Address: Confederate Editor, The Times-Dispatch.
Specify when possible Regiment and Company of soldiers mentioned.

STUART'S RIDE AND DEATH OF LATANE

Editor of the Confederate Column:

Sir,—I notice in your Queries and Answers Column of January 30, Mr. T. H. Hunter asks for details of Stuart's raid around McClellan's army in 1862. I herewith inclose you the recollections of one who rode with him, which you are at liberty to publish in your Confederate Column, if you are so inclined.

I would like to add that General Stuart made two raids around McClellan's army in 1862—one at Richmond, and one soon after Lee's return to Virginia, after the battle of Sharpsburg.

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

Stuart's Ride Around McClellan, and the Death of Latane.

(Paper read before Wright-Latane Camp, Confederate Veterans, Tappahannock, Va., December 21, 1896, by Hon. William Campbell, Company F, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and adjutant of said camp.)

At your request, I undertake, after an intervention of more than thirty-four years, to write (from memory) my recollecaions of Stuart's famous ride around McClellan's army in the early summer of 1862; and also of the death of Captain William Latane, of the Essex Light Dragoons, who fell in a charge made by his squadron upon the enemy near the "Old Church," in Hanover County, Va.

Captain Latane, a son of Henry Waring and Susan Allen Latane, was born at "The Meadow" on the 16th of January, 1833, and grew to man's estate surrounded by home influences not inferior to any in Virginia. After receiving such training as the surrounding educational institutions could afford, he began the study of medicine at the University of Virginia in October, 1851. Here he remained until the following summer, not offering for graduation. In the fall of 1852, for some unexplained reason, he did not return to the university, but transferred the scene of his studies to the Richmond Medical College, where he graduated in the spring of 1853. The following winter he spent in Philadelphia, taking a post-graduate course at one of the medical schools of that city, and also attending the hospital practice of the city. On returning home in the spring of 1854, he located at "The Meadow," and at once became a candidate for the practice of medicine. Here he remained until the breaking out of the war, not only attending to his practice—which soon became extensive, in consequence of his doing a large amount of charity practice among the poor around him—but giving successful attention to his large farm; and in the management of the labor on this farm he was "without any thought of it on his part," thus receiving preliminary training for the handling of large bodies of soldiers when the clash of arms should come upon his loved country. This would surely have been realized, had not his young life been so suddenly snatched away.

Early in 1861, when Mr. Lincoln made his call for troops to put down what he termed "the rebellion," there was a rush to arms all over Virginia, and soon a cavalry company, called the Essex Light Dragoons, was formed, electing as their officers Dr. R. S. Cauthorn, captain; William L. Waring, first lieutenant; William A. Oliver, second lieutenant, and William Latane, third lieutenant. The company was soon mustered into the Confederate service for one year. In the spring of 1862 it became necessary to re-enlist the men and reorganize the company, and in this reorganization, by common consent, William Latane was made captain. It was about this time that your writer made the acquaintance of his captain. I found him a man of small stature and quiet demeanor, but quick to perceive the wrong and very assertive in his opposition to it. He commanded the confidence of his men by his even-handed justice to all, and at the same time he brooked no disorder. Soon after the reorganization he was ordered to report with his company at Hicks's Hill, near Fredericksburg, to become one of the constituent companies of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, of which W. H. F. Lee, a son of General R. E. Lee, was colonel; R. L. T. Beale, lieutenant-colonel, and Thomas Waller, major. The Essex Light Dragoons became Company F of that famous regiment, and in the years that followed few of the recruits knew the company by its original name. The month of service around Fredericksburg amounted to little except picket and drill duty, but McClellan's landing on the Peninsula and his march on Richmond made it necessary for us to retire to the lines around that city. Our regiment found a camp near Young's Millpond, and not far from the Brook Turnpike, occupying a position on the extreme left of the army defending Richmond. Nothing of special interest occurred during the following month other than the usual routine camp life.

But on Thursday, June 12, came orders to prepare three days' rations and hold ourselves ready to march at a moment's notice. There was naturally suppressed excitement and speculation as to what we were to do or where we were to go, but no news came, and we could only indulge in speculation as to our destination. About 1 o'clock P. M. the regimental bugler sounded "saddle up," which was caught up by the company buglers and soon the camp was in commotion. "To horse" was soon sounded, and through the whole camp could be heard the command of the officers, "Fall in, men." Companies were formed and our regiment marched out of camp to participate in the most memorable and daring raid that was made during the war. We marched in the direction of Hanover Courthouse and went into camp after dark, having marched some fifteen miles. Early dawn on the following morning found us in the saddle, the Ninth Virginia in the front, and our squadron, composed of the Mercer Cavalry, of Spotsylvania, and our company being in the front of the regiment, the Mercer being in advance. Captain Crutchfield being absent, Captain Latane commanded the squadron, and, of course, rode in front, immediately in the rear of Colonel Lee and staff.

Our march proceeded via Hanover Courthouse and on toward the Old Church. The first indication of an enemy we saw was the bringing in of a Yankee by one of our scouts. Soon thereafter Captain Latane rode to the rear and ordered four of his own company to advance to the front and form the first set of fours. This had scarcely been accomplished before Colonel Lee ordered Captain Latane to throw out four flankers, two on either side, and four members of his company were at once ordered to proceed, two to the right and the others to the left, and march a little in advance of the regiment. Your writer was one of those on the left. Moving forward, not seeing an enemy or supposing one to be near, I suddenly heard the command to charge, and then the clash of arms, with rapid pistol shots. Riding rapidly towards the firing, I found our squadron occupying the road and two companies of the Fifth United States Regulars attempting to form in a field near at hand, and Lieutenant Oliver urging his men to charge them. This was promptly done, and the enemy driven to the woods. Just before reaching the timber, I overtook Lieutenant McLane, of the Federals, and he, seeing the utter futility of resisting, surrendered. As I was taking him to the rear, I met Colonel Lee and was told by him of the death of Captain Latane.

He ordered me to turn my prisoner over to the guard, and then go and look after my captain. I soon found his body, surrounded by some half a dozen of his men, one of whom was his brother, John—who was afterwards elected a lieutenant in the company, and the following year he, too, sealed his devotion to his country with his life. Another of those present was S. W. Mitchell, a sergeant in the company, and, I wish to add, as gallant a spirit as ever did battle for a cause.

Mitchell, being the stoutest man present, was selected to bear the body from the field. He having mounted his horse, we tenderly raised the body and placed it in front of him. John Latane then mounted his horse, and he and Mitchell passed to the rear, while the rest of us hurried on to join our command on its perilous journey. I wish I could write my feelings as I looked upon the form of him who but a few moments before was the embodiment of life and duty. I wish I could describe to you the beautiful half Arabian horse that he rode, "The Colonel," and how splendidly he sat him, but I fully realize that I am not equal to the task. John R. Thompson, in his beautiful poem, "The Burial of Latane," and William D. Washington, in his painting of the same name, have, by pen and brush, so enshrined the name of Latane in the hearts of the people of our Southland that it will endure as long as men are admired for the devotion to duty and for risking their lives upon the perilous edge of battle in defense of home and country.

I can only add that the glorious Stuart continued to ride grandly on his way, the Ninth Virginia still holding the post of honor at the front. Passing the Old Church, we hastened on toward the York River Railroad. Soon it was crossed and night came on, but not halting. On we marched into the county of New Kent. All that long night was spent in the saddle, pushing our way toward the lower Chickahominy, which we reached in the early [illegible]ning, only to find that the bridge [illegible] been burned. But General Stuart was equal to the emergency. He soon had his rear guarded and the men swimming their horses over, while others were tearing down an old barn, out of which a temporary bridge was constructed.

On this the artillery and the few horses that remained were taken over. The bridge was again burned, in order to prevent pursuit. Again there was an all-night march, as we hurried up through the County of James City and on to Richmond, which city we reached about midday on Sunday, June 15, and went back to our camp that afternoon.

We brought back many trophies of our raid, consisting of several hundred prisoners and as many horses. But these went little way towards compensating the Essex Light Dragoons for the loss they had sustained in the death of their gallant captain.

As the years have crept on and have called back to memory one incident after another of the deeds of daring and scenes of danger through which the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia passed in the four years of conflict, I recall none more splendidly conceived, more dashingly executed, and showing more favor[illegible] results than Stuart's raid around McClellan at Richmond.

(Address delivered at Lee Camp Hall by Charles Macon Wesson at memorial services, January 9, 1914.)

John Sergeant Wise was one of the most unique characters known to me, and as a boy, so as a man. We were schoolboys and bedfellows together, and those are the times in life when we learn to know each other best—when we are natural and disingenuous, before the rough edges are made by contact with the callous world. Therefore I feel that I knew his intensely impulsive but generous nature, coupled with big-heartedness.

Such knowledge I gained of him at the Virginia Military Institute; then, too, after its demolition by the vandalism of General Hunter, United States Army, as "lex talionis" for our defense of our homes and firesides, our alma mater "vi et armis," after the ruthless burning of the dear old barrack, which, happily, has so proudly arisen, Phoenixlike, from her ashes. Soon after the burning an improvised barrack in Richmond was made for us, which is now known as the City Home, vernacularly called the Almshouse in Richmond.

Truly it can be said those were days that tried men's souls, and tradition has it that the cadets bore themselves bravely like the Spartan band of old.

Now let us for a moment take a retrospect to September, 1863, when this corps of cadets was in camp at Lexington, where it was my great privilege to join that corps as a cadet. Colonel Cutshaw was commandant pro tem, General Scott Shipp, then colonel, being on furlough. All of you have heard of the maltreatment and hazing which now and then will crop out at schools and colleges, especially those of a military or naval character.

Now the hazing of plebes or rats, which terms mean new cadets in the vernacular; suffice it, the old cadets were and are absolute autocrats over the plebes or rats. Plainly speaking, the new cadet was and is the target, in fact, the butt, for the deviltries and pastimes of ye old and mighty cadet of one year's priority. Still happily it can be said, notwithstanding these great disparities, still the code of honor was held in high veneration and so maintained. So, in proof, I will make my own a leading case, as in law. After I had been hazed by being "bucked" and "smoked," and many of these so-called "pleasantries," I demanded redress, which was at once granted. The code was an old cadet should be selected, of equal physique and avoirdupois, "to fight it out." Whereupon my first introduction to the subject of this sketch, John S. Wise, was when we were face to face in the arena, where we fought it out by the ancient method known as by the "wager of battle," and we fought to a finish. Happily, it was a drawn battle, whereupon a genuine and true friendship immediately sprung up between us, as we both felt like, although we had been foemen, yet we were enemies worthy of each other's steel, and the friendship cemented there lasted until his untimely death.

And of all the numerous tributes of praise, none was more from the heart than my humble homage to him, published in The Times-Dispatch, which tribute I had the honor to be told by Lewis Warrington Wise, of this city, that he and the Wise family highly appreciated it, and especially some incidents that they did not know of, one in particular I will reiterate, if you will pardon me, to-wit: that when John Brown, of Kansas, better known as "Ossawotamie" Brown, descended one night like a "wolf on the fold" and swooped down on Harpers Ferry, an arsenal of this State, where he and his gang of murderous sans culottes were afterwards captured and tried for sedition, conspiracy and outlawry and convicted, so when the time of the execution on the gallows for this arch-conspirator grew near, Governor Henry A. Wise, father of Captain John Wise, went to Harpers Ferry in person, escorted by the Richmond Light Infantry Battalion, of which his son, Jennings C. Wise, commanded one of the companies. John S. Wise, my subject, was then about eleven years old, who insisted most strenuously on going with them, and his father, then the Governor of Virginia, as insistently forbade it. However, when the train had passed Ashland carrying Virginia's Governor and her military contingent, John crept from his hiding-place, and, like "Sheridan thirty miles away," he having secreted himself in some obscure place on the train. Of course, his father had to smile and humor a persistency that indelibly marked the life of John S. Wise. He had a most determined will—"veni, vidi, vici"—it was a marked trait with him, and in evidence always. Wise was a good mathematician, linguist, splendid draftsman, especially of the humorous kind; his drawings were very unique; an accomplished writer and an orator of no mean pretensions, a sportsman sui generis. A fancier of both dog and gun, who of us do not remember his dog "Diomed," so delightfully apostrophized in his book, "Diomed," to which he ascribes him "Diomed" as his best and truest and most lovable friend of all the world. As a tactician fair, as a joker most unique, as a soldier typical for dash and jollity, as a lawyer, he excelled.

Now, as a politician, the rock on which he split and caused him to leave Virginia I shall say nothing, as our great divergence of opinion therein was the only material variance ever between us. In debate he was masterful and clear, incisive, forceful, coupled with superb rhetoric; some of his flights of eloquence compare most favorably with Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and our late but lamented and beloved John Warwick Daniel.

His love of fun and practical jokes, that were often impractical, kept him bubbling up and over with merriment and mirth, and often such merriment cost him a fight, which he seemed to covet—he was never happier than when at war in act or words, and was not a man of peace. His vindictive sarcasms, like those of his distinguished father, were as scathing and severe and caustic as the converse comparison when in a good humor, his aphorisms of love and beauty being at times as tender as those of the gentlest woman. Yes, in schools and in the practice of law he was pre-eminent. So also at the University of Virginia, where we both went at the close of the war. There he won the Washington Society's debaters' medal, the second highest honor at that proud institution, the debaters' medal in the Jefferson Society ranking the highest. This medal he presented to Miss Eva Douglas, of Tennessee, on that evening of his triumph; she later became his loved and honored wife, and a most fitting tribute of that happy union is that of their son, Colonel Jennings C. Wise, being commandant of the corps of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, which his father loved so well. Yes, he did honor to his name and shed new lustre upon it, which was already lustrous, and made doubly so by the incisive, sarcastic, yet eloquent speeches of his father. Then, too, his brother, the Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr., was a wonderful rhetorical pulpit orator. At an early age he was rector of one of the largest Episcopal Churches in Philadelpiha. Then, too, another brother—his soldier brother—Captain Obediah Jennings Wise, at the battle of Roanoke Island placed his name on

"Fame's eternal camping ground,
Where his silent tent is spread.
And glory guards with solemn round
That bivouac of the dead."

Yes, he loved Virginia with "a love that was more than a love," if I may borrow that line from "My Beautiful Annabel Lee," and I will, for my love for Poe, grant it, and when John knew that death would soon claim his own in far-away New York, he said: "Bury me in Hollywood, and by the historic river that murmurs by that city of the dead that I love so well."

And there he sleeps, and to his memory, as one of my boyhood friends and comrades, I place this imperfect wreath to his loving memory. Had I but his eloquence, a panegyric and poem worthy should have been elicited by me for your patient hearing. Mr. Commander, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for this honor.

The Davis Family in Flight.

A newspaper syndicate article, entitled "New Light on Jefferson Davis," by Frank G. Carpenter, has just been published. It begins with the statement that "the manuscript division of the Library of Congress has just put into shape and made accessible to the historical student some most interesting letters written by Jefferson Davis and his wife while the two were fleeing southward (separately) from Richmond at the close of the war." It is further stated that these intercepted letters came into the hands of Secretary of War Stanton, and "have never been published."

Jefferson Davis was captured on May 19, 1865. His first letter given in this collection was written at Danville, Va., on April 5, while on his way South. Mrs. Davis's first letter was written at Charlotte, N. C., on April 7. The other letters were penned between those dates and April 28, except the last three, which give neither date nor place of writing. Apparently they are genuine.

Though written under great excitement and increasing peril, the chief characteristics of the letters of both Mr. and Mrs. Davis are great fortitude, anxiety for the South's welfare, concern and affection for each other and for their children, and deep religious feeling. The relation between the President of the Southern Confederacy and his wife, as revealed by these letters, intended for no stranger's eye, was a tender and beautiful one. Mr. Davis usually closes his letters to "My dear wife," or "My dear Winnie," with "God have you in His holy keeping is the fervent prayer of your ever affectionate—Husband," or, "once more, and with God's favor, for a short time only, farewell—your Husband."

Mrs. Davis addresses her husband as "My Own Dear Old Banny," and closes in one case, and always similarly, "May God in His mercy keep you safe and raise up defenders for our bleeding country, prays your devoted wife."

They write mostly about the arrangements for departure, the incidents and troubles of their progress, the health and care of their children and dependents, war news, etc., with a few speculations as to the future, and an occasional reference to a possible final successful stand in the trans-Mississippi region, or, failing that, escape to a foreign country. Mr. Davis never complains, either against adverse fate or the then disheartened people of the broken South.

In one letter Mrs. Davis does complain of the Southern people, and seems particularly dissatisfied with the attitude of the people of Georgia. At Abbeville, S. C., on April 28, she writes:

"Your very sweet letter reached me safely by Mr. Harrison, and was a great relief. I leave here in the morning at 6 o'clock for the wagon train going to Georgia. . . . I shall go to Florida, if possible, and from thence go over to Bermuda or Nassau, from thence to England, unless a good school offers elsewhere, and put them to the best school I can find, and then with the two youngest join you in Texas—and that is the prospect which bears me up, to be once more with you—once more to suffer with you if need be—but God loves those who obey Him, and I know there is a future for you. This people are a craven set; they cannot bear the tug of war."

The same letter closes as follows: "Be careful how you go to Augusta. I get rumors that (Governor) Brown is going to seize all government property, and the people are averse, and mean to resist with pistols. They are a set of wretches together, and I wish you were safe out of their land. God bless, keep you. I have wrestled with God for you. I believe He will restore us to happiness. Devotedly,
YOUR WIFE."

Surely a devoted wife and mother in the midst of crowding perils may be forgiven this impatient cry at a time when cautious folk were beginning to fear that the less they had to do with the family of the fleeing head of a ruined cause the better it might be for themselves in the future. Mr. Davis himself intimates the existence of something of this attitude when writing from Danville on April 5 of the circumstances of his departure from Richmond, he says: "Everybody seemed afraid of connection with our property." We have said truly that the letters of Mr. Davis are free of complaint, but in his letter written at Charlotte on April 22, he bewails what he regards as the unnecessary discouragement of the "stragglers" from Lee's army:

"The dispersion of Lee's army and the surrender of the remnant which remained with him, destroyed the hopes I entertained when we parted. Had that army held together I am now confident we could have successively executed the plan which I sketched to you, and would have been to-day on the high road to independence. Even after that disaster if the men who "straggled"—say, 30,000 or 40,000 in number—had come back with their arms and with a disposition to fight, we might have repaired the damage; but all was sadly the reverse of that. They threw away their arms and were uncontrollably resolved to go home. The small guards along the road have sometimes been unable to prevent the pillage of trains and depots. Panic has seized the country.

This hastily penned view of a cruelly disappointed leader and the complaint of his agonized wife are more than offset by their many grateful expressions in regard to the South's devotion and the numberless kindnesses of individuals.

The horrors of an unsuccessful war are laid bare in these brief private letters more vividly than in many pages of detailed history. Those who have lived always in a land at peace little dream how truly blessed is their lot. Perhaps it is for this very reason that war is so often lightly proposed and the risks of war are so recklessly incurred.—Macon Telegraph.

In Memory of Company C, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, as Once They Marched "By Twos" and "By Fours."

The Ashtons, sprung of gallant race,
Though one was led to Death's embrace,
Ne'er shrank once from the foeman's face.

Ellison Barber, true and tried,
Did oft in danger fearless ride,
While Tom as well and bravely died.

Two who fought with the name of Beale,
'Midst battle smoke and glit'ring steel
Did with wounds or a death-shot reel.

Two more, saved from the metal hail,
Saw on the field their banner trail,
And lived in peace to tell war's tale.

Branson bore no fear to smother—
Worthy son of Spartan mother;
With him rode a younger brother.

Four Browns were mustered for the fray,
And two soon dead in battle lay,
While a third, bleeding, limped away.

We'll name two Courtneys—Jim and Hank—
The younger plump, the other lank,
Who from the battle never shrank.

Two troopers bore the name of Cox,
And well they clasped their cartridge box,
Till late Death clipped one's raven locks.

Two Crabbes of pluck stood in no lack,
In march or fight were never slack;
One named Eugene, the other "Tack."

Of Rust boys there were marshalled two—
None ever braver or more true,
Both wounds and death their courage drew.

The Spilmans bravely bore their lot,
One unscathed and the other shot;
Both cool howe'er the place be hot.

By two Taylors the gray was worn—
Men who in different counties born—
Held the white feather in just scorn.

The Turner boys were full of grit,
From whom the foe had need to quit,
Or else be most severely hit.

Two Washingtons, of noble stock,
Both bleeding, met the foeman's shock,
Each as firm as Gibraltar's rock.

Tom Wheelwright and his brother Fred
The fiercest onset sometimes led,
Nor once, though shot, in panic fled.

Another twain—the brothers White,
Who saw in war a sick'ning sight,
Would cheer with song the march or fight.

Two brothers bore the name of Wright,
Who held boiled goose a dear delight,
Yet more, the thickest of the fight.

Other names, both brave and gray,
Though unsung in this rude story,
Share our army's fame and glory.

The Gutridge boys no fears restrain;
The elder bears his wound in pain;
The younger by the foe is slain.

The Halls, when once the strife started,
Were brothers true and stout-hearted,
But ere long by death were parted.

Jack Harvey oft made bullets fly,
While Mungo kept us good supply,
To use when rose the battle cry.

The brothers Jett were four in all;
One well did blow the bugle call,
And one well on the field did fall.

Another Jett still should view—
As two whene'er the bugle blew—
As two to smite the foeman through.

The Murphy boys—our own Bob and Bill,
Ne'er craved any man's blood to spill,
But met the foe with stout, good will.

Four Porters did ne'er to danger yield,
But did a daring sabre yield,
With Henry dead upon the field.

The two Reamys marched side by side,
Each with the other in valor vied,
Each on the field in honor died.

The Rice boys were late to take sides,
And fell in wake of our dashing rides
Like Rice for luck on trail of brides.

Two dodgers we'll call Y and Z.
"You may call us 'coward,'" they said,
"Much rather that than call us 'dead.'"

A COMRADE.

Resolutions on the Death of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the Confederate Veteran.

For twenty-one years Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham has earned the regard and gratitude of all Confederate organizations through the publication of the Confederate Veteran, the organ of our association. It is meet, then, that we, the Richmond Chapter, Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy record our grief at his death.

Mr. Cunningham passed away at his home in Nashville, Tenn., on the night of December 20, 1913. He was himself a veteran of the great war of the sixties, and his heart was devoted to the memory of that noble cause for which he took up arms in his early youth. So he conceived the idea of giving to the South an authentic account of the valor of those days in a periodical open to contributions from the soldiers of the Confederacy; as it was to be also a mouthpiece for the memorial Confederate orders of this later time. And nobly did he fulfil, through many discouragements, his self-appointed mission.

Those of us who knew him personally can speak of his genial presence, his kindly manners, his readiness to respond to all appeals, and his single-hearted devotion to the work he had undertaken.

"Cause of the freed souls, tempest-tost,
Who passed in battle and whose names
Are Glory's own—thy splendor flames
Beyond the stars! No cause is lost
Whose dead are Love's and Fame's!"

And may we not believe that for those who through the later long years fought worthily the strenuous battle of life, there is also the need of glory. In Mr. Cunningham's death we recognize a loss difficult, if not impossible, to repair. Therefore, be it

Resolved 1. That we express our keen appreciation of the value of Mr. Cunningham's services in the cause of Confederate history, and our unfeigned sorrow at the death of this kindly gentlemen and true patriot.

Resolved 2. That the Richmond Chapter as a body desires to extend its sympathy to any surviving relative of Mr. Cunningham.

Resolved 3. That these resolutions be spread uopn the minutes of the Chapter, and a copy be sent to The Times-Dispatch for its Confederate Column, and to the Confederate Veteran.

MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.
MRS. SIDNEY JOHNSTON DUDLEY.
MRS. WILLIAM ALLEN DEAS.

Address Wanted.

In a recent issue there was a request for the record of J. T. Harding. This was signed J. J. Harding, and the writer's address was given. By some error this address was left off in printing, and the Confederate Page asks Mr. Harding to send it again that any replies to his card may be forwarded to him.

Editor Confederate Column:

Inclosed I send you an account, written by my old Comrade, G. T. Darricott, of the capture of the gunboat Smith Briggs in Pagan Creek, opposite Smithfield, Va. Please publish it in the Confederate Column. The comrade was corporal in Sturdivant's Battery, and took part in this fight. There are men of that command now living who will be glad to read this account.

Yours truly,
JOS. V. BIDGOOD.

(Statement of George T. Darracott, late cannoner, fourth gun, Sturdivant's Battery.)

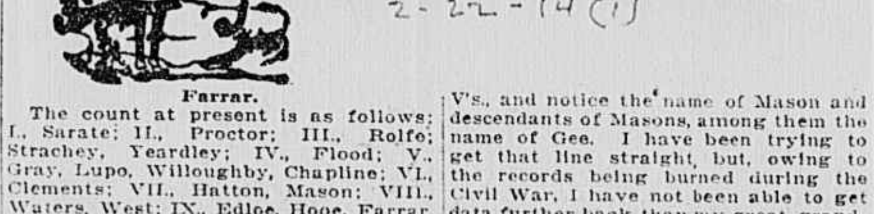
Our battery on January 31, 1864, was lying about four miles below Ivor, Norfolk and Western Railroad, guarding county bridges on Blackwater. There was no infantry or cavalry support nearer than Ivor. A train ran regularly from Petersburg to Ivor. We got our scant rations chiefly from it. Hearing that the Yankee gunboat Flora Temple was lying off a point on James River below Smithfield, we went with the second section, two guns, and part of North Carolina infantry in the night to capture her, but found she had moved.

Our object was to surprise and sink her. On returning, when near Scott's factory, we were fired into by a party of Federals, who had landed above us at Smithfield. We did not know they were on the road. They had come out to capture or kill Milligan's signal station men. Our few infantry had their lieutenant, who commanded the company, killed, and the infantry fell back, leaving us without any support. When the Yankees suddenly fired on us our horses to the advance gun whirled and broke the gun tongue short off. Captain Sturdivant ordered the rear gun to be run forward and to open fire on the enemy secreted in some pines on the roadside. We saw several bluejackets run across the road. We opened with cannister and soon cleared the woods.

Lieutenant W. H. Weisiger, of our battery, meantime had rallied the infantry. The enemy falling back, we followed them up into Smithfield, and there we demanded their surrender. They were in a pocket, hedged by water on three sides. We sent in the white handkerchief, and while our flag-bearer was parlying with a Yankee officer the gunboat Smith Briggs hove in sight and sent a 32 shell to announce her arrival. They called out, "Don't surrender, captain, there comes the Smith Briggs." Just the visitor we wanted. The Yankee captain tore apart Captain Sturdivant's summons for surrender. The party bearing our summons hastened back and shouted, "They refuse to surrender, captain; their gunboat is coming." The Yankees in the town at once commenced barricading the principal street and opened fire on us with a boat howitzer they had brought ashore, and with small arms. We replied lustily and ran our guns down on them. The Smith Briggs, within reach, was boarded by their friends ashore. We, having cleared the shore line of the Yankees, ran our two guns very close up to the gunboat, one directly fronting her, and one below. Corporal Patton, with the Napoleon, broke her walking beam and carried away the safety valve, letting the steam blow off. Corporal Clay Pendleton with the howitzer did fine execution. The first missed striking her. Afterwards we struck her fourteen or fifteen times.

A good many daring ones, prefering midwinter tide water to hot shot, jumped overboard, the captain of the Smith Briggs leading his men. Most of these swam off, landed on Day's Neck, and were captured by Melligan's signal men. The wig-wags (signal men) rendered us most valuable assistance. The large portion of the crew of tars and infantry surrendered the Briggs. They had come unprovided with the much needed emblem of peace, "white flags"; they used the tablecloth of the captain. Removing the prisoners and some relics, we fired the Smith Briggs, burning her to the water's edge, her magazine blowing up. Returning some weeks after, we took from her hull two rifle Parrots cannon. After a lapse of fifty years the writer recalls his gallant comrades so kindly remembering the bravery and kindness of the dear women of Smithfield, who stood on their porches and even ventured into the streets, cheering us with handkerchiefs and sunbonnets.

After the fight was over and we came up from the river bank, the ladies gave us a bountiful supply of food. Not having had anything to eat for two days, we did ample justice to their bounty.



Farrar.

The count at present is as follows: I, Sarate; II., Proctor; III., Rolfe; Strachey, Yeardley; IV., Flood; V., Gray, Lupo, Willoughby, Chapline; VI., Clements; VII., Hatton, Mason; VIII., Waters, West; IX., Edloe, Hooe, Farrar.

Captain William Farrar came to Virginia in 1618, the same year in which came Edloe and Hooe. He settled in Henrico County, and was justice of that county and member of the Council from 1627-1633. He died before 1637. He had William, Burgess 1662-63,-66; married Mary and died about 1677, and Lieutenant-Colonel John, Burgess 1680-82-84; died unmarried.

Colonel William (2) and Mary Farrar had Major William, of Henrico, sheriff and Burgess; married, fourth, Priscilla, daughter of William Baugh, and, second, Mary, widow of William Lygon; Thomas (3) married Katherine, daughter of Richard Perrin; John (3) married Temperance, widow of Thomas Battle and daughter of John Brown; Martha (3) married Walter Skipley; Cicily (3).

William (3) Farrar and Priscilla Baugh had William (4), Abel (4), Thomas (4), Priscilla (4).

Thomas (3) and Katherine Perrin had Perrin (4), William (4), Thomas (4), Martha (4).

John (3) and Temperance had John (4), Temperance (4), Mary (4).

John Sutton Farrar, thought to be John (4), married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Hancock, and had Temperance (5); married a second time; wife unknown; died 1731, and left by this marriage John Sutton Farrar, whose wife was named Susanna.

Thomas Jefferson, of Henrico County, father of the immortal Thomas, in his will mentions his daughter, Judith Farrar.

Peter Fields was an ancestor of Thomas Jefferson, and after the Jefferson-Farrar marriage, Peter Field and Fields appear in the Farrar family as baptismal names.

There are still in Richmond descendants of William Farrar, of Henrico.

For a long time William Farrar, of Henrico, was thought to be descended from a brother of one of Virginia's best friends, Nicholas Farrar, but that cannot be sustained.

Nicholas Farrar married Mary Woodworth, of an ancient Cheschire family, and had Susannah, who married Thomas Collett; John Treaswin, of the Virginia Company, who married Balhshiha, and had a daughter, Virginia, who made a map of Virginia and encouraged silk culture; Erasmus, Nicholas, Richard and William. The Virginia Farrars have claimed descent from this family, but it cannot be proved.

Pegram.

Edward Pegram, born March 4, 1722, and his wife, Mary Scott Pegram, was born November 12, 1723. They had: (1) William, born June 18, 1742; (2) Mary, born March 6, 1744; (3) Edward, born June 13, 1746; (4) John, born December 20, 1748; (5) Elizabeth, born August 24, 1750; (6) Sallie, born January 12, 1753; (7) George, born August 29, 1755; (8) Baker, born January 27, 1758; (9) Daniel, born April 25, 1760; (10) Ann, born July 4, 1762; (11) Daniel, born March 30, 1767. Many sons fought in the Revolution.

Can any reader tell us when George, the seventh son, left Petersburg for Tennessee?

Anne West's daughter, Anne Fox, married Thomas Clairborne, the second son of Thomas the first and Miss Dandridge and grandson of William Clairborne, Secretary and Treasurer of the Colony, and their son, Daniel Clairborne, married Mary Maury, daughter of Martha Maury, the first, and Mary Anne Fontain, Huguenots; and their daughter, Dorothea Clairborne married Lieutenant Brevet, Major Henry Tatum, of the Revolutionary, the father of Dr. Henry Augustus Tatum.

Gees.

Genealogical Editor,
The Times-Dispatch, city:

Sir,—I have been reading with interest your articles regarding the F. F. V's., and notice the name of Mason and descendants of Masons, among them the name of Gee. I have been trying to get that line straight, but, owing to the records being burned during the Civil War, I have not been able to get data further back than my great-grandfather, Charles Gee. I have some data of the first ones who came to Virginia. My mother was Miss Mary A. Gee; she had a sister who married Henry Shephard Mason, a twin-brother of Dr. John Raines Mason. These brothers were born in Sussex County. Dr. J. R. Mason lived and died in that county; H. S. Mason lived in and is buried in Surry County. These Masons were related to these Gees before H. S. Mason married Miss Gee, my mother's sister. I do not know when or where the relationship comes in before this last marriage, but would like to know.

My great grandfather was Charles Gee. His first son, Edmund, died in War 1812 (single); second son, Thomas, married Miss Lewis; left two children Thomas William, born August 4, 1819 (single), and Caroline A., born June 18, 1829, married Mr. Bowden. Third son Charles, died single. Fourth son, Theron, married Mary Douglas Clemments. Their issue as follows:

First, Edmund, died single (was in the Civil War); (2) Rosa McDonough, married H. S. Mason, of Surry County; (3) Arrabella W., married C. F. Coller (died childless); (4) Mary A. married first, Francis Ruffin, of Surry County; second, Dr. Strachan, and left three children—R. F. Ruffin, Mary Douglas Ruffin (married E. R. Marks) and Jane H. Strachan (married P. S. Simmons (5) Douglass M. married M. F. Heath; had four children, Edmund Gee, Charles C. Gee, Francis H. and Mary D., married Mr. ——; (6) Evalina J. married Strechan; no children. William, brother of Theron, left four sons, Charles, William, Allen and Edmond, of Prince George County.

The Gees are English people. The first one came to this country, prior to the Revolution, with seven sons. He was accidently drowned at or near Jamestown soon after getting there. I do not know his name, and only two of his sons' names—William and Henry. William settled east of Petersburg, Va. I haven't any dates, except the first one came prior to 1712 and certainly prior to 1776. Henry represented Sussex County in the great Virginia Convention of 1776; was the companion and colleague of Thomas Jefferson, Edmond Pendleton, Edmond Randolph, Henry Tazewell, Benjamin Harrison, George Mason, Paul Carrington, Archibald Cary, Henry Lee, George Wythe, Robert Carter Nicholas and Richard Bland.

Now I would like to know what kin this Henry Gee was to my grandfather, 'Theron Gee." I have not been able to get any data from these Gees down to the first Charles Gee (my great-grandfather). I notice our families of Gees all have the same names through each generation. I am sorry I haven't more dates of births, marriages and deaths of the first Gees.

A DESCENDANT.

Any other information relating to the Gees will be gratefully received and published in these columns.

Genealogical Editor,
The Times-Dispatch.

Sir,—In The Times-Dispatch of January 5 you had a notice of the Edloes. As a decendant of that old and honored family, I would like to add something of my immediate line. My great grandfather, Henry Edloe, married, secondly, Sally Lamb; married, first, Elizabeth Edmonson, who had one son, William Edloe. The latter was lieutenant in the War of 1812, and lived in Charlse City County, but for the most of his life in Williamsburg, where he died in 1846. He married Elizabeth L. Allen, daughter of William Allen and Elizabeth Lowry Barrett, of Barrett's Ferry. They left three children, viz., Lucius Warren, who served throughout the Civil War and died in the Soldiers' Home, Richmond; Elizabeth Edmondson, who married John Royster Armistead, of Petersburg and Charles City County, and Henrietta, who married Harris Tinker, of Alabama, and left descendants in Texas. I am a daughter of John Royster Armistead and Elizabeth Edmondson Edloe, of Tomahund, James River.

LUCY ARMISTEAD WELBOURN.

Notes and Inquiries.

Mrs. W. B. C.:

Ebenezer Adams lived in Henrico County; his children may be found in William and Mary Quarterly.

Mrs. M. L. H., High Point, N. C.:

The only way to obtain the Henley coat-of-arms is to have it painted. This can be done by applying to Miss Hulio Wooldridge, care Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

General Marcus, War Department, WaWshington, D. C.:

It will be impossible for us to publish the Micon genealogy just now, but if you will tell us what you desire, we shall be pleased to give it to you if possible.

The Drummond Family.

William Drummond, a Scotchman, who is described by his contemporaries as a man of intelligence and high character, came to Virginia about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1648 he received a lease of twenty-five acres of "the Governor's land," near Jamestown. In 1664 Governor Berkeley, as representative of the proprietors of Carolina, appointed him Governor of that colony. His administration, which ended in 1667, is described by Ashe, the North Carolina historian, as an admirable one.

Though evidently a friend of Berkeley's in 1664, a dispute arose between them in 1666, when Drummond made certain claims in regard to the "Governor's land." The Burgesses declared they had no jurisdiction, and the Council decided against him; and it is possible that the memory of this had some effect on him in 1676.

Drummond was one of Bacon's chief advisers; and when Jamestown was destroyed, he set fire to his own house, one of the best in the place, with his own hands. He owned a small farm near Jamestown, but appears to have been a prosperous business man as importing merchant in the town. In Berkeley's proclamation of June, 1676, Drummond was exempted from pardon; but this was without effect at the time, as he appears to have accompanied Bacon in his various marches. After Bacon's death and Berkeley's return to York River, Drummond fled, but was captured in Chickahominy Swamp. When taken he was carried before the Governor, then at Colonel Bacon's (King's Creek, York County), and was greeted with a low bow and the words: "Mr. Drummond, you are very welcome! I am more glad to see you than any other man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour." The sturdy Scotchman replied: "What Your Honor pleases."

From Colonel Bacon's he was removed, in irons, to Colonel Bray's, and a court-martial being convened, he was convicted within an hour after his arrival at Colonel Bray's house, and was sentenced to be hung at the Middle Plantation (Williamsburg) within four hours after condemnation.

"T. M." (Thomas Matthew), in his account of Bacon's rebellion, says that Mr. Drummond was a sober, Scotch gentleman of good repute, and states that, meeting him accidently just as he (Matthew) was leaving town after the June Assembly, "I advised him to be very wary, for he saw the Governor had put a brand upon him; he (gravely expressing my name) answered: "I am in overshoes; I will be overboots."

The author of "Ingram's Proceedings" says of Drummond, in that author's peculiar style, that he was "always esteemed a person of such endowments when wisdom and honesty are contending for superiority, which rendered him one of that sort of people whose dimensions are not to be taken by the line of an ordinary capacity."

William Drummond's whole estate was confiscated and his family reduced to want. Even a quantity of wine consigned to him was seized on shipboard by Sir John Berry, one of the English commissioners, and sold. Mrs. Drummond, however, was a courageous and energetic woman, and immediately took steps to have the wrong done her repaired. On October 9, 1677, her petition was presented to the Lords of Trade and Plantatfons, and this body, on the evidence of Berry and Moryson, came to a decision entirely in her favor, and the royal order of Charles II. was sent restoring to her and her five children the plantation, crops and other property of her husband, and strongly censuring Berkeley for his unlawful and inhumane act of wrongfully taking her husband's life.

William and Sarah Drummond had at his death five small children, some of whose descendants in the male line were long residents of James City County. One daughter, Sarah, married Samuel Swann, of Surry County, afterwards promiment in North Carolina. Another daughter, Elizabeth, died in 1697, and was buried at Green Spring, whence her tomb, in recent years, has been removed to the churchyard at Jamestown.

Colonel Samuel Swann, by his marriage with Sarah Drummond, had eight children, of whom (1) William Swann was Collector and Speaker of the North Carolina Assembly; (2) Thomas Swann was likewise Speaker of the North Carolina Assembly. The editor of the Colonial Records of North Carolina says:

Colonel William Drummond seems to have been a good man and a patriot, more worthy of respect and remembrance, perhaps, than any Colonial Governor ever in North Carolina. He left a wife and children, and it is believed that his descendants were long residents of James City County.

After her husband's death Mrs. Sarah Drummond, on May 2, 1679, made application for Colonel William Drummond's pay as a member of the House of Burgesses.

A biographical sketch of Governor Drummond was written by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, of Sante Fee, New Mexico, which most likely gives some account of his descendants.

A planter named Drummond was living at New Castle, Penn., in 1743.

Aaron Drummond was allowed £5 7 shillings as his pay as a member of the Lunenburg Militia in September, 1758.

"Drummond's New Mill Branch," in the County of Accomac, is referred to in Hening's Statutes at large for 1762.

The town of Drummond, in the County of Accomac, was established in 1786.

The General Assembly of Virginia, 1777, in providing for cutting a canal from Elizabeth River to Pasquotank River, refers to the lake in the Dismal Swamp as "Drummond Pond." It is now called Lake Drummond.

Richard Drummond was a member of the House of Burgesses from Accomac County in 1710.

Theodore Moyses was granted 2,000 acres of land in James City County for the transportation of forty persons in 1637 into Virginia, of whom William Drummond was one.

Charles River is in James City County.

Hon. Frank Lassiter, recently member of Congress from Petersburg, Va. (now dead), in writing of the Prince George Record, says that during the latter part of the thirteenth century, many Scotch names began to appear in that county such as * * * Drummond * * * All of these were merchants whose firms had diverted to Glasgow and Aberdeen the trade of the County of Prince George.

(To be continued.)