RECOLLECTIONS OF A BRAVE FIGHTER

Chancellorsville as Impressed on the Memory of One Who Was There.

HOW HOOKER WAS FOOLED

A Rebel Soldier from Maine Meets Old Schoolmaster On Other Side.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have seen so much to interest me in the Confederate Column in regard to the different battles of our late war. I was particularly interested in some accounts of the Chancellorsville battle of 1864. On the 2d day of May we were ordered to fall in, having spent our winter near the United States Ford. Hearing the long roll beat, we were well aware something was doing, or about to be done. And we were marched in the direction of the ford and halted in a line of earthworks near a road not far from our camp. Pretty soon we heard firing in our front, and then all of us were on the lookout for the appearance of an enemy. Pretty soon we saw a column approaching. We were not sure whether it was our cavalry or the enemy.

Colonel Taylor's Narrow Escape.

Our officers were also uncertain who they were. So Colonel Walter Taylor, on General Mahone's staff, went forward to ascertain who they were. He had nearly reached them, and they ordered him to halt and surrender. Not being made of the material that would surrender on the first call, I think, if memory serves me correctly, he drew his pistol and fired on them at close range, and turned his horse and came up to our column. He was perfectly cool, although fired on by several of the approaching column. At the time we were ordered to hold our fire, which we thought very strange at that time, as the Yankees were so near we could have killed the last one of them. We were then ordered forward, after about facing, and began our march to the Plank Road, which leads from Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg. When getting near the road our regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, was ordered to go forward as skirmishers, which we did. At the same time we were leaving a good target in our rear, and we still wondered what it all meant. We saw no enemy in our front at the time we started to skirmishing.

Went Right Ahead.

But forward we went up a little rise of hill, and very soon found a plenty to do, as they had a strong line of skirmishers to oppose us up that little rise. Our orders were to drive the enemy back to their line of battle. On the front of our regiment was a little farm inclosed by a cedar brush fence, with a few fruit trees of perhaps five years' growth, mostly apples. It fell to my lot to occupy the space in the centre of this little farm. We advanced and drove the skirmishers of the enemy across that field three times on to their lines of battle, of which they had three. We had orders to drive them that far and fall back. We did so, and, of course, lost a good many good and brave comrades. One especially I will mention—Captain R. B. Banks, of Company E, Twelfth Virginia Regiment of Infantry, a brave, gallant and a true Christian soldier and gentleman, who fell with a severe wound and who died a few years after the war from the shot of that May day skirmish. Never will the writer forget the look of that friend and comrade, whom he attempted to help off the field, when he said: "Take care of yourself and let me lie where I am." Of course I obeyed orders from my superior, and as the enemy was advancing. A small log house was near, and we made for that, and stood behind the gable end of it and began firing, looking directly in front, and was very much surprised, as we loaded the second time and were in the act of capping our guns, to hear the order to surrender.

Surrounded by Blue Coats.

We cast our eyes the other way to the left, and found about 25,000 or 30,000 in solid column on our left and rear. Of course we gave up, and were sent to the rear, captured by the One Hundred and Eighth New York Infantry. What was in our front was a New York regiment and a Pennsylvania regiment and Wilson's Zouaves. We had been driving their skirmishers back and forth, not thinking of our left and rear. We were hoping our brigade was near to help us out, but afterward we found they had been ordered to fall back to Salem Church, one or two miles beyond us. After our capture we were sent to the Chancellorsville House, which was General Hooker's headquarters.

We sat on the steps of the porch, and Gen. Hooker was at one end of it in conversation with three or four ladies. His white horse was tied to one of the pillars of the porch. In our front was the skirmishers of Jackson advancing.

The butchers were killing cattle for Hooker's army, not eight hundred yards from us, in line with the skirmishers of Jackson. We saw one of the boys place his foot on one of the dead beeves and take a good shot at the said butchers. At the same time the balls from the skirmishers' guns were striking the steps on which we were seated, and we made the request to be moved to the areaway, under the porch, as we did not wished to be shot by our own men.

Hooker Was Serene.

While we were being moved, one of the staff of Hooker rode up very much excited and told the general that they would have to make a move from there, as Jackson was about to cut them off from the ford. Hooker's reply was, "Do not get excited. We will move them very soon from our front." At the same time on our left were eight pieces of artillery, and behind them, as support, were two lines of infantry. And not a man was allowed to rise from the ground, and not one was able to man one of the guns, as Jackson's men were so near. We could have called to them, had we dared to do so. We were only a few feet from the road coming up from the United States ford, and we were so anxious for the troops of Jackson to make a rush and cut off Hooker, which could have been done, had he known the situation as well as we did at the same time. The troops were lying in columns from the ford to the Chancellorsville House, with only room enough between each column to stack the guns. Coming up from the ford was a line of pack mules, with two boxes of ammunition, each being led by a soldier. In front of the house were the headquarter wagons of Hooker, and the minnie balls piercing the tops and bodies of the same. The drivers became excited, and in the attempt to turn out of the range of the fire, they locked wheels. At that time we were ordered to go across the river under a guard from Maine.

A Rebel from Maine.

One of the prisoners was a member of Company A, Twelfth Virginia Regiment, who originally came from the same State, and, strange to say, all of the Maine guards were old schoolmates of his. Their greeting was: "Hello, Bradley, how is it you are in the rebel army?" Bradly replied: "I was here with the boys, and took sides with them—that is why." They told him he would go to Washington, take the bath and go home. Bradly's answer was no bath for him. He declared he would return and fight it out until the end. And he was as good as his word. We were taken to Washington, to the old Capital Prison, kept eighteen days, and then paroled and sent to City Point, and from their to Petersburg, where we remained eight or ten days before being exchanged. We joined our army at Hamilton's Crossing, and that night started for Gettysburg. Poor Bradly Paine came back with us, and went to Gettysburg, to the Wilderness and Spotsylvania battles and soon after was killed at Jericho Ford in a little skirmish we had their while on the move to Cold Harbor. He now lies in an unknown grave near the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Peace to his ashes. He was a brave and noble man.

On To Washington.

But to return. After we were taken across the river we were marched down to Falmouth and put into a prison pen. General Kilpatrick had charge of all prisoners. He expressed himself as being well pleased to greet us, and gave us a hearty welcome. He said we would have a plenty of company in a few hours from our army, as they intended to send 30,000 troops in Lee's rear in the morning. We were called out very early on the 4th of May to view the troops crossing at Fredericksburg. We were made a little uneasy, as we knew General Lee's force was a small body compared with what was then at Chancellorsville. But to see thirty thousand move in the rear, of course our hearts ached for our beloved leader. One of our boys told General Kilpatrick he had better put more pontoons down at the ford we crossed, as Jackson would drive Hooker so fast across this side that what was not captured or killed, would be drowned. He also advised him to put another line or two at Fredericksburg, as General Lee would drown the most of those in crossing that were not captured or killed. How true his predictions were fulfilled. When our noble leader, with his little squad, as compared to Hooker's host, drove his front and rear pell mell back across the Rappahannock and compelled him to leave a host of dead behind him and guns with ammunition as spoils, taken from the best equipped army of any land, well may the world count General R. E. Lee the grandest soldier of the age.

GEORGE W. IVEY,
Co. E, 12th Va. Infantry.

FAMILIES OF FIGHTERS.

The Trices and the Joneses, of Old Louisa County.

Referring to large family groups who fought in the Confederate ranks, Mr. W. Kean, of Virgor, Louisa county, writes as follows:

The Trice Boys.

Mrs. Martha H. Trice sent seven sons, at the first tap of the drum, to the service of her State, as follows:

Andrew, enlisted in 1861; being a fine mechanic, he was detailed as a bridge-builder.

Alfred, enlisted in Company C, Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment.

Addison, enlisted in Company C, Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment; wounded in the leg at Fort Donelson; he was placed by his captain behind a tree for safety. Recovering some strength and using his musket as a crutch, he went back to the fight and was killed in a few minutes.

Dabney (Tap), enlisted April 17, 1861, in Company D, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; seven times wounded; four wounds were received while fighting with another command, with General Jackson's leave of absence in his pocket. While at home, not quite recovered from wounds, he armed himself with a shotgun and killed and captured another of Stoneman's raiders. While at home disabled by a wound received in the Wilderness, he captured one of Sheridan's men, taking his horse and arms. Though wounded in the hand a few days before the retreat from Petersburg, and unable to use his musket, he remained with the regiment and was paroled at Appomattox.

Robert, enlisted 17th April, 1861, in Company D, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; killed at Cold Harbor in 1862.

John, enlisted 17th April, 1861, in Company D, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; wounded in 1863.

Monroe, enlisted 17th April, 1861, in Company D, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment; killed at Cold Harbor in 1862.

This splendid old mother in Israel had another son (Frank) much too young to enlist. Late in the war, as her gallant boys, the prop and stay of her widowed old age, were being taken, she said she thanked God Frank would be big enough to fight in a year or two.

The Jones Brothers.

The six Jones brothers enlisted in April and May, 1861.

Tom, enlisted in May in Leake's Battery; transferred in 1862 to Company A, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment; wounded in 1863.

John, enlisted April, 1861, in Company A, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment; killed at Payne's farm in 1863. This man received permission of his captain to leave the ranks to get a pair of shoes after midnight of the day General Jackson moved up to Fredericksburg from Moss Neck. He walked, carrying his musket and ammunition to Tolersville (now Mineral, Chesapeake and Ohio Railway); got the shoes, and was back in the line of battle before day of the following morning, having walked seventy-eight miles in about twenty-six hours. He was in a few miles of his home, but did not go there. A splendid instance of soldierly devotion and endurance.

Fountain, enlisted April, 1861, in Company A, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment; desperately wounded at the capture of Fort Steadman in 1865.

Eli, enlisted April, 1861, in Company A, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment; killed at Chancellorsville.

Zeno, enlisted May, 1861, in Company B, Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment; slightly wounded four times—at Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg; captured at the Bloody Angle.

Simeon, enlisted April, 1861, in Company A, Twenty-third Virginia Regiment; wounded in 1862.

Jefferson Davis.

Alone he stood in majesty sublime,
As some tall statue towers above the plain;
Alone, as though he asked and needed none
To share his triumph, or bear his defeat.
Alone he felt each blow—alone he grieved,
Not for his own, but for his people's wrongs;
In silence heard the hoots and jeers of foes;
Unmoved, received the venomed darts of hate,
And in his person bore a nation's blame.
Just was his cause—and justice must prevail,
Aye, though it be delayed a thousand years;
In Southern hearts enthroned, he reigns to-day,
Our matchless, grand, Confederate Chief.

F. H. MARR.

Large Lunenburg Family.

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Old Lunenburg county can say as much as some other counties so far as Confederate soldiers are concerned. Henry G. Hardy had eight sons. Five entered the army at the beginning of the war—ages from sixteen years and six months to twenty-five years—two being two young and one not able to serve. C. M. Hardy in cavalry, R. V. Hardy in Wise brigade, R. L. Hardy in Missouri Army, L. E. and J. T. Hardy in the Eighteenth Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division. All came out, but not without wounds. All served until the close of the war, except the oldest one. The father died in 1863, and this one was allowed to go home to take charge of the farm. L. E. died about eighteen months ago, and R. V. died two months ago.

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Richmond, July, 1907.

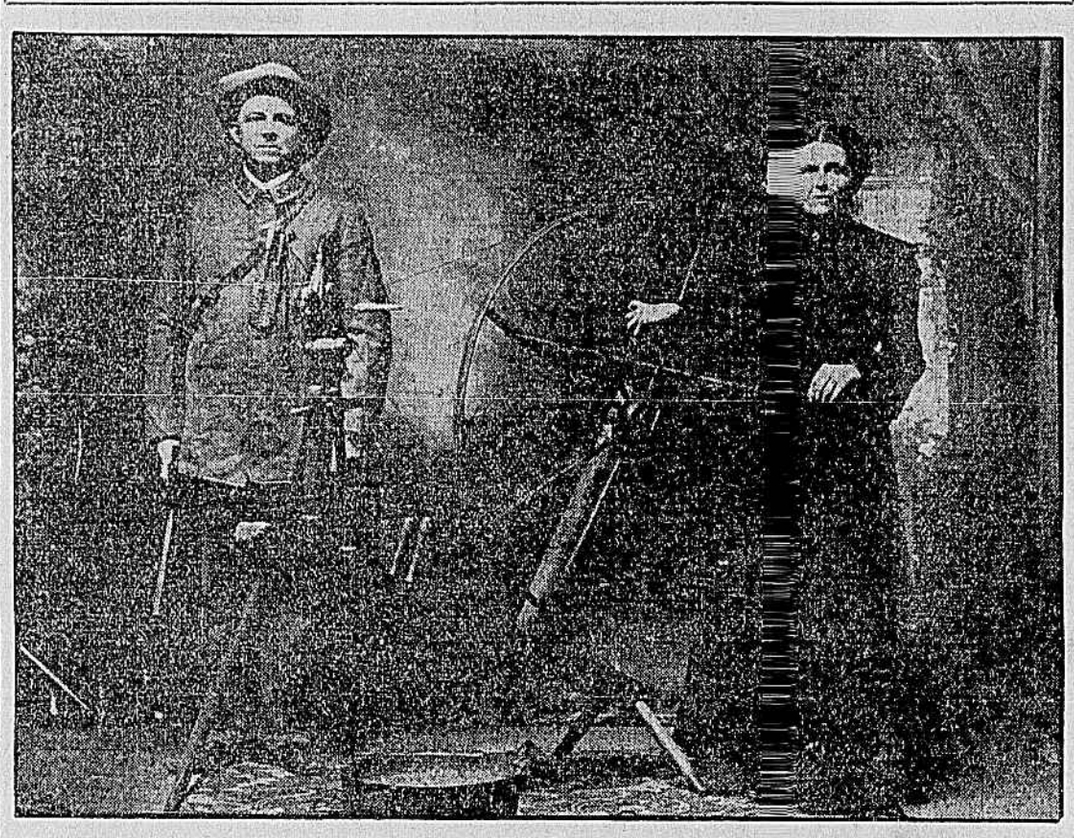
MR. DANIEL ON THE TARIFF.

His Views Not Altogether to the Liking of Colonel Watterson.

With reference to the tariff, the attitude of Senator Daniel is less confident. He says we never have had a tariff framed upon any technical theory advocated before its passage. The correctness of this statement may well be doubted. If the present tariff was not framed upon the theory that monopoly ought to be sheltered it is impossible to say why it was passed. If the tariff law of 1846 was not based upon the theory that a tariff should be for revenue; if that theory was not fully justified when it was further reduced in 1857, with the consent of all parties, because it was producing too much revenue, then the history of the country has been written in vain. But Senator Daniel goes on to say that we need a judicious revision of the tariff, not a wrecking or a doctrinaire revision. Nobody need object to a judicious revision, for that is always in order, but it is hardly in order to intimate that there is danger of of a wrecking revision. That is one of the weakest inventions of the enemy. We are much more likely to have a nominal revision that does not revise, or a real revision which puts up competitive rates instead of putting them down.

The demand for revision is so strong and so general that it looks now like something will have to be done to conciliate public sentiment. What we have to fear is not a doctrinaire revision, not a revision that will wreck industry, but changes that will keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to our hope. To talk of paying other laborers at the expense of our laborers is quite certain of being construed to mean that the Republican contention that protection makes wages high is correct, whereas there never was a political fallacy more baseless. The country undoubtedly wishes a judicious revision, but it also desires a reduction of the rates that shelter monopoly and take from labor with one hand what it only professes to give with the other.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A PICTURE THAT TELLS A TALE



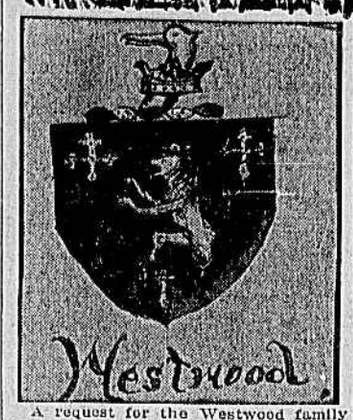
When the Civil War broke out and the call of the Southland for volunteers to defend the principles it so gallantly maintained for four years was heard, Colonel Cummins, then a boy of sixteen, was one of the first to respond. On the old spinning wheel his mother spun the thread that she afterward wove into cloth of gray, and made for him his first uniform suit. Then shouldering an old squirrel rifle he marched to the front, and made a record in defense of the South that he is not ashamed to own up to. Through those years of struggle, that went so hard with the folks at home, Colonel Cummins's sister, Mrs. Callie Thompson, who now lives six miles southwest of Nocona, was only a child eleven years old at the beginning of the war, but day after day she did her part—she and that old spinning wheel—in supplying thread of cotton and of wool for the loom.

Years have passed since those trying times. Many of the incidents have been forgotten. The hatred it all brought about has been buried, but as treasured relics, the spinning wheel and the rifle, together with numerous other articles, including a mess oven, case knife and fork, powder horn, bullet molds and charger, have been preserved, and while Mrs. Thompson was here on a visit recently the picture mentioned above was taken. It shows the Colonel clad in his uniform, standing at "attention" holding the rifle, with the smaller articles in view, while Mrs. Thompson is at the wheel in the act of spinning.—Bowie (Texas) Blade.

(Colonel Cummins, who now lives and prospers near Bowie, Texas, attended the late reunion and took part in the proceedings. He took occasion to visit Washington and the Jamestown Exposition. He related the story of the picture of the old spinning wheel that "spun" to the editor of Our Confederate Column, and, pursuant to promise, sent the Column a copy of the photograph when he reached his Texas home.)

THE TIMES DISPATCH GENEALOGICAL COLUMN

WESTWOOD FAMILY OF VIRGINIA



A request for the Westwood family has been made, but so far as present records go, very little is to be obtained in Virginia, though they bore arms, and entered the State at an early period.

The first of the name in the colony were Humphrey and Randall Westwood, who settled in York county about 1620. Hening speaks of Humphrey, as well as William and Warlick Westwood, and it is presumed that Humphrey was the first emigrant and proganitor of the family in Virginia. They seem to have remained in and around Hampton and Elizabeth City county, as we find William Westwood, of Hampton, living there up to 1800, about which time he died, leaving a daughter, Jennie, and a son, John S. Westwood.

Bishop Meade says that Warlick (probably a son of Humphrey) was a vestryman in the early church at Hampton, Elizabeth City county, in 1751, also as was William Westwood, who seems to have been a promoter in church affairs. After this the family seems to have died out, or left the State, as there appears no further trace of them. From their arms, however, it is to be inferred that they were of distinction in England, by the significance of the various blazons, which are thus given:

"Arms: sable, a lion rampant! argent, crowned with a mural crown, or; three crosses—crosslet, fitchee, or. Crest: a stork's head, ppr., erased, gorged with a mural crown, or." No motto given.

The loin was usually granted only to those who had served in the King's service, and thus in being also crowned with a "mural crown" (being masoned, and the top embattled), proved that some of the family had fought in battle. These mural crowns were conferred by the old Romans on the soldier who first scaled the walls of a rampart or besieged town. The cross, too, was a mark of attestation, and only conferred upon "officials." It is said, "so superstitiously did those times (William I.) think of the crosse, that they held all things sanctified that bore the signe of it; and therefore used it religiously in their charters;" and this was the origin of persons who could not write their names, to make the sign of a cross instead. The cross as given here is called a cross-crosslet, or one having its limbs also crossed, which signifies that they are to extend to the extremities of the Escutcheon. When the cross is pointed at the base, it is called "fitche," or fixed. Crosses of this description are said to have been carried by the early Christians in their pilgrimages, so that they might be readily fixed in the ground whilst performing their devotions.

The stork in the crest is emblematic of piety and gratitude, and were held in great veneration by many of the early Kings, and were prohibited by law from being disturbed; hence, the storks would build their nests on the tops of castles and other high buildings, where they were always welcomed and encouraged. The one in the Westwood arms is "gorged," or have around its neck also a "mural" crown, and thus the whole Escutcheon would read: That the early members of the Westwood family were knights in the King's service, one of whom had been first in the capture of a castle or walled town—that some of them had been pilgrims to the Holy Land or in the wars of the Crusades—and that they lived in castles, over which flew the sacred stork.

Huger.

In reply that the "Huger family," be written it is only necessary to say that this ancient and distinguished Southern family has already been fully given in the Gulf State Historical Magazine and Alabama papers of 1904; yet, as many of the Huger descendants married into Virginia families, the following extracts are taken:

Daniel Huger, the emigrant, settled in South Carolina in 1771. He brought with him the arms of the family, described as follows:

"Arms: argent, a human head, emitting flames from between two laurel branches, fructed in chief, and an anchor erect in base, all ppr., between two flaunches, azure, each charged with a fleur de lis, or. Crest: A sprig; thereon a Virginia nightingale, all ppr. Motto—. .ibi libertas, ibi patria."

John Huger, one of the four sons of Daniel, lived in South Carolina; he was born June 5, 1744; died 22d January, 1804. Married twice: first, Charlotte Motte; second, Ann Brown, widow of Cusack.

The children by his second wife, Ann Brown, daughter of Dr. Robert Brown, of whom we are more interested, are as follows:

I. John, born ——; died, 1853; married Ann H. Glover, and had five children—(1) Margaret H., married Col. James Sinkler, and had five children. (a) William, married Mary Simons—he is now living, having children and grandchildren. (b) Ann G., married Dr. William H. Irwin. (2) John, married Gabrielle Deveux—two children. (3) Ann, married William S. Elliott—two children. (4) Alfred, married Jane Ulmer—three children. (5) Elizabeth, married S. B. Brown, of Virginia—two children.

II. Alfred, second son, born 1788; died without issue. He was postmaster at Charleston, 1832 to 1861.

III. Eliza—died unmarried.

IV. Benjamin, M. D., born 1793; died, 1874. Married twice. First, May 1817, Jane Templer Bee, who died, 1820, by whom two children—(1) John Chapman, married Henrietta Parker Lynch—one child. (2) Thomas Bee, born 1820; killed 1862, as Captain in Confederate States Navy at New Orleans. He married, 1845, Marianne Mead, of Philadelphia; they had five children: (a) John Chapman, born 1848; died 1880—married——(b) Jane Templer, born 1849; married James Lafitte. (c) Charlotte Mead, born 1851, married Rutledge Parker. (d) Thomas Bee, born 1852; married Caroline B. Smith. (e) Marianne Mead, born 1855; married Edward H. Prioleau.

By the second marriage of Dr. Benjamin Huger, with Sarah Hasell Harleston, who died 1865, were four children:

(1) William Harleston, M. D., born 1826; married 1866, Sabina Huger Lowndes, now living.

(2) Eliza, born 1828; married Alfred H. Dunkin, 1857.

(3) Sarah Quash, born 1834; married James M. Calder, 1861; has children living in England. He was United States Postmaster at Charleston, S. C., from 1885 to 1887.

(4) Benjamin Frost, born, 1836; died, 1887; married Ann Mary Walker, who died 1881, leaving six children: (a) Frances Parker, born 1867. (c) Sarah Harleston, born 1869, and married ——— Jennings. (c) Ann Mary, born 1870; married Henry H. Carrere. (d) Benjamin, born 1872; married ———, of Virginia. (e) William Harleston, born, 1874; died, 1877. (f) Mary Parker, born, 1876.

The above is taken from the "Huger Pedigree," 1899. Mr. Alfred Huger, of Charleston, S. C., writes, in reply to an invitation to attend the marriage of Major Thomas L. Brown and Miss Mary M. Fontaine, in St. James Church, Richmond, Va., on June 7, 1866:

"Charleston, S. C., June 10, 1866.

"Major Thomas L. Brown, Richmond, Va.

"My Dear Sir,—I received your note and its enclosures announcing to us that after all the sufferings that a bitter war has inflicted, your victory was celebrated at St. James Church on Thursday last.

"Accept our sympathy! As I trust God will accept our prayers for your happiness and welfare! Say to my new cousin, with affectionate remembrance, that I congratulate her on the privilege of conferring the richest bounty on a faithful soldier; and tell her, that if experience gives wisdom, I ought to be a judge in these cases, for I have served under one commanding officer (my aged wife) for nearly fifty years without a murmur or a regret.

"My family join me in all the fervent wishes for you both.

Very truly yours,
"ALFRED HUGER."

Bates.

In answer to several queries as to the Bates family, will present briefly:

The earliest names found in Colonial records are David, Thomas Fleming and Joseph, the latter recorded as being in a regiment from Augusta county, 1763. The Bateses settled in Goochland, 1744, and we find John Bates in the church vestry of Halifax county, 1752. Thomas Fleming Bates was in Henrico county from 1752 to 1775. The family were also largely settled in Spotsylvania, where Humphrey Bates, 1790, and James Bates, with Mary, his wife (who was a Miss Mitcham), 1784, were living, but in 1799 they moved to Fauquier county.

Many of the Bates family belonged to the Society of Friends (or Quakers), and in their church records of Goochland county is recorded the marriage of Hannah Bates, daughter of Susanna Bates, widow of ——— Bates, who afterwards married Stephen Woodson, by whom a daughter, Elizabeth Woodson. Hannah Bates married Robert Easley December 22, 1744, the ceremony being witnessed by Charles and James Bates.

The principal point in the Bates family desired is the name of the Bates who married Eliza Bell, and had a daughter, Judith Cary Bates, who married John Friend. This Eliza Bell was the fourth child of David Bell, of Scotland who married Judith Cary, sister of Colonel Archibald Cary, of Ampthill, Va. They settled near Lynchburg, Va. Now, the Bells were also Quakers, and Captain David Bell we find as living in Northumberland, 1781, who must have been the same as the David, of Scotland. We, however, fail to place the marriage of this Captain David Bell with any of the Cary family, but do find Fleming Bates, which proves that the family had early connection with the Flemings. We consider this Fleming Bates, son of the first Thomas Fleming Bates, to have been the one who married Eliza Bell. David Bell at one time was a merchant of Henrico county; in 1744 he bought lots in the town of Fredericksburg, Va., and sold the same in 1746 to Charles Colson, an inn keeper of Fredericksburg. William Bell, his brother, was second lieutenant in the militia of Spotsylvania, 1756.

Wanted.

Will "N. B.," who desired information in regard to the Ware-Mattox family, send their address to a descendant of the Mattox family, in care of Times-Dispatch Genealogical Column? MATTOX.

Will some descendant of Colonel John Hunter, of Elizabeth City, 1752, give descent and all family data extent bearing upon this subject?

HUNTER.

Wickam.

This name descended from Wykeham, time of Edward I., England. William Wykeham, born 1324, died 1404, was Bishop of Winchester. The name has since become Wickam and Wickham. The Rev. William Wickham was one of the first ministers in the colony; he preached at Jamestown, 1616, and in 1620 was in charge of the churches at Henricopolis, Bermuda Hundred, and preached up and down the river for several years. Henning gives John Wickham as one of the early settlers, probably brother of William; from him descended John Wickham, of Richmond, 1800; his son, William C. Wickham, born 1820, was general in Confederate War, and State Senator, 1882-3; he was also long in the service of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. He died in 1888. Not much further can be given at present.

Selim.

The following is the true version of the capture of Selin, the Algerine, as sent us by the Rev. Dr. Fleming, of Lynchburg:

"He was found by Samuel Givens, an inhabitant of Augusta county, who was hunting in the backgrounds. When discovered the man was in a pitiable condition, emanciated and evidently famishing, being entirely naked except a few rags tied around his feet, and his body almost covered with scabs. After a few days' rest Givens placed him upon one of his horses, which he had taken with him to carry his game, and brought him to Captain Dickinson's, near the 'Window Cave,' the 'Windy Cave' being in Bath county, near Millboro. On a court day Captain Dickinson brought Selim to Staunton, where he attracted much attention. The Rev. John Craig, then pastor of the Old Stone Church, took him to his home. Having a desire to return to his old home in Algerine, Mr. Craig raised a sum of money for him, and giving him a letter to the Hon. Robert Carter, of Westmoreland county, then living in Williamsburg, sent him on his way. Mr. Carter did all that was asked of him, furnishing more money to Selim, and securing passage for him to England. Selim returned to Virginia in a state of insanity. In lucid intervals he stated that he had found his way home, but had been rejected and driven off by his father when he learned that the son had abjured Mohammedanism and had become a Christian. He came again to Captain Dickinson's, and from there wandered to the Warm Springs, and then went to Mr. Carter's residence in Westmoreland.

"Bishop Meade probably heard of Selim in Gloucester, and as one who had been befriended by 'Col. Dickerson.'

"Dickinson's Fort was on the Cowpasture River, some four miles below Millboro (says Waddell), John Dickinson is given in the court-martial record as one of the Captains of militia, 1756. Rev. Dr. William T. Price, now of Marlinton, Pocahontas county, found a tradition in eastern Highland county that it was on the Bullpasture River, several miles below the present village of McDowell, that Samuel Givens found Selim, the Algerine."

Giles Rogers.

The genealogy of "The Giles Rogers family of Virginia," with an appendix of "The Zachary Lewis family of Virginia," which was published in the Genealogical Columns of the Sunday Times-Dispatch July 21, 1907, was written by the Hon. John C. Underwood, of Kentucky.

S. R. TWYMAN.
Wily, Buckingham county, Va.

He Took "the Same."

"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" questioned the lawyer.

"I was, sor," replied the witness.

"Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—Milwaukee Sentinel.