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.

A VETERAN'S VIVID NARRATIVE

Jackson to the Rescue--How He Won His Sobriquet--First Manassas.

By LIZZIE HUGGINS BURCH, of Roanoke.

Upon the well kept lawn spreading for hundreds of feet before a large modern hotel reclined a picturesque group of men whose individual attitudes were chosen more for comfort than effect,—an odd bit of 1860 mosaic in the commonplace cement of the twentieth century. Some of the men talked and some listened, while from the lips of each curled wreaths of blue smoke or shot amber jets of the much-loved weed. Harmless badinage and pleasant jest flew from one to another, creating much merriment, for these men were happy in again beholding each other's wrinkled and weather-beaten features. Every one wore his old suit of Confederate gray—or whatever part of it was left—for this was the season of reunion for the Southern soldiers and each wore his badge proudly. All carried trophies won upon some hard fought field—muskets, canteens, tin cups, cartridge-belts—wounds. Ah, the wounds! Of these the veterans were proudest of all.

"Look at those old fellows how jolly they are," remarked one of the young men sitting upon the hotel veranda, "let's go over and listen to their yarns."

With ready assent from the rest of the group down came the front legs of the tilted back chairs with the precision of grounded arms, and the entire party strolled down the cement walk and silently seated itself in a semi-circle around the soldiers. So quietly was this accomplished that there was no notice taken of the new comers, for the veterans were at the moment deep in reminiscences of the past.

Apart from the rest sat a venerable man whose ruddy, wrinkled face and thin white locks betokened the "fourscore" limit honorably past. With the point of his old sabre he was carefully cutting various stripes from the green sward. The principal line had a slightly northeastern incline, and was strait as the feeble hand could trace it. Across this ran various other cuts, some straight and others of irregular and jagged outlines. One running tortuously up from the southeast, crossed the main line at right angles and disappeared toward the northwest. A little to the west of this rough cut ran another straight line in the same general direction. Another jagged cut started in the west, crossed the main straight line two or three times and joined the first tortuous line farther south. Many minor lines intersected these, but in no wise detracted from their evident importance.

"What are you doing over there, Uncle Joe? Blamed if I've heard your voice to-day." The speaker rolled over on the grass and sat up beside the patriarch.

"Great Scott, Uncle Joe, you had better be getting away from here; I see what you've done to this lawn!"

"Cart Morgan," the old man replied firmly, "I never ran from this place in '61 and I won't do it now; no, not if I am twice as old as I was then."

"What place is it? Oh, I see; boys, it's Manassas, and Uncle Joe has the cheek to say he never ran there in '61!" exclaimed Carter Morgan, who was the wag of the party and well knew Uncle Joe prided himself on being a member of the "Stonewall" brigade.

Uncle Joe's lip curled with scorn and his eyes blazed. "Hear him, boys," he cried indignantly, "and he one of General Bee's men!"

The laugh was turned upon Morgan, who could not deny the charge, and the young men sitting around the veterans called upon the patriarch to rehearse the battle for their benefit.

Uncle Joe rose to his feet and gazed proudly from one face to another, and then upon the map which lay before him. In a voice remarkably clear and strong for one of his age he said, "Young men, I will do my best to make you see the battle as we saw it that day—as I see it now." A strange light burned in his uplifted eyes, and as he waved his hand slowly before his face those gathered around him breathed softly lest the spell should be broken.

"It is the 21st of July, 1861. See how bright the sun shines! Birds are greeting the first arrows of light with their joyous paens of praise; bees are humming happily wheresoever fair flower faces smile; the sky glows with the opal tints of a glorious summer morn, and all nature seems atuned to 'Peace' good will toward men.' Alas, that human passions should mar the freshness of this, the Holy Sabbath day; that the red glare of battle should obscure the sun's bright rays and hissing bullets bestrew the tender grass with the forms of dead and dying; but thus it is destined to be. This small stream running down from the northwest is Bull Run," and Uncle Joe touched the bold, rugged line on his map with his sabre's point then drew it across the long straight one.

"This broad, straight road is Warrenton Turnpike coming from Centreville on the east. This road running up from the south and crossing the turnpike is the Sudley and Newmarket road, while this little stream coming from the west and winding itself about these roads is Young's Branch."

Again he waved his hand before him, and the strange light which had vanished as he explained the tracing upon the ground glowed deep behind the silver rimmed spectacles. "A small stream with its tributary branches, a few rolling hills, two roads crossing each other at right angles—all very commonplace and natural—yet, upon this arena is to be enacted a grand tragedy between sister States, fought desperately by friends and brothers until one or both shall sink to rise no more, overcome by wounds and the sweltering rays of the midsummer's sun."

A change came over the speaker; his frame seemed to grow more erect, his face younger, his eyes brighter, and he pointed over his left shoulder as he said alertly, "General Beauregard is back there at Manassas Junction with the Confederate army and General Scott is assembling the Union forces at Washington, under General McDowell, for the purpose of marching against Richmond. Richmond, indeed," and he indulged in a low laugh.

"But General McDowell has moved his forces to Centreville, only a short way up the turnpike there, and excitement is intense throughout the country. The hearts of noble women are wrung with suspense, for they have sent out their loved ones to conquer or die. In case of victory, how many must yield up their precious lives; how many bitter tears must flow! In case of defeat—no, no; the South cannot be defeated!"

He leaned forward and ran his sword point along the rugged line of his map.

"See, General Beauregard has placed his little army of less than 20,000 men along the western bank of Bull Run all the way from Union Mills up to the Stone Bridge, where the Warrenton Turnpike crosses the stream. How eagerly these men watch for the break of day, well knowing that the foe only a few miles away outnumber them nearly three to one, but what matters that? Do you hear the rumble of artillery along the Warrenton Turnpike toward Centreville mingled with the oaths of officers and drivers hastening their heavy guns along the thoroughfare; do you see the dense columns of dust telling more plainly than words of the heavy masses of infantry they obscure—hurrying, ever hurrying onward, certain of the victory about to be won over the silent watchers behind Bull Run? I say, do you see and hear all this?"

"Yes, yes!" burst involuntarily from the excited listeners.

Uncle Joe's sonorous tones drew others out upon the lawn, but he did not know it and continued enthusiastically, "The day grows older; it is nearly 9 o'clock now. The dew no longer sparkles on the grass, but each bayonet holds a jewel upon its point, each weapon is grasped by determined hands. See! there is something going on at the Stone Bridge; the turnpike is full of Confederates—yes; Colonel Evans has left a part of his small brigade there and with the rest is marching toward Sudley Ford over yonder to the northwest."

He pointed his sabre across the turnpike and Young's Branch so menacingly that every eye turned in the same direction. "He had discovered that the Federals intend striking him from the rear, but he is not to be caught napping in that way. See how boldly he and his pitifully small band are advancing to meet the thousands of blue coats who are teaming across the Ford!"

A note of pain crept into the speaker's voice as he proceeded. "Hours glide by and still the unequal conflict rages. Will relief never come? Ah, there go General Bee and Colonel Bartow to Colonel Evans's aid!"

Uncle Joe shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed eagerly forward. "Alas, alas! the overwhelming numbers of the foe are forcing the brave fellows back in disorder across Young's Branch, close up to General Jackson, who with unerring genius has taken his stand here upon this gentle hill surrounded on three sides by forest trees and with the field of battle lying before him like an open map. Back and forth surge the mingled blue and gray. Slipping, stumbling over the gory dead; madly striking out with the butts of discharged weapons; grappling in deadly embrace where weapons are no longer of service, these human tigers fight. The blues are pushing forward,—my God! the grays are giving way—they fly in utter confusion while the foe, flushed with victory, rushes on."

A wild rebel yell burst from the narrator's lips and his sword flashed above head as he cried triumphantly, "Aye, on to their own destruction, for Jackson is here!"

The sword fell by his side and he continued more quietly, 'With swan cheeks and sinking heart General Jackson has for hours been watching from the plateau upon which he is stationed, unable to aid except by his artillery which he has placed in advance of his infantry, watching for his cue which seems destined never to come. From post to post he has been sent ever in the background while others are fighting, fighting for some and honor, but at last the man and the opportunity have come face to face and all is changed. See how his eyes scintillate, see how his face glows with enthusiasm and assurance! His whole being seems imbued with life as does the tiger's form when crouching for a spring upon his foe. What magnetism the man possesses—it makes itself felt by all who come within his touch. General Bee feels it; see him ride forward from among his demoralized ranks, hear that despairing cry, 'General they are beating us back!' Listen for Jackson's Jackson's reply, boys, "Then we will give them the bayonet." Wasn't that cool, wasn't it just like him? This magnetism is also felt by the fragments of the gallant South Carolinian's brigade as he again rides among them, and with renewed zeal cries out, "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here and we will conquer. Follow me!" Heaven help us, General Bee is falling—dying—baptizing with his heart's blood 'Stonewall' Jackson and the 'Stonewall' Brigade with the name which will go down through all the ages."

Uncle Joe's eyes danced and his voice rose to a high key as he continued enthusiastically. "Boys, with these words still ringing in his ears 'Stonewall' Jackson sweeps the 'Stonewall' Brigade on to victory by this same magnetic power—the combined thunders of Ricketts's and Griffin's batteries cannot make him waver from his purpose. Alas! Bee, Bartow and many other gallant men whom we love will never know of this victory, but we know that they helped to win it. Now the guns are parting in front of the crouching infantry, some going to the right and some to the left, in order to take up their position in the rear. Watch that man who is riding up to those crouching figures; note well the way he sits his horse, the old cap pulled over burning eyes, the old uniform so carelessly worn, the cool demeanor, although hemmed in on the right by the shattered forces of friends and on the left by the foe's most formidable batteries. That is 'Stonewall' Jackson, and he might as well be on dress parade for all the fear he displays.

Watch him through the smoke and glare of battle, hear his voice ring in command, even above the roar of cannon and the incessant crack of rifle, the triumphant shouts of victors and the despairing moans of vanquished. 'Reserve your fire until they come within fifty yards, then fire and give the bayonet; and, when you charge, yell like furies!' Boys, do you hear that 'rebel yell' with which this command is welcomed?"

"Yes, yes; we hear it." Go on! from the eager crowd of listeners.

"That is the crystallization of all the pent up revenge for hours of inaction, all the hatred for the desecrators of Southern soil, all the confidence felt by these men in their beloved leader. See them spring forward—these bloodhounds of war—and pour in a deadly volley of lead, watch them charge upon the overconfident foe with fixed bayonets and a firm determination to conquer or die. Do you see Hampton over yonder—Hampton and the Tighth Virginians? Yook to the extreme left. That plume so proudly waving in the air is just above Stuart's head."

The old man paused and the crowd urged, "Go on, go on, Uncle Joe!" But Uncle Joe shook his head. "There is nothing around me now but bloodshed and death, groans and cries of anguish, shrieking cannon and crackling muskets, smoke, fire—the turmoil of desperate battle. We conquered at last boys, for 'Stonewall' held the enemy at bay for nearly four hours, in fact, until the other generals could rally their forces and then together they made a clean sweep of the field, a complete victory at Manassas."

As Uncle Joe completed his narrative he looked around him and his face reddened with confusion. "Have I been talking before all these people?"

"Yes indeed, Uncle Joe," said a pretty daughter of the Confederacy, taking him by the arm and marching him away; and you have entertained us well, but I know you must be hungry so I have come to carry you away for dinner. Don't you smell chicken?"

"I do," he admitted as he followed his guide with alacrity.

SHOULD HONOR JACKSON.

Thinks G. A. R. Should So Honor Southern "Cromwell."

165 West High Street,
Carlisle Pa.

T. R. Walker, Littleton, N. C.:

Dear Sir,—Through the courtesy of a friend I have been receiving for some time your valuable paper, which I greatly appreciate, and read it with much pleasure.

I am an enthusiastic admirer of Stonewall Jackson, and in a recent address suggested, before Grand Army men, that they erect a monument to this remarkable man. I send the manuscript containing my remarks on this matter, and reference to the men of the South. I believe it is the first public utterance on the subject, and I hope to live to see such a monumental shaft rising to greet the rising and setting sun.

J. L. M'KEEHAN, M. D.,

September 25, 1911.

Part of the address delivered before a section of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Mount Holly Springs, Pa., on September 20, 1911, by Dr. J. L. McKeehan, of Carlisle, Pa.:

"Yo veterans usually hear so much of the cadets that brought on the war, and so much in praise of what you have done, that I now purpose changing the bill of fare, and saying a word in favor of the men of the South whom you met from Bull Run to Appomattox. I am not here to defend the cause for which they fought, but to admire their intrepid character and splendid manhood. We are told that before the battle of Marathon, the Greeks captured a Persian soldier, and stripped him to examine his physical developments. They found his muscles so soft and flabby that they looked upon him and the entire Persian army with contempt, and knew that victory was assured. The men in gray, were not Orientals. They had in their bodies the same kind of blood that flow in your veins to-day. They sprang from the loins of that noble Teutonic race, whose men, in the forests of Germany, flourished their spears and rattled their shields more than a thousand years ago. They were the same kind of men who fought and won the battle of King's Mountain, which I believe, was the turning point in the Revolutionary War. If they had been defeated in that struggle, the armies of Ferguson and Cornwallis would have united, and the cause of American Liberty might have gone down in darkness and in blood. The legions of Caesar would have been proud to march in serried ranks with such men. There is nothing more brilliant and impressive in the annals of war, than the charge of the Confederates on the last day of the battle of Gettysburg.

"To honor such devotion to duty, is to honor yourselves.

"There is one man among them, who, to me, is the most interesting character the South has ever produced. A thousand years from now, whoever else is forgotten he will live, and in that distant future, may be regarded as a demigod. That man is "Stonewall" Jackson. He was the Cromwell of the Southland, and about him was and indescribable charm and mystery. A physician whose father was one of Stonewall's surgeons, told me, that after giving his men the order to "fire low" he would follow the word of command with the words "and may God have mercy on their souls." Think of all the great generals of ancient or modern times, and when, or where did one of them pray for the souls of his enemy, after his men were ordered to fire.

"I would like to see the 'Grand Army of the Republic' manifest a chivalry such as the world has never seen, and erect a monument to this illustrious soldier, and God-fearing man. It would not only immortalize him, but crown you with imperishable honor and glory. You might give the school children of the land a chance to build it, and ask of each one of them 1 cent. Think of the unifying power it would have on the people of this country. It would destroy forever all sectional lines. Why should you hesitate to erect such a monumental shaft? You will soon be knocking at the door of eternity, and then, in the Imperial City of the Universe, you will be walking around, arm in arm, with "Stonewall" Jackson. Let such fraternal relations over there, influence your decision.

"Build the monument, and put on it any inscription you please, but do not forget to cut deep into the granite rock, the words 'Shoot low boys, and may God have mercy on their souls.'"

The Story of "Dixie."

It is related that after the close of the Civil War two officers who had been on different sides in that great conflict were discussing its events and issues. The Confederate said to the Unionist in substance: "You had the advantage of us in your songs, which were more inspiring than ours. Whether the story is true or made to order, the statement may be accepted as substantially correct. But it must be admitted that no Union song roused more enthusiasm than did "Dixie," though the sentiment expressed in it in the original form was not of a warlike nature. Fifty years ago at this present time the South was ringing with the stirring strains of what has been ever since the song, par excellence, of the South.

But this song was the composition of a Northern man, Daniel Decatur Emmett, a native of Mount Vernon, Ohio, inspired, however, by loving memories of "Dixie Land." Emmett's father was a Virginian.

Emmett was a burnt-cork minstrel, with something of the quick wit and versatility of the Irish stock from which he sprang. He organized in 1843 the first negro minstrel company, in which he played throughout the country for many years. In 1859 he was a member of the Bryant Brothers' company of minstrels. In September of that year, when they were playing in New York, he had a "hurry" order for a new song. It was a cold, unpleasant time and there came to Emmett fond memories of the "Sunny South." Sitting down with his violin he began to play and to improvise words fitting to the tune. It seemed quite fitting to say, "I wish I was in de land ob cotton," and "Dixie Land," which formed a part of the refrain, at his wife's suggestion, gave the name to the song. As originally written it was first sung September 19, 1859, though Emmett wrote variations afterwards. The origin of the name "Dixie" is in dispute and has never been satisfactorily determined.

At the opening of the Civil War the tune was quite as much Northern as Southern. It was a favorite with Lincoln, who had heard it in a minstrel show in Chicago. Regimental bands about Washington played it and it was popularly played on the pianos in Washington. But the sentiment of the words was sure to make it welcome in the South.

It was in New Orleans in the spring of 1861 that "Dixie" came to its own. In a performance of John Brougham's "Pocahontas" a song was assigned by the manager suited to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience, then full of the martial spirit of the early days of the war. A march of zouaves, New Orleans then being widely enthusiastic over this organization, led by a young woman named Susan Denin, was introduced on the stage, the leader singing, "I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!" The audience, wild with enthousiasm, called again and again for the song and the march. Thenceforth in New Orleans, and soon after throughout the South, "Dixie" was the chosen melody of the Confederacy.

The tune once adopted, paraphrases followed imbued with the militant spirit. The best known of these was composed, singularly enough, by another Northern man, Albert Pike, born in Boston, but better known in Arkansas as lawyer, editor, poet, Confederate brigadier-general and grand commander of the Scottish rite in Masonry in the United States. His lines throbbed with something of the fiery impetuosity that made of the Marseillaise the inspiring battle song of the French revolution. It began thus:

"Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted!
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!"

Emmett lived to a good old age, and on his final tour as a minstrel in 1896, his part still being to sing the song that had made him famous and had meant so much to the South in the dark days of the war, he was enthusiastically welcomed in many places in that part of the Union.—Springfield (Mo.) Leader.

A Toast to the Old Confed.

Here's wishing we were at Rome to-day
With the heroes of our State,
Who laid their all on honor's shrine—
Let's drink to them, early and late.

Here's that every child in Georgia may
His school books lay aside,
And be taught the proper reverence
For those, who for him died.

Here's that at the name of "rebel"
He may never be ashamed;
For as one the famous Washington
With stars our banner flamed.

Here's to the feet that may totter
But to fame that will never fail,
And when "Enter, ye faithful," is uttered,
May they file in, one and all.

Kent Langhorne Talbott, in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Times Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

10-22-11 (1)

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

Not an oyster have I got but once since I got home. Bobby is now well and gone to school he has been very ill since i came down I sent for him & kept him near a fortnight & gave him the nitre and barke which set him up quite hearty he is at present living at Mr. Maury's. I have ordered Billy to call on him for a letter to you that you may know his Reasons for being at Mr. Maurys I also send a letter I lately Received from my Sweet Suckey least there dear mother may not have Received one from her deare Girls. Mr. Brooke tells me they are all well & merry & comfortably settled. I bless & praise my God for it.

Since I began this letter came in Mrs & Coll. Ball with their 4 children 3 servants and two horses. They have been here these two days he also sent over for Mr. Garrett to spend a day and night with him, as also one of his old overseers to Breakfast. Talking & enquiring into all Mr. Garnetts affairs and keeping everything in confusion untill near Twelve o'clock in the day. Indeed they are the most troublesome family I ever had in my house.

The day after they came to Newpost there came in to tea Mrs. Page, Miss Tayloe, two Miss Lomaxes, Miss Grymes and Miss Page indeed I have my hands full within this week as well as my head providing for so many and not yet got my goods from Mr. Maury's that my house is almost left without necessarys but to-morrow I shall send up to Mr. Maury for my things if he will be so kind as to let me have them. I have ordered billy to wait for my negroes' shoes untill they are done for they can't do without them.

I have just got home my goods with the account. Indeed I am unhappy that it amounts to so much but the negroes' blankets & linnen has made it weighty. Mr. Maury has also raised it by sending me so much porter as allso more sheeting then I wanted as he could not cut the piece. The Table cloths are twice the price that I set them down at allthe very cource and small for the price, but was obliged to get them not having more than ten pair of sheets in the house owing to my old stock being all Damaged and quite to pieces by getting wet and mildued when the British drove us all from home. Indeed when I saw the account it broake me of my Rest—it made me so unhappy least I might not be able to pay it in time.

I think it strange when your brother complains so of poverty that he mentions buying a Tract of land in Kentucky. I have been informed since I came down that his proposals was in Respect to my affairs for me to make over all my lands to him, he pulling 5,000 in the funds & for me to draw my 200 per year as long as I lived & at my death the principal to return to him.

So my dear you may see by this that I was to run every Risque with my fortune & get no more than my Tobacco brings in now, this I will never do. Should the funds sink or come to nothing as has been the case in other countrys I might be left a beggar in my old age. God I hope Directs me right for was I to come into his proposals I believe it would kill me I am sorry for his extravagance but I can't help it—I must take care of myself in my old age.

I forgot to tell you that last year I had two waggon load of fodder from Aleck and this year I shall only want fodder sufficient for 2 oxen & 3 horses should I be able to get another horse which I little expect but in case I do, how much fodder must I get from Allick, for those horses and 2 steers pray write me word by billy. After your goodness my dearest child in sending the plank—do you think I can get a carpenter to plank up the nursery? Therefore must make billy & paris do their possables let it be done over so awkwardly or the hard winds and snow will drive me out of my chamber & what to do for tools to worke with as I am afraid to get anything more from Mr. Mamys and them that goes a borrowing go a sorrowing I hear my dear Johney is Returned as I bless God for it and send him my Tender and fond embrace and may he live to be a blessing to us all he is a sweet fellow

I have got together some of your newspapers and sent them. There's a piece of Ogilvie's. He has been attacked by Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Benson for whipping her son. I am sure it will divert you. He really is a sensible, well educated man, but I believe a shocking temper.

Pray let me, if my dear Sally and Lucy are well, with the rest of my dear little children. I have had a bad cold all last week, but thank God am now feeling well again. I hear Bobby has got letters from Richmond for you and my dear Sally. I shall direct billy to call on him. I am sure I have now Tired your patience, and will conclude with my love and blessing, with my sincere prayers for long life and health to your dear self and my dear Sally, with my sweet little innocents, and assure yourselves I am your most tender and affect. mother.

M. CAMPBELL.

This is, I believe, Thursday, 6th day of December. I have finished this letter. The interruptions I have met with in the time has prevented my doing it sooner.

My Dear Jack: James Scott has never done one day's work for this fortnight, and tells me he is not able, but has intreated me in the most earnest manner to let him go up to Mr. Dawson to see if he can do anything for him, and if he makes a cure of him to let him remain with Mr. Dawson and work to pay for his cure as to money. I had none to give him. He tells me he wants first to get to Mr. Vasses Springs to see if they will take any effect on him, as Mr. Fox was here the other day and told me there is no person goes there for rhumatic pains but gets cured, as he is so prepossest that these springs will effect his cure, I have given him leave to stay untill the last of October. Your brother was here this morning, and has detected Prince in a piece of dishonesty, and as he is determined to sell his Prince, he has prevailed on me to sell Patty and her whole family. I told him I was agreeable to his selling them, provided you and him could agree on my proportion of the money they sold for. He says he will advertise them to be sold at Orange Courthouse when they are sold.

As to the others remaining that is hired out, I must intreat of you to get them out of fredericksburg or I am afraid they will all come to the galloss. Can't you hire them for wheat, corn or pork—anything to get something from them. If you could see ——— I am sure you would not think I had given her cloaths, but believe me, she has had since last fall 2 good habbits and 3 shifts (her mother besides has given her this summer 2 crocus pettycoats and 2 shifts, and yet she has scarcely clothes to her back, and is worth nothing unless you keep a strict hand over her. Your brother has never made any proposals to me since I wrote you last. I have sent you a list of Patty's family to be sold, but I suppose they can't be sold till their hire is out. Can you tell me what I am to do to get my negroes cloaths and necessarys for myself this fall? For I hear nothing about my rent. Pray, my dear, write to me on this stead the first oportunity, for I shall want bread soon.

Could I be sure of a maintenance as long as I live from my rents, I would part with all my negroes, but such as my house servants, but I fear my rents are in a precarious foundation, and untill I am convinced they may be depended on to maintain me I shall not sell any but Patty's family.

Suckey and self are well, and if the weather does not prove too cold after Billy has done my chariot, we will spend a week with you. As to apples, there is nothing left on the orchard but "Hughes's Crab"; but of the pippins I othe garden I've got eight barrels, for had I not gathered them. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to my dear child for all his kind offers of his house should I ever decline housekeeping, but, my dear, I hope I shall end my days hear, for so long as I can support myself I believe nothing would prevail on me to quit my house, not but I think I could live happy with you, but if anything was to happen to you or Sally I might have to seek therefrom, so I think I shall never quit my house.

The third letter is also from Mrs. Campbell to John Spotswood, and is a pitiful wail against her son, Alexander—justifiable or not, it is not our privilege to know. However, we believe that the second marriage to the rather uncertain Mr. Campbell was at the bottom of it. Mrs. Spotswood begins by announcing that her negroes have not lived so well, and that she thought the country the best place for them. "I have sent up Becka and have given her 2 shiffs, a cotton westcoat and pettycoat and a blanket and two pairs shoes but as to apply to yr brother for an ox I never will as long as I can make my negroes pick up sticks and cut down my locust trees. It is no use to ask anything of him. He knows and sees my sufferings and I told him we had all lived together in my chamber for the time that sevear weather lasted with scarcely fire to warm us, and no way to get wood after the river frose up but if he would pay me what he owes me I need not be dependent on any body. He gets my negroes every year and never pays me any thing for them. Indeed I dont wish any connection with him or his unhappy family they act insincear parts they are best to themselves but they all the world for my part I never seemee to wish to be at variance with wish to enter their doores we never trouble them as I know of on any occasion & yet that daughter in law of theres seems to make it her studdy to raise animosity. She came pretendly to see me when I was sick & when she was going home she came up to the arm chair to kiss me. I then said to her my dear as I have been ill as econd time with the influenza perhaps it may be ketching and you had better not kiss me with that she broke her leave by saying goodby.

For my part I did not imagine that could affront maddam, but she went home & told her mother that I her sf & Told her I wanted none of her kisses, which was a great falcity. She also said Polly and Sukey laughed at her all day and never spake a word to her which is a great something. I can prove that for we all sat together the whole day in my sick chamber, it was the first day I was able to get out of my bed.

She is a bad tempered woman, & I Believe she wishes to make all unhappy wherever she comes; but she never shall me, I assure her. The first time I see her I will tell her her own, but I believe they envy every one that they think is happy and wish me in my grave, that they may get what little will fall to them at my death. I forgive them, but I shall have as little as possible to say to them for the future. If I can do them a kindness at a distance I shall allways be ready, and pray to God to give them grace to act as become them.

I have inclosed you ,my dear Mr. Maury's account with me. I am afraid you will think I have laid out too much, but I really could not make any shift without the goods I got, and unless I get blanketts and sheets next summer we must lay on the bare bed Ticks or between 2 coverlids. I did get two Duffell blankets for me and the girls' use, but was obliged to give Alick one, he was so Ill, and those about the house have all had blankets, but none of those who are hired out had any. They must be served against next fall, which I Told them.

I wish I could get as much cash as would get me a groce of bottles to bottle my cider; I would send you three or four dozen.

Did Mr. Maury accept Haselfore's bond for last year? All the bonds I have is Mr. Dixon's for Bella, Cockety and Cully, and Garner's for Molly; he never gave her any shoes. Cully's master never gave him any cloaths neither. When the weather is good I wish you or little Jack would come down and settle this matter for me, for I have no friends that will do it for me.

Pray, my dear, what would you advice me to do with Patty and Alick, her son? He will be well enough now, I hope, in a few months' time to be hired. Can you hire them up your way? Benson says he is a valluable fellow; perhaps some person would hire him for a waggoner, as he knows how to take care of Horses. I am just a going to send your brother's bond to him to execute, and to request his bond for Flora last year, for he never carried her to town to be hired with the rest. Neither do I know what he purposes to give me for her. Indeed, I don't wish him to Hire any of my negroes, for when I ask him for my money he then gets in a passion & says he owes me nothing; for the above reason I wish to have not the least dealings with him & next year I shall desire him not to bid for any of them. Had I the money he owes me justly it would supply me and my family allmost 2 years.

My tender and best Love to your self my dear Sally & children.

Your affect Mother

MARY CAMPBELL

Alexander Spotswood, the son of Mrs. Campbell by her first husband, must at last have gotten a decree to sell his mother's estate, for among these old letters is a petition to the Governor to stop the sale. The old lady avers that if her estate is sold she will be reduced "from an easy & plentifull fortune to Beggary."

Her lawyer was lawyer Mr. Blair. She announces in this petition that she is "incapable of meanness of falsehood. Were I sure my Husband's West India Estate was insufficient to discharge his debts I would chearfully Relinquish none, but when it is torn from me surely it is pardonable for me to desire that some boddy should be the better for it which I fear will not be the case if sold under the present decree at least my lord I may Require a fair hearing which whether it be my misfortune or my fault I have not yet had, for had my Lawyer at the County Court been present at all or Mr. Blair at the general term authorized to contradict the aspersions of his opponent it is presumable the affair would have appeared in a different light. . . .

"But my Lord who will be injured by granting what I ask The estates is now to be sold and the money arising from it to be lodged in the hands of the clerk of the general court: Now as the county sheriff may either take the estate in his own hands or take security from me that I will not waste injure or alienate it. . . .

"Unwilling my Lord do I intrude on your more important Avocation I have no other apology to offer but that. I am in distress & Distress like mine may be pardoned if it is wild & frantic.

"Allied as I am both by birth and marriage to some of the best families in Virginia & in possession of a fortune that sets me on a level with the foremost in the colony it is no slight calamity to see myself and my children (whose names alone methinks should endear them to Virginia) so suddenly Reduced to Total Indigency and thus too without any glaring mismanagement of ours which even myself or even our Enimies can point out. All this could I bear for I am a Christian but to be insulted in my distresses to be culminated and misrepresented in the General Court this my Lord is a trial which even Christianity has not taught me to bear."

The following letter is a quaint remedy for the cure of an equine ailment sent by Mr. William Pannill to Mr. John Spotswood, and will amuse the horsemen of to-day:

Dear Sir:

Agreeable to your request, I have had the Fistula weed plentifully applied to your horse and I do believe he is perfectly cur'd and think it unnecessary to punish him any more on that account. I advise that the parts affected by the juice be anointed with about half a pint of cream once a day for 3 or 4 days—this will facilitate the groth of the hair on the part as well as soften and heal the outer coat of the skin, which is made rough by the corosive quality of the weed and will prevent any mark or scar appearing. The weed grows generally on low, wet ground and near the water; sometimes in the water of small branches; but is rare to be found. Fill brings you some and is well acquainted with the weed and its powers on a horse. It is certainly a very valuable discovery, and its powers in the case of fistulas almost incredible.

I am Dear Sir with much esteem
Your Very Humble Servant
WILLIAM PANNILL.

In 1792 Robert Spotswood, of England, sent General Alexander Spotswood at Nottingham the true arms of the family and remarks, "Some put a boar's head upon the chevron, saying that the chief of the family married the heiress of the family of Gordon, but that is a mistake."

In 1785 Alexander Spotswood receives a letter from his London agent saying that no horse could be bought for less than 2,000 guineas. Mercury and Burleson stallions in possession of Lord Egremont sold for 2, 3 or 400 pounds. Eclipsis colts or ——— fillies none in England. Mares of his get may be had from 30 to 100 pounds each. No cash in hand—send it. Merchants ignore all bills of exchange.

General Alexander Spotswood had a son at the Naval Academy. Mr. Alexander Spotswood writes to Mr. Jack Spotswood in April, 1795, that he had sold his mine land to clear him of debt, and has gone to Kentucky to see about his property there.

Benjamin Stoddert offered John A. Spotswood the command of the "Experiment" at suggestion of General Lee, but he declined it to wait for something better. This was in July, 1800.

Alexander Spotswood the recipient of the letters from his "injured" mother, went to Jamaica and brought home coffee, rum and sugar in 1798. When he passed Newpost, on his way home, he saluted it.

This letter is to General Alexander Spotswood from his agent in England, and explains itself:

Dear General:

At last I've dispatched your fillies to Tilbury for embarkation. They go in Mr. Smith's ship, which is the first opportunity since I purchased them. You will observe from your accounts that they have had a long run at grass and have been 5 wks. in a stable, by which they have so far profited as to be in very fine order. The Mamborino filly, however, has lost much of her beauty—so much so that I had thought of selling her, from which I was persuaded by discovering great speed in her gambols in the fields, added to her being of the breed you sent for.

The Sweetbriar and Dido filly will speak for himself as to figure & blood. She, however, is not half so fleet as her companion, & I fear will prove fit for breeding only, but I judge from their gambols, from which accuracy of opinion can not be expected. From your management of her I hope much. I have not delivered your letter to Colonel O'Kelly, he is too great a r—s—l to be connected with you, and he is about to quit the turf. I have, however, continued to have him sounded on the purpose of your wish, and find that he will enter into no transmarine intercourse, nor sell for anything but cash. Your proposal to me perfectly meets my idea & excites my wish to comply with it. My friends, however, forbid it. I can get no money from them. Mention this to Ben. When I shall be in possession of two or three hundred beyond the claims of expenditure I shall most gladly adopt the system to that amount and I shall think myself highly obliged by your coadjuvancy. In the mean time would it not be wise in you to lodge in our house a cool hundred annually to be appropriated solely to the purposes of yr stud by picking up bargains which in general no sooner offer than they are snapt up.

My affectionate wishes to my old friend, Jack & family & all at the Wilderness. I have not met with a proper person for your racing purposes. When I do he shall be forwarded. Yrs most truly, JOHN R. GRYMES.

Gen'l Spotswood, Nottingham, Va., November 5, 1787.

Among the Spotswood letters is an inquiry about the ever interesting preacher, Rev. James Waddill.

"Under the impression that you were well acquainted with the Rev'd. James Waddell, a Presbyterian clergyman, a native of Scotland, and who resided many years ago in Orange county, I will thank you to give me an answer to the following inquiries. It is for the information of a highly respectable Scotch gentleman in New York, who is under the impression that the Rev'd. James Waddell Senr., was a relative of his:

"1. Was the Rev. James Waddell, Sr., a Scotchman, & about what time did he come to Virginia? 2. Did he live & die in the county of Orange, Va., & in what part of the country Was it near Gordonsville? 3. Did he leave a widow and children? If so, how many of them & of their descendants are now living, and where do they or any of them now live.

"If you can give or obtain for me the above information, you will oblige, dear sir, yours with my cordial wishes for the good health of yourself and Mrs. Jones.

"JOHN TALIAFERRO."

The Rev'd. James Waddell was an Irishman. I believe he taught school in my grandfather's family, in Lancaster county; married Miss Mary Gordon, daughter of James Gordon. He lived in Louisa & died in Louisa; preached in Orange county. His children live in Staunton & near there. Dr. Addison Waddell can be applied to, who can give all needful information.

His children now living are: James G. Waddell, Wanesboro, all now in Staunton, Augusta county Va.; Mrs. Calhoon, near Staunton; Dr. Addison Waddell, Ann Waddell, Sally Waddell,

10-22-11 (2)