these badges on a

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS T. NICHOLS, OF LOUISIANA.

number of prisoners we captured that day. Generals Johnston and Beauregard met at Fairfax Courthouse, in the latter part of August or early in September, and determined to have a battle flag for every regiment or detached command, that could be easily recognized and easily carried. I was telegraphed to come at once to Fairfax Courthouse. I found Generals Johnston and Beauregard in the latter's office discussing the kind of flag that should be adopted.

"General Johnston's flag was in the shape of an elipse—a red flag with blue St. Andrew's cross and stars on the cross (white) to represent the different Southern States. (No border of any kind was attached to this cross.) General Beauregard's was a rectangle—red and blue St. Andrew's cross and white stars similar to General Johnston's. Both were discussed and throughly examined by all.

"After we had fully discussed the two styles, taking into consideration the cost of the material and of making the flags, it was decided the elliptical flag would be the harder to make; that it would take more cloth and that it could not be seen so plainly at a distance; that the rectangular flag, drawn by and suggested by General Beauregard should be adopted; General Johnston yielded and at once, when the reason given by General Beauregard and myself was so good and substantial.

"No one else was present but we three. No one knew about this flag but we three until an order was issued adopting the Beauregard flag, as it was called, and directing me as chief quartermaster to have the flags made as soon as it could be done. I immediately issued an address to the good ladies of the South to give me their red and blue silk dresses and to send them to Captain Collin McRae Selph, quartermaster, at Richmond, Va., where he was assisted by two young ladies, the Misses Carey, of Baltimore, and two married ladies, Mrs. Henningsen, of Savannah, and Mrs. Hopkins, of Alabama. The Misses Carey made flags for General Beauregard and General Van Dorn, and, I think, for General J. E. Johnston. They made General Beauregard's flag out of their own silk dresses. The flag is now in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, with a statement of that fact from General Beauregard. General Van Dorn's flag was made of a heavier material, but very pretty.

"Captain Selph, who afterward lived at New Orleans for many years, had a number of the flags made and sent to me at Manassas, and they were distributed by order of General Beauregard. My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own dresses (silk) and sent it to a cousin of hers who commanded an Arkinsas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was later recaptured by a Missouri division under General Henry Little.

"It being impossible to get silk enough to make the large number of flags needed, I had a number made out of blue and red cotton cloth. I then issued a circular letter to the quartermaster of all regiments and brigades in the army to make flags and to use any red and blue cloth suitable that they could get. General Beauregard and General Johnston, being good draftsmen, drew their own designs.

"The statement formerly made that the Confederate flag was first made by a Federal prisoner is false; not one word of truth in it. No living soul excepting General Beauregard, General Johnston and myself knew anything about this flag until the order was given directing me to have them made as soon as it could be done.

"General Beauregard's battle flag is in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, where the superintendent in charge takes delight in showing it to visitors. The Washington Artillery flag, which I presented to that regiment because of my admiration of its gallantry, bravery and patriotism, can be seen at any time at the Washington Artillery Hall."

A WAR TALE.

It was in October, and we were in a field west of the river, near Bumgardner's Ferry. It was late in the afternoon, and seeing a rain coming, we concluded to hunt a farm house for shelter. The house we struck we both knew from childhood. As soon as we entered we asked if Billy was in the house.

"No, not in, but maybe under the house," was the reply.

"We asked about 'conscript officers,' and the mention of the words caused Nellie, one of the girls of the household, to faint. She soon came to, however, and helped to prepare a good supper. (This, after she found that Billy was safe.) After supper we took up our March to Massanutton. It was a bright, moonlight night, and we had not gone far up the mountain side before we heard dogs barking. I said, "Hatch, that's Frank Kibler's dogs barking." Soon the dogs came in sight, but went back when they saw us. It was not long before we saw two men coming up the road. We soon recognized them as Clarence Broaddus and Frank Kibler, both fomous conscript officers in their day. We got as close under the bush of the tree under which we were standing as it was possible for us to get. However, neither of them came any further, but turned short around and went back. We saw neither of them any more that night.

We struck camp way upon the mountain side,—rather steep for a camp ground, but we had found that any port was good in a storm! My friend "Hatch" took refuge for the night in a hollow chestnut log, going in feet foremost,—leaving nothing out but his head! He was soon snoring and snorting like a locomotive, and I rolled the log around, with "Hatch" in it, and started it down the mountain. You could hear it as it bumped over the rocks and mashed down the bushes like a steam roller. It finally struck a rock and busted wide open, spilling "Hatch" on the ground. He came back in due time, and said: "John, war's h—ll, but this beats h—l." I patched the affair up with him, and the next day we left for Catharine Furnace, where we worked "off and on" till the surrender in April.

—John G. Baylor, in the Page Courier.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

(This poem was written by Major E. A. Holmes, of Tazewell county, Va., while a prisoner on Johnson's Island, and it was recently copied from an autograph album belonging to Captain W. E. Peery, of Company I, 16th Virginia Cavalry, a fellow-prisoner, who afterwards lost an arm at Gettysburg. This is but one of many poems written by prisoners on that famous old island, a number of which were copied into this album, now so highly treasured by the daughter of Captain Peery, Mrs. G. A. Martin, of Tazewell, Va.)

The clipping referred to is as follows:

"The Yankee generals were almost thunderstruck at finding so many persons through a shelling lasting twelve hours and carried on without intermission with 143 guns. General Sturgis told a lady that the women of Fredericksburg ought to be handed down to the latest posterity as model heroines. He said to the same lady, 'Madam, it is too dangerous for you to remain longer. General Lee wiss shell the town; go over to the other side; I will assure you protection and return whenever you choose to come back.' The lady's reply was quite significant. 'No, sir,' said she, 'I have no more husiness across that river than a Yankee has in heaven. I shall stay and take the best care I can of my property.' He then asked if she had a husband in the Southern army. No, sir, I have a son; but if my husband does not now enlist and avenge the vandalism committed on my town and its people I shall get a divorce.' Said Sturgis, 'I admire your pluck, madam, and from this time forward, as long as I remain, you shall be protected.'"

In another instance a gentleman had been arrested and was being carried before an officer when his daughter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in the city, seized an old sword lying near and following the guard, who was conducting her father and who was abusing him, bade him desist, threatening him with instant death if he should harm her father, accompanied him to the presence of the officer, when both were released. A Yankee officer who witnessed this scene said he would rather fight the best regiment in the South than to encounter these women of Fredericksburg.

I have some curiosity to know who these two brave women were. But let us rejoice that we live in times of peace and not strife and bloodshed.—A. B., in the Fredericksburg Free Lance.

WAR MEMORIES.

(By W. D. Woodson, Company K, Twenty-eighth Virginia.)

My last letter left me with friends in Covington, just across the river from Cincinnati and I arrived in Covington about noon Friday, the sixth day after leaving the island. After consultation with my friends I was advised to take a steamer up the Ohio river, some forty miles, to a little town, and then go through the country as far as safe by day. I landed in Bath county on Monday night about dark.

I had to wait in Covington for a steamer and did not until Monday noon get off from Cincinnati. I kept in touch with friends, and when I had gone as far as practicable, I was advised to get busy at something until some of our boy came in from Dixie to see their friends, get fresh horses, etc. Then they would pilot me through the wilds of Kentucky out into my native State, for they said it would be impossible for me to take the trip without guides.

Bushwhackers, deserters and robbers filled the mountain, so I got busy making up a school. Esquire Massie wrote me off an old field article of agreement. I took this paper from house to house, from foe to friend, and finally succeeded in getting about twenty-five scholars. All this time I had one ear out for my scouts from Dixie. Oh, the anxiety of all those days of scholar hunting, for I was in two miles of Owensville, where a company of cavalry was stationed, called 1st Kentucky Scouts. I saw some of them every few days. I felt they suspected me and knew I suspected them.

In my rounds making up my school I stopped overnight with a Yankee esquire, and he said to me: "Do you know we in this country believe you to be a Rebel spy?" But Oh, I got too mad to eat and said it was a pity that a peaceable citizen could not come from Ohio, could not come down in Kentucky and engage in a lawful business without being suspected of engaging in a low down business as a Rebel spy.

I huffed the old esquire and went on my beat, and for about three weeks I kept this up. At last, at last, three of our boys came in—Turner, Boyd and Spencer—and that evening I was conducted to their hiding place, out in an old pine field, sitting down eating lunch with their pistols by their sides.

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place in the schools, where the ideals of truth and justice are supposed to be enshrined. And no teachers, especially of history, whose minds have been warped by an environment and training that has poisoned them with the venom of malicious and false ideas, should be permitted to perpetuate their perverted views among the boys and girls of our proud Southland. There are enough men and women in every section of our great country who are large and broad enough to rise above such contemptible prejudices; and only these should be placed in charge of such a subject as history. For the ideas which students acquire in the schools will sooner or later find expression in their lives.

But the inexplicable part of the whole affair is the fact that this offensive so-called history is used in a number of Southern universities and colleges. The only explanation must be that we are importing our teachers of history from any or all other sections. It will be only a generation or two, if this practice continues, until a satisfactory history for all the country will be no easy thing to obtain, and the attitude will be such as to make the character of John Brown ideal, and exalt him as the greatest in history.—Harrisonburg News.

A SOUTHERN VERSION OF A POPULAR TOAST.

Here's to the land that gave me birth
Here's to her Jackson and Lee,
Here's to her sons, the best on earth
Here's to her Bartow and Bee,
Here's to her women so brave and fair
As true as the stars above,
Here's to each breath of Southern air,
Here's to the land I love.

FREDERICKSBURG WOMEN.

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At this distance from the strife there are some things that we cannot altogether approve, but they give us an insight into the intensity of the feeling existing at that time. But, while we may not sympathize with all that was said and done in those days that tried men's souls, we should be unworthy of the splendid men and women of the South if we did not admire the courageous and heroic spirit which distinguished the men and women of that day.

Among the clippings from the papers is one relating to the undaunted spirit of the women of Fredericksburg. With such mothers as here described it is no wonder that this fine old town has such high-spirited, patriotic, intelligent women as those who now grace her homes and give tone to her social, civic and religious life. Long may they flourish, the worthy daughters of noble mothers!

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FAIR HISTORY OR NONE.

We heartily endorse Governor Mann's declaration relative to the subject of history in our schools. "If we cannot," he says, "have an accurate history of the War between the States taught in our schools, then we should abolish the history." This statement was made in discussing the agitation at Roanoke College over the teaching of a text-book, "Elson's History."

It appears that the author of the alleged history is a Kansan by birth, and that he has inherited, and wishes to perpetuate, all the notions of the most ardent supporters of John Brown and he has taken the method of preserving them in school history, to be taught to the young people of the land. And strange to say, notwithstanding that it is probably the severest arraignment ever made against the South, the book is adopted and used in the section which it treats in a scurrilous and defamatory manner. It is, in fact, an outpouring of personal opinion, bias, and hatred, with a total disregard for facts and real causes and effects.

Now, while the Southern people do not want their children taught "Confederate" history, they are no less vigorous in protesting against the teaching of "Union" history. True history is just as much an ideal here as it is in any other part of this united country; and Gevernor Mann's idea is a creditable one, that, if truth has to be suppressed in relation to the Civil War or the conditions preceding or following the struggle, it would be infinitely better to abolish the subject, or that part of it, altogether.

A perfectly true history, of course, has never been written; and a history satisfactory in every way to both North and South will be a task for some distantly future historian. But there can be only one ideal for a text-book to be introduced into the schools, and that is one wholly free from personal attitude, from bias and prejudice; certainly no text, whose author openly denounces in the most scurrilous and acrimonous manner a whole people, would likely meet the demands. There is, of course, no desire on the part of the people of the South to fight the war over again with pen and ink, but they insist on a fair, just and decent record of that period; and they are quite willing that future generations should know the absolute truth.

The agitation should mean more than abolishing "Elson's History" from Roanoke College; it should mean a condemnation of oblique teaching on the part of the poorly prepared or rankly biased professors, and it should suggest the necessity of exercising more care in the selection of texts. No work on history, if it is distored, highly colored, and prejudiced, has any place in the schools, where the ideals of truth and justice are supposed to be enshrined. And no teachers, especially of history, whose minds have been warped by an environment and training that has poisoned them with the venom of malicious and false ideas, should be permitted to perpetuate their perverted views among the boys and girls of our proud Southland. There are enough men and women in every section of our great country who are large and broad enough to rise above such contemptible prejudices; and only these should be placed in charge of such a subject as history. For the ideas which students acquire in the schools will sooner or later find expression in their lives.

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Among the clippings from the papers is one relating to the undaunted spirit of the women of Fredericksburg. With such mothers as here described it is no wonder that this fine old town has such high-spirited, patriotic, intelligent women as those who now grace her homes and give tone to her social, civic and religious life. Long may they flourish, the worthy daughters of noble mothers!

The clipping referred to is as follows:

"The Yankee generals were almost thunderstruck at finding so many persons through a shelling lasting twelve hours and carried on without intermission with 143 guns. General Sturgis told a lady that the women of Fredericksburg ought to be handed down to the latest posterity as model heroines. He said to the same lady, 'Madam, it is too dangerous for you to remain longer. General Lee wiss shell the town; go over to the other side; I will assure you protection and return whenever you choose to come back.' The lady's reply was quite significant. 'No, sir,' said she, 'I have no more husiness across that river than a Yankee has in heaven. I shall stay and take the best care I can of my property.' He then asked if she had a husband in the Southern army. No, sir, I have a son; but if my husband does not now enlist and avenge the vandalism committed on my town and its people I shall get a divorce.' Said Sturgis, 'I admire your pluck, madam, and from this time forward, as long as I remain, you shall be protected.'"

In another instance a gentleman had been arrested and was being carried before an officer when his daughter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls in the city, seized an old sword lying near and following the guard, who was conducting her father and who was abusing him, bade him desist, threatening him with instant death if he should harm her father, accompanied him to the presence of the officer, when both were released. A Yankee officer who witnessed this scene said he would rather fight the best regiment in the South than to encounter these women of Fredericksburg.

I have some curiosity to know who these two brave women were. But let us rejoice that we live in times of peace and not strife and bloodshed.—A. B., in the Fredericksburg Free Lance.

WAR MEMORIES.

(By W. D. Woodson, Company K, Twenty-eighth Virginia.)

My last letter left me with friends in Covington, just across the river from Cincinnati and I arrived in Covington about noon Friday, the sixth day after leaving the island. After consultation with my friends I was advised to take a steamer up the Ohio river, some forty miles, to a little town, and then go through the country as far as safe by day. I landed in Bath county on Monday night about dark.

I had to wait in Covington for a steamer and did not until Monday noon get off from Cincinnati. I kept in touch with friends, and when I had gone as far as practicable, I was advised to get busy at something until some of our boy came in from Dixie to see their friends, get fresh horses, etc. Then they would pilot me through the wilds of Kentucky out into my native State, for they said it would be impossible for me to take the trip without guides.

Bushwhackers, deserters and robbers filled the mountain, so I got busy making up a school. Esquire Massie wrote me off an old field article of agreement. I took this paper from house to house, from foe to friend, and finally succeeded in getting about twenty-five scholars. All this time I had one ear out for my scouts from Dixie. Oh, the anxiety of all those days of scholar hunting, for I was in two miles of Owensville, where a company of cavalry was stationed, called 1st Kentucky Scouts. I saw some of them every few days. I felt they suspected me and knew I suspected them.

In my rounds making up my school I stopped overnight with a Yankee esquire, and he said to me: "Do you know we in this country believe you to be a Rebel spy?" But Oh, I got too mad to eat and said it was a pity that a peaceable citizen could not come from Ohio, could not come down in Kentucky and engage in a lawful business without being suspected of engaging in a low down business as a Rebel spy.

I huffed the old esquire and went on my beat, and for about three weeks I kept this up. At last, at last, three of our boys came in—Turner, Boyd and Spencer—and that evening I was conducted to their hiding place, out in an old pine field, sitting down eating lunch with their pistols by their sides.

They greeted me cordially, and that night we raided a shindig in the neighborhood and found only two horses suitable for our business. Spencer mounted one and I had the other, and we struck for the mountains. The other two men remained behind for better horses. We rode until near day and camped near a friend's house, and in about two days the other boys came on splendidly equipped with two of the 1st Kentucky Scouts' horses; they captured them on picket, after we left, for our raid on the shindig had stirred up a hornet's nest, and all the 1st Kentucky Scouts were out next morning hunting for that school teacher to hang him, whom they did not find.—Fincastle Herald.

The Times-Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

4-2-11 (1)

In 1674 Robert Carter took up land in Gloucester, but as we have before mentioned, he is not well defined. He might have come of the same English stock as the Lancaster Carters, but we cannot prove it, and no Carters live in Gloucester of Anglo-Saxon parentage.

A. Carter much respected and of African descent passed away in the old county a few years ago rejoicing in the name of "Jeems." He was a gentleman and gardener, and could have told much of the "quality," which he adored. He attended to the famous gardens at White Marsh before the war, and as by-work laid off the smaller gardens of the less prosperous citizens. Uncle Jeems was an invalid for many years, and "passersby" might see him in his door as they went to and from the courthouse, a pathetic, dignified and urbane citizen, who had done what he could for his day and generation. In his small yard were some rare shrubs, which, doubtless, reminded him of the stately pastures to which he had attended in his palmier days.

In 1687 Mary Elizabeth and Anne Howard, daughters of Thomas Howard, held land in Gloucester. The name Howard always possesses a peculiar fascination, perhaps for the reason that world characters have borne it. We seem unable to place Mary Elizabeth and Anne exactly. William Howard came to Virginia in 1636. In 1644 he fought under Sir William Berkeley against Opechancanough and during Bacon's Rebellion. Thomas Harris, who had taken refuge in ... house, was captured there by Major Beverley Howard, subsequently complained bitterly of Beverley and his men, accusing them of plundering his store to the amount of £500.

The Howard names scattered through the old Abingdon register, as well as Mary Elizabeth and Anne, might have been his descendants. Henry Howard was married to Hannah White in 1744, and their daughter, Sarah, was born in 1745. William Howard was married to Mary Freeman in 1741, and they had a daughter, Molly, born in 1742. John Burt and Anne Howard were married in 1735, and Grace Howard was married to Jacob Smith in 1738.

Hugh and Elizabeth Howard had Mary, born in 1698; William, born in 1700; Grace, born 1704; Elizabeth, born in 1710, and Anne, born in 1714. Hugh might have been the brother or nephew of our fair grantee. We hope they were fair, but if not we can safely call them so with no fear of contradiction. Moreover, if they were not, it may be a comfort to their spirits to receive a belated compliment. There were Howards in Gloucester of recent years, and most probably they came of this broken line and from William of the land grant.

The Howards of York, are plainer. In 1635 John Howard patented land in that county. Could our William have been his son? He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1651. He married Margaret (?) and had Henry (2), William (2), and Elizabeth (2).

Henry (2) married, first, Diana (?), and had Elizabeth (3), Henry (3), Mary (3), Diana (3), William (3), Margaret (3), Ellinor (3); secondly, he married Diana Moss, and had Francis (3) and William (3).

Francis (3) Howard was also a Burgess. He married Martha (?), and had Mary (4), Henry (4), Francis (4) and Martha (4).

Henry (4), the only son living in 1748, married Frances Calthorpe, and had Mary (5), Francis (5), John (5), Eliza (5), Henry (5), William (5), Edward Calthorpe (5) and Martha (5).

William (5) Howard married Anne, and had Henry (6), Francis (6), Thomas Calthorpe (6).

Thomas Calthorpe (6), clerk of the Hustings Court of Richmond, married Catharine, daughter of Nathaniel Pope, and had Nathaniel Pope (7), William Henry (7), Charles (7), John (7), Thomas (7), Edward Calthorpe (7), Philip Francis (7), Marion (7), Robert (7), Ellen (7), Conway Robinson (7).

These gentlemen were all men of brilliant mentality, who are remembered in this community.

Descendants of the York Howards still live in "Fish Neck" in that county. Family tradition claims relationship with the Duke of Norfolk.

To this family belong Mr. Howard Bruce, the brilliant and successful young engineer. Albert Brue, lately graduated with high honor from Stevens Institute, Mr. Overton Howard, of this city, and Miss Eloise Baylor, whose beautiful voice charmed a large Richmond audience last winter.

Mr. Conway Robinson Howard married Miss Colston, and his children reflect honor upon their distinguished forefathers.

In 1691 William Hayward took up 156 acres joining Edward Portens, and his name exists in Gloucester to-day, but the destruction of records makes another hopeless gap.

We turn to the old Abingdon register again and find that there was a Hugh Hayward living in Gloucester in 1699, most probably a brother of William, who married Elizabeth, and had a son William; also one Richard Hayward, perhaps another brother, who also married an Elizabeth, and had a son Richard, born in 1699, and a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1703. This Richard, born in 1699, married Sarah, and had sons, we suppose, who named their sons after him, for on the old register we find Edward, son of Richard Hayward, born in 1748, and Jacob, son of Richard and Sarah Hayward, born 1713. There was a John Hayward in Gloucester in 1746, who had a daughter Anne.

There may be family Bibles which run back to these meagre notes; if so we should like copies of the entries. The Haywards are an old family who have intermarried with the Robins, of "Robins Neck," and the Thurstons, and in earlier times were one of the very few educated people who resided in Guinea.

Just after the war the wedding of Franklin Heyward and Miss Kate Pendleton Thurston took place at Millwood, the fine old residence of the Mann Thurstons, near Hickory Fork. Gloucester had seen hard times for four years, and a real wedding with a vail and cake was a very unusual thing. Everybody went and the ceremony took place in the large dining-room, and the supper was set upstairs.

The wedding seemed a sort of truce to sadness and despair, a peal of reassurance that war was over and peace had come with healing on her wings, with weddings and feasts and all the joy that Gloucester used to have.

Childish eyes gazed upon that feast "after the war wedding," and saw what they had never seen before—pyramids of snowy cakes, jellies and custards, and all garnished or rather embellished with "Father Abraham apples." It was soon after the war, and no such delicacies as grapes or oranges had come in. Does any reader know "Father Abraham apples?" They are red and pointed, something like the "Sheepsnose," but bigger and of a bright red color and with very white meat. Piled up amidst the snowy cakes and the amber jellies, they gave such a festive air as no other wedding feast seems to have had, and after the feast everybody promenaded. There was no dancing; this was not dignified, but the old and young, the bride and the groom, and even the preacher, walked up and down, up and down that great hall at Millwood, in their quaint raiment. It was "great" to the child.

No wedding journeys then! This, too, would have been undignified, but there were the big chintz-hung bridal chamber and the "second-day" dress.

In an old house in Gloucester county, now standing there, was a quaint room always known as the "bridal chamber." The hangings were of very beautiful hand-made netting, knit by the mistress of the house five generations ago. It was used for all this time until the room was dismantled about twenty-four years ago, and the last or netting or whatever one might call it, is in good condition in Richmond to-day and owned by a descendant of the industrious gentlewoman.

The Haywards who live in Gloucester now are doubtless descendants of William, the grantee of 1691. Perhaps some of them can assist us in making a good Hayward genealogy.

We will be glad to print all the information sent us.

Gloucester Land Grants.

1682—Robert Peyton, will 1696 (Hayden), 150 acres Blackwater Creek. Justice 1680, and major of the Gloucester troops. Ancestor of the Peyton family; came to Virginia before 1679; named his estate "Isleham," from the Peyton estate in Cambridge, England. He had 2,000 acres in New Kent county. He was father of Elizabeth, married, 1688, Colonel Peter Beverley; Thomas married Frances Tabb; Robert, married Mary ——; John, William, Ambrose and Benjamin.

1782—Sir John Peyton, at "Isleham" with three whites and 138 blacks (census Kingston Parish). He was born 1720, and died 1790; son of Thomas and Frances (Tabb) Peyton, above. He married, first, Frances Cooke, of Gloucester, by whom all his children; and second,