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Address all communications for this department to
The Confederate Editor,
The Times-Dispatch

The Excellence of the South a Reason for Forcing the Continuance of a Distasteful Union.

"See the South, meet her people, and note the growth and changes, if you would increase your love for country, its form of government and its flag, and at the same time replenish your gladness that Uncle Sam told the South she should not go out of the Union."

It was timely and wise advice. I have heeded it, or similar advice, to some extent, the past twenty years. That is why I say it is timely and wise counsel.

There are ten thousand excellent reasons why it was a splendid thing for the American republic and the world to prevent the South from going out of the Union and establishing another government, but every time I visit the South and note the wonderful upbuilding, general development, its unlimited possibilities and the great changes wrought since the struggle of the '60s, I am convinced that the number of good reasons can safely be added to—that they can be increased to a million.

There is no longer an Old South, save in memory and tradition, and from the viewpoint of the average American citizen the New South is far ahead, in all desirable ways, of the Old South, and the Old South was most charming in many ways, and what a glorious part she played in founding the nation! This is a sweeping claim, that the New South surpasses the Old South, but I believe that ninety-nine-hundredths of the people of the South, down deep in their hearts, recognize it as a legitimate and safe claim, and all at the North who have read old and new history of the South will so recognize it.

When one stops to reflect what would have been the certain outcome of success for the Confederacy, one is justified in saying what I have said at the beginning of this series of articles, as the result of a recent Southern visit, and I could think of no better way to begin. The two countries could not have lived in peace a day; there would have been constant strife, there would have been other wars, bitter, unrelenting, destructive, weakening both. And quite likely there would have been still other countries established, all of them weaklings, commanding little respect, feared by no other country, and eventually they would be destroyed either by themselves or by other powers. Think for a minute of that condition of things as compared with our present great country, with its vast population, its great interests, the high rank it holds among the nations of the earth, the open door of opportunity for every one who honestly seeks an opportunity to succeed in life; think of the nation that stretched out its hands in mercy to Cuba and to the Philippines, opening a door of opportunity to the millions of those islands who had known no opportunity; think of the incomparable growth of cities, in railroads, in manufactures, in education, in religious efforts—advance all along the line—and then again cast your eyes back in imagination to two or a half-dozen weak, snarling, snapping, unpromising, degenerating republics.

Who that takes time to think of these things is not rejoiced beyond the power of expression because the South was not permitted to establish the first of the weak republics—that the South was saved from itself, kept in the Union that to-day is second to no other portion of the great country it has contributed its full share to make great, prosperous, strong and respected ever since the close of the war?

I cannot understand how any Northern men can go South, particularly a Federal soldier, without returning gladder than ever that he had some little part in preventing our brethren of the South from doing themselves and the nation the irreparable damage of disrupting the Union that now stands at the forefront of all of the organized governments the world has ever known, a position it is destined, without the sign of doubt, to maintain as long as nations exist.

This is rather a long introduction, but never mind.

The reader of history, whether a soldier or not, could not ride from the river, through Tennessee to Nashville and on down to Atlanta, without recalling the scenes enacted along that way a half a century ago; without recalling Fort Donelson, which opened the way to the capture of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee; without recalling that awful crash between the seasoned soldiers at Franklin; without bringing back that other great battle of Stone River, not far away, where thousands were slain; without thinking of the mighty hosts that were in and about Stevenson and Bridgeport; without a sinking of the heart as Chattanooga is reached, and thoughts of that awful struggle at Chickamauga, one of the greatest battles of the war, where many thousands were left dead on the field, men in blue and men in gray; without a searching glance at Lookout Mountain, where the battle above the clouds was fought, a step taken which made more certain, if not possible, the success the next day at Missionary Ridge. How travelers search Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge as the train hurries them along the line taken by the Federal troops in that unforgetable campaign of 1864, in which there were great battles at Dalton, at Kenesaw Mountain, at Marietta, at Peach Tree Creek, the series of battles about Atlanta, where nearly 200,000 men fought and many thousands died and still more thousands were wounded.

On the journey, going and coming, my thoughts were busy with those scenes and incidents of the war days. I thought of the thousands of Wisconsin men engaged in those various actions, of the thousands from Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, and of the thousands on the other side from Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Florida and the Carolinas, a multitude of brave young men, who had just crossed the threshold of real life when the great contest began; thought of the great leaders on both sides—of Grant, Sidney Johnson, Thomas, Longstreet, Sherman, Bishop-General Polk, McPherson, Walker, Logan, Beauregard, Howard, Bragg, Granger, Joe Wheeler, Joe Hooker, Hood, Gordon, Forest, Wood, half of the named Federal and half Confederate, and scores of others who made great names on fields of battle, many of whom since the war have played an important part in building up the waste places North and South, and who have served as Governors, State and national legislators, judges and other officials.

Is it well, now and then, to review these things, to look back to the brave old days, when the best blood of the nation sacrificed and fought, and the best women in the world agonized, wrought and sacrificed?

I sincerely believe it is. It gives us a new realization of what men did and what men were capable of doing in the mightiest emergency through which the nation has passed; what women suffered and could and did do.

One feels like lifting hat and bowing head as one passes the national cemeteries and the many other cemeteries where brave men in different uniforms, but Americans, are buried—men buried at Nashville, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Dalton, Marietta and Atlanta. These cities of the dead, populated by men who gave their lives for what they believed was right, is a vivid reminder of some of the sacrifices that were made in the greatest of modern wars, and the most important war ever fought.

Outside of a cluster of delightful war stories collected in conversations with Southern soldiers and Southern people, there will be very little in future articles pertaining to the war, and possibly I should apologize for making this one bristle with so much war talk.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. A. WATROUS.

United States Army.

MR. QUICKE'S MISSION TO ENGLAND

An Episode of the Confederate Secret Service.

I had served in the Confederate army in the Monticello Guards, Company A, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry, from the opening of the war, but at the time of this adventure I had been out of the military service for several months.

Being in Richmond in the latter part of 1864, I was introduced to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, by my friend, Colonel W. R. Drinkard, who had been chief clerk in the United States War Department under General John B. Floyd, but who had returned to his native State, Virginia, at the outbreak of hostilities, and at that time occupied a position in the Confederate departmental service. My introduction to the secretary was flattering in character, and the interview was correspondingly cordial and pleasant. Mr. Benjamin asked many questions, and appearing to be impressed immediately and particularly by the fact that I was an Englishman by birth, and still a British subject, he inquired whether it would be agreeable to me to make a journey to England in aid of the Confederate government, in case it should be found desirable to call upon me for such purpose. Being then a comparatively young man, and not indisposed to paying a visit to my native land, even though some adventure should be involved, I readily assented, gave him an address where I could be reached promptly, and at the close of the interview left him with the understanding that he would communicate with me, if and when the occasion for my services should arise.

Some weeks having passed without reminder, the matter had about passed out of my thoughts, when, early in January, 1865, I received a request to call at the office of the Secretary of State, then located on Bank Street, between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. After a brief interview, in which I was informed that the time for utilizing my services had arrived, and that the duty would be imposed upon me of making my way through the enemy's lines, thence to England, and there delivering certain important papers or communications which would be intrusted to me, Mr. Benjamin gave me a letter to Major Norris (whose initials I have forgotten), who, I inferred from what Mr. Benjamin said, was chief of, or at least a responsible officer in the Confederate secret service. I at once called at the office of Major Norris, also on Bank Street, near Ninth, and after some conversation, in which he appeared to be satisfying himself as to my fitness for such a mission as was in contemplation, he directed me to report to him a few days later, when he said he would be ready for me.

On the day named I reported to Major Norris at his office and received from him certain sealed papers to be delivered in England to the persons to whom they were addressed, together with a bundle of private correspondence, which he had undertaken to pass through the lines for private persons. The private correspondence was to be deposited in the United States mails on the other side of the lines at the first safe opportunity. As the first attempt proved abortive, mention of the directions given to me then is immaterial. It is sufficient to say that I proceeded at once to the Potomac River at Maddox Creek, near Oak Grove, in Westmoreland county, being forced to overcome some more or less difficult obstacles on the way. The weather in January of that year was so severe that the flats on both shores of the Potomac were hard frozen, and the boats of the Confederate secret service could not make the passage. The channel of the river was with difficulty kept open by the vessels of the United States. However, I waited several days in the hope of being able to cross, staying during that time at a farmhouse in sight of the Potomac, where I received daily reports of the conditions of the river and of the prospects of getting across. At the same house was staying an intelligent, attractive woman, whom, because of some of her actions, I suspected of being a Federal spy. I spent my time in acquiring all available information that might be of any value, but when I realized that there was no prospect of being able to gain the Maryland side within a reasonable time, I determined to return to Richmond. This I did, delivering to Major Norris the papers and documents that had been intrusted to me by him.

About the last week in March I was called upon by Major Norris to make another start. As in the former instance, he gave me considerable private correspondence to be disposed of as I had been instructed on the occasion of the former attempt, and the official correspondence which was the purpose of my journey, and which I was to deliver personally in England. That which I thought was the principal dispatch was addressed to Hon. Colin J. MacRae, in the care of Frazer, Trenholm & Co., at Liverpool, Mr. MacRae being the Confederate Treasury agent at that port. I was to go to Maddox Creek, on the Potomac River, where the Confederate government maintained a signal service station, see there a Mr. Norris, who had charge of the Confederate line of communication at that point, and arrange with him for crossing the river in a secret service boat. After crossing the Potomac I was to make my way as best I could, and as the circumstances might indicate, either to Washington or to Baltimore. Major Norris also furnished me with the names of several persons on the Maryland side along the line of my probable route, to whom I might apply in case of trouble or need of assistance, among whom the only one I can now recall was that of John Rigdon, at Allen's Fresh, Md.

Saturday morning, April 1, 1865, I was ready to undertake the journey, and was standing at Broad and Seventh Streets, then the station of the R., F. & P. R. Railroad, waiting for the train to start me on my way, when I was accosted by a Captain Bott (I have forgotten his initials), who introduced himself to me, indicating by his manner more than anything else that he had some knowledge of my mission. He informed me that his wife, who was a daughter of Dr. Herndon, of Fredericksburg, and a Miss Sally Stevenson, sister of General C. L. Stevenson, were endeavoring to get through the lines to Canada, and requested me to aid them so far as to see them safe across the Potomac and try to place them in friendly hands in Maryland. This, of course, I readily agreed to do. I found that these ladies fully understood the dangers of the journey, but were bravely resolved to overcome any obstacle and contend with any trial that might confront them. We went by way of the R., F. & P. Railroad to Milford, having considerable trouble at both North Anna and South Anna Rivers, owing to destruction of the bridges, thence by private conveyance through Bowling Green to Port Royal, there ferrying across the Rappahannock to Port Conway, from which point we traveled across the Northern Neck by private conveyance to the point of land where Maddox Creek makes into the Potomac. There, in an abondened residence owned, I understood, by a surgeon in the Confederate army, we found a number of refugees seeking a way out of Confederate territory.

Our secret service boat was nowhere visible, and the ladies accompanying me made the best of a none too comfortable situation while I looked up the Mr. Norris to whom I had been directed. I found that the boat had been taken far up the creek and hauled into the bushes to avoid capture by scouts of the Federals, who had been watching the point. After a wait of some hours the boat appeared, in charge of the signal officer, Mr. Norris, and then our troubles of one kind began. The crowd we had already found at the point began to raise a clamor to be taken across the river, urging various reasons in support of their claims, one lady, with two or three children, because she was the wife of a Confederate Congressman from Kentucky, others because of connections of various kinds of their husbands or relatives with our government. Mr. Norris declined to recognize any of these claims, despite vigorous protests. At the first opportunity I took Mr. Norris aside, informed him of my authority, and explained my wishes with reference to a transfer of the ladies who were with me to the other side of the river. After meeting the ladies, who made a favorable impression upon him, he agreed to allow them to accompany me in the boat, promising that an attempt to cross would be made at midnight, if everything was favorable, and advising me to have the ladies ready to start at that hour, but under no circumstances was any intimation of this purpose to be imparted to any one. In midnight darkness we crossed the river, there between three and four miles wide, our passenger list consisting of Mrs. Bott, Miss Stevenson, Mr. Norris, and Mr. Hart, Confederate navy agent, who was bound for Halifax; Captain Cone, a wounded Confederate officer, who was disabled for service and was endeavoring to reach his home in Kentucky; two gentlemen named Buckner, and myself. Keeping a sharp lookout against the danger of detection and capture by patrol boats, we reached in safety the opposite shore at the lower end of Charles county, and soon found at a farmhouse, to which Mr. Norris guided us, a friendly shelter and refuge for the ladies, the host kindly undertaking to take care of them until they could reach the stage from Charlotte Hall to Baltimore. Having fulfilled my promise to Captain Bott by placing the ladies in safety across the Potomac, and having a mission to perform which did not permit delay, I there bade the ladies farewell. I never saw them again, but, as an illustration of the freaks of fortune, many years afterwards my eye fell upon a newspaper item stating that Mrs. Bott and her daughter (the same Mrs. Bott whom I had left in a humble refuge on the bank of the Potomac) were the guests of President Arthur at the White House. The explanation is that Mrs. Bott was a niece of Commodore Herndon, a distinguished officer of the old navy, who was the father of President Arthur's wife.

Our party being too numerous to escape notice, and being desirous of not attracting too much attention to myself, I suggested the wisdom of a division into two or more groups, each to pursue its own way. Captain Cone and Mr. Hart promptly decided to take their chances with me, and we three accordingly plunged forward on foot into the darkness of night and the difficulties of an unknown and miry road. It was not long before the strain began to tell heavily upon Captain Cone, whose sufferings were great, and after a few miles of laborious travel, when we were approaching a little village that proved to be Allen's Fresh, he was exhausted almost to the point of collapse. He braced up under my urging and help, and perhaps also under the stimulus of sight of a faint light in the distance. When we approached the light it proved to be in the upper story of a house. I knocked at the door several times without response, but at length an upper window opened, and a voice challenged, "Who is there?" Thinking we ought to be nearing Allen's Fresh, I asked for information of John Rigdon. The voice came back at once, "I am John Rigdon; what do you want?" In response to my statement that I was a friend who desired to talk with him, he came down at once. I took him aside and told him who I was, adding that one of the gentlemen with me was a disabled Confederate officer, who stood in need of rest and temporary shelter. He proved to be a friend indeed, willingly taking Captain Cone under his care and promising to safeguard him as far as he could towards his destination. After obtaining information and advice from John Rigdon as to our surroundings and the road ahead of us, I gave him my hearty thanks, and, being anxious to get forward, Hart and I plodded on about three miles further to a country tavern (the name of which I cannot now recall), which we reached just as the first light of day was appearing. Being pretty well worn out, we decided to rest a while, and, securing a bed, we slept a few hours until breakfast. When I came down to breakfast I picked up a Baltimore Sun, the first newspaper I had seen since leaving Richmond, and was astounded to find in it the announcement of the evacuation of Richmond and the retreat of Lee's army. This news placed me somewhat in the air, but out of the chaos of thought came recognition that the word forward was imperative.

At the breakfast table my attention was drawn to a stranger who appeared to eye me very closely. Presently he engaged me in conversation, and began to ask rather pointed questions, among which was an inquiry as to the news on the "other side." I turned his question aside with an expression of ignorance, informing him that I was a stranger looking at some land. Apparently he saw through me, for after the meal he sought me out and bluntly offered any assistance he could give me, saying that he was a soldier in the First Virginia Cavalry on a furlough, and that he intended to cross the river that night and catch up with the army south of Richmond. In response to the information I then gave him that I desired to reach Briantown as early as practicable he undertook to go out of his way to the stage road and try to intercept and hold the stage for us, or, failing in that, overtake the stage at Briantown and induce it to wait for us there. Though he failed in this undertaking, I learned afterwards at Briantown that he had tried to carry it out. It was a long tramp to Briantown, but our incentive was strong, and we thought me could make it. We reached Briantown pretty well worn out, and considerably downcast when we learned that we had missed the stage. However, I was partly consoled and cheered by meeting friends there, one or two of whom I had previously known in Richmond. Moreover, I soon learned that in Briantown I was among friends, the sympathies of the people being decidedly with the Confederacy, loyal in the face of apparent disaster, and hoping for a turn in the tide of fortune. At the hotel I became acquainted, and spent some time in agretable conversation, with Dr. Mudd, who a short time afterwards was cast into the national limelight. With the aid of friends I here rid myself of the private correspondence that had been put in my charge, having it deposited in the United States mail, and after a good and much needed rest I was ready next morning for the stage, and departed with the good wishes of the new friends.

Among the passengers in the stage was a man who was a bartender or other employe at the tavern conducted by Mrs. Surrat. All in the stage were Confederate in sympathy, and showed clearly by their conversation that they were greatly cast down by Lee's evacuation of Richmond and retreat, and discussion of the situation was constant and general. At the time it did not make any particular impression upon me, but in the light of after-occurring events I have frequently recalled a very emphatic statement of the stage driver, whose name, Tom Horsey, has remained in my memory. When some of the passengers expressed a fear that Lee's retreat might prove the beginning of the end of the Confederacy he broke in, interlarding his speech with several apparently heartfelt oaths, saying substantially, "Never mind, in a few days they (meaning the Federals) will hear something that will shake the country from top to bottom." This conveyed no special meaning to my mind at the time, but afterwards I wondered how much knowledge the people of that neighborhood then had of coming events.

We reached Washington without obstruction or challenge, and I went at once to the Avenue Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where I registered in my own name, as from London, while Hart went on his way, thus ending our companionship. Having now reached a place of what I considered at least temporary safety, it behooved me to take thought of my future movements. The situation of the Confederacy made me pause. I did not know whether my mission was really at an end or not. Richmond had been evacuated and Lee was in retreat. If Lee should surrender or be crushed continuance of the journey to England would be a useless waste of energy, and in such case my family would need my presence. I took time to consider the matter, but my course was decided for me next morning by a little Jewish boy. While I was strolling after breakfast along Pennsylvania Avenue, which was boiling with excitement over the last thrilling events of the war, now fast approaching its crisis, my name was called by a boy about fourteen years of age, whom I immediately recognized as one of a Jewish family I had left behind me among the refugees on the southern bank of the Potomac. Drawing me aside, he blurted out that detectives were looking for me. In response to my inquiry as to what he was doing there, he gave me the details, saying that when it was learned that my party had been taken across the river a storm of indignation broke out. Incensed by their feeling of helplessness, the next morning from a headland at the point the people left behind hailed a passing steamer, which took them off and brought the whole party up to the Washington Navy-Yard. He further informed me that the night before a rebel bearer of dispatches had crossed the river, and upon the strength of her information a party had been sent out from Port Tobacco to try to intercept us. I affected to treat the matter lightly, but seeing in the morning paper a news item corroborative of many of the details of the boy's story, I realized that if I would make sure of my own safety it was incumbent upon me to act quickly and decisively. Accordingly, having the official dispatches secreted on my person, I at once sought an acquaintance whom I had previously known in Richmond, obtained from him and ordinary business envelope, tore off the official covering from my dispatches, wrote in pencil the words, "Send inclosed to Hon. Colin J. MacRae, Care Frazer, Trenholm & Co., Liverpool," on a strip of newspaper margin, which I inclosed in the envelope with the dispatches, sealed the envelope and addressed it to a brother-in-law in London, and, hastening to the post-office, dropped it unstamped into the box, knowing that, according to the law and treaty then in force, unstamped foreign letters would be forwarded and double postage be collected at foreign destination, I thought it best not to take the risk of furnishing a clue for my detection by buying stamps at the window. The package reached its destination, and its receipt was acknowledged in an earnest letter of thanks, as I subsequently learned from my brother-in-law.

The surrender of General Lee followed quickly, and a few days thereafter the world was startled by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The arrest of Dr. Mudd and some of the people whom I had met, and in whose company I had doubtless been seen, as well as the arrest of many strangers at that place, put me in a quandary. It seemed to me that my safest course was to return to Virginia as early as possible. The war clearly was over, the situation facing the South, with its problem arising from the emancipated slaves, appeared serious, and my refugee wife and child placed in these circumstances filled all my thoughts. Facing the situation boldly, I went to the passport office, then in charge of Colonel Pelouze, asked to see that officer, had a short but pleasant interview with him, in which I informed him that I was a British subject that had never taken an oath of allegiance to the United States; that I had a wife and young child in the interior of South Carolina, for whose safety I felt much concern, and that I desired a passport to enable me to join them. Being apparently impressed with my statement, he ordered a passport for me to Petersburg. A large crowd of seekers of passports almost besieged the office. With several of them I was personally acquainted, as I was also with their reasons for leaving their country. One of them, whom I knew very well, and who afterwards became a prominent Republican politician and officeholder in his city government, asked me in strong language what was my pull.

The way then appeared smooth for me, but Washington was in a fearful turmoil, the discovery of the assassins of Lincoln filling and exciting the minds of the whole community, arrests being made hourly with or without cause, and every exit being closely watched. Apprehension arose again, but at the hour of the starting of the steamer I was on board, and sought the seclusion of my cabin. The last alarm came about midnight on the steamer. At that hour I was awakened by a command for all passengers to turn out and go forward for scrutiny. I then remembered that I still had in my wallet a letter of introduction from Mr. Benjamin, which I had forgotten to include in the destruction of other papers that I had thought might be embarrassing in case of arrest. There are times in a man's life when panic fear will grip him. That was my time. Awakened out of a sound sleep, amid strange surroundings and in perilous conditions, I was stunned and helpless for a moment. However, wits returned, and getting quickly out of my berth and slipping quietly to the rear deck I tore the letter into minute pieces and cast them, unseen, I believe, overboard, but before they touched the water my fears made them wear the appearance of a ream of flying sheets. After that my progress was without event, and I arrived safely at City Point, whence I proceeded to Petersburg.

JAMES M. QUICKE.

Petersburg, Va.

Memento of a Great Virginian, Whose Scattered Letters Ought to Be Collected

Among the distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the country invited to attend the grand banquet to be given in Washington to-night by the National Democratic Executive Committee, was Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia. Mr. Stuart sends the following response, which does honor to his head as a statesman and to his heart as a Virginian:

"Staunton, Va., January 2, 1868.

"Gentlemen,—I pray you to accept my thanks for your kind invitation to attend a banquet to be given at the Metropolitan Hotel, in the city of Washington, on the 8th instant, under the auspices of leading members of the Conservative Democratic party.

"Under ordinary circumstances it would be peculiarly gratifying to me to participate in the festivities of that occasion, and to enjoy 'the feast of reason and flow of soul' which, I doubt not, will give zest to your entertainment. But situated as I am—disfranchised as a citizen, denied the political privileges which are accorded to my negro servant; repelled from the hall of the House of Representatives, to which I was elected almost by acclamation; my native State, the proud old mother of Washington and Henry and Jefferson, unrecognized, save as Military District No. 1—I must confess I would feel somewhat out of place at your board.

"In former days, when I visited Washington as representative of the people, or as the associate of Webster, Crittenden and Corwin, in the executive councils of the nation, I felt that, in the eye of the law at least, I was the peer of the loftiest in the land. I was privileged to think freely and to speak freely on all matters of public concern. Were I to join your circle now, I should feel painfully conscious of the difference between your position and mine. No military order can consign you to a dungeon beyond the reach of habeas corpus, and no persuasive bayonets admonish you to speak with 'bated breath.' With me the case might be different. But be that as it may, while Virginia mourns I cannot rejoice. While the cypress encircles her brow I cannot twine the myrtle round my own.

"But may I not hope that the present condition of things is temporary? If I do not misinterpret the signs of the times, the day is near at hand when, by the mandate of a magnanimous people, the shackles will be stricken from the limbs of Virginia and her Southern sisters, and there shall be given unto them 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' When that glorious day shall have arrived I shall be happy to meet you and your fellow-patriots around the festive board, and on behalf of Virginia to offer a willing and hearty tribute of gratitude to the noble Conservative Democrats who set her free.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER H. H. STUART."

Letter From Mr. Christian.

Editor of the Confederate Page, Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I notice in The Times-Dispatch a very earnest appeal from Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant for the Shiloh Monument Fund, and would ask space for a correction of a statement in her closing paragraph, that "No monument whatever stands on the Shiloh battlefield to mark the spot where 10,000 Confederate soldiers are buried," as the Alabama Division, U. D. C., unveiled a monument to Alabama soldiers on that battlefield in May, 1907, and is now working with the other divisions for a monument for all the brave dead at Shiloh.

As the daughter of a Virginian and the wife of one, all that the grand old State accomplishes is a matter of pride to me, and being a native of Alabama I am equally jealous of her fame.

Yours for the South,

MOBILIA REDWOOD CHRISTIAN.

875 Dauphin Way, Mobile, Ala.

The Times Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

5-26-12 (1)

Some Notes of Meek Family.

In all England there is not a prettier stretch of country than that embraced by the boundaries of Lincolnshire. On the north the broad river Humber glides swiftly to the sea separating the shire of York from that of Lincoln, while the eastern shores are washed by the North Sea. Here in this garden spot of England a veritable Eden, was the home of Adam Meek the ancestors of the Meek family of America. He was of Anglo-Saxon descent, and also had a good constitution. He was born about 1640, and died in the land of his birth.

When he grew to manhood, he married a Miss Johnston, a lady of Anglo-Saxon descent. His sons were Mathew (2), John (2), Jacob (2). His son Mathew emigrated to Ireland, where his children married, this giving to that branch of Meeks, an Irish strain. The other sons of Adam Meek—John and Jacob—had heard of the wonderful country across the sea, and wanted to try their fortunes, so in 1719, they left their home in England and came to America, settling there in Virginia on the James River. Here probably John stayed, but Jacob married a girl of Welsh descent, and moved away.

By this marriage Jacob raised quite a large family, there being ten sons and three daughters. His second marriage was to Nancy Du Valles, who was of French descent, by whom he had three sons. The descendants of these later children possess the heritage, from the French, of a prominent nose. Jerimiah was born in Maryland about the year, 1778. From there he went to Kentucky, and about 1807 went to Indiana, settling at Salisbury, Wayne county, where he became judge of the probate court. He was also authorized to preach the gospel in the Methodist church at Greenfield.

He had—Basil Meek born in Kentucky, who married Polly Irwin. He died in Missouri at the age of 70.

Anna Meek born in Kentucky, she married ——— Parsons. She died in 1852, at Greenfield, Indiana. Cornwall Meek born in Kentucky July 31, 1803. He married in Greenfield Indiana, Miss Rowena Purson, December 21, 1831. He died in Indianapolis, Indiana, July 25, 1876, and was buried at Greenfield, Indiana. Joshua Meek, born near New Castle, Kentucky, August 24, 1804. He married Miss Julia A. Russelle. He was Recorder of Hancock county for 21 years. He died near Greenfield Elk county in 1885. His wife died in 1894. Moses Meek, born in Kentucky, married Eliza Meek, a cousin.

The children of Jeremiah Meek, son of John, by second wife, Catherine Williams, Mary A. born in Indiana, married William H. Sommers, died in 1851. William Melton Meek, born in Wayne county Indiana, 1822, died in 1867, married Celia A. Hunt.

John Fielding Meek was born in 1824, served in Mexican War. Teressee Meek, born in Wayne county, Indiana in 1826, died in Philadelphia, Indiana in 1856. She married John A. Mallory.

Jared C. Meek, born in Greenfield, Indiana, June 15, 1828, married Martha Crockett in 1852. She died January 9, 1853. Secondly, he was married to Mrs. Rebecca (Miller) West. Jared Meek was a member of Company G Fifth Indiana Cavalry during the Civil War. He still lives in Greenfield, Indiana.

Rachel C. Meek was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1830, married Moses Turk Rebecca Ann Meek, born in Greenfield, Indiana in 1832, married John Millett first, and secondly Thomas Osborn. They reside in Greenfield, Indiana in 1841. Larindas Meek, born in 1838, married Joseph Eastes. They reside at Mt. Comfore, Indiana.

We are so glad we are able to procure this for our Constant Reader

Editor.

Bellfield.

In the Nottingham Court records I find that one John Bellfield, certificate for land on Phillips Creek, Accomac, 1634—5, he was not a redemptionist, paid his own way from London.

Then Thomas Bell and his wife Mary or (Marie Nell) or Neel were left a bequest in the will of Edward Harrington, January 3, 1653, of about 500 acres of land on Phillips Creek, a part of the John Bell's grant on which they were settled at the time of Harrington's will, they possessed an extensive tract apparently by inheritance, they sold 450 acres to Robert Watson, 1662, the boundaries show it to adjoin the land descended to the present owner, the daughter of George Bell of the fifth generation from Thomas and Mary.

Mary (Neill) Bell, widow of Thomas, deposed at the probation of Thomas Bell's will, she was 42 years old, April 1665, she arrived at Jamestown by the "George," August 21, 1635.

Thomas Bell (2), eldest son of Thos. and Mary married Mary Watson, daughter of Robert Watson.

William Bell, the second son of Thos. and Mary, moved to upper part of the Eastern Shore.

Robert Bell, third son, died 1772, leaving a widow, Mary and sons, Thomas, William and Nathaniel.

Anthony Bell, fourth son, married Abgail Roach of Somerset, Md., December 25, 1687.

George Bell, fifth son of Thomas and Mary Neill, was disinherited by his father, neverless, his oldest brother, Thomas, the heir and executer of the estate, assigned to his loving brother, George Bell, land on Phillips Creek near Matchepany, Oct. 28, 1630, that land included part or the whole of the land which descended to the present owners, Mattie Bell.

George Bell, fifth son, married Hannah Brickhouse and had sons, Jonathan, George, Josiah and Ezekiel, they were all grown for October 20, 1719, their father deeded them land severally, his will dated August 7, 1721, was prob. October 8, 1723.

George, son of George and Hannah, married Leah, their son Joab, born 1724 married Kesiah died, 1794, will prob. December 9, 1794, left sons Isaac, George and William, daughters, Dolly, Sarah, Matthews, Ann Rogers, Ada Gleason and Abigail.

George, son of Joab and Kesiah, born March 11, 1760, married first Susan Bell (his second cousin) December 25, 1795, son Savage, born December 15, 1796, married Elizabeth Speirs, he died 1864, had children, James Ewell, Susan, George, Martha, Naomi, Indiana, and Samuel.

Margaret Speirs, sister of Elizabeth, married Major Wise she left two children, Rosa and Henry Wise, Rosa left Eva Wise Fulford, the mother of Elizabeth and Margaret married secondly James West.

James Ewell Bell, son of Savage and Elizabeth Spires married Ann Virginia Land, 1851.

Ann Virginia Land was the daughter of Olive Woodard and Mitchell Smith, Olive Woodard daughter of William and Olive Butt, was born May 3, 1785 in Norfolk county, Va., married Mitchell Smith was born, 1781 died 1816, was son of John Smith and Julia Phillips, by came from England to Virginia, was a professor in the Norfolk Academy, said to have been related to Captain John Smith of Willoughby England, who was active in the first settlement of Va. Edward Cannon Land was son of Captain Peter Land and Miss Keeling (whose mother was a Weeks) he was a son of Jeremiah Land, died, 1805, son of Edward, son of Edward first, son of Renalus, son of Francis, whose will was probated April 15, 1654, in records of Lower Norfolk.

Now I have replied to the recent questions of the party from Wilmington, N. C., and as I am interested in these people in return would like to ask some of the descendants to give me what I yet lack.

What relation was Elizabeth Speirs, wife of Savage Bell, to Alexander and John Speirs, sons of John, merchant of London, who married October 28, 1768, Isabel, daughter of John Tweedie, Provost of Peebles? These sons come to Va., Alexander born September 14, 1714, married first Sarah Carey, secondly March, 1755, Mary Buchanan, Cimberland county. Land Grants, 1755, have Alexander Spiers 195 acres.

I especially wish the descent from one of these brothers to Elizabeth Speirs, also to know something about the ancestry of Miss Keeling, of Thomas Bell, who married Mary Neill, where they came from, if a con of John, their arms etc. Where were the Lands from? Ancestry of Francis Land will probated, 1654. Desire full name of Leah, who married George Bell, also of Kesiak who married Joab Bell, were any of these Bells in the Revolutionary War, Joab or George? Something about the Woodard and Bell families.

Address Virginia Wayne, Box, 255, Waynesboro, Virginia.

Notes and Queries.

Mrs. T. B., no account of the Hines family has ever been published.

F. B. S. Roanoke, Va.

The Shirley Homestead has been written up and may be found in Glenn's Colonial Mansions, Some Colonial Mansions by Edith Tunis Sale, and Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway, etc., etc. We can tell you nothing about Valentine Shirley.

Subscriber may find Thornton family in Volumes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, in William and Mary Quarterly.

R. B. T. Roanoke, Va.

The Bland genealogy may be found in Bland Papers by C. Cambell, also in the Critic, which may be found at State Library.

Editor Genealogical Column:

Noticing in your paper that so many ask for information in regard to Revolutionary records I take the liberty of asking you to insert the following questions: Can any one tell me or put me in correspondence with the Sale or any Sayle family of Virginia. Can anyone give me revolutionary information of Captain Joseph Collin, who married Amy Mosely, daughter of Edward Mosely, all of Charlotte, county, Va., and afterwards moved to South Carolina.

Any information along these lines will be greatly appreciated.

Respectfully

MRS. MARGARET PRATT PIERSON

Box 418 Gaffney, S. C.

Can any of the readers of the Genealogical Column, interested in the Massie family tell me the names of the children of Thomas Massie who married Mary Williams of Louisa. There was one Mary Massie who married James Timberlake, who had brothers, Peter and William. Were there any other children?

SUBSCRIBER.

Editor Genealogical Column:—I would like to have information about Christopher Woodson, son of Miller Woodson and Mary de Graffenreidt. Christopher Woodson lived, married and probably died in Richmond. He was at one time clerk of the county. If you can tell me something about him and his descendants you will greatly oblige me.

An Old Subscriber,

R. F. D. No. 1—Box 100

Madison Heights, Va.

Editor Genealogical Column: Sir—The records of the War Department show that one William Todd served in the Revolutionary War in Captain Peter Bryan Bruin's Company, 11, Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel Daniel Morgan. He is shown to have enlisted, December 3, 1776, and to have died April 4, 1777.

The records also show that one William Todd served in the Revolutionary War in Captain Harry Terrell's Company, also designated Captain Samuel Colston's Company, 5th Virginia Regiment, commanded successively by Colonels Chas. Scott and Josiah Parker. He enlisted March 9, 1776, and was killed December 10, 1777.

If you, or any of your readers can give me any information regarding the descendants of these William Todd's I will be glad to have it. I am especially interested in knowing about the forbears of Royal Todd, Richmond, and Laforesta Todd, Montgomery, county, Virginia.

JOHN W TODD,

Staunton, Va.