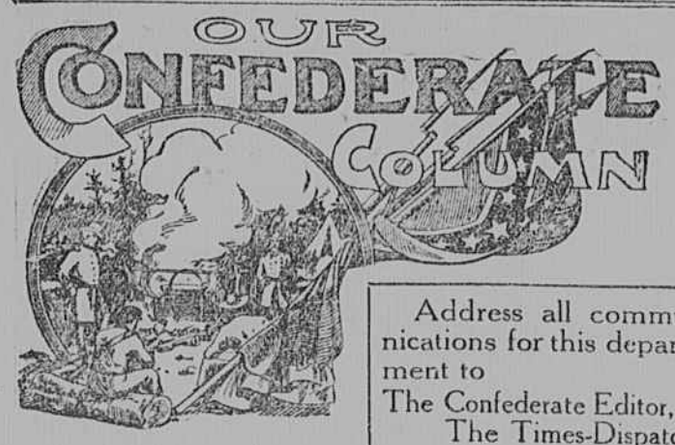

Address all communications for this department to
The Confederate Editor,
The Times-Dispatch

A Chapter of Local War History In and Around the Town of Marion

A Paper Read by Mrs. B. E. Copenhaver, Historian of the Holston Chapter, U. D. C. at the Meeting Held at Marion, Va., June 13 and 14, 1912.

It has been said that our generation cares little for history. "The youth of to-day despises the yesterdays, many and rich. He prefers the newspaper to the great book, the magazine of a month to the history of the greatest of centuries"; the lurid scandals of a murderer's trial to the story of a nation in the making.

Especially in our new South, which is telling every day its alluring story of magic possibilities, are we in danger of forgetting the past. With the swift judgment of the young, our children are prone to see nothing but mistakes and defeat in the lives of their forefathers. So it is that, not in bitterness nor strife, nor in the pride of the boastful vanquished, do the United Daughters of the Confederacy on such occasions as this purpose to recall events of the four terrible years that followed the secession of the Southern States. Rather, it is our hope to keep alive in the hearts of our sons and daughters the high sense of honor, courage and constancy—virtues which we love to think grow nowhere more freely than on the soil of Virginia.

Shall we send our children to Athens and to Rome for inspiration to heroism, when the bare record of Virginia's part in the unequal struggle between the North and the South is aflame with tales of splendid courage and of unbroken faith? Must we leave them too blind to perceive beneath the prosaic figure of the old veteran going about the commonplace duties of every day the dashing cavalier, once the hero of many a hard-won battlefield?

Rather let it be our task to preserve the records of courageous deeds, of faith, of sacrifice. More especially accounts of the war history of our town and country. Tales of that first company of infantry, the Smyth Blues, who marched out of the Southwest to the gay crash of music, crowds huzzaing as they passed, not knowing how stern the lessons they were to learn in the art of war under that incomparable military genius, Stonewall Jackson. Stories of the Smyth Dragoons, the dashing cavalry company, who rode away with flags afloat, silken banners made by the fair hands of their sweethearts, with no vision of those who were to die at Gauley River and on the Potomac, at Moorefield and Morristown.

It is the purpose of the Holston Chapter, U. D. C., at some time to complete the records of each of these companies. For this evening, however, we have arranged to present a chapter of the local war history of the town of Marion and the vicinity.

So far as we know there has never been published by a Southern author an account of the campaign of General Stoneman through Southwest Virginia. Yet General Brisbin, of the Federal army, refers to this expedition as "one of the most remarkable of the war." The following description is gathered from his graphic account of the battle of Marion, as well as from reminiscences of men and women who were living here at the time of the invasion:

On December, 1864, the Federal troops marched from Kentucky for the purpose of destroying the Salt Works. Several previous expeditions directed to this end had been met and repulsed by local troops and by Confederate troops under McCausland and Morgan. But now at last a force of overwhelming numbers was to accomplish the destruction of the treasure so highly valued by the Confederacy.

The Federals had three brigades of 1,400 men each under the command of General Burbridge. These were joined at Bean Station, Tenn., by four mounted brigades of Tennesseans under General Gillem. The whole force, including Captain Cole's regiment of colored cavalry, was under the command of Major-General Stoneman.

Early on the morning of December 13 Burbridge encountered a handful of Confederate troops, who were drawn up under Colonel Morgan to oppose his passage of the Holston River at Kingsport, Tenn. All efforts to force the ford were repulsed by Morgan's men. But a countryman told General Burbridge of an unguarded ford two miles further up the river. He crossed by it and caught the Confederates between his two columns, forcing them to retreat toward the Virginia line.

The Federal army then advanced upon Bristol, which they captured at about 2 o'clock in the morning. So complete was the surprise that the inhabitants were at the mercy of their captors.

Two hundred prisoners were taken, most of them inoffensive citizens; two trains of cars, five engines and a small quantity of ammunitions of war. The telegraph operators were taken at their instruments and ordered to remain at their posts. One of them boldly resisted, declaring that he was a sworn employe of the Confederacy and that he would not send messages for the Federal general. Burbridge offered to absolve him from his allegiance to the Confederacy and swear him into the service of the Union. At this proposal the young operator rose from the instrument and bravely declared his indignation. Burbridge ordered a sergeant to bring a rope.

"We'll hang the rebel!" he cried.

The Federal General Brisbin, knowing the certainty of the boy's fate, went up to him and begged him to go back to the instrument. He seems to have convinced the brave lad of the uselessness of further resistance. The operator took his seat at his instrument, yet there is reason to believe that, in spite of the watchfulness of the Yankees, he managed to convey warnings to the towns east of Bristol. Burbridge was thus put into possession of the news that was passing over the wires, including the debates of the Confederate Congress. He finally smashed the telegraph instruments and cut the wires, proceeding thereafter to his work of destruction in the town of Bristol. A large storehouse filled with hams and meats was burned, shells were exploded, buildings were set on fire.

Burbridge then advanced upon Abingdon, reaching that place before the Confederate General Vaughn, who was anxiously expected by the citizens of the town. Here the Federal troops were divided. General Gillem was sent in pursuit of General Vaughn. Major Harrison, with 300 picked men, was sent ahead to destroy the iron works near Marion, having received orders to burn bridges and tear up railroad track salong the way.

By this time confusion reigned in the town of Marion. Reports of the ravages of the Federal troops in the villages along the line ran from mouth to mouth. The knobs and mountains surrounding the town received fugitives of all classes. Women waited, white-faced and trembling, in their homes.

William Sexton, clerk of the county, was hauling corn on his farm near Marion when a frightened courier told him of the rapid approach of the enemy. Thinking first, not of his own safety, but of the records of the county intrusted to his care, he mounted his horse and galloped into the panic-stricken town. Here he secured a wagon and a negro driver. Going into the courthouse, he gathered up the files, thrusting them into a large box, which he put into the wagon. Mr. Thurman, a merchant, whose store was just across the street, threw in a number of bales of dry goods. Just as Major Harrison's men came into town the wagno started, Mr. Sexton accompanying it on horseback.

He turned in upon the Staley's Creek Road, hoping that the Federals would take the main road to Wytheville. But they were bent upon the destruction of the iron works; and, therefore, took the same road, turning in at the iron works, while Mr. Sexton continued along the Rye Valley Road.

The wagon had just reached the foot of the hill below the old Killinger place when a messenger from the iron works came across the country with the news that Harrison's men had destroyed the iron works and were on the road to the Rye Valley. At that moment the clatter of the approaching cavalry was heard, and Mr. Sexton realized the uselessness of any further efforts at saving the records. Just as the Federal troops came into sight he put spurs to his horse and rode into the hills. He was pursued for a little distance by the enemy. Several shots were fired at him, but he made good his escape into the mountains.

The Federal commander, after examining the contents of the wagon, set fire to it. He then dispatched two of his men to the house on the hill, with orders t osearch it, and, if rebels or firearms were concealed in it, to burn it to the ground.

The messengers were met at the door by Katharine, the youngest daughter of the house. They asked for a drink of water, and then most courteously inquired if there were any rebel soldiers or firearms concealed about the house. They were told that the men of the family were away with the Confederate army. As to firearms, behind the door were stacked two new guns captured from the Yankees and left there by one of the sons who was at that moment home on furlough and hidden in the knobs around the house. The quick-witted eldest daughter heard the question, and, knowing Katharine's habit of fearless candor, grasped a rusty and battered old rifle and came forward with a disarming smile.

"Here's Dad's old gun," she said.

The courteous Northerners laughed at the dilapidated old weapon and made no further effort to search the house. Instead, one of them politely remarked:

"I hear that calico is scarce in the South now. There are several bales of it burning in that wagon at the foot of the hill. Go down and help yourselves."

The girls watched the soldiers march down the hill to their regiment, encamped for a brief rest near the spring which now supplies the town of Marion with water. Calico was indeed scarce in the South in December, 1864. But neither of the girls was minded to accept a dress on such terms. They went back into the room where their mother was.

From the window could be seen the smoke of the burning wagon and the camp fires of the Federal soldiers. Katherine watched it, thinking of the contents of the wagon. She knew of the burden it carried, since Mr. Sexton had stopped in the road to warn the family of the coming of Harrison's men. She understood that the loss of the records would involve the county in an endless succession of lawsuits, and she declared her intention of going down and trying to save the books.

Her mother and sister begged her not to make the attempt. They told her that the dangers of venturing so near the dreaded troops from the North were too real and terrible to be faced by an unprotected girl. But Katharine persisted. She was confident that she could save the books; and under cover of the approaching twilight, she went down to the wagon, accompanied by a girl, a servant of the house.

The books were burning slowly, and she was able to carry them one at a time over a footbridge to a clump of bushes, into which she threw them. The servant became alarmed at the firing of several shots in succession and ran back up the hill toward the house with a bale of half-burned calico in her arms. Katharine stayed until the last book was saved. The charred edges of the flames she put out with her hands may still be seen in the records of the clerk's office.

The terror aroused by the presence of the Federal troops in Southwest Virginia was sincreased by the atrocities committed by Capt Cole's regiment of negro soldiers. One of these negroes shot down Mr Lafayette Snavely, an unarmed citizen, who was standing in the front door of his home a few miles from Marion. The Feredal General Brisbin, speaks of the barbarous behavior of this colored regiment to its white prisoners, adding as an excuse that the Confederate raiders under Witcher, had excited the wrath of the negroes by killing without mercy all of them who were taken prisoners, as an example to others who might think of fighting against the South.

After Major Harrison's men had passed through the town of Marion, Gillem's cavalry brigades swept in, burning bridges, searching houses, with orders to burn all that held rebels or firearms. Aseries of running fights seems to have occurred between the Federals and detached bodies of Breckinridge's men who had come to the defense of the town. A union of the troops of Gillem and Burbridge was formed twelve miles above Marion on the 18th o December. The two generals then advanced upon the town. At the covered bridge near Mr. Carmel, about two miles east of Marion, they encountered a small force of Confederates under Breckinridge. A brief engagement ensued, in which the Federals were driven back from the bridge, after which night put an end to the struggle.

After dark, two of the Federal generals went down to the bridge and had relaid the planks that had been torn up in the preceding fight. They then gave orders for Colonel Mannagan's Kentucky regiment to advance across the bridge. Just after it had cleared the bridge, and when the vidette were a mile up the road, from the hill to the right of the bridge and about 300 yards distant (according to General Brisbin) the Confederates surprised them with a "torrent of shot and shell." The Federals, who had crossed over on foot, came pouring back and jammed the bridge. The Confederates had "perfect range of the brgi ge" and their shells and cannon balls knocked down the large timbers, while the balls of their sharpshooters riddled it like a sieve.

Colonel Mannagan was ordered to shelter his men and hold the bridge at all hazards. It was impossible for either side to continue the fighting in the darkness, but Generals Stoneman and Gillem were now convinced that a large body of the Confederates was in their front and final dispositions were made by them for beginning the battle early in the morning.

Burbridge gave strict orders for his gunners to open on the Confederate position as soon as it should be light enough to see. He did not intend again to be surprised by allowing the Confederates to get ahead of him. But this is just what they did. The next morning the sleeping Yankees were aroused by a solitary cannon shot. It was hardly light, but Breckinridge's men were up and had begun the battle. The Federal gunners promptly responded and the cannonade began in earnest. The Federal generals soon found that they must bring their dismounted infantry into action and the roar of their guns became steady by nine o'clock.

Early in the day General Stoneman had sent General Gillem off to the right with orders to get into Breckinridge's rear and, if possible, cut him off from the salt works. It was believed that the other troops could handle Breckinridge until Gillem could get around and strike from the rear. But about noon it was evident to the Federal general that his regiments could not hold the bridge against Breckinridge's little band; and he dispatched a messenger to recall Gillem.

The Federal right flank had been driven back and their extreme left was almost at right angles with the position held early in the morning. A party of Confederate cavalry had managed to get around to their rear and had captured some o ttheir pack train. The rest of the packers became utterly demoralized and were falling back into the hands of the Confederates. General Burbridge saw the movement, and, drawing his revolver, placed himself in front of the leading packs and ordered them back. But the frightened men kept on running until the General wounded one of their leaders. With the aid of some officers, who used their sabres freely, he was able to force the packs back into the timber, close to the Federal lines, where they were compelled to stay.

At 3:30 the situation of the Union forces was desperate. Coll. Boyle had been killed and his regiment repulsed by the daring charge of the Confederate troopers. The Twelfth Ohio Cavalry had come to Boyle's support, but the hospital in the rear, where the Federal sick and wounded were, had been charged and was in the hands of the little body of Confederate cavalry who were harassing the enemy from behind. Burbridge and Stoneman had their headquarters on a little knoll near the centre of the Union line, from which they could see the fighting. The Confederate right in swinging around on one of their resistless charges had covered this knoll, and it was evident to both generals that they must abandon their position. A lieutenant, in reportin gto Burbridge on the knoll, had been shot by a Confederate rifleman and fell dead at the general's feet. Orderlies' horses and men were being shot down, and Burbridge hastened to choose other headquarters.

He called to General Brisbin and asked if there were no more troops to be brought into action. General Brisbin replied that all had been brought up except the Sixth United States Colored Cavalry. Few of the Northerners had faith in the fighting qualities of the negro; but General Burbridge divided his colored regiment into three parts, giving two to Generals Brisbin and Wade and keeping one to lead himself. He piled his overcoat on the ground and drawing his sword led his column forward. General Brisbin states that he saw Burbridge "surrounded by a black cloud of men, his form towering above them, and his sword pointing toward the Confederate line." The colored soldiers kept straight on, closing for a hand to hand fight. When their guns were empty, they clubbed them, and one negro was seen fighting with a gun barrel, swinging it about his head like a club.

All day the Confederates had held the enemy back. Against such fighting as that of Breckinridge's men the combined forces of Stoneman and Burbridge had accomplished nothing. Just at dark, Gillem returned, and thus allowed Breckinridge to get away for the defense of Saltville. But at Seven Mile Ford Colonel Buckley, returning from the destruction of lead mines, charged Breckinridge's advance and captured ten prisoners. Borne back by the numbers of the invaders, caught between Stoneman and Buckley, Breckenridge was forced to abandon the works he had so often successfully defended and retret into North Carolina.

Stoneman's forces now once more swept through Marion and went on to the salt works, which were at last destroyed in spite of the brave defense of the little garrison left there.

Early in the year 1865, tidings came to Marion of the approach of a band of Federal raiders, who were coming through the Rich Valley, burning and pillaging as they went. The Home Guards, under the command of James W. Sheffey, went out and surprised the raiders, capturing the entire band. The prisoners were marched into Marion and confined in the jail, which was not large enough to house them safely.

In view of the danger of attempting to keep them in confinement, many of the Marion men wanted to kill the prisoners on the spot. But Mr. Sheffey stood in the jail door and eloquently urged upon his men considerations of courtesy and humanity. His counsels at last prevailed; and Marion was spared the disgrace of such a reprisal of wrongs inflicted on the county by these and other raiders of the Federal army. The prisoners, through the efforts of Mr. Sheffey, were sent on to Richmond and exchanged.

Although, for the most part, in Smyth county, the murmurs of war came but vaguely from the desolated valleys of the east, yet our homes not only freely sent out their sons at the call of Robert Lee, but they, too, bore in some small measure the devastion that followed in the wake of the Federal armies.

In this record of the brief invasion of our town and county by General Stoneman's army, we find a story breathing the spirit of courage and dauntless sacrifice. Nothing extraordinary, perhaps, but if so, it is ordinary only because unyielding valor and the devotion that "stops not to reason why," are a part of the historical heritage of the South in every county and in every State. We expect to find them wherever we listen to a tale of the fiercest internecine war that was ever waged.

Yet, neither among our mountains, nor in the valleys nor in the cities of the sea did courage and devotion avail to stay the conquering march of the invader.

Do we, therefore, count that they were spent in vain? Did the mothers of the sixties count that the blood of their sons was spilled in vain? In the midst of the heavy weight of their sorrow, joy came to them in some such guise as Bishop Randolph saw it when speaking of the Confederate dead of the University of Virginia:

"Was it waste, when the sons who
were reared at thy side,
at the beat of the drum did not falter nor pause;
But by duty were drawn as the waves
by the tide,
Obedient to laws?
Was it waste, when they struggled and
suffered and died,
For flag and for cause?

Was it waste when the Spartan returned on his shield?
Was it waste, when Leonidas guarded
the way?
Or when Harold lay dead with his
knights on the field
At close of the day?
Was it waste when a Winkelried rather
than yield
Was slain in the fray?
Was it waste? Nay, thy sons but
translated in deed,
The great truths in the books of the
wisest and best.
They were seekers of honor and strove
but to heed
Her royal behest.
And the names of the dead are the
pages we read
To learn of the quest."

George Register at Franklin.

During the ill-advised charges made by Hood's army on the Federal breastworks at Franklin on the afternoon of November 30, 1864, the First Florida Regiment met with such a merciless artillery and musketry fire that to escape utter annihilation they were forced to lie down. Every man sank to the ground save George Register, the color-bearer, whose radiant courage I have attempted to portray in the following verse:

The growning trenches blazed and
burned
That bleak November day,
While side by side there fought and
died
A tattered line of Gray.

High rose the battle's smoky breath,
And thick with hissing lead,
While hellish shells strewed all the
plain
With dying and with dead.

On charged the brave First Florida
Into the jaws of death,
And men were falling by the score,
Scorched by the battle's breath.

"Lie down! Lie down!" their leader
said,
And all save one obeyed;
The color-bearer stood alone
To face that cannonade.

Stood there amid that leaden storm
With calm and fearless eye,
As if to show his Northern foe
How Southern men could die.

Stood there while thrice the staff he
held,
With mien so brave and grand,
Was shattered by the crashing balls
And splintered in his hand.

Stood there until the crimson flag
That waved about his head
Was rent and torn full thirty times
By angry, hissing lead.

Stood there till with the falling night
The battle horror passed;
Stood there unscathed by shot and
shell,
And fearless to the last.

I know not if he still survives,
Nor if his radiant deed
Has found upon historic page
Its fair and fitting meed.

But on this peaceful April day
I here enshrine his name
With Jackson, Forrest and with Lee
Within my "Hall of Fame."

—W. A. Clark, in Augusta Chronicle.

MAKING UP THE RECORD.

Highly Important Suggestion from the Secretary.

The distinguished secretary of the Department of Virginia Military Records asks space for the following letter:

Editor Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please allow me through your paper urgently to request the newspapers of the State, when publishing notice of the death of a Confederate veteran, to be careful to give the company, regiment and branch of the service, infantry, cavalry, artillery or naval, to which he belonged. A compliance with this request would be of great assistance in the compilation of Confederate military records.

Yours very truly,
JOS. V. BEDGOOD,
Secretary.

Statistics of Confederate Generals.

From Wright's "General Officers of the Confederate Army" I make the deductions given below. However, I will say that I give the States credit for all the generals born in them and not the States from which they entered the army. According to this plan, Virginia furnished 60, South Carolina, 45; Georgia, 36; North Carolina, 31; Kentucky, 25; Alabama, 9; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 7; New York, 7; Louisiana, 7; Mississippi, 6; Massachusetts, 4; Pennsylvania, 4; Ohio, 4; Florida, 3; New Jersey and District of Columbia, two each; Arkansas, Texas, Wisconsin, Maine, Indiana, Connecticut and Iowa, one each; Ireland and France, one each, and England, two.

Counting those killed and those mortally wounded, Virginia lost 12; South Carolina, 4; North Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 5; Kentucky, 3; Alabama, 3; Maryland, 2; New York, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, one each. The States not named had none.

There were eighty generals whose ages and places of birth are not given. Of these, nine were killed. Of those whose ages are given, it is shown that one was born in 1790, one in 1796, two in 1798, one in 1800, two in 1802, two in 1803, one in 1804, two in 1806, two in 1807, four in 1808, three in 1809, three in 1810, two in 1811, two in 1812, one in 1813, five in 1814, four in 1816, nine in 1817, nine in 1818, seven in 1819, eleven in 1820, ten in 1821, nine in 1822, eight in 1823, eight in 1824, nine in 1825, six in 1826, eleven in 1827, twelve in 1828, five in 1830, seven in 1831, four in 1832, nine in 1833, four in 1834, four in 1835, five in 1836, five in 1837, one in 1838, one in 1839, two in 1840, and one in 1841.

The last-named is William P. Roberts, of North Carolina. He was born July 11, 1841, and therefore was but twenty years and ten days old when the first battle of Manassas was fought. General Roberts was appointed February 22, 1865, and was then twenty-three years, seven months and twelve days old.

Theo W. Brevard, of Florida, was the last one appointed—March 28, 1865, just eleven days before Lee surrendered.

Had the several States credit for the eighty generals whose nativity is not given, the figures given in this statement would likely be very different. The age and birthplace of a number of illustrious major-generals are not given. General Edward Johnson is credited to both Virginia and Kentucky.

Perhaps the strangest given names in the list are Stand Watie, an Indian, and States Rights Gist. General Gist was a South Carolinian, and his father was probably tutored by John C. Calhoun.—W. E. Doyle, Esq., Mexia, Tex., in Confederate Veteran.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, First Honorary President Richmond Chapter, U. D. C.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, the daughter of Charles James Faulkner and his wife, Mary W. Boyd, was born at Boydville, the home of her grandfather, General E. Boyd, situated in what is now West Virginia. This elegant home, built under the direction of her grandmother, an Englishwoman by birth, is now owned by Senator Faulkner, brother of Mrs. Bocock, who has spared neither time nor expense in keeping this home as it was originally, one of the handsomest homes in that part of Virginia. Her grandfather, Major James Faulkner, was awarded a handsome sword for his gallant conduct in the battle of Craney Island in the War of 1812. Her father, the Hon. Charles S. Faulkner, was in Congress for six years. He was made minister to France by President James Buchanan, and was filling this position when the War of the States was declared. When his native State (Virginia) seceded from the Union, Major Faulkner went to New York. He was imprisoned in one of the forts, but was released in a few weeks through influential friends. In a short time he was appointed on the staff of General T. J. Jackson. The "War Records" report much of the important work for the Confederacy. Four of his daughter are presidents of U. D. C. chapters, including Mrs. McSherry, formerly President-General, U. D. C.

Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, her husband, was the only Speaker of the Confederate Congress. His home in Appomattox was only two miles from the Federal encampment, and was destroyed by the troops. Mrs. Bocock is one of the few women of the period just previous to the war that produced so many elegant and cultured women. Through all her young life she was in the diplomatic circles in Washington and again, with a like class in the capital of the Confederacy. She is a typical Southern gentlewoman. Devoted to the cause espoused by her father and husband, she has filled many prominent positions in the Daughters of the Confederacy. For three years as director for the Arlington Monument of Virginia her work has been indefatigable. She is determined that Virginia shall lead in contributions this year, and daily her messages go out to Virginia Daughters, reminding them of this sacred work so dear to her heart. Mrs. Bocock not only does her work for the Confederacy, but gives her time, her talents and influence to religious, social and patriotic work in Virginia.

Beloved by all who know her, this tribute is paid by the president of the Virginia Chapter.—Confederate Veteran.

Kind Words for "The Long Roll."

Editor Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:

Dear Sir,—May I have space in your columns for a few words about that wonderful book, "The Long Roll," the Southland's "Iliad" in prose? Is there any one in Dixie who has not read it? Well, perhaps there are Greeks who have not read Homer.

The principles of the Lost Cause, the valor and patriotism of its brave defenders will echo through all the ages, but the Muse of History is so occupied with the grand movements that she does not take time to describe in detail so many events that are full of interest and inspiration for us.

The voices that now tell the story of our sad, though glorious, past will ere long be hushed in the cold silence of death; then only in books shall future generations learn the story of those four years of struggle, sacrifice and heroism that challenged the admiration of the world. Surely nowhere has our story been told with such strength, beauty and pathos as it is told in "The Long Roll."

On its pages the dead past lives again in a series of vivid pen pictures, pictures of life in the old South, the beautiful home life of the days "that are not"; pictures of stirring war scenes and gallant deeds that quicken the pulse and bring the teardrop to the eye. You see the long gray column swing down the Valley pike, the campfires by the Shenandoah, the bivouac in Chickahominy swamps. You stand by the pallet on the floor of the crowded hospital, in the beleaguered capital city; you hear the rebel yell, as the tattered battalions go over the breastworks, the boom of the cannon in the Seven Days' fights.

In my childhood I read with delight that wonder book of romance, "Ivanhoe." Maturer years have taught me that Scott idealized the mediæval knight; while reading "The Long Roll" I am impressed with the fact that Miss Johnston has done better for us. She has drawn no fancy picture of our gray-clad soldiers, our knights "who kept the lamp of chivalry alight in hearts of gold." She has given us "true stories" of noble deeds; and how small the plumed knight of romance seems by the side of Lee, Jackson, Stuart and the old Confed in the ranks.

Through all these stirring scenes of war runs the golden thread of an exquisitely beautiful love story. Noble Judith Cary and her gallant, though unfortunate lover, her "gunner with Pelham"; the dark and gloomy Maury Stafford; how will the tangled skein of life unwind for them?

That sweet wild mountain rose, Christianna, "an' an' Billy"; Allan Gold, the brave scout of the Stonewall Brigade, and many others; how glad we shall be to meet each one again.

But how useless for me to attempt a resume of this delightful book.

Old soldiers of the "conquered banner," veterans of Lee and Jackson, in a few brief years your tents will be pitched in the camp beyond the "Mystic River." May the reveille that awakens you there find you resting under the shade of the trees that bloom in the garden of God. Here your valorous deeds will never be forgotten so long as your children's children read your dear old story as told on the pages of "The Long Roll."

LOUISE HUMPHREYS.

Locust Hill.

The Times-Dispatch GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

Green.

In 1657 Oliver Green took up 450 acres on a swamp running into Mobjack Bay—behind John Day's land. Was this the present Guinea, the land of fish and oysters and hardworking and candid citizens, whose vernacular years ago was as distinct and peculiar as the Yorkshire dialect, which Lord Alfred Tennyson portrays so finely? Guinea has developed into a garden spot of prosperity. Schoolhouses and fine horses proclaim its advance in living—and the fascinating and unique dialect is growing less audible. Years ago the citizen of Gloucester outside of Guinea knew little of Guinea—now there are few unknown portions of this green earth, and Guinea has shared the fate of the other portions of the globe.

From whom did the real Guineaman evolve? What part of England sent him to Virginia, with his queer homely dialect? He loved water and boats; fish and oysters formed his diet. He was a family man of extensive paternal responsibility, and a man who paid his debts. He peddled fish along the leafy roads of Gloucester, announcing his approach by strident peals from a mighty conch shell, and to the yard gates immediately hastened the cooks to lay in the day's supply. The methods of one of these fish peddlers from his seagirt cottage was not always sincere. If his merchandise was a little old he dipped it into a cool highland stream and proclaimed its absolute freshness perhaps in more strident terms. The unwary cook could only reproach him harshly the next time, and however unmitigated was this reproach, it is certain that this tricky fisherman never confessed.

In years gone by Guinea was a sealed book to the citizen of other parts of the county, and when a Gloucester girl on one occasion was presented with some gray foxskins and went down to Ned Rowe's store in the effort to purchase some blue cloth to go with this lovely silver fur she felt as if she was entering the mysterious paths of another world.

Does not some reader of this paper really know something of Guinea and the Guinea people? And will not he or she tell something about them through this column? Their characteristics, their beginning and their humor? There is but one Guinea in Virginia, and that a unique and interesting locality.

But to return to Oliver Green. Here, upon the swamp running into Mobjack Bay, his story begins and ends. But there are other Greens—a plenty of them—and whether any of the others come from Oliver it is impossible to say.

The most prominent family of Greens are those who come from Robert, who came to Virginia in the early eighteenth century and was son of William Green and Eleanor Duff, rejoicing most it seems over his maternal descent from the famous McDuffs. What caused his immediate family to lose the compelling "Mc" does not appear, but certainly the curtailed name has not the powerful suggestion of the former "Lay on Duff!" is poor, besides the historic cry, "Lay on McDuff!" However, Eleanor Duff, of England, mother of the emigrant, Robert Green, was evidently a mother to be proud of, and her earliest American descendants kept up intimate relations with her people. Robert Green "was a cadet of the family of Green's Norton, in Northampton, and descended from the same ancestor as Sir Thomas Green, the father of Matilda, or Maud, who married Sir Thomas Parr, and became the mother of Katherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII.

Robert, the emigrant, chose a wife whose name, Eleanor Dunn, was as near like his mother's as possible. He lived in old Orange, that lovely region of verdure and hills—the part now known as Culpeper. His descendants were known as the "Red Greens of Culpeper," from the color of their hair, and in the record of Robert Green appears this quaint announcement:

"Here he reared seven stalwart sons, all over six feet high, and all having red heads and beards, as became their mixed Welsh and Scotch blood." Much of this red hair has disappeared from the family.

Robert Green and Eleanor Dunn had William (2), Robert (2), Duff (2), John (2), Nicholas (2), James (2), Moses (2).

William (2) married Miss Coleman, and had eight children.

Robert (2) married Pattie Ball, of Northumberland, and had five children.

Duff married, first, Miss Barbour, and had John (3), who was a lieutenant in Revolutionary War, and Elizabeth (3); secondly, he married Ann, daughter of Colonel Henry Willis, of Fredericksburg, and Mildred Washington, his wife, and had Willis (3), who married Sarah, daughter of John Reed; Henry (3), unmarried; William (3), married Miss Marshall, and moved to Kentucky; Eleanor (3), married John Smith. Mildred Washington, the third wife of Colonel Henry Willis, had rather an exciting life. She was no spinster, accepting the old colonel for an original experience. She was twice widowed. First she married a Lewis, and second Roger Gregory, and thus became the ancestor of the Fredericksburg Thorntons. She also had the distinction of being George Washington's godmother.

Willis Green went to Kentucky after the Revolution with his brothers, and had Duff (4), John (4), Lettie (4), Betsy (4), Pattie (4) and Lewis (4) Warner.

William (3) Green was a soldier in the Revolution. He went to Kentucky, and he had Duff (4), who married Lucrela Maria Edwards, and had Ben (5) Edwards Green, who married Lizzie Waters, and had Duff (6), Caroline (6) Waters, and Lizzie (6) Florida.

John (2) Green, the fourth son of the emigrant, Robert, served in Indian War and in the Revolution. He had John (3), Robert (3), and Duff (3), all revolutionary soldiers, and Moses (3), brigadier-general in the War 1812.

His children were: William, (3); John, (3); Robert, (3); Duff, (3); Moses, (3); Thomas, (3); Elizabeth, (3; William, (3) married Lucy Williams, and had John W. (4), Judge of Virginia Court of Appeals, who married Mary Brown, and had William, (5), who married Columbia, daughter of Samuel Slaughter, of Culpeper county, and had John, (6), killed in 1863, and Bettie, (6), who married James Hayes, of Fredericksburg. Mrs James Hayes and her sons and daughters have been so long prominent factors in Richmond society that there is no need of specialization.

Daniel (5) S. Green, another son of John W. (4) Greene and Mary Brown, married Virginia, another daughter of Samuel Slaughter, and had Dr. William (6) Green, Mollie (6); Green, who married ——— Morton, of Baltimore, and Samuel (6) Slaughter, of West Virginia.

By his second marriage with Miss Cooke, a granddaughter of Geo. Mason John (4) Green had John C. (5), who married Lucy, daughter of Dr. Geo. Morton. Thomas (5) married Miss McDonald. George (5) M. married Miss Ashby, of Fauquier. James W. (5) married Miss McDonald. Moses (3) Green, the sixth son of John (2) (Robert 1), married Fanny Richards, had Julia (4), married Bernard Peyton, and had Green (5) Peyton, married a daughter of Dr. Charles Carter, of Charlottesville, and Thomas (5) Jefferson Peyton, married a daughter of Bishop Johns; Thomas (4), who married, first, Miss Lyons; second, Miss Ritchie, and, third, Miss Lomax. His children were by his first wife, Mary, who married a Mr. Stone, of Washington, and Thomas Ritchie Green. William (4) married Miss Saunders. A (4) Magill married Miss Farnoh.

Thomas Green (3) and Lucy Peyton had Ann (4) Augusta, who married Edward Randolph, and had Bathnes (5) E. Randolph, who married Lizzie Glass, and Dr. Thomas (5) G. Randolph, married Anne Edgar; Lucy (4) Williams married Daniel Henry, and had Lucy (5) Anne Henry, married John Nelson; Mary (5) Green Henley, married George Champlin; Dr. Green (5) Henry, married, first, Kate Mansfield, who, secondly married James C. Moore, and had Lucy W., who married Dade; Mattie P. James C. and Gustavus H; Mary (4) Peyton married Thomas Edwards, and had John (5) T. married Mollie Campbell, second she married Colonel William S. Moore, of Alabama and had James G. Moore (5) Lucy (5) Peyton Moore, married Echseine (11) Norton, of New York; Lizzie (5) Mcn. Moore, married John D. Tyler; William S. (5) Moore; Fannie Peyton Moore, and Caroline Green Moore. John (4) R., married Elizabeth Nelson, by whom he had William (5), married Miss Armistead; Wallace (5) married Miss Somerville; Edward (5), married Miss Hartman; Lucius (5); John R. (5), married Miss Phelps; Rosalie (5), married Hunter Wood, of Kentucky; Lizzie (5) married Nicholas Edmunds; Anna (5), married William T. Townes; Robert (5) and Nelson (5); Thomas (4), married, first, Caroline Venable, and had Lucy P. (5), married Randolph Dade; Bettie (5), married Bankhead Dade; George (5), married Lizzie Dade; John (5) secondly married Mary T. Moore, and had Thomas (5) and James (5).

Nicholas (2) Green the fifth son of Robert (1) and Eleanor Dunn, married Elizabeth, daughter of Aijalon Price, of Orange county, and had, as far as is known, Nicholas (3), who went to Kentucky, and had Willis (4) and Lafayette (4); John (3), who married Miss Blackwell. He was a clergyman. Her children were Martin (4), Benjiman (4), Hawkins (4), Samuel (4), John (4) and Willis (4), a clergyman; Elizabeth (3), unmarried; Joyce (3), married in Culpeper county Willis Ballance.

The fundamentals of this genealogy are taken from the Green family by H. C. Collins in Virginia Historical Magazine, Vol. VIII.

A long cry, indeed, from Oliver to Robert (1), and evidently not the faintest connection. Robert was red—perhaps Oliver was black—and in the veins of both possibly blue blood ran. We hated to break off with Oliver's solitary appearance, and as Robert did better for his State we treated of him. Green is Green, whether in Gloucester or Culpeper.

Notes and Queries.

Augusta County, Va., Records: "Will Book, No. 11, page 24, there is recorded an instrument in which is stated, or rather shows, that Samuel Black married Nancy Meek, who had two sisters, Sally and Elizabeth, who married McKnights.

"Nancy Meek, Sally Meek and Elizabeth Meek were daughters of Daniel Meek. This paper, or record, is dated June 24, 1811."

These two McKnights were not brothers. One Meek, and I think Elizabeth, married William McKnight, son of Timothy McKnight (born 1740, died 1825) and Eleanor Griffin (born 1745, died 1824), his wife.

William and Elizabeth (Meek) McKnight had (1) John, who married 1851 his cousin, Martha Ann McCutchan, and died without issue (1875).

(2) William Meek married Martha Paris, and had four children:

(a) Agnes married Vincent Henderson.

(b) Elizabeth married Charles Scott.

(c) James married Martha Harwood.

(d) Nathaniel Reid married (his cousin), Rebakah McKnight Barron, daughter of Dr. Henry and Elizabeth (McCutchan) Barron. Had four children.

(e) Betsey, single.

All these children, excepting Betsey, came to St. Louis county, Mo.

Editor Genealogical Column:

Please be kind to one who lives far from Virginia sources of information and give the enclosed space in your columns, and greatly oblige.

Yours sincerely,
MARY HUNTER HALL.
(MRS. L. C.)
Dardanelle, Ark.

June 15, 1912.

Hunter—Davidson—McFarland.

John Hunter, Scotch-Irish, emigrated to Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century and settled near Fredericksburg. He married Henrietta Davidson. Their son John removed south of the James River, settling in what is now Appomattox county, the homestead being called "Clover Green," or Hunter's Tavern. He married Rachel McFarland.

Massey—Auvergne.

The Masseys went from Maryland or Virginia to South Carolina. John owned estates in Lancaster and Kershaw districts. Supposed to be descended from Nathan, who left Maryland early in the eighteenth century, probably tarrying some years in Virginia. Auvergne is a family name which may give a clue, and perhaps some one can tell of the Auvergnes.

Lewis—Iveson—Byrne—Harris.

John Lewis, born 1704-'05; emigrated from Wales and settled in King and Queen county, Va. Said to have been a lawyer. Married Sarah Iveson. Their daughter Anne married Rev. Edmund Byrne, of King and Queen county. Their daughter Anne married Augustine Harris, of Brunswick county, Va. They afterwards removed to Georgia.

Did any of those named above render any special services to their country, particularly in the Colonial or Revolutionary periods?

7-7-12 (2)